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MISCELLANIES

BY

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

V.

CATHERINE, TITMARSH AMONG PICTURES AND BOOKS, FRASER MISCELLANIES, CHRISTMAS BOOKS, BALLADS, ETC.

HOUSEHOLD EDITION.

Illustrated

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1877

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CATHERINE: A STORY.

BY IKEY SOLOMONS, ESQ., JUNIOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE story of "Catherine," which appeared in "Fraser's Magazine" in 1839–40, was written by Mr. Thackeray, under the name of Ikey Solomons, Jun., to counteract the injurious influence of some popular fictions of that day, which made heroes of highwaymen and burglars, and created a false sympathy for the vicious and criminal.

With this purpose, the author chose for the subject of his story a woman named Catherine Hayes, who was burned at Tyburn, in 1726, for the deliberate murder of her husband, under very revolting circumstances. Mr. Thackeray's aim obviously was to describe the career of this wretched woman and her associates with such fidelity to truth as to exhibit the danger and folly of investing such persons with heroic and romantic qualities.

W. M. Thackeray.

CATHERINE: A STORY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCING TO THE READER THE CHIEF PERSONAGES OF THIS NARRATIVE.

AT that famous period of history, when the seventeenth century (after a deal of quarrelling, king-killing, reforming, republicanizing, restoring, re-restoring, play-writing, sermon-writing, Oliver Cromwellizing, Stuartizing, and Orangizing, to be sure) had sunk into its grave, giving place to the lusty eighteenth; when Mr. Isaac Newton was a tutor of Trinity, and Mr. Joseph Addison Commissioner of Appeals; when the presiding genius that watched over the destinies of the French nation had played out all the best cards in his hand, and his adversaries began to pour in their trumps; when there were two kings in Spain employed perpetually in running away from one another; when there was a queen in England, with such rogues for Ministers as have never been seen, no, not in our own day; and a General, of whom it may be severely argued, whether he was the meanest miser or the greatest hero in the world; when Mrs. Masham had not yet put Madam Marlborough's nose out of joint; when people had their ears cut off for writing very meek political pamphlets; and very large full-bottomed wigs were just beginning to be worn with powder; and the face of Louis the Great, as his was handed in to him behind the bed-curtains, was, when issuing thence, observed to look longer, older, and more dismal daily. . . .

About the year One thousand seven hundred and five, that is, in the glorious reign of Queen Anne, there existed certain characters, and befell a series of adventures, which, since they are strictly in accordance with the present fashionable style and taste; since they have been already partly described in the "Newgate Calendar;" since they are (as shall be seen anon) agreeably low, delightfully disgusting, and at the same time eminently pleasing and pathetic, may properly be set down here.

And though it may be said, with some considerable show of reason, that agreeably low and delightfully disgusting characters have already been treated, both copiously and ably, by some eminent writers of the present (and indeed, of future) ages; though to tread in the footsteps of the immortal FAGIN requires a genius of inordinate stride, and to go a-robbing after the late though deathless TURPIN, the renowned JACK SHEPPARD, or the embryo DUVAL, may be impossible, and not an infringement, but a wasteful indication of ill-will towards the eighth commandment; though it may, on the one hand, be asserted that only vain coxcombs would dare to write on subjects already described by men really and deservedly

eminent; on the other hand, that these subjects have been described so fully, that nothing more can be said about them; on the third hand (allowing, for the sake of argument, three hands to one figure of speech), that the public has heard so much of them, as to be quite tired of rogues, thieves, cut-throats, and Newgate altogether; — though all these objections may be urged, and each is excellent, yet we intend to take a few more pages from the "Old Bailey Calendar," to bless the public with one more draught from the Stone Jug: * — yet awhile to listen, hurdle-mounted, and riding down the Oxford Road, to the bland conversation of Jack Ketch, and to hang with him round the neck of his patient, at the end of our and his history. We give the reader fair notice, that we shall tickle him with a few such scenes of villainy, throat-cutting, and bodily suffering in general, as are not to be found, no, not in ——; never mind comparisons, for such are odious.

In the year 1705, then, whether it was that the Queen of England did feel seriously alarmed at the notice that a French prince should occupy the Spanish throne; or whether she was tenderly attached to the Emperor of Germany; or whether she was obliged to fight out the quarrel of William of Orange, who made us pay and fight for his Dutch provinces; or whether poor old Louis Quatorze did really frighten her; or whether Sarah Jennings and her husband wanted to make a fight, knowing how much they should gain by it; — whatever the reason was, it was evident that the war was to continue, and there was almost as much soldiering and recruiting, parading, pike and gun exercising, flag-flying, drum-beating, powder-blazing, and military enthusiasm, as we can all remember in the year 1801, what time the Corsican upstart menaced our shores.

* This, as your ladyship is aware, is the polite name for her Majesty's prison of Newgate.

A recruiting-party and captain of Cutts's regiment (which had been so mangled at Blenheim the year before) were now in Warwickshire; and having their depôt at Warwick, the captain and his attendant, the corporal, were used to travel through the country, seeking for heroes to fill up the gaps in Cutts's corps, — and for adventures to pass away the weary time of a country life.

Our Captain Plume and Sergeant Kite (it was at this time, by the way, that those famous recruiting-officers were playing their pranks in Shrewsbury) were occupied very much in the same manner with Farquhar's heroes. They roamed from Warwick to Stratford, and from Stratford to Birmingham, persuading the swains of Warwickshire to leave the plough for the pike, and despatching, from time to time, small detachments of recruits to extend Marlborough's lines, and to act as food for the hungry cannon at Ramillies and Malplaquet.

Of those two gentlemen who are about to act a very important part in our history, one only was probably a native of Britain, — we say probably, because the individual in question was himself quite uncertain, and, it must be added, entirely indifferent about his birthplace; but speaking the English language, and having been during the course of his life pretty generally engaged in the British service, he had a tolerably fair claim to the majestic title of Briton. His name was Peter Brock, otherwise Corporal Brock, of Lord Cutts's regiment of dragoons; he was of age about fifty-seven (even that point has never been ascertained); in height, about five feet six inches; in weight, nearly thirteen stone; with a chest that the celebrated Leitch himself might envy; an arm, that was like an opera-dancer's leg; a stomach so elastic that it would accommodate itself to any given or stolen quantity of food; a great aptitude for strong liquors; a considerable skill in sing-

ing *chansons de table* of not the most delicate kind; he was a lover of jokes, of which he made many, and passably bad; when pleased, simply coarse, boisterous, and jovial; when angry, a perfect demon: bullying, cursing, storming, fighting, as is sometimes the wont with gentlemen of his cloth and education.

Mr. Brock was strictly, what the Marquis of Rodil styled himself in a proclamation to his soldiers after running away, a *hijo de la guerra*—a child of war. Not seven cities, but one or two regiments, might contend for the honor of giving him birth: for his mother, whose name he took, had acted as camp-follower to a Royalist regiment; and then obeyed the Parliamentarians; died in Scotland when Monk was commanding in that country; and the first appearance of Mr. Brock in a public capacity displayed him as a fifer in the General's own regiment of Coldstreamers, when they marched from Scotland to London, and from a republic at once into a monarchy. Since that period, Brock had been always with the army; he had had, too, some promotion, for he spake of having a command at the battle of the Boyne; though probably (as he never mentioned the fact) upon the losing side. The very year before this narrative commences, he had been one of Mordaunt's forlorn hope at Schellenberg, for which service he was promised a pair of colors; he lost them, however, and was almost shot (but fate did not ordain that his career should close in that way) for drunkenness and insubordination immediately after the battle; but having in some measure re-instated himself by a display of much gallantry at Blenheim, it was found advisable to send him to England for the purpose of recruiting, and remove him altogether from the regiment, where his gallantry only rendered the example of his riot more dangerous.

Mr. Brock's commander was a slim young gentleman of twenty-six, about whom there was likewise a history, if one would take the trouble to inquire. He was a Bavarian by birth (his mother being an English lady), and enjoyed along with a dozen other brothers the title of count; eleven of these, of course, were penniless; one or two were priests, one a monk, six or seven in various military services, and the elder at home at Schloss Galgenstein breeding horses, hunting wild boars, swindling tenants, living in a great house with small means; obliged to be sordid at home all the year, to be splendid for a month at the capital, as is the way with many other noblemen. Our young count, Count Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian von Galgenstein, had been in the service of the French, as page to a nobleman; then of his Majesty's *gardes du corps*; then a lieutenant and captain in the Bavarian service; and when, after the battle of Blenheim, two regiments of Germans came over to the winning side, Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian found himself among them; and at the epoch when this story commences, had enjoyed English pay for a year or more. It is unnecessary to say how he exchanged into his present regiment; how it appeared that, before her marriage, handsome John Churchill had known the young gentleman's mother, when they were both penniless hangers-on at Charles the Second's court;—it is, we say, quite useless to repeat all the scandal of which we are perfectly masters, and to trace step by step the events of his history. Here, however, was Gustavus Adolphus, in a small inn, in a small village of Warwickshire, on an autumn evening in the year 1705; and at the very moment when this history begins, he and Mr. Brock, his corporal and friend, were seated at a round table before the kitchen-fire, while a small groom of the establishment was leading up and down on the village green, before the inn door, two black, glossy, long-tailed, barrel-bellied, thick-flanked, arched-

necked, Roman-nosed Flanders horses, which were the property of the two gentlemen now taking their ease at the "Bugle Inn." The two gentlemen were seated at their ease at the inn table, drinking mountain-wine; and if the reader fancies from the sketch which we have given of their lives, or from his own blindness and belief in the perfectibility of human nature, that the sun of that autumn evening shone upon any two men in county or city, at desk or harvest, at court or at Newgate, drunk or sober, who were greater rascals than Count Gustavus Galgenstein and Corporal Peter Brock, he is egregiously mistaken, and his knowledge of human nature is not worth a fig. If they had not been two prominent scoundrels, what earthly business should we have in detailing their histories? What would the public care for them? Who would meddle with dull virtue, humdrum sentiment, or stupid innocence, when vice, agreeable vice, is the only thing which the readers of romances care to hear?

The little horse-boy, who was leading the two black Flanders horses up and down the green, might have put them in the stable for any good that the horses got by the gentle exercise which they were now taking in the cool evening air, as their owners had not ridden very far or very hard, and there was not a hair turned of their sleek shining coats; but the lad had been especially ordered so to walk the horses about until he received further commands from the gentlemen reposing in the "Bugle" kitchen; and the idlers of the village seemed so pleased with the beasts, and their smart saddles and shining bridles, that it would have been a pity to deprive them of the pleasure of contemplating such an innocent spectacle. Over the Count's horse was thrown a fine red cloth, richly embroidered in yellow worsted, a very large count's coronet and a cipher at the four corners of the covering; and under this might be seen a pair of gorgeous silver stirrups, and above it, a couple of silver-mounted pistols reposing in bearskin holsters; the bit was silver too, and the horse's head was decorated with many smart ribbons. Of the Corporal's steed, suffice it to say that the ornaments were in brass, as bright, though not perhaps so valuable, as those which decorated the Captain's animal. The boys, who had been at play on the green, first paused and entered into conversation with the horse-boy; then the village matrons followed; and afterwards, sauntering by ones and twos, came the village maidens, who love soldiers as flies love treacle; presently the males began to arrive, and lo! the parson of the parish, taking his evening walk with Mrs. Dobbs, and the four children his offspring, at length joined himself to his flock.

To this audience the little hostler explained that the animals belonged to two gentlemen now reposing at the "Bugle:" one young with gold hair, the other old with grizzled locks; both in red coats: both in jack-boots; putting the house into a bustle, and calling for the best. He then discoursed to some of his own companions regarding the merits of the horses; and the parson, a learned man, explained to the villagers, that one of the travellers must be a count, or at least had a count's horsecloth: pronounced that the stirrups were of real silver, and checked the impetuosity of his son, William Nassau Dobbs, who was for mounting the animals, and who expressed a longing to fire off one of the pistols in the holsters.

As this family discussion was taking place, the gentlemen whose appearance had created so much attention came to the door of the inn, and the elder and stouter was seen to smile at his companion; after which he strolled leisurely over the green, and seemed to examine with much benevolent satisfaction the assemblage of villagers who were staring at him and the quadrupeds.

Mr. Brock, when he saw the par-

son's band and cassock, took off his beaver reverently, and saluted the divine: "I hope your reverence won't baulk the little fellow," said he; "I think I heard him calling out for a ride, and whether he should like my horse, or his lordship's horse, I am sure it is all one. Don't be afraid, sir! the horses are not tired; we have only come seventy mile to-day, and Prince Eugene once rode a matter of fifty-two leagues (a hundred and fifty miles), sir, upon that horse, between sunrise and sunset."

"Gracious powers! on which horse?" said Doctor Dobbs, very solemnly.

"On *this*, sir, — on mine, Corporal Brock of Cutts's black gelding, 'William of Nassau.' The Prince, sir, gave it me after Blenheim fight, for I had my own legs carried away by a cannon-ball, just as I cut down two of Sauerkrauter's regiment, who had made the Prince prisoner."

"Your own legs, sir!" said the Doctor. "Gracious goodness! this is more and more astonishing!"

"No, no, not my own legs, my horse's I mean, sir; and the Prince gave me 'William of Nassau' that very day."

To this no direct reply was made; but the Doctor looked at Mrs. Dobbs, and Mrs. Dobbs and the rest of the children at her eldest son, who grinned and said, "Isn't it wonderful?" The Corporal to this answered nothing, but, resuming his account, pointed to the other horse and said, "*That* horse, sir — good as mine is — that horse, with the silver stirrups, is his Excellency's horse, Captain Count Maximilian Gustavus Adolphus von Galgenstein, captain of horse and of the Holy Roman empire" (he lifted here his hat with much gravity, and all the crowd, even to the parson, did likewise). "We call him 'George of Denmark,' sir, in compliment to her Majesty's husband: he is Blenheim too, sir; Marshal Tallard rode him on that day, and you know how *he* was taken prisoner by the Count."

"George of Denmark, Marshal Tallard, William of Nassau! this is strange indeed, most wonderful! Why, sir, little are you aware that there are before you, *at this moment*, two other living beings who bear these venerated names! My boys, stand forward! Look here, sir; these children have been respectively named after our late sovereign and the husband of our present Queen."

"And very good names too, sir; ay, and very noble little fellows too; and I propose that, with your reverence and your ladyship's leave, William Nassau here shall ride on George of Denmark, and George of Denmark shall ride on William of Nassau."

When this speech of the Corporal's was made, the whole crowd set up a loyal hurrah; and, with much gravity, the two little boys were lifted up into the saddles; and the Corporal leading one, intrusted the other to the horse-boy, and so together marched stately up and down the green.

The popularity which Mr. Brock gained by this manœuvre was very great; but with regard to the names of the horses and children, which coincided so extraordinarily, it is but fair to state, that the christening of the quadrupeds had only taken place about two minutes before the dragoon's appearance on the green. For if the fact must be confessed, he, while seated near the inn window, had kept a pretty wistful eye upon all going on without; and the horses marching thus to and fro for the wonderment of the village, were only placards or advertisements for the riders.

There was, besides the boy now occupied with the horses, and the landlord and landlady of the "Bugle Inn," another person connected with that establishment — a very smart, handsome, vain, giggling servant-girl, about the age of sixteen, who went by the familiar name of Cat, and attended upon the gentlemen in the parlor, while the landlady was employed in cooking their supper in the kitchen. This young person had been educated

in the village poor-house, and having been pronounced by Doctor Dobbs and the schoolmaster the idlest, dirtiest, and most passionate little minx with whom either had ever had to do, she was, after receiving a very small portion of literary instruction (indeed it must be stated that the young lady did not know her letters), bound apprentice at the age of nine years to Mrs. Score, her relative, and landlady of the "Bugle Inn."

If Miss Cat, or Catherine Hall, was a slattern and a minx, Mrs. Score was a far superior shrew; and for the seven years of her apprenticeship, the girl was completely at her mistress's mercy. Yet though wondrously stingy, jealous, and violent, while her maid was idle and extravagant, and her husband seemed to abet the girl, Mrs. Score put up with the wench's airs, idleness, and caprices, without ever wishing to dismiss her from the "Bugle." The fact is, that Miss Catherine was a great beauty; and for about two years, since her fame had begun to spread, the custom of the inn had also increased vastly. When there was a debate whether the farmers, on their way from market, would take t'other pot, Catherine, by appearing with it, would straightway cause the liquor to be swallowed and paid for; and when the traveller who proposed riding that night and sleeping at Coventry or Birmingham, was asked by Miss Catherine whether he would like a fire in his bedroom, he generally was induced to occupy it, although he might before have vowed to Mrs. Score that he would not for a thousand guineas be absent from home that night. The girl had, too, half a dozen lovers in the village; and these were bound in honor to spend their pence at the alehouse she inhabited. O woman, lovely woman! what strong resolves canst thou twist round thy little finger! what gunpowder passions canst thou kindle with a single sparkle of thine eye! what lies and fribble nonsense canst thou make us listen to, as they were gospel truth or splendid wit! above all, what bad liquor canst thou make us swallow when thou puttest a kiss within the cup — and we are content to call the poison wine!

The mountain-wine at the "Bugle" was, in fact, execrable; but Mrs. Cat, who served it to the two soldiers, made it so agreeable to them, that they found it a passable, even a pleasant task, to swallow the contents of a second bottle. The miracle had been wrought instantaneously on her appearance: for whereas at that very moment the Count was employed in cursing the wine, the landlady, the wine-grower, and the English nation generally, when the young woman entered and (choosing so to interpret the oaths) said, "Coming, your honor; I think your honor called" — Gustavus Adolphus whistled, stared at her very hard, and seeming quite dumb-stricken by her appearance, contented himself by swallowing a whole glass of mountain by way of reply.

Mr. Brock was, however, by no means so confounded as his captain: he was thirty years older than the latter, and in the course of fifty years of military life had learned to look on the most dangerous enemy, or the most beautiful woman, with the like daring, devil-may-care determination to conquer.

"My dear Mary," then said that gentleman, "his honor is a lord; as good as a lord, that is; for all he allows such humble fellows as I am to drink with him."

Catherine dropped a low courtesy, and said, "Well, I don't know if you are joking a poor country girl, as all you soldier gentlemen do; but his honor *looks* like a lord: though I never see one, to be sure."

"Then," said the Captain, gathering courage, "how do you know I look like one, pretty Mary?"

"Pretty Catherine: I mean Catherine, if you please, sir."

Here Mr. Brock burst into a roar of laughter, and shouting with many

oaths that she was right at first, invited her to give him what he called a buss.

Pretty Catherine turned away from him at this request, and muttered something about "Keep your distance, low fellow! buss indeed! poor country girl," &c., &c., placing herself, as if for protection, on the side of the Captain. That gentleman looked also very angry; but whether at the sight of innocence so outraged, or the insolence of the Corporal for daring to help himself first, we cannot say. "Hark ye, Mr. Brock," he cried very fiercely, "I will suffer no such liberties in my presence: remember, it is only my condescension which permits you to share my bottle in this way; take care I don't give you instead a taste of my cane." So saying, he, in a protecting manner, placed one hand round Mrs. Catherine's waist, holding the other clinched very near to the Corporal's nose.

Mrs. Catherine, for *her* share of this action of the Count's, dropped another courtesy, and said, "Thank you, my lord." But Galgenstein's threat did not appear to make any impression on Mr. Brock, as indeed there was no reason that it should; for the Corporal, at a combat of fisticuffs, could have pounded his commander into a jelly in ten minutes: so he contented himself by saying, "Well, noble Captain, there's no harm done; it *is* an honor for poor old Peter Brock to be at table with you, and I *am* sorry sure enough."

"In truth, Peter, I believe thou art; thou hast good reason, eh, Peter? But never fear, man; had I struck thee, I never would have hurt thee."

"I *know* you would not," replied Brock, laying his hand on his heart with much gravity; and so peace was made, and healths were drank. Miss Catherine condescended to put her lips to the Captain's glass; who swore that the wine was thus converted into nectar; and although the girl had not previously heard of that liquor, she received the compliment as a compliment, and smiled and simpered in return.

The poor thing had never before seen anybody so handsome, or so finely dressed as the Count; and, in the simplicity of her coquetry, allowed her satisfaction to be quite visible. Nothing could be more clumsy than the gentleman's mode of complimenting her; but for this, perhaps, his speeches were more effective than others more delicate would have been; and though she said to each, "Oh, now, my lord," and "La, Captain, how can you flatter me so?" and "Your honor's laughing at me," and made such polite speeches as are used on these occasions, it was manifest from the flutter and blush, and the grin of satisfaction which lighted up the buxom features of the little country beauty, that the Count's first operations had been highly successful. When following up his attack, he produced from his neck a small locket (which had been given him by a Dutch lady at the Brill), and begged Miss Catherine to wear it for his sake, and chucked her under the chin and called her his little rosebud, it was pretty clear how things would go: anybody who could see the expression of Mr. Brock's countenance at this event might judge of the progress of the irresistible High-Dutch conqueror.

Being of a very vain, communicative turn, our fair barmaid gave her two companions not only a pretty long account of herself, but of many other persons in the village, whom she could perceive from the window opposite to which she stood. "Yes, your honor," said she — "my lord, I mean; sixteen last March, though there's a many girl in the village that at my age is quite chits. There's Polly Randall now, that red-haired girl alone with Thomas Curtis: she's seventeen if she's a day, though he is the very first sweetheart she has had. Well, as I am saying, I was bred up here in the village — father and mother died very young, and I was left a

poor orphan — well, bless us! if Thomas haven't kissed her! — to the care of Mrs. Score, my aunt, who has been a mother to me — a stepmother, you know; — and I've been to Stratford fair, and to Warwick many a time; and there's two people who have offered to marry me, and ever so many who want to, and I won't have none — only a gentleman, as I've always said; not a poor clodpole, like Tom there with the red waistcoat (he was one that asked me), nor a drunken fellow like Sam Blacksmith yonder, him whose wife has got the black eye, but a real gentleman, like" —

"Like whom, my dear?" said the Captain, encouraged.

"La, sir, how can you? why, like our squire, Sir John, who rides in such a mortal fine gold coach; or, at least, like the parson, Doctor Dobbs — that's he in the black gown, walking with Madam Dobbs in red."

"And are those his children?"

"Yes: two girls and two boys; and only think, he calls one William Nassau, and one George Denmark — isn't it odd?" And from the parson, Mrs. Catherine went on to speak of several humble personages of the village community, who, as they are not necessary to our story, need not be described at full length. It was when, from the window, Corporal Brock saw the altercation between the worthy divine and his son, respecting the latter's ride, that he judged it a fitting time to step out on the green, and to bestow on the two horses those famous historical names which we have just heard applied to them.

Mr. Brock's diplomacy was, as we have stated, quite successful; for, when the parson's boys had ridden and retired along with their mamma and papa, other young gentlemen of humbler rank in the village were placed upon "George of Denmark" and "William of Nassau;" the Corporal joking and laughing with all the grown-up people. The women, in spite of Mr. Brock's age, his red nose, and a certain squint of his eye, vowed the Corporal was a jewel of a man; and among the men his popularity was equally great.

"How much dost thee get, Thomas Clodpole?" said Mr. Brock to a countryman (he was the man whom Mrs. Catherine had described as her suitor), who had laughed loudest at some of his jokes: "how much dost thee get for a week's work, now?"

Mr. Clodpole, whose name was really Bullock, stated that his wages amounted to "three shillings and a puddn."

"Three shillings and a puddn! — monstrous! — and for this you toil like a galley-slave, as I have seen them in Turkey and America, — ay, gentlemen, and in the country of Prester John! You shiver out of bed on icy winter mornings, to break the ice for Ball and Dapple to drink."

"Yes, indeed," said the person addressed, who seemed astounded at the extent of the Corporal's information.

"Or you clean pigsty, and take dung down to meadow; or you act watchdog and tend sheep; or you sweep a scythe over a great field of grass; and when the sun has scorched the eyes out of your head, and sweated the flesh out of your bones, and well-nigh fried the soul out of your body, you go home, to what? — three shillings a week and a puddn! Do you get pudding every day?"

"No; only Sundays."

"Do you get money enough?"

"No, sure."

"Do you get beer enough?"

"Oh, no, NEVER!" said Mr. Bullock quite resolutely.

"Worthy Clodpole, give us thy hand: it shall have beer enough this day, or my name's not Corporal Brock. Here's the money, boy! there are twenty pieces in this purse: and how do you think I got em? and how do you think I shall get others when these are gone? — by serving her sacred Majesty to be sure:

long life to her, and down with the French King!"

Bullock, a few of the men, and two or three of the boys, piped out an hurrah, in compliment to this speech of the Corporal's: but it was remarked that the greater part of the crowd drew back — the women whispering ominously to them and looking at the Corporal.

"I see, ladies, what it is," said he. "You are frightened, and think I am a crimp come to steal your sweethearts away. What! call Peter Brock a double-dealer? I tell you what, boys, Jack Churchill himself has shaken this hand, and drunk a pot with me: do you think he'd shake hands with a rogue? Here's Tummas Clodpole has never had beer enough, and here am I will stand treat to him and any other gentleman; am I good enough company for him? I have money, look you, and like to spend it: what should *I* be doing dirty actions for — hay, Tummas?"

A satisfactory reply to this query was not, of course, expected by the Corporal nor uttered by Mr. Bullock; and the end of the dispute was, that he and three or four of the rustic bystanders were quite convinced of the good intentions of their new friend, and accompanied him back to the "Bugle," to regale upon the promised beer. Among the Corporal's guests was one young fellow whose dress would show that he was somewhat better to do in the world than Clodpole and the rest of the sunburnt ragged troop, who were marching towards the alehouse. This man was the only one of his hearers who, perhaps, was sceptical as to the truth of his stories; but as soon as Bullock accepted the invitation to drink, John Hayes, the carpenter (for such was his name and profession), said, "Well, Thomas, if thou goest, I will go too."

"I know thee wilt," said Thomas: "thou'lt goo anywhere Catty Hall is, provided thou canst goo for nothing."

"Nay, I have a penny to spend as good as the Corporal here."

"A penny to *keep*, you mean: for all your love for the lass at the 'Bugle,' did thee ever spend a shilling in the house? Thee wouldn't go now, but that I am going too, and the Captain here stands treat."

"Come, come, gentlemen, no quarrelling," said Mr. Brock. "If this pretty fellow will join us, amen say I: there's lots of liquor, and plenty of money to pay the score. Comrade Tummas, give us thy arm. Mr. Hayes, you're a hearty cock, I make no doubt, and all such are welcome. Come along, my gentleman farmers, Mr. Brock shall have the honor to pay for you all." And with this, Corporal Brock, accompanied by Messrs. Hayes, Bullock, Blacksmith, Baker's boy, Butcher, and one or two others, adjourned to the inn; the horses being, at the same time, conducted to the stable.

Although we have, in this quiet way, and without any flourishing of trumpets, or beginning of chapters, introduced Mr. Hayes to the public; and although, at first sight, a sneaking carpenter's boy may seem hardly worthy of the notice of an intelligent reader, who looks for a good cutthroat or highwayman for a hero, or a pickpocket at the very least: this gentleman's words and actions should be carefully studied by the public, as he is destined to appear before them under very polite and curious circumstances during the course of this history. The speech of the rustic Juvenal, Mr. Clodpole, had seemed to infer that Hayes was at once careful of his money and a warm admirer of Mrs. Catherine of the "Bugle:" and both the charges were perfectly true. Hayes's father was reported to be a man of some substance; and young John, who was performing his apprenticeship in the village, did not fail to talk very big of his pretensions to fortune — of his entering, at the close of his indentures, into partnership with his father — and of the comfortable farm and house over which Mrs. John Hayes, whoever she might

be, would one day preside. Thus, next to the barber and butcher, and above even his own master, Mr. Hayes took rank in the village: and it must not be concealed that his representation of wealth had made some impression upon Mrs. Hall, towards whom the young gentleman had cast the eyes of affection. If he had been tolerably well-looking, and not pale, rickety, and feeble as he was; if even he had been ugly, but withal a man of spirit, it is probable the girl's kindness for him would have been much more decided. But he was a poor weak creature, not to compare with honest Thomas Bullock, by at least nine inches; and so notoriously timid, selfish, and stingy, that there was a kind of shame in receiving his addresses openly; and what encouragement Mrs. Catherine gave him could only be in secret.

But no mortal is wise at all times: and the fact was, that Hayes, who cared for himself intensely, had set his heart upon winning Catherine; and loved her with a desperate, greedy eagerness and desire of possession, which makes passions for women often so fierce and unreasonable among very cold and selfish men. His parents (whose frugality he had inherited) had tried in vain to wean him from this passion, and had made many fruitless attempts to engage him with women who possessed money and desired husbands: but Hayes was, for a wonder, quite proof against their attractions; and, though quite ready to acknowledge the absurdity of his love for a penniless alehouse servant-girl, nevertheless persisted in it doggedly. "I know I'm a fool," said he; "and what's more, the girl does not care for me; but marry her I must, or I think I shall just die; and marry her I will." For very much to the credit of Miss Catherine's modesty, she had declared that marriage was with her a *sine quâ non*, and had dismissed, with the loudest scorn and indignation, all propositions of a less proper nature.

Poor Thomas Bullock was another of her admirers, and had offered to marry her; but three shillings a week and a puddn was not to the girl's taste, and Thomas had been scornfully rejected. Hayes had also made her a direct proposal. Catherine did not say no: she was too prudent: but she was young and could wait; she did not care for Mr. Hayes *yet* enough to marry him — (it did not seem, indeed, in the young woman's nature to care for anybody) — and she gave her adorer flatteringly to understand that, if nobody better appeared in the course of a few years, she might be induced to become Mrs. Hayes. It was a dismal prospect for the poor fellow to live upon the hope of being one day Mrs. Catherine's *pis-aller*.

In the mean time she considered herself free as the wind, and permitted herself all the innocent gayeties which that "chartered libertine," a coquette, can take. She flirted with all the bachelors, widowers, and married men, in a manner which did extraordinary credit to her years: and let not the reader fancy such pastimes unnatural at her early age. The ladies — heaven bless them! — are, as a general rule, coquettes from babyhood upwards. Little *she's* of three years old play little airs and graces upon small heroes of five; simpering misses of nine make attacks upon young gentlemen of twelve; and at sixteen, a well-grown girl, under encouraging circumstances, — say, she is pretty, in a family of ugly elder sisters, or an only child and heiress, or an humble wench at a country inn, like our fair Catherine — is at the very pink and prime of her coquetry: they will jilt you at that age with an ease and arch infantine simplicity that never can be surpassed in maturer years.

Miss Catherine, then, was a *franche coquette*, and John Hayes was miserable. His life was passed in a storm of mean passions and bitter jealousies, and desperate attacks

upon the indifference-rock of Mrs. Catherine's heart, which not all his tempest of love could beat down. O cruel, cruel pangs of love unrequited! Mean rogues feel them as well as great heroes. Lives there the man in Europe who has not felt them many times?—who has not knelt, and fawned, and supplicated, and wept, and cursed, and raved, all in vain; and passed long wakeful nights with ghosts of dead hopes for company; shadows of buried remembrances that glide out of their graves of nights, and whisper, "We are dead now, but we *were* once; and we made you happy, and we come now to mock you:—despair, O lover, despair, and die?"—O cruel pangs! dismal nights!—Now a sly demon creeps under your nightcap, and drops into your ear those soft, hope-breathing, sweet words, uttered on the well-remembered evening: there, in the drawer of your dressing-table (along with the razors, and Macassar oil), lies the dead flower that Lady Amelia Wilhelmina wore in her bosom on the night of a certain ball—the corpse of a glorious hope that seemed once as if it would live forever, so strong was it, so full of joy and sunshine: there, in your writing-desk, among a crowd of unpaid bills, is the dirty scrap of paper, thimble-sealed, which came in company with a pair of muffetees of her knitting (she was a butcher's daughter, and did all she could, poor thing!), begging "you would ware them at collidge, and think of her who"—married a public-house three weeks afterwards, and cares for you no more now than she does for the pot-boy. But why multiply instances, or seek to depict the agony of poor, mean-spirited John Hayes? No mistake can be greater than that of fancying such great emotions of love are only felt by virtuous or exalted men: depend upon it, Love, like Death, plays havoc among the *pauperum tabernas*, and sports with rich and poor, wicked and virtuous, alike. I have often fancied, for instance, on seeing the haggard, pale young old-clothesman, who wakes the echoes of our street with his nasal cry of "Clo'!"—I have often, I said, fancied that, besides the load of exuvial coats and breeches under which he staggers, there is another weight on him—an *atrior cura* at his tail—and while his unshorn lips and nose together are performing that mocking, boisterous, Jack-indifferent cry of "Clo,' clo'!" who knows what woful utterances are crying from the heart within? There he is chaffering with the footman at No. 7, about an old dressing-gown; you think his whole soul is bent only on the contest about the garment. Psha! there is, perhaps, some faithless girl in Holywell Street who fills up his heart; and that desultory Jew-boy is a peripatetic hell! Take another instance:—take the man in the beef-shop in Saint Martin's Court. There he is, to all appearances quite calm: before the same round of beef—from morning till sundown—for hundreds of years very likely. Perhaps when the shutters are closed, and all the world tired and silent, there is HE silent, but untired—cutting, cutting, cutting. You enter, you get your meat to your liking, you depart; and, quite unmoved, on, on he goes, reaping ceaselessly the Great Harvest of Beef. You would fancy that if Passion ever failed to conquer, it had in vain assailed the calm bosom of THAT MAN. I doubt it, and would give much to know his history. Who knows what furious Ætna-flames are raging underneath the surface of that calm flesh-mountain—who can tell me that that calmness itself is not DESPAIR?

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The reader, if he does not now understand why it was that Mr. Hayes agreed to drink the Corporal's proffered beer, had better just read the foregoing remarks over again, and if he does not understand *then*, why, small praise to his brains. Hayes

could not bear that Mr. Bullock should have a chance of seeing, and perhaps making love to Mrs. Catherine in his absence; and though the young woman never diminished her coquetries, but, on the contrary, rather increased them in his presence, it was still a kind of dismal satisfaction to be miserable in her company.

On this occasion, the disconsolate lover could be wretched to his heart's content; for Catherine had not a word or a look for him, but bestowed all her smiles upon the handsome stranger who owned the black horse. As for poor Tummas Bullock, his passion was never violent; and he was content in the present instance to sigh, and drink beer. He sighed and drank, sighed and drank, and drank again, until he had swallowed so much of the Corporal's liquor, as to be induced to accept a guinea from his purse also; and found himself, on returning to reason and sobriety, a soldier of Queen Anne's.

But oh! fancy the agonies of Mr. Hayes when, seated with the Corporal's friends at one end of the kitchen, he saw the Captain at the place of honor, and the smiles which the fair maid bestowed upon him; when, as she lightly whisked past him with the Captain's supper, she, pointing to the locket that once reposed on the breast of the Dutch lady at the Brill, looked archly on Hayes, and said, "See, John, what his lordship has given me;" and when John's face became green and purple with rage and jealousy, Mrs. Catherine laughed ten times louder, and cried, "Coming, my lord," in a voice of shrill triumph, that bored through the soul of Mr. John Hayes, and left him gasping for breath.

On Catherine's other lover, Mr. Thomas, this coquetry had no effect: he, and two comrades of his, had by this time quite fallen under the spell of the Corporal; and hope, glory, strong beer, Prince Eugene, pairs of colors, more strong beer, her blessed Majesty, plenty more strong beer, and such subjects, martial and bacchic, whirled through their dizzy brains at a railroad pace.

And now, if there had been a couple of experienced reporters present at the "Bugle Inn," they might have taken down a conversation on love and war — the two themes discussed by the two parties occupying the kitchen — which, as the parts were sung together, duet-wise, formed together some very curious harmonies. Thus, while the Captain was whispering the softest nothings, the Corporal was shouting the fiercest combats of the war; and, like the gentleman at Penelope's table, on it *exiguo pinxit prœlia tota* bero. For example:—

Captain.—"What do you say to a silver trimming, pretty Catherine? Don't you think a scarlet riding-cloak, handsomely laced, would become you wonderfully well?—and a gray hat with a blue feather—and a pretty nag to ride on—and all the soldiers to present arms as you pass, and say, There goes the Captain's lady? What do you think of a side-box at 'Lincoln's Inn' playhouse, or of standing up to a minuet with my Lord Marquis at"—

Corporal.—"The ball, sir, ran right up his elbow, and was found the next day by Surgeon Splinter of ours,—where do you think, sir?—upon my honor as a gentleman it came out of the nape of his"—

Captain.—"Necklace—and a sweet pair of diamond ear-rings, mayhap—and a little shower of patches, which ornament a lady's face wondrously—and a leetle rouge—though, egad! such peach-cheeks as yours don't want it;—fie! Mrs. Catherine, I should think the birds must come and peck at them as if they were fruit"—

Corporal.—"Over the wall; and three and twenty of our fellows jumped after me. By the Pope of Rome, friend Tummas, that was a day!—Had you seen how the Mounseers looked when four and twenty rampaging he-devils, sword and pistol, cut and thrust, pell-mell came tumbling

into the redoubt! Why, sir, we left in three minutes as many artillery-men's heads as there were cannon-balls. It was, 'Ah sacré!' 'D— you, take that!' 'O mon Dieu!' run him through. 'Ventrebleu!' and it *was* ventrebleu with him, I warrant you: for *bleu*, in the French language, means 'through;' and *ventre*—why, you see, ventre means"—

Captain.—"Waists, which are worn now excessive long;—and for the hoops, if you *could* but see them—stap my vitals, my dear, but there was a lady at Warwick's Assembly (she came in one of my lord's coaches) who had a hoop as big as a tent: you might have dined under it comfortably;—ha! ha! 'pon my faith, now"—

Corporal.—"And there we found the Duke of Marlborough seated along with Marshal Tallard, who was endeavoring to drown his sorrow over a cup of Johannisberger wine; and a good drink too, my lads, only not to compare to Warwick beer. 'Who was the man who has done this?' said our noble General. I stepped up. 'How many heads was it,' says he, 'that you cut off?' 'Nineteen,' says I, 'besides wounding several.' When he heard it (Mr. Hayes, you don't drink) I'm blest if he didn't burst into tears! 'Noble, noble fellow,' says he. 'Marshal, you must excuse me, if I am pleased to hear of the destruction of your countrymen. Noble, noble fellow!—here's a hundred guineas for you.' Which sum he placed in my hand. 'Nay,' says the Marshal, 'the man has done his duty:' and, pulling out a magnificent gold diamond-hilted snuff-box, he gave me"—

Mr. Bullock.—'What, a goold snuff-box? Wauns, but thee *wast* in luck, Corporal!"—

Corporal.—"No, not the snuff-box, but—*a pinch of snuff*,—ha! ha!—run me through the body if he didn't! Could you but have seen the smile on Jack Churchill's grave face at this piece of generosity! So beckoning Colonel Cadogan up to him, he pinched his ear and whispered"—

Captain.—"'May I have the honor to dance a minuet with your ladyship?' The whole room was in titters at Jack's blunder; for, as you know very well, poor Lady Susan *has a wooden leg*. Ha! ha! fancy a minuet and a wooden leg, hey, my dear?"—

Mrs. Catherine.—"Giggle—giggle—giggle: he! he! he! Oh, Captain, you rogue, you"—

Second table.—"Haw! haw! haw! Well, you *be* a foony mon, sergeant, zure enoff."

. . . . . .

This little specimen of the conversation must be sufficient. It will show pretty clearly that each of the two military commanders was conducting his operations with perfect success. Three of the detachment of five attacked by the Corporal surrendered to him: Mr. Bullock, namely, who gave in at a very early stage of the evening, and ignominiously laid down his arms under the table, after standing not more than a dozen volleys of beer; Mr. Blacksmith's boy, and a laborer whose name we have not been able to learn. Mr. Butcher himself was on the point of yielding, when he was rescued by the furious charge of a detachment that marched to his relief: his wife namely, who, with two squalling children, rushed into the "Bugle," boxed Butcher's ears, and kept up such a tremendous fire of oaths and screams upon the Corporal, that he was obliged to retreat. Fixing then her claws into Mr. Butcher's hair, she proceeded to drag him out of the premises; and thus Mr. Brock was overcome. His attack upon John Hayes was a still greater failure; for that young man seemed to be invincible by drink, if not by love: and at the end of the drinking-bout was a great deal more cool than the Corporal himself; to whom he wished a very polite good-evening, as calmly he took his hat to depart. He turned

to look at Catherine, to be sure, and then he was not quite so calm: but Catherine did not give any reply to his good-night. She was seated at the Captain's table playing at cribbage with him; and though Count Gustavus Maximilian lost every game, he won more than he lost, — sly fellow! — and Mrs. Catherine was no match for him.

It is to be presumed that Hayes gave some information to Mrs. Score, the landlady: for, on leaving the kitchen, he was seen to linger for a moment in the bar; and very soon after Mrs. Catherine was called away from her attendance on the Count, who, when he asked for a sack and toast, was furnished with those articles by the landlady herself: and, during the half-hour in which he was employed in consuming this drink, Monsieur de Galgenstein looked very much disturbed and out of humor, and cast his eyes to the door perpetually; but no Catherine came. At last, very sulkily, he desired to be shown to bed, and walked as well as he could (for, to say truth, the noble Count was by this time somewhat unsteady on his legs) to his chamber. It was Mrs. Score who showed him to it, and closed the curtains, and pointed triumphantly to the whiteness of the sheets.

"It's a very comfortable room," said she, "though not the best in the house; which belong of right to your lordship's worship; but our best room has two beds, and Mr. Corporal is in that, locked and double-locked, with his three tipsy recruits. But your honor will find this here bed comfortable and well-aired;-I've slept in it myself this eighteen years."

"What, my good woman, you are going to sit up, eh? It's cruel hard on you, madam."

"Sit up, my lord? bless you, no! I shall have half of our Cat's bed; as I always do when there's company." And with this Mrs. Score courtesied and retired.

. . . . . .

Very early the next morning the active landlady and her bustling attendant had prepared the ale and bacon for the Corporal and his three converts, and had set a nice white cloth for the Captain's breakfast. The young blacksmith did not eat with much satisfaction; but Mr. Bullock and his friend betrayed no sign of discontent, except such as may be consequent upon an evening's carouse. They walked very contentedly to be registered before Doctor Dobbs, who was also justice of the peace, and went in search of their slender bundles, and took leave of their few acquaintances without much regret: for the gentlemen had been bred in the workhouse, and had not, therefore, a large circle of friends.

It wanted only an hour of noon, and the noble Count had not descended. The men were waiting for him, and spent much of the Queen's money (earned by the sale of their bodies over night) while thus expecting him. Perhaps Mrs. Catherine expected him too, for she had offered many times to run up — with my lord's boots — with the hot water — to show Mr. Brock the way; who sometimes condescended to officiate as barber. But on all these occasions Mrs. Score had prevented her; not scolding, but with much gentleness and smiling. At last, more gentle and smiling than ever, she came down stairs, and said, "Catherine darling, his honor the Count is mighty hungry this morning, and vows he could pick the wing of a fowl. Run down, child, to Farmer Brigg's and get one: pluck it before you bring it, you know, and we will make his lordship a pretty breakfast."

Catherine took up her basket, and away she went by the back-yard, through the stables. There she heard the little horse-boy whistling and hissing after the manner of horse-boys; and there she learned that Mrs. Score had been inventing an ingenious story to have her out of the way. The hostler said he was just going to

lead the two horses round to the door. The Corporal had been, and they were about to start on the instant for Stratford.

The fact was that Count Gustavus Adolphus, far from wishing to pick the wing of a fowl, had risen with a horror and loathing for every thing in the shape of food, and for any liquor stronger than small beer. Of this he had drunk a cup, and said he should ride immediately to Stratford; and when, on ordering his horses, he had asked politely of the landlady "why the d— *she* always came up, and why she did not send the girl," Mrs. Score informed the Count that her Catherine was gone out for a walk along with the young man to whom she was to be married, and would not be visible that day. On hearing this the Captain ordered his horses that moment, and abused the wine, the bed, the house, the landlady, and every thing connected with the "Bugle Inn."

Out the horses came: the little boys of the village gathered round; the recruits, with bunches of ribbons in their beavers, appeared presently; Corporal Brock came swaggoring out, and, slapping the pleased blacksmith on the back, bade him mount his horse; while the boys hurrahed. Then the Captain came out, gloomy and majestic; to him Mr. Brock made a military salute, which clumsily, and with much grinning, the recruits imitated. "I shall walk on with these brave fellows, your honor, and meet you at Stratford," said the Corporal. "Good," said the Captain, as he mounted. The landlady courtesied; the children hurrahed more; the little horse-boy, who held the bridle with one hand and the stirrup with the other, and expected a crown-piece from such a noble gentleman, got only a kick and a curse, as Count von Galgenstein shouted, "D— you all, get out of the way'" and galloped off; and John Hayes, who had been sneaking about the inn all the morning, felt a weight off his heart when he saw the Captain ride off alone.

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O foolish Mrs. Score! O dolt of a John Hayes! If the landlady had allowed the Captain and the maid to have their way, and meet but for a minute before recruits, sergeant, and all, it is probable that no harm would have been done, and that this history would never have been written.

When Count von Galgenstein had ridden half a mile on the Stratford road, looking as black and dismal as Napoleon galloping from the romantic village of Waterloo, he espied, a few score yards onwards, at the turn of the road, a certain object which caused him to check his horse suddenly, brought a tingling red into his cheeks, and made his heart to go thump — thump! against his side. A young lass was sauntering slowly along the footpath, with a basket swinging from one hand, and a bunch of hedge-flowers in the other. She stopped once or twice to add a fresh one to her nosegay, and might have seen him, the Captain thought; but no, she never looked directly towards him, and still walked on. Sweet innocent! she was singing as if none were near; her voice went soaring up to the clear sky, and the Captain put his horse on the grass, that the sound of the hoofs might not disturb the music.

"When the king had given a pailful"—
(sang she),
"And the sheep came bleating home
Poll, who knew it would be healthful,
Went a-walking out with Tom.
Hand in hand, sir, on the land, sir,
As they walked to and fro,
Tom made jolly love to Polly,
But was answered no, no, no."

The Captain had put his horse on the grass, that the sound of his hoofs might not disturb the music; and now he pushed its head on to the bank, where straightway "George of Denmark" began chewing of such a salad that grew there. And now the Captain slid off stealthily; and smiling comically, and hitching up his great

jack-boots, and moving forward with a jerking tiptoe step, he, just as she was trilling the last *o-o-o* of the last *no* in the above poem of Tom D'Urfey, came up to her, and touching her lightly on the waist, said, —

"My dear, your very humble servant."

Mrs. Catherine (you know you have found her out long ago!) gave a scream and a start, and would have turned pale if she could. As it was, she only shook all over, and said, —

"Oh, sir, how you *did* frighten me!"

"Frighten you, my rosebud! why, run me through, I'd die rather than frighten you. Gad, child, tell me now, am I so *very* frightful?"

"Oh, no, your honor, I didn't mean that; only I wasn't thinking to meet you here, or that you would ride so early at all: for, if you please, sir, I was going to fetch a chicken for your lordship's breakfast, as my mistress said you would like one; and I thought, instead of going to Farmer Brigg's, down Birmingham way, as she told me, I'd go to Farmer Bird's, where the chickens is better, sir — my lord, I mean."

"Said I'd like a chicken for breakfast, the old cat! why, I told her I would not eat a morsel to save me — I was so dru—, I mean I ate such a good supper last night — and I bade her to send me a pot of small beer, and to tell you to bring it; and the wretch said you were gone out with your sweetheart" —

"What! John Hayes, the creature? Oh, what a naughty, story-telling woman!"

" — You had walked out with your sweetheart, and I was not to see you any more; and I was mad with rage, and ready to kill myself; I was, my dear."

"Oh, sir! pray, *pray* don't."

"For your sake, my sweet angel?"

"Yes, for my sake, if such a poor girl as me can persuade noble gentlemen."

"Well, then, for your sake, I won't: no, I'll live; but why live? Hell and fury, if I do live I'm miserable without you; I am, — you know I am, — you adorable, beautiful, cruel, wicked Catherine!"

Catherine's reply to this was "La, bless me! I do believe your horse is running away." And so he was; for having finished his meal in the hedge, he first looked towards his master and paused, as it were, irresolutely; then, by a sudden impulse, flinging up his tail and his hind legs, he scampered down the road.

Mrs. Hall ran lightly after the horse, and the Captain after Mrs. Hall; and the horse ran quicker and quicker every moment, and might have led them a long chase — when, lo! debouching from a twist in the road, came the detachment of cavalry and infantry under Mr. Brock. The moment he was out of sight of the village, that gentleman had desired the blacksmith to dismount, and had himself jumped into the saddle, maintaining the subordination of his army by drawing a pistol and swearing that he would blow out the brains of any person who attempted to run. When the Captain's horse came near the detachment he paused, and suffered himself to be caught by Tummas Bullock, who held him until the owner and Mrs. Catherine came up.

Mr. Bullock looked comically grave when he saw the pair; but the Corporal graciously saluted Mrs. Catherine, and said it was a fine day for walking.

"La, sir, and so it is," said she, panting in a very pretty and distressing way, "but not for *running*. I do protest — ha! — and vow that I really can scarcely stand. I'm so tired of running after that naughty, naughty horse!"

"How do, Cattern?" said Thomas. "Zee, I be going a zouldiering because thee wouldn't have me." And here Mr. Bullock grinned. Mrs. Catherine made no sort of reply, but protested once more she should die of running. If the truth were told, she was somewhat vexed at the arri-

val of the Corporal's detachment, and had had very serious thoughts of finding herself quite tired just as he came in sight.

A sudden thought brought a smile of bright satisfaction in the Captain's eyes. He mounted the horse which Tummas still held. "*Tired*, Mrs. Catherine," said he, "and for my sake? By heavens, you shan't walk a step farther! No, you shall ride back with a guard of honor! Back to the village, gentlemen! — right-about face! Show those fellows, Corporal, how to rightabout face. Now, my dear, mount behind me on Snowball; he's easy as a sedan. Put your dear little foot on the toe of my boot. There now, — up! — jump! hurrah!"

"*That's* not the way, Captain," shouted out Thomas, still holding on to the rein as the horse began to move. "Thee woan't goo with him, will thee, Catty?"

But Mrs. Catherine, though she turned away her head, never let go her hold round the Captain's waist; and he, swearing a dreadful oath at Thomas, struck him across the face and hands with his riding-whip. The poor fellow, who at the first cut still held on to the rein, dropped it at the second, and as the pair galloped off, sat down on the roadside and fairly began to weep.

"*March*, you dog!" shouted out the Corporal a minute after. And so he did: and when next he saw Mrs. Catherine she *was* the Captain's lady sure enough, and wore a gray hat with a blue feather, and rod riding-coat trimmed with silver-lace. But Thomas was then on a bare-backed horse, which Corporal Brock was flanking round a ring, and he was so occupied looking between his horse's ears that he had no time to cry then, and at length got the better of his attachment.

This being a good opportunity for closing Chapter I., we ought, perhaps, to make some apologies to the public for introducing them to characters that are so utterly worthless; as we confess all our heroes, with the exception of Mr. Bullock, to be. In this we have consulted nature and history, rather than the prevailing taste and the general manner of authors. The amusing novel of "Ernest Maltravers," for instance, opens with a seduction; but then it is performed by people of the strictest virtue on both sides: and there is so much religion and philosophy in the heart of the seducer, so much tender innocence in the soul of the seduced, that — bless the little dears! — their very peccadilloes make one interested in them; and their naughtiness becomes quite sacred, so deliciously is it described. Now, if we *are* to be interested by rascally actions, let us have them with plain faces, and let them be performed, not by virtuous philosophers, but by rascals. Another clever class of novelists adopt the contrary system, and create interest by making their rascals perform virtuous actions. Against these popular plans we here solemnly appeal. We say, let your rogues in novels act like rogues, and your honest men like honest men; don't let us have any juggling and thimblerigging with virtue and vice, so that, at the end of three volumes, the bewildered reader shall not know which is which; don't let us find ourselves kindling at the generous qualities of thieves, and sympathizing with the rascalities of noble hearts. For our own part, we know what the public likes, and have chosen rogues for our characters, and have taken a story from the "Newgate Calendar," which we hope to follow out to edification. Among the rogues, at least, we will have nothing that shall be mistaken for virtues. And if the British public (after calling for three or four editions) shall give up, not only our rascals, but the rascals of all other authors, we shall be content: — we shall apply to Government for a pension, and think that our duty is done.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH ARE DEPICTED THE PLEASURES OF A SENTIMENTAL ATTACHMENT.

It will not be necessary, for the purpose of this history, to follow out very closely all the adventures which occurred to Mrs. Catherine from the period when she quitted the "Bugle" and became the Captain's lady; for, although it would be just as easy to show as not, that the young woman, by following the man of her heart, had only yielded to an innocent impulse, and by remaining with him for a certain period, had proved the depth and strength of her affection for him, — although we might make very tender and eloquent apologies for the error of both parties, the reader might possibly be disgusted at such descriptions and such arguments: which, besides, are already done to his hand in the novel of "Ernest Maltravers" before mentioned.

From the gentleman's manner towards Mrs. Catherine, and from his brilliant and immediate success, the reader will doubtless have concluded, in the first place, that Gustavus Adolphus had not a very violent affection for Mrs. Cat; in the second place, that he was a professional lady-killer, and therefore likely at some period to resume his profession; thirdly, and to conclude, that a connection so begun, must, in the nature of things, be likely to end speedily.

And so, to do the Count justice, it would, if he had been allowed to follow his own inclination entirely; for (as many young gentlemen will, and yet no praise to them) in about a week he began to be indifferent, in a month to be weary, in two months to be angry, in three to proceed to blows and curses; and, in short, to repent most bitterly the hour when he had been induced to present Mrs. Catherine the toe of his boot, for the purpose of lifting her on to his horse.

"Egad!" said he to the Corporal one day, when confiding his griefs to Mr. Brock, "I wish my toe had been cut off before ever it served as a ladder to this little vixen."

"Or perhaps your honor would wish to kick her down stairs with it?" delicately suggested Mr. Brock.

"Kick her! why, the wench would hold so fast by the banisters that I *could* not kick her down, Mr. Brock. To tell you a bit of a secret, I *have* tried as much — not to kick her — no, no, not kick her, certainly: that's ungentlemanly — but to *induce* her to go back to that cursed pot-house where we fell in with her. I have given her many hints" —

"Oh, yes, I saw your honor give her one yesterday — with a mug of beer. By the laws, as the ale run all down her face, and she clutched a knife to run at you, I don't think I ever saw such a she-devil! That woman will do for your honor some day, if you provoke her."

"Do for *me?* No, hang it, Mr. Brock, never! She loves every hair of my head, sir: she worships me, Corporal. Egad, yes! she worships me; and would much sooner apply a knife to her own weasand than scratch my little finger!"

"I think she does," said Mr. Brock.

"I'm sure of it," said the Captain. "Women, look you, are like dogs, they like to be ill-treated: they like it, sir; I know they do. I never had any thing to do with a woman in my life but I ill-treated her, and she liked me the better."

"Mrs. Hall ought to be *very* fond of you then, sure enough!" said Mr. Corporal.

"Very fond; — ha, ha! Corporal, you wag you — and so she *is* very fond. Yesterday, after the knife-and-beer scene — no wonder I threw the liquor in her face: it was so dev'lish flat that no gentleman could drink it: and I told her never to draw it till dinner-time" —

"Oh, it was enough to put an angel in a fury!" said Brock

"— Well, yesterday, after the knife

business, when you had got the carver out of her hand, off she flings to her bedroom, will not eat a bit of dinner, forsooth, and remains locked up for a couple of hours. At two o'clock afternoon (I was over a tankard), out comes the little she-devil, her face pale, her eyes bleared, and the tip of her nose as red as fire with sniffling and weeping. Making for my hand, 'Max,' says she, 'will you forgive me?' 'What!' says I. 'Forgive a murderess?' says I. 'No, curse me, never!' 'Your cruelty will kill me,' sobbed she. 'Cruelty be hanged!' says I; 'didn't you draw that beer an hour before dinner?' She could say nothing to *this*, you know, and I swore that every time she did so, I would fling it into her face again. Whereupon back she flounced to her chamber, where she wept and stormed until night-time."

"When you forgave her?"

"I *did* forgive her, that's positive. You see I had supped at the 'Rose' along with Tom Trippet and half a dozen pretty fellows; and I had eased a great fat-headed Warwickshire land-junker — what d'ye call him? — squire, of forty pieces; and I'm dev'lish good-humored when I've won, and so Cat and I made it up: but I've taught her never to bring me stale beer again — ha, ha!"

This conversation will explain, a great deal better than any description of ours, however eloquent, the state of things as between Count Maximilian and Mrs. Catherine, and the feelings which they entertained for each other. The woman loved him, that was the fact. And, as we have shown in the previous chapter how John Hayes, a mean-spirited fellow as ever breathed, in respect of all other passions a pygmy, was in the passion of love a giant, and followed Mrs. Catherine with a furious longing which might seem at the first to be foreign to his nature: in the like manner, and playing at cross-purposes, Mrs. Hall had become smitten of the Captain; and, as he said truly, only liked him the better for the brutality which she received at his hands. For it is my opinion, Madam, that love is a bodily infirmity, from which human-kind can no more escape than from small-pox; and which attacks every one of us, from the first duke in the Peerage down to Jack Ketch inclusive; which has no respect for rank, virtue, or roguery in man, but sets each in his turn in a fever; which breaks out the deuce knows how or why, and, raging its appointed time, fills each individual of the one sex with a blind fury and longing for some one of the other (who may be pure, gentle, blue-eyed, beautiful, and good; or vile, shrewish, squinting, hunchbacked, and hideous, according to circumstances and luck); which dies away, perhaps in the natural course, if left to have its way, but which contradiction causes to rage more furiously than ever. Is not history, from the Trojan war upwards and downwards, full of instances of such strange inexplicable passions? Was not Helen, by the most moderate calculation, ninety years of age when she went off with his Royal Highness Prince Paris of Troy? Was not Madame La Vallière ill-made, blear-eyed, tallow-complexioned, scraggy, and with hair like tow? Was not Wilkes the ugliest, charmingest, most successful, man in the world? Such instances might be carried out so as to fill a volume; but *cui bono?* Love is fate, and not will; its origin not to be explained, its progress irresistible: and the best proof of this may be had at Bow Street any day, where, if you ask any officer of the establishment how they take most thieves, he will tell you at the houses of the women. They must see the dear creatures, though they hang for it: they will love, though they have their necks in the halter. And with regard to the other position, that ill-usage on the part of the man does not destroy the affection of the woman, have we not numberless police-reports showing how, when a bystander would beat a hus-

band for beating his wife, man and wife fall together on the interloper and punish him for his meddling?

These points, then, being settled to the satisfaction of all parties, the reader will not be disposed to question the assertion that Mrs. Hall had a real affection for the gallant Count, and grew, as Mr. Brock was pleased to say, like a beefsteak, more tender as she was thumped. Poor thing, poor thing! his flashy airs and smart looks had overcome her in a single hour; and no more is wanted to plunge into love over head and ears; no more is wanted to make a first love with — and a woman's first love lasts *forever* (a man's twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth is perhaps the best): you can't kill it, do what you will: it takes root, and lives and even grows, never mind what the soil may be in which it is planted, or the bitter weather it must bear — often as one has seen a wall-flower grow — out of a stone.

In the first weeks of their union, the Count had at least been liberal to her: she had a horse and fine clothes, and received abroad some of those flattering attentions which she held at such high price. He had, however, some ill-luck at play, or had been forced to pay some bills, or had some other satisfactory reason for being poor, and his establishment was very speedily diminished. He argued that, as Mrs. Catherine had been accustomed to wait on others all her life, she might now wait upon herself and him; and when the incident of the beer arose, she had been for some time employed as the Count's housekeeper, with unlimited superintendence over his comfort, his cellar, his linen, and such matters as bachelors are delighted to make over to active female hands. To do the poor wretch justice, she actually kept the man's *ménage* in the best order; nor was there any point of extravagance with which she could be charged, except a little extravagance of dress displayed on the very few occasions when he condescended to walk abroad with her, and extravagance of language and passion in the frequent quarrels they had together. Perhaps in such a connection as subsisted between this precious couple, these faults are inevitable on the part of the woman. She must be silly and vain, and will pretty surely therefore be fond of dress; and she must, disguise it as she will, be perpetually miserable and brooding over her fall, which will cause her to be violent and quarrelsome.

Such, at least, was Mrs. Hall; and very early did the poor vain, misguided wretch begin to reap what she had sown.

For a man, remorse under these circumstances is perhaps uncommon. No stigma affixes on *him* for betraying a woman: no bitter pangs of mortified vanity; no insulting looks of superiority from his neighbor, and no sentence of contemptuous banishment is read against him; these all fall on the tempted, and not on the tempter, who is permitted to go free. The chief thing that a man learns after having successfully practised on a woman is to despise the poor wretch whom he has won. The game, in fact, and the glory, such as it is, is all his, and the punishment alone falls upon her. Consider this, ladies, when charming young gentlemen come to woo you with soft speeches. You have nothing to win, except wretchedness and scorn and desertion. Consider this, and be thankful to your Solomons for telling it.

It came to pass, then, that the Count had come to have a perfect contempt and indifference for Mrs. Hall; — how should he not for a young person who had given herself up to him so easily? — and would have been quite glad of any opportunity of parting with her. But there was a certain lingering shame about the man, which prevented him from saying at once and abruptly, "Go!" and the poor thing did not choose to take such hints as fell out in the course of their conversation and quar-

rels. And so they kept on together, he treating her with simple insult, and she hanging on desperately, by whatever feeble twig she could find, to the rock beyond which all was nought, or death to her.

Well, after the night with Tom Trippet and the pretty fellows at the "Rose," to which we have heard the Count allude in the conversation just recorded, Fortune smiled on him a good deal; for the Warwickshire Squire, who had lost forty pieces on that occasion, insisted on having his revenge the night after; when, strange to say, a hundred and fifty more found their way into the pouch of his Excellency the Count. Such a sum as this quite set the young nobleman afloat again, and brought back a pleasing equanimity to his mind, which had been a good deal disturbed in the former difficult circumstances; and in this, for a little and to a certain extent, poor Cat had the happiness to share. He did not alter the style of his establishment, which consisted, as before, of herself and a small person who acted as scourer, kitchen-wench, and scullion; Mrs. Catherine always putting her hand to the principal pieces of the dinner; but he treated his mistress with tolerable good humor; or, to speak more correctly, with such bearable brutality as might be expected from a man like him to a woman in her condition. Besides, a certain event was about to take place, which not unusually occurs in circumstances of this nature, and Mrs. Catherine was expecting soon to lie in.

The Captain, distrusting naturally the strength of his own paternal feelings, had kindly endeavored to provide a parent for the coming infant; and to this end had opened a negotiation with our friend Mr. Thomas Bullock, declaring that Mrs. Cat should have a fortune of twenty guineas, and reminding Tummas of his ancient flame for her: but Mr. Tummas, when this proposition was made to him, declined it, with many oaths, and vowed that he was perfectly satisfied with his present bachelor condition. In this dilemma, Mr. Brock stepped forward, who declared himself very ready to accept Mrs. Catherine and her fortune; and might possibly have become the possessor of both, had not Mrs. Cat, the moment she heard of the proposed arrangement, with fire in her eyes, and rage — oh, how bitter! — in her heart, prevented the success of the measure by proceeding incontinently to the first justice of the peace, and there swearing before his worship who was the father of the coming child.

This proceeding, which she had expected would cause not a little indignation on the part of her lord and master, was received by him, strangely enough, with considerable good humor: he swore that the wench had served him a good trick, and was rather amused at the anger, the outbreak of fierce rage and contumely, and the wretched, wretched tears of heart-sick desperation, which followed her announcement of this step to him. For Mr. Brock, she repelled his offer with scorn and loathing, and treated the notion of a union with Mr. Bullock with yet fiercer contempt. Marry him indeed! a workhouse pauper carrying a brown-bess! She would have died sooner, she said, or robbed on the highway. And so, to do her justice, she would: for the little minx was one of the vainest creatures in existence, and vanity (as I presume everybody knows) becomes *the* principle in certain women's hearts — their moral spectacles, their conscience, their meat and drink, their only rule of right and wrong.

As for Mr. Tummas, he, as we have seen, was quite as unfriendly to the proposition as she could be; and the Corporal, with a good deal of comical gravity, vowed that, as he could not be satisfied in his dearest wishes, he would take to drinking for a consolation: which he straightway did.

"Come, Tummas," said he to Mr. Bullock, "since we *can't* have the girl of our hearts, why, hang it, Tummas, let's drink her health!" To which Bullock had no objection. And so strongly did the disappointment weigh upon honest Corporal Brock that even when, after unheard-of quantities of beer, he could scarcely utter a word, he was seen absolutely to weep, and, in accents almost unintelligible, to curse his confounded ill-luck, at being deprived, not of a wife, but of a child: he wanted one so, he said, to comfort him in his old age.

The time of Mrs. Catherine's *couche* drew near, arrived, and was gone through safely. She presented to the world a chopping boy, who might use, if he liked, the Galgenstein arms with a bar-sinister; and in her new cares and duties had not so many opportunities as usual of quarrelling with the Count: who, perhaps, respected her situation, or, at least, was so properly aware of the necessity of quiet to her, that he absented himself from home morning, noon, and night.

The Captain had, it must be confessed, turned these continued absences to a considerable worldly profit, for he played incessantly; and, since his first victory over the Warwickshire Squire, Fortune had been so favorable to him, that he had at various intervals amassed a sum of nearly a thousand pounds, which he used to bring home as he won; and which he deposited in a strong iron chest, cunningly screwed down by himself under his own bed. This Mrs. Catherine regularly made, and the treasure underneath it could be no secret to her. However, the noble Count kept the key, and bound her by many solemn oaths (that he discharged at her himself) not to reveal to any other person the existence of the chest and its contents.

But it is not in a woman's nature to keep such secrets; and the Captain, who left her for days and days, did not reflect that she would seek for confidants elsewhere. For want of a female companion, she was compelled to bestow her sympathies upon Mr. Brock; who, as the Count's corporal, was much in his lodgings, and who did manage to survive the disappointment which he had experienced by Mrs. Catherine's refusal of him.

About two months after the infant's birth, the Captain, who was annoyed by its squalling, put it abroad to nurse, and dismissed its attendant. Mrs. Catherine now resumed her household duties, and was, as before, at once mistress and servant of the establishment. As such, she had the keys of the beer, and was pretty sure of the attentions of the Corporal; who became, as we have said, in the Count's absence, his lady's chief friend and companion. After the manner of ladies, she very speedily confided to him all her domestic secrets: the causes of her former discontent; the Count's ill-treatment of her; the wicked names he called her; the prices that all her gowns had cost her; how he beat her; how much money he won and lost at play; how she had once pawned a coat for him; how he had four new ones, laced, and paid for; what was the best way of cleaning and keeping gold-lace, of making cherry-brandy, pickling salmon, &c., &c. Her *confidences* upon all these subjects used to follow each other in rapid succession; and Mr. Brock became, ere long, quite as well acquainted with the Captain's history for the last year as the Count himself: — for he was careless, and forgot things; women never do. They chronicle all the lover's small actions, his words, his headaches, the dresses he has worn, the things he has liked for dinner on certain days; — all which circumstances commonly are expunged from the male brain immediately after they have occurred, but remain fixed with the female.

To Brock, then, and to Brock only (for she knew no other soul), Mrs. Cat breathed, in strictest confidence, the history of the Count's winnings,

and his way of disposing of them; how he kept his money screwed down in an iron chest in their room: and a very lucky fellow did Brock consider his officer for having such a large sum. He and Cat looked at the chest; it was small, but mighty strong, sure enough, and would defy picklocks and thieves. Well, if any man deserved money, the Captain did ("though he might buy me a few yards of that lace I love so," interrupted Cat),—if any man deserved money, he did, for he spent it like a prince, and his hand was always in his pocket.

It must now be stated that Monsieur de Galgenstein had, during Cat's seclusion, cast his eyes upon a young lady of good fortune, who frequented the Assembly at Birmingham, and who was not a little smitten by his title and person. The "four new coats, laced, and paid for," as Cat said, had been purchased most probably by his Excellency for the purpose of dazzling the heiress; and he and the coats had succeeded so far as to win from the young woman an actual profession of love, and a promise of marriage provided Pa would consent. This was obtained,—for Pa was a tradesman; and I suppose every one of my readers has remarked how great an effect a title has on the lower classes. Yes, thank heaven! there is about a free-born Briton a cringing baseness, and lickspittle awe of rank, which does not exist under any tyranny in Europe, and is only to be found here and in America.

All these negotiations had been going on quite unknown to Cat; and, as the Captain had determined, before two months were out, to fling that young woman on the *pavé*, he was kind to her in the meanwhile: people always are when they are swindling you, or meditating an injury against you.

The poor girl had much too high an opinion of her own charms to suspect that the Count could be unfaithful to them, and had no notion of the plot that was formed against her. But Mr. Brock had: for he had seen many times a gilt coach with a pair of fat white horses ambling in the neighborhood of the town, and the Captain on his black steed caracolling majestically by its side; and he had remarked a fat, pudgy, pale-haired woman treading heavily down the stairs of the Assembly, leaning on the Captain's arm: all these Mr. Brock had seen, not without reflection. Indeed, the Count one day, in great good-humor, had slapped him on the shoulder, and told him that he was about speedily to purchase a regiment; when, by his great gods, Mr. Brock should have a pair of colors. Perhaps this promise occasioned his silence to Mrs. Catherine hitherto; perhaps he never would have peached at all; and perhaps, therefore, this history would never have been written, but for a small circumstance which occurred at this period.

"What can you want with that drunken old Corporal always about your quarters?" said Mr. Trippet to the Count one day, as they sat over their wine, in the midst of a merry company, at the Captain's room.

"What!" said he. "Old Brock? The old thief has been more useful to me than many a better man. He is brave in a row as a lion, as cunning in intrigue as a fox; he can nose a dun at an inconceivable distance, and scent out a pretty woman be she behind ever so many stone walls. If a gentleman wants a good rascal now, I can recommend him. I am going to reform, you know, and must turn him out of my service."

"And pretty Mrs. Cat?"

"Oh, curse pretty Mrs. Cat! she may go too."

"And the brat?"

"Why, you have parishes, and what not, here in England. Egad! if a gentleman were called upon to keep all his children, there would be no living: no, stap my vitals! Crœsus couldn't stand it."

"No, indeed," said Mr. Trippet: "you are right; and when a gentleman marries, he is bound in honor to give up such low connections as are useful when he is a bachelor."

"Of course; and give them up I will, when the sweet Mrs. Dripping is mine. As for the girl, you can have her, Tom Trippet, if you take a fancy to her; and as for the Corporal, he may be handed over to my successor in Cutts's: — for I will have a regiment to myself, that's pos; and to take with me such a swindling, pimping, thieving, brandy-faced rascal as this Brock will never do. Egad! he's a disgrace to the service. As it is, I've often a mind to have the superannuated vagabond drummed out of the corps."

Although this *résumé* of Mr. Brock's character and accomplishments was very just, it came perhaps with an ill grace from Count Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian, who had profited by all his qualities, and who certainly would never have given this opinion of them had he known that the door of his dining-parlor was open, and that the gallant Corporal, who was in the passage, could hear every syllable that fell from the lips of his commanding officer. We shall not say, after the fashion of the story-books, that Mr. Brock listened with a flashing eye and a distended nostril; that his chest heaved tumultuously, and that his hand fell down mechanically to his side, where it played with the brass handle of his sword. Mr. Kean would have gone through most of these bodily exercises had he been acting the part of a villain enraged and disappointed like Corporal Brock; but that gentleman walked away without any gestures of any kind, and as gently as possible. "He'll turn me out of the regiment, will he?" says he, quite *piano;* and then added (*con molta espressione*), "I'll do for him."

And it is to be remarked how generally, in cases of this nature, gentlemen stick to their word.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH A NARCOTIC IS ADMINISTERED, AND A GREAT DEAL OF GENTEEL SOCIETY DEPICTED.

When the Corporal, who had retreated to the street-door immediately on hearing the above conversation, returned to the Captain's lodgings and paid his respects to Mrs. Catherine, he found that lady in high good-humor. The Count had been with her, she said, along with a friend of his, Mr. Trippet; had promised her twelve yards of the lace she coveted so much; had vowed that the child should have as much more for a cloak; and had not left her until he had sat with her for an hour, or more, over a bowl of punch, which he made on purpose for her. Mr. Trippet staid too. "A mighty pleasant man," she said, "only not very wise, and seemingly a good deal in liquor."

"A good deal indeed!" said the Corporal. "He was so tipsy just now, that he could hardly stand. He and his honor were talking to Nan Fantail in the market-place; and she pulled Trippet's wig off, for wanting to kiss her."

"The nasty fellow!" said Mrs. Cat, "to demean himself with such low people as Nan Fantail, indeed! Why, upon my conscience now, Corporal, it was but an hour ago that Mr. Trippet swore he never saw such a pair of eyes as mine, and would like to cut the Captain's throat for the love of me. Nan Fantail indeed!"

"Nan's an honest girl, Madam Catherine, and was a great favorite of the Captain's before some one else came in his way. No one can say a word against her — not a word."

"And pray, Corporal, who ever did?" said Mrs. Cat, rather offended. "A nasty, angry slut! I wonder what the men can see in her?"

"She has got a smart way with her, sure enough; it's what amuses the men, and" —

"And what? You don't mean to say that my Max is fond of her *now*?"

said Mrs. Catherine, looking very fierce.

"Oh, no; not at all: not of *her*; — that is" —

"Not of *her!*" screamed she. "Of whom, then?"

"Oh, psha! nonsense! Of you, my dear, to be sure: who else should he care for? And, besides, what business is it of mine?" And herewith the Corporal began whistling, as if he would have no more of the conversation. But Mrs. Cat was not to be satisfied, — not she, and carried on her cross-questions.

"Why, look you," said the Corporal, after parrying many of these, — "Why, look you, I'm an old fool, Catherine, and I *must* blab. That man has been the best friend I ever had, and so I was quiet; but I can't keep it in any longer, — no, hang me if I can! It's my belief he's acting like a rascal by you: he deceives you, Catherine; he's a scoundrel, Mrs. Hall, that's the truth on't."

Catherine prayed him to tell all he knew; and he resumed.

"He wants you off his hands; he's sick of you, and so brought here that fool Tom Trippet, who has taken a fancy to you. He has not the courage to turn you out of doors like a man; though in-doors he can treat you like a beast. But I'll tell you what he'll do. In a month he will go to Coventry, or pretend to go there, on recruiting business. No such thing, Mrs. Hall: he's going on *marriage* business; and he'll leave you without a farthing, to starve or to rot, for him. It's all arranged, I tell you: in a month, you are to be starved into becoming Tom Trippet's mistress; and his honor is to marry rich Miss Dripping, the twenty-thousand-pounder from London; and to purchase a regiment; — and to get old Brock drummed out of Cutts's too," said the Corporal, under his breath. But he might have spoken out, if he chose; for the poor young woman had sunk on the ground in a real honest fit.

"I thought I should give it her," said Mr. Brock, as he procured a glass of water; and, lifting her on to a sofa, sprinkled the same over her. "Hang it! how pretty she is."

. . . . . .

When Mrs. Catherine came to herself again, Brock's tone with her was kind, and almost feeling. Nor did the poor wench herself indulge in any subsequent shiverings and hysterics, such as usually follow the fainting-fits of persons of higher degree. She pressed him for further explanations, which he gave, and to which she listened with a great deal of calmness; nor did many tears, sobs, sighs, or exclamations of sorrow or anger escape from her: only when the Corporal was taking his leave, and said to her point-blank, — "Well, Mrs. Catherine, and what do you intend to do?" she did not reply a word; but gave a look which made him exclaim on leaving the room, —

"By heavens! the woman means murder! I would not be the Holofernes to lie by the side of such a Judith as that — not I!" And he went his way, immersed in deep thought. When the Captain returned at night, she did not speak to him; and when he swore at her for being sulky, she only said she had a headache, and was dreadfully ill: with which excuse Gustavus Adolphus seemed satisfied, and left her to herself.

He saw her the next morning for a moment: he was going a-shooting.

Catherine had no friend, as is usual in tragedies and romances, — no mysterious sorceress of her acquaintance to whom she could apply for poison, — so she went simply to the apothecaries, pretending at each that she had a dreadful toothache, and procuring from them as much laudanum as she thought would suit her purpose.

When she went home again, she seemed almost gay. Mr. Brock complimented her upon the alteration in her appearance; and she was enabled

to receive the Captain at his return from shooting in such a manner as made him remark that she had got rid of her sulks of the morning, and might sup with them, if she chose to keep her good-humor. The supper was got ready, and the gentlemen had the punch-bowl when the cloth was cleared, — Mrs. Catherine, with her delicate hands, preparing the liquor.

It is useless to describe the conversation that took place, or to reckon the number of bowls that were emptied; or to tell how Mr. Trippet, who was one of the guests, and declined to play at cards when some of the others began, chose to remain by Mrs. Catherine's side, and make violent love to her. All this might be told, and the account, however faithful, would not be very pleasing. No, indeed! And here, though we are only in the third chapter of this history, we feel almost sick of the characters that appear in it, and the adventures which they are called upon to go through. But how can we help ourselves? The public will hear of nothing but rogues; and the only way in which poor authors, who must live, can act honestly by the public and themselves, is to paint such thieves as they are: not dandy, poetical, rose-water thieves; but real downright scoundrels, leading scoundrelly lives, drunken, profligate, dissolute, low; as scoundrels will be. They don't quote Plato, like Eugene Aram; or live like gentlemen, and sing the pleasantest ballads in the world, like jolly Dick Turpin; or prate eternally about τὸ καλὸν, like that precious canting Maltravers, whom we all of us have read about and pitied; or die whitewashed saints, like poor "Biss Dadsy" in "Oliver Twist." No, my dear Madam, you and your daughters have no right to admire and sympathize with any such persons, fictitious or real: you ought to be made cordially to detest, scorn, loathe, abhor, and abominate all people of this kidney. Men of genius like those whose works we have above alluded to, have no business to make these characters interesting or agreeable; to be feeding your morbid fancies, or indulging their own, with such monstrous food. For our parts, young ladies, we beg you to bottle up your tears, and not waste a single drop of them on any one of the heroes or heroines in this history: they are all rascals, every soul of them, and behave "as sich." Keep your sympathy for those who deserve it: don't carry it, for preference, to the Old Bailey, and grow maudlin over the company assembled there.

Just, then, have the kindness to fancy that the conversation which took place over the bowls of punch which Mrs. Catherine prepared, was such as might be expected to take place where the host was a dissolute, dare-devil, libertine captain of dragoons, the guests for the most part of the same class, and the hostess a young woman originally from a country alehouse, and for the present mistress to the entertainer of the society. They talked, and they drank, and they grew tipsy; and very little worth hearing occurred during the course of the whole evening. Mr. Brock officiated, half as the servant, half as the companion of the society. Mr. Thomas Trippet made violent love to Mrs. Catherine, while her lord and master was playing at dice with the other gentlemen; and on this night, strange to say, the Captain's fortune seemed to desert him. The Warwickshire Squire, from whom he had won so much, had an amazing run of good luck. The Captain called perpetually for more drink, and higher stakes, and lost almost every throw. Three hundred, four hundred, six hundred — all his winnings of the previous months — were swallowed up in the course of a few hours. The Corporal looked on; and, to do him justice, seemed very grave, as, sum by sum, the Squire scored down the Count's losses on the paper before him.

Most of the company had taken

their hats and staggered off. The Squire and Mr. Trippet were the only two that remained, the latter still lingering by Mrs. Catherine's sofa and table; and as she, as we have stated, had been employed all the evening in mixing the liquor for the gamesters, he was at the headquarters of love and drink, and had swallowed so much of each as hardly to be able to speak.

The dice went rattling on; the candles were burning dim, with great long wicks. Mr. Trippet could hardly see the Captain, and thought, as far as his muzzy reason would let him, that the Captain could not see him: so he rose from his chair as well as he could, and fell down on Mrs. Catherine's sofa. His eyes were fixed, his face was pale, his jaw hung down; and he flung out his arms, and said, in a maudlin voice, "Oh, you byoo-oo-oo-tiffle Cathrine, I must have a kick-kick-iss."

"Beast!" said Mrs. Catherine, and pushed him away. The drunken wretch fell off the sofa, and on to the floor, where he staid; and, after snorting out some unintelligible sounds, went to sleep.

The dice went rattling on; the candles were burning dim, with great long wicks.

"Seven's the main," cried the Count. "Four. Three to two against the caster."

"Ponies," said the Warwickshire Squire.

Rattle, rattle, rattle, rattle, clatter, *nine*. Clap, clap, clap, clap, *eleven*. Clutter, clutter, clutter, clutter: "Seven it is," says the Warwickshire Squire. "That makes eight hundred, Count."

"One throw for two hundred," said the Count. "But stop! Cat, give us some more punch."

Mrs. Cat came forward: she looked a little pale, and her hand trembled somewhat. "Here is the punch, Max," said she. It was steaming hot, in a large glass. "Don't drink it all," said she: "leave me some."

"How dark it is!" said the Count, eying it.

"It's the brandy," says Cat.

"Well, here goes! Squire, curse you! here's your health, and bad luck to you!" and he gulped off more than half the liquor at a draught. But presently he put down the glass and cried, "What infernal poison is this, Cat?"

"Poison!" said she. "It's no poison. Give me the glass." And she pledged Max, and drank a little of it. "'Tis good punch, Max, and of my brewing; I don't think you will ever get any better." And she went back to the sofa again, and sat down, and looked at the players.

Mr. Brock looked at her white face and fixed eyes with a grim kind of curiosity. The Count spluttered, and cursed the horrid taste of the punch still; but he presently took the box and made his threatened throw.

As before, the Squire beat him; and having booked his winnings, rose from table as well as he might, and besought Corporal Brock to lead him down stairs; which Mr. Brock did.

Liquor had evidently stupefied the Count: he sat with his head between his hands, muttering wildly about ill-luck, seven's the main, bad punch, and so on. The street door banged to; and the steps of Brock and the Squire were heard, until they could be heard no more.

"Max," said she; but he did not answer. "Max," said she again, laying her hand on his shoulder.

"Curse you," said that gentleman, "keep off, and don't be laying your paws upon me. Go to bed, you jade, or to ——, for what I care; and give me first some more punch — a gallon more punch, do you hear?"

The gentleman, by the curses at the commencement of this little speech, and the request contained at the end of it, showed that his losses vexed him, and that he was anxious to forget them temporarily.

"Oh, Max!" whimpered Mrs.

Cat, "you — don't — want — any more punch?"

"Don't! Shan't I be drunk in my own house, you cursed whimpering jade you? Get out!" And with this the Captain proceeded to administer a blow upon Mrs. Catherine's cheek.

Contrary to her custom, she did not avenge it, or seek to do so, as on the many former occasions when disputes of this nature had arisen between the Count and her; but now Mrs. Catherine fell on her knees, and clasping her hands, and looking pitifully in the Count's face, cried, "Oh, Count, forgive me, forgive me!"

"Forgive you! What for? Because I slapped your face? Ha, ha! I'll forgive you again, if you don't mind."

"Oh, no, no, no!" said she, wringing her hands. "It isn't that. Max, dear Max, will you forgive me? It isn't the blow — I don't mind that; it's" —

"It's what, you — maudlin fool?"

"*It's the punch!*"

The Count, who was more than half-seas-over, here assumed an air of much tipsy gravity. "The punch! No, I never will forgive you that last glass of punch. Of all the foul, beastly drinks I ever tasted, that was the worst. No, I never will forgive you that punch."

"Oh, it isn't that, it isn't that!" said she.

"I tell you it is that, —— you! That punch, I say that punch was no better than paw—aw—oison." And here the Count's head sank back, and he fell to snore.

"*It was poison!*" said she.

"*What!*" screamed he, waking up at once, and spurning her away from him. "What, you infernal murderess, have you killed me?"

"Oh, Max! — don't kill me, Max! It was laudanum — indeed it was. You were going to be married, and I was furious, and I went and got" —

"Hold your tongue, you fiend," roared out the Count; and with more presence of mind than politeness, he flung the remainder of the liquor (and, indeed, the glass with it) at the head of Mrs. Catherine. But the poisoned chalice missed its mark, and fell right on the nose of Mr. Tom Trippet, who was left asleep and unobserved under the table.

Bleeding, staggering, swearing, indeed a ghastly sight, up sprung Mr. Trippet, and drew his rapier. "Come on," says he; "never say die! What's the row? I'm ready for a dozen of you." And he made many blind and furious passes about the room.

"Curse you, we'll die together!" shouted the Count, as he too pulled out his toledo, and sprung at Mrs. Catherine.

"Help! murder! thieves!" shrieked she. "Save me, Mr. Trippet, save me!" and she placed that gentleman between herself and the Count, and then made for the door of the bedroom, and gained it, and bolted it.

"Out of the way, Trippet," roared the Count — "out of the way, you drunken beast! I'll murder her, I will — I'll have the devil's life." And here he gave a swinging cut at Mr. Trippet's sword: it sent the weapon whirling clean out of his hand, and through a window into the street.

"Take my life, then," said Mr. Trippet: "I'm drunk, but I'm a man, and, damme! will never say die."

"I don't want your life, you stupid fool. Hark you, Trippet, wake and be sober, if you can. That woman has heard of my marriage with Miss Dripping."

"Twenty thousand pound," ejaculated Trippet.

"She has been jealous, I tell you, and *poisoned* us. She has put laudanum into the punch."

"What, in *my* punch?" said Trippet, growing quite sober, and losing his courage. "O Lord! O Lord!"

"Don't stand howling there, but run for the doctor; 'tis our only chance." And away ran Mr. Trip-

pet, as if the deuce were at his heels.

The Count had forgotten his murderous intentions regarding his mistress, or had deferred them at least, under the consciousness of his own pressing danger. And it must be said, in the praise of a man who had fought for and against Marlborough and Tallard, that his courage in this trying and novel predicament never for a moment deserted him, but that he showed the greatest daring, as well as ingenuity, in meeting and averting the danger. He flew to the sideboard, where were the relics of a supper, and seizing the mustard and salt pots, and a bottle of oil, he emptied them all into a jug, into which he further poured a vast quantity of hot water. This pleasing mixture he then, without a moment's hesitation, placed to his lips, and swallowed as much of it as nature would allow him. But when he had imbibed about a quart, the anticipated effect was produced, and he was enabled, by the power of this ingenious extemporaneous emetic, to get rid of much of the poison which Mrs. Catherine had administered to him.

He was employed in these efforts when the doctor entered, along with Mr. Brock and Mr. Trippet; who was not a little pleased to hear that the poisoned punch had not in all probability been given to him. He was recommended to take some of the Count's mixture, as a precautionary measure; but this he refused, and retired home, leaving the Count under charge of the physician and his faithful corporal.

It is not necessary to say what further remedies were employed by them to restore the Captain to health; but after some time the doctor, pronouncing that the danger was, he hoped, averted, recommended that his patient should be put to bed, and that somebody should sit by him; which Brock promised to do.

"That she-devil will murder me, if you don't," gasped the poor Count.

"You must turn her out of the bedroom; or break open the door, if she refuses to let you in."

And this step was found to be necessary; for, after shouting many times, and in vain, Mr. Brock found a small iron bar (indeed he had the instrument for many days in his pocket), and forced the lock. The room was empty, the window was open: the pretty barmaid of the "Bugle" had fled.

"The chest," said the Count — "is the chest safe?"

The Corporal flew to the bed, under which it was screwed, and looked, and said, "It *is* safe, thank heaven!" The window was closed. The Captain, who was too weak to stand without help, was undressed and put to bed. The Corporal sat down by his side: slumber stole over the eyes of the patient; and his wakeful nurse marked with satisfaction the progress of the beneficent restorer of health.

. . . . . .

When the Captain awoke, as he did some time afterwards, he found, very much to his surprise, that a gag had been placed in his mouth, and that the Corporal was in the act of wheeling his bed to another part of the room. He attempted to move, and gave utterance to such unintelligible sounds as could issue through a silk handkerchief.

"If your honor stirs or cries out in the least, I will cut your honor's throat," said the Corporal.

And then, having recourse to his iron bar (the reader will now see why he was provided with such an implement, for he had been meditating this *coup* for some days), he proceeded first to attempt to burst the lock of the little iron chest in which the Count kept his treasure, and failing in this, to unscrew it from the ground; which operation he performed satisfactorily.

"You see, Count," said he, calmly, "when rogues fall out, there's the deuce to pay. You'll have me drummed out of the regiment, will

you? I'm going to leave it of my own accord, look you, and to live like a gentleman for the rest of my days. *Schlafen sie wohl*, noble Captain: *bon repos*. The Squire will be with you pretty early in the morning, to ask for the money you owe him."

. . . . . .

With these sarcastic observations Mr. Brock departed; not by the window, as Mrs. Catherine had done, but by the door, quietly, and so into the street. And when, the next morning, the doctor came to visit his patient, he brought with him a story how, at the dead of night, Mr. Brock had roused the hostler at the stables where the Captain's horses were kept — had told him that Mrs. Catherine had poisoned the Count, and had run off with a thousand pounds; and how he and all lovers of justice ought to scour the country in pursuit of the criminal. For this end Mr. Brock mounted the Count's best horse — that very animal on which he had carried away Mrs. Catherine: and thus, on a single night, Count Maximilian had lost his mistress, his money, his horse, his corporal, and was very near losing his life.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH MRS. CATHERINE BECOMES AN HONEST WOMAN AGAIN.

In this woful plight, moneyless, wifeless, horseless, corporalless, with a gag in his mouth and a rope round his body, are we compelled to leave the gallant Galgenstein, until his friends and the progress of this history shall deliver him from his durance. Mr. Brock's adventures on the Captain's horse must likewise be pretermitted; for it is our business to follow Mrs. Catherine through the window by which she made her escape, and among the various chances that befell her.

She had one cause to congratulate herself, — that she had not her baby at her back; for the infant was safely housed under the care of a nurse, to whom the Captain was answerable. Beyond this her prospects were but dismal: no home to fly to, but a few shillings in her pocket, and a whole heap of injuries and dark revengeful thoughts in her bosom: it was a sad task to her to look either backwards or forwards. Whither was she to fly? How to live? What good chance was to befriend her? There was an angel watching over the steps of Mrs. Cat — not a good one, I think, but one of those from that unnamable place, who have their many subjects here on earth, and often are pleased to extricate them from worse perplexities.

Mrs. Cat, now, had not committed murder, but as bad as murder; and as she felt not the smallest repentance in her heart — as she had, in the course of her life and connection with the Captain, performed and gloried in a number of wicked coquetries, idlenesses, vanities, lies, fits of anger, slanders, foul abuses, and what not — she was fairly bound over to this dark angel whom we have alluded to; and he dealt with her, and aided her, as one of his own children.

I do not mean to say that, in this strait, he appeared to her in the likeness of a gentleman in black, and made her sign her name in blood to a document conveying over to him her soul, in exchange for certain conditions to be performed by him. Such diabolical bargains have always appeared to me unworthy of the astute personage who is supposed to be one of the parties to them; and who would scarcely be fool enough to pay dearly for that which he can have in a few years for nothing. It is not, then, to be supposed that a demon of darkness appeared to Mrs. Cat, and led her into a flaming chariot, harnessed by dragons, and careering through air at the rate of a thousand leagues a minute. No such thing: the vehicle that was sent to aid her was one of a much more vulgar description.

The "Liverpool carryvan," then, which in the year 1706 used to perform the journey between London and that place in ten days, left Birmingham about an hour after Mrs. Catherine had quitted that town; and as she sat weeping on a hillside, and plunged in bitter meditation, the lumbering, jingling vehicle overtook her. The coachman was marching by the side of his horses, and encouraging them to maintain their pace of two miles an hour; the passengers had some of them left the vehicle, in order to walk up the hill; and the carriage had arrived at the top of it, and, meditating a brisk trot down the declivity, waited there until the lagging passengers should arrive: when Jehu, casting a good-natured glance upon Mrs. Catherine, asked the pretty maid whence she was come, and whether she would like a ride in his carriage. To the latter of which questions Mrs. Catherine replied truly yes; to the former, her answer was that she had come from Stratford; whereas, as we very well know, she had lately quitted Birmingham.

"Hast thee seen a woman pass this way, on a black horse, with a large bag of goold over the saddle?" said Jehu, preparing to mount upon the roof of his coach.

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Cat.

"Nor a trooper on another horse after her — no? Well, there be a mortal row down Birmingham way about sich a one. She have killed, they say, nine gentlemen at supper, and have strangled a German prince in bed. She have robbed him of twenty thousand guineas, and have rode away on a black horse."

"That can't be I," said Mrs. Cat, naïvely, "for I have but three shillings and a groat."

"No, it can't be thee, truly, for where's your bag of goold? and, besides, thee hast got too pretty a face to do such wicked things as to kill nine gentlemen and strangle a German prince."

"Law, coachman," said Mrs. Cat, blushing archly — "Law, coachman, *do* you think so?" The girl would have been pleased with a compliment even on her way to be hanged; and the parley ended by Mrs. Catherine stepping into the carriage, where there was room for eight people at least, and where two or three individuals had already taken their places.

For these Mrs. Catherine had in the first place to make a story, which she did; and a very glib one for a person of her years and education. Being asked whither she was bound, and how she came to be alone of a morning sitting by a road-side, she invented a neat history suitable to the occasion, which elicited much interest from her fellow-passengers; one in particular, a young man, who had caught a glimpse of her face under her hood, was very tender in his attentions to her.

But whether it was that she had been too much fatigued by the occurrences of the past day and sleepless night, or whether the little laudanum which she had drunk a few hours previously now began to act upon her, certain it is that Mrs. Cat now suddenly grew sick, feverish, and extraordinarily sleepy; and in this state she continued for many hours, to the pity of all her fellow-travellers. At length the "carryvan" reached the inn, where horses and passengers were accustomed to rest for a few hours, and to dine; and Mrs. Catherine was somewhat awakened by the stir of the passengers, and the friendly voice of the inn-servant welcoming them to dinner. The gentleman who had been smitten by her beauty now urged her very politely to descend; which, taking the protection of his arm, she accordingly did.

He made some very gallant speeches to her as she stepped out; and she must have been very much occupied by them, or rapt up in her own thoughts, or stupefied by sleep, fever, and opium, for she did not take any heed of the place into which she was going: which had she done, she would

probably have preferred remaining in the coach, dinnerless and ill. Indeed, the inn into which she was about to make her entrance was no other than the "Bugle," from which she set forth at the commencement of this history; and which then, as now, was kept by her relative, the thrifty Mrs. Score. That good landlady, seeing a lady, in a smart hood and cloak, leaning, as if faint, upon the arm of a gentleman of good appearance, concluded them to be man and wife, and folks of quality too; and with much discrimination, as well as sympathy, led them through the public kitchen to her own private parlor, or bar, where she handed the lady an arm-chair, and asked what she would like to drink. By this time and indeed at the very moment she heard her aunt's voice, Mrs. Catherine was aware of her situation; and when her companion retired, and the landlady with much officiousness insisted on removing her hood, she was quite prepared for the screech of surprise which Mrs. Score gave on dropping it, exclaiming, "Why, law bless us, it's our Catherine!"

"I'm very ill and tired, aunt," said Cat; "and would give the world for a few hours' sleep."

"A few hours and welcome, my love, and a sack-posset too. You do look sadly tired and poorly, sure enough. Ah, Cat, Cat! you great ladies are sad rakes, I do believe. I wager now, that with all your balls, and carriages, and fine clothes, you are neither so happy nor so well as when you lived with your poor old aunt, who used to love you so." And with these gentle words, and an embrace or two, which Mrs. Catherine wondered at, and permitted, she was conducted to that very bed which the Count had occupied a year previously, and undressed, and laid in it, and affectionately tucked up, by her aunt, who marvelled at the fineness of her clothes, as she removed them piece by piece; and when she saw that in Mrs. Catherine's pocket there was only the sum of three-and-four-pence, said archly, "There was no need of money, for the Captain took care of that."

Mrs. Cat did not undeceive her; and deceived Mrs. Score certainly was, — for she imagined the well-dressed gentleman who led Cat from the carriage was no other than the Count; and, as she had heard, from time to time, exaggerated reports of the splendor of the establishment which he kept up, she was induced to look upon her niece with the very highest respect, and to treat her as if she were a fine lady. "And so she *is* a fine lady," Mrs. Score had said months ago, when some of these flattering stories reached her, and she had overcome her first fury at Catherine's elopement. "The girl was very cruel to leave me; but we must recollect that she is as good as married to a nobleman, and must all forget and forgive, you know."

This speech had been made to Doctor Dobbs, who was in the habit of taking a pipe and a tankard at the "Bugle," and it had been roundly reprobated by the worthy divine; who told Mrs. Score that the crime of Catherine was only the more heinous, if it had been committed from interested motives; and protested that, were she a princess, he would never speak to her again. Mrs. Score thought and pronounced the Doctor's opinion to be very bigoted; indeed, she was one of those persons who have a marvellous respect for prosperity, and a corresponding scorn for ill-fortune. When, therefore, she returned to the public room, she went graciously to the gentleman who had led Mrs. Catherine from the carriage, and with a knowing courtesy welcomed him to the "Bugle;" told him that his lady would not come to dinner, but bade her say, with her best love to his lordship, that the ride had fatigued her, and that she would lie in bed for an hour or two.

This speech was received with much wonder by his lordship, who was, indeed, no other than a Liver-

pool tailor going to London to learn fashions; but he only smiled, and did not undeceive the landlady, who herself went off smilingly, to bustle about dinner. The two or three hours allotted to that meal by the liberal coach-masters of those days passed away, and Mr. Coachman, declaring that his horses were now rested enough, and that they had twelve miles to ride, put the steeds to, and summoned the passengers. Mrs. Score, who had seen with much satisfaction that her niece was really ill, and her fever more violent, and hoped to have her for many days an inmate in her house, now came forward, and casting upon the Liverpool tailor a look of profound but respectful melancholy, said, "My lord (for I recollect your lordship quite well), the lady up stairs is so ill, that it would be a sin to move her: had I not better tell coachman to take down your lordship's trunks, and the lady's, and make you a bed in the next room?"

Very much to her surprise, this proposition was received with a roar of laughter. "Madam," said the person addressed, "I'm not a lord, but a tailor and draper; and as for that young woman, before to-day I never set eyes on her."

"*What!*" screamed out Mrs. Score. "Are not you the Count! Do you mean to say that you a'n't Cat's — *Do* you mean to say that you didn't order her bed, and that you won't pay this here little bill?" And with this she produced a document, by which the Count's lady was made her debtor, in a sum of half a guinea.

These passionate words excited more and more laughter. "Pay it, my lord," said the coachman; "and then come along, for time presses." "Our respects to her ladyship," said one passenger. "Tell her my lord can't wait," said another; and with much merriment one and all quitted the hotel, entered the coach, and rattled off.

Dumb — pale with terror and rage — bill in hand, Mrs. Score had followed the company; but when the coach disappeared, her senses returned. Back she flew into the inn, overturning the hostler, not deigning to answer Dr. Dobbs (who, from behind soft tobacco-fumes, mildly asked the reason of her disturbance), and, bounding up stairs like a fury, she rushed into the room where Catherine lay.

"Well, madam!" said she in her highest key, "do you mean that you have come into this here house to swindle me? Do you dare for to come with your airs here, and call yourself a nobleman's lady, and sleep in the best bed, when you're no better nor a common tramper? I'll thank you, ma'am, to get out, ma'am. I'll have no sick paupers in this house, ma'am. You know your way to the workhouse, ma'am, and there I'll trouble you for to go." And here Mrs. Score proceeded quickly to pull off the bedclothes; and poor Cat arose, shivering with fright and fever.

She had no spirit to answer, as she would have done the day before, when an oath from any human being would have brought half a dozen from her in return; or a knife, or a plate, or a leg of mutton, if such had been to her hand. She had no spirit left for such repartees; but in reply to the above words of Mrs. Score, and a great many more of the same kind — which are not necessary for our history, but which that lady uttered with inconceivable shrillness and volubility, the poor wench could say little, — only sob and shiver, and gather up the clothes again, crying, "Oh, aunt, don't speak unkind to me! I'm very unhappy, and very ill!"

"Ill, you strumpet! ill, be hanged! Ill is as ill does; and if you are ill, it's only what you merit. Get out! dress yourself — tramp! Get to the workhouse, and don't come to cheat me any more! Dress yourself — do you hear? Satin petticoat forsooth, and lace to her smock!"

Poor, wretched, chattering, burning, shivering, Catherine huddled on

her clothes as well as she might: she seemed hardly to know or see what she was doing, and did not reply a single word to the many that the landlady let fall. Cat tottered down the narrow stairs, and through the kitchen, and to the door; which she caught hold of, and paused a while, and looked into Mrs. Score's face, as for one more chance. "Get out, you nasty trull!" said that lady, sternly, with arms akimbo; and poor Catherine, with a most piteous scream and outgush of tears, let go of the door-post, and staggered away into the road.

. . . . . .

"Why, no — yes — no — it is poor Catherine Hall, as I live!" said somebody starting up, shoving aside Mrs. Score very rudely, and running into the road, wig off, and pipe in hand. It was honest Doctor Dobbs; and the result of his interview with Mrs. Cat was, that he gave up forever smoking his pipe at the "Bugle;" and that she lay sick of a fever for some weeks in his house.

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Over this part of Mrs. Cat's history we shall be as brief as possible; for, to tell the truth, nothing immoral occurred during her whole stay at the good Doctor's house; and we are not going to insult the reader by offering him silly pictures of piety, cheerfulness, good sense, and simplicity; which are milk-and-water virtues after all, and have no relish with them like a good strong vice, highly peppered. Well, to be short: Dr. Dobbs, though a profound theologian, was a very simple gentleman; and before Mrs. Cat had been a month in the house, he had learned to look upon her as one of the most injured and repentant characters in the world; and had, with Mrs. Dobbs, resolved many plans for the future welfare of the young Magdalen. "She was but sixteen, my love, recollect," said the Doctor; "she was carried off, not by her own wish either. The Count swore he would marry her; and though she did not leave him until that monster tried to poison her, yet think what a fine Christian spirit the poor girl has shown! she forgives him as heartily — more heartily, I am sure, than I do Mrs. Score for turning her adrift in that wicked way." The reader will perceive some difference in the Doctor's statement and ours, which we assure him is the true one; but the fact is, the honest rector had had his tale from Mrs. Cat, and it was not in his nature to doubt, if she had told him a history ten times more wonderful.

The reverend gentleman and his wife then laid their heads together; and, recollecting something of John Hayes's former attachment to Mrs. Cat, thought that it might be advantageously renewed, should Hayes be still constant. Having very adroitly sounded Catherine (so adroitly, indeed, as to ask her "whether she would like to marry John Hayes?"), that young woman had replied, "No. She had loved John Hayes — he had been her early, only love; but she was fallen now, and not good enough for him." And this made the Dobbs family admire her more and more, and cast about for means to bring the marriage to pass.

Hayes was away from the village when Mrs. Cat had arrived there; but he did not fail to hear of her illness, and how her aunt had deserted her, and the good Doctor taken her in. The worthy Doctor himself met Mr. Hayes on the green; and, telling him that some repairs were wanting in his kitchen, begged him to step in and examine them. Hayes first said no, plump, and then no, gently; and then pished, and then psha'd; and then, trembling very much, went in: and there sat Mrs. Catherine, trembling very much too.

What passed between them? If your ladyship is anxious to know, think of that morning when Sir John himself popped the question. Could there be any thing more stupid than the conversation which took place?

Such stuff is not worth repeating: no, not when uttered by people in the very genteelest of company; as for the amorous dialogue of a carpenter and an ex-barmaid, it is worse still. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Hayes, who had had a year to recover from his passion, and had, to all appearances, quelled it, was over head and ears again the very moment he saw Mrs. Cat, and had all his work to do again.

Whether the Doctor knew what was going on, I can't say; but this matter is certain, that every evening Hayes was now in the rectory kitchen, or else walking abroad with Mrs. Catherine: and whether she ran away with him, or he with her, I shall not make it my business to inquire; but certainly at the end of three months (which must be crowded up into this one little sentence), another elopement took place in the village. "I should have prevented it, certainly," said Dr. Dobbs — whereat his wife smiled; "but the young people kept the matter a secret from me." And so he would, had he known it; but though Mrs. Dobbs had made several attempts to acquaint him with the precise hour and method of the intended elopement, he peremptorily ordered her to hold her tongue. The fact is, that the matter had been discussed by the rector's lady many times. "Young Hayes," would she say, "has a pretty little fortune and trade of his own; he is an only son, and may marry as he likes; and though not specially handsome, generous, or amiable, has an undeniable love for Cat (who, you know, must not be particular), and the sooner she marries him, I think, the better. They can't be married at our church, you know, and" — "Well," said the Doctor, "if they are married elsewhere, *I* can't help it, and know nothing about it, look you." And upon this hint the elopement took place: which, indeed, was peaceably performed early one Sunday morning about a month after; Mrs. Hall getting behind Mr. Hayes on a pillion, and all the children of the parsonage giggling behind the window-blinds to see the pair go off.

During this month Mr. Hayes had caused the banns to be published at the town of Worcester; judging rightly that in a great town they would cause no such remark as in a solitary village, and thither he conducted his lady. O ill-starred John Hayes! whither do the dark fates lead you? O foolish Dr. Dobbs, to forget that young people ought to honor their parents, and to yield to silly Mrs. Dobbs's ardent propensity for making matches!

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"The London Gazette" of the 1st of April, 1706, contains a proclamation by the Queen for putting into execution an Act of Parliament for the encouragement and increase of seamen, and for the better and speedier manning of her Majesty's fleet, which authorizes justices to issue warrants to constables, petty constables, head-boroughs, and tithing-men, to enter, and if need be, to break open, the doors of any houses where they shall believe deserting seamen to be; and for the further increase and encouragement of the navy, to take able-bodied landsmen when seamen fail. This Act, which occupies four columns of "The Gazette," and another of similar length and meaning for pressing men into the army, need not be quoted at length here; but caused a mighty stir throughout the kingdom at the time when it was in force.

As one has seen or heard, after the march of a great army, a number of rogues and loose characters bring up the rear; in like manner, at the tail of a great measure of State, follow many roguish personal interests, which are protected by the main body. The great measure of Reform, for instance, carried along with it much private jobbing and swindling — as could be shown were we not inclined to deal mildly with the Whigs; and this Enlistment Act, which, in

order to maintain the British glories in Flanders, dealt most cruelly with the British people in England (it is not the first time that a man has been pinched at home to make a fine appearance abroad), created a great company of rascals and informers throughout the land, who lived upon it; or upon extortion from those who were subject to it, or, not being subject to it, were frightened into the belief that they were.

When Mr. Hayes and his lady had gone through the marriage-ceremony at Worcester, the former, concluding that at such a place lodging and food might be procured at a cheaper rate, looked about carefully for the meanest public-house in the town, where he might deposit his bride.

In the kitchen of this inn, a party of men were drinking; and as Mrs. Hayes declined, with a proper sense of her superiority, to eat in company with such low fellows, the landlady showed her and her husband to an inner apartment, where they might be served in private.

The kitchen party seemed, indeed, not such as a lady would choose to join. There was one huge lanky fellow, that looked like a soldier, and had a halberd; another was habited in a sailor's costume, with a fascinating patch over one eye; and a third, who seemed the leader of the gang, was a stout man in a sailor's frock and a horseman's jack-boots, whom one might fancy, if he were any thing, to be a horse-marine.

Of one of these worthies, Mrs. Hayes thought she knew the figure and voice; and she found her conjectures were true, when, all of a sudden, three people, without "with your leave" or "by your leave," burst into the room into which she and her spouse had retired. At their head was no other than her old friend, Mr. Peter Brock: he had his sword drawn, and his finger to his lips, enjoining silence, as it were, to Mrs. Catherine. He with the patch on his eye seized incontinently on Mr. Hayes; the tall man with the halberd kept the door; two or three heroes supported the one-eyed man; who, with a loud voice, exclaimed, "Down with your arms — no resistance! you are my prisoner, in the Queen's name!"

And here, at this lock, we shall leave the whole company until the next chapter; which may possibly explain what they were.

CHAPTER V.

CONTAINS MR. BROCK'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, AND OTHER MATTER.

"You don't sure believe these men?" said Mrs. Hayes, as soon as the first alarm caused by the irruption of Mr. Brock and his companions had subsided. "These are no magistrate's men: it is but a trick to rob you of your money, John."

"I will never give up a farthing of it!" screamed Hayes.

"Yonder fellow," continued Mrs. Catherine, "I know, for all his drawn sword and fierce looks; his name is"—

"Wood, madam, at your service!" said Mr. Brock. "I am follower to Mr. Justice Gobble, of this town: a'n't I, Tim?" said Mr. Brock to the tall halberd-man who was keeping the door.

"Yes, indeed," said Tim, archly: "we're all followers of his honor, Justice Gobble."

"Certainly!" said the one-eyed man.

"Of course!" cried the man in the nightcap.

"I suppose, madam, you're satisfied *now*?" continued Mr. Brock *a*. Wood. "You can't deny the testimony of gentlemen like these; and our commission is to apprehend all able-bodied male persons who can give no good account of themselves, and enroll them in the service of her Majesty. Look at this Mr. Hayes" (who stood trembling in his shoes). "Can there be a bolder, properer, straighter

gentleman? We'll have him for a grenadier before the day's over!"

"Take heart, John — don't be frightened. Psha! I tell you I know the man," cried out Mrs. Hayes: "he is only here to extort money."

"Oh, for that matter, I *do* think I recollect the lady. Let me see? where was it? At Birmingham, I think, — ay, at Birmingham, — about the time when they tried to murder Count Gal" —

"Oh, sir!" here cried Madam Hayes, dropping her voice at once from a tone of scorn to one of gentlest entreaty, "what is it you want with my husband? I know not, indeed, if ever I saw you before. For what do you seize him? How much will you take to release him, and let us go? Name the sum; he is rich, and" —

"*Rich*, Catherine!" cried Hayes. "Rich! — O heavens! Sir, I have nothing but my hands to support me: I am a poor carpenter, sir, working under my father!"

"He can give twenty guineas to be free; I know he can!" said Mrs. Cat.

"I have but a guinea to carry me home," sighed out Hayes.

"But you have twenty at home, John," said his wife. "Give these brave gentlemen a writing to your mother, and she will pay; and you will let us free then, gentlemen — won't you?"

"When the money's paid, yes," said the leader, Mr. Brock.

"Oh, in course," echoed the tall man with the halberd. "What's a thrifling detintion, my dear?" continued he, addressing Hayes. "We'll amuse you in your absence, and drink to the health of your pretty wife here."

This promise, to do the halberdier justice, he fulfilled. He called upon the landlady to produce the desired liquor; and when Mr. Hayes flung himself at that lady's feet, demanding succor from her, and asking whether there was no law in the land —

"There's no law at the 'Three Rooks' except *this!*" said Mr. Brock in reply, holding up a horse-pistol. To which the hostess, grinning, assented, and silently went her way.

After some further solicitations, John Hayes drew out the necessary letter to his father, stating that he was pressed, and would not be set free under a sum of twenty guineas; and that it would be of no use to detain the bearer of the letter, inasmuch as the gentlemen who had possession of him vowed that they would murder him should any harm befall their comrade. As a further proof of the authenticity of the letter, a token was added: a ring that Hayes wore, and that his mother had given him.

The missives were, after some consultation, intrusted to the care of the tall halberdier, who seemed to rank as second in command of the forces that marched under Corporal Brock. This gentleman was called indifferently Ensign, Mr., or even Captain Macshane; his intimates occasionally in sport called him Nosey, from the prominence of that feature in his countenance; or Spindleshins, for the very reason which brought on the first Edward a similar nickname. Mr. Macshane then quitted Worcester, mounted on Hayes's horse; leaving all parties at the "Three Rooks" not a little anxious for his return.

This was not to be expected until the next morning; and a weary *nuit de noces* did Mr. Hayes pass. Dinner was served, and, according to promise, Mr. Brock and his two friends enjoyed the meal along with the bride and bridegroom. Punch followed, and this was taken in company; then came supper. Mr. Brock alone partook of this, the other two gentlemen preferring the society of their pipes and the landlady in the kitchen.

"It is a sorry entertainment, I confess," said the ex-corporal, "and a dismal way for a gentleman to spend his bridal night; but somebody must stay with you, my dears: for who knows but you might take a fancy to scream out of window, and then

there would be murder, and the deuce and all to pay? One of us must stay, and my friends love a pipe, so you must put up with my company until he can relieve guard."

The reader will not, of course, expect that three people who were to pass the night, however unwillingly, together in an inn-room, should sit there dumb and moody, and without any personal communication; on the contrary, Mr. Brock, as an old soldier, entertained his prisoners with the utmost courtesy, and did all that lay in his power, by the help of liquor and conversation, to render their durance tolerable. On the bridegroom his attentions were a good deal thrown away: Mr. Hayes consented to drink copiously, but could not be made to talk much; and, in fact, the fright of the seizure, the fate hanging over him should his parents refuse a ransom, and the tremendous outlay of money which would take place should they accede to it, weighed altogether on his mind so much as utterly to unman it.

As for Mrs. Cat, I don't think she was at all sorry in her heart to see the old Corporal: for he had been a friend of old times — dear times to her; she had had from him too, and felt for him, not a little kindness; and there was really a very tender, innocent friendship subsisting between this pair of rascals, who relished much a night's conversation together.

The Corporal, after treating his prisoners to punch in great quantities, proposed the amusement of cards: over which Mr. Hayes had not been occupied more than an hour, when he found himself so excessively sleepy as to be persuaded to fling himself down on the bed, dressed as he was, and there to snore away until morning.

Mrs. Catherine had no inclination for sleep; and the Corporal, equally wakeful, plied incessantly the bottle, and held with her a great deal of conversation. The sleep, which was equivalent to the absence of John Hayes, took all restraint from their talk. She explained to Brock the circumstances of her marriage, which we have already described; they wondered at the chance which had brought them together at the "Three Rooks;" nor did Brock at all hesitate to tell her at once that his calling was quite illegal, and that his intention was simply to extort money. The worthy Corporal had not the slightest shame regarding his own profession, and cut many jokes with Mrs. Cat about her late one; her attempt to murder the Count, and her future prospects as a wife.

And here, having brought him upon the scene again, we may as well shortly narrate some of the principal circumstances which befell him after his sudden departure from Birmingham; and which he narrated with much candor to Mrs. Catherine.

He rode the Captain's horse to Oxford (having exchanged his military dress for a civil costume on the road), and at Oxford he disposed of "George of Denmark," a great bargain, to one of the heads of colleges. As soon as Mr. Brock, who took on himself the style and title of Captain Wood, had sufficiently examined the curiosities of the University, he proceeded at once to the capital; the only place for a gentleman of his fortune and figure.

Here he read, with a great deal of philosophical indifference, in "The Daily Post," "The Courant," "The Observator," "The Gazette," and the chief journals of those days, which he made a point of examining at "Button's" and "Will's," an accurate description of his person, his clothes, and the horse he rode, and a promise of fifty guineas' reward to any person who would give an account of him (so that he might be captured) to Captain Count Galgenstein at Birmingham, to Mr. Murfey at the "Golden Ball" in the Savoy, or Mr. Bates at the "Blew Anchor in Pickadilly." But Captain Wood,

in an enormous full-bottomed periwig that cost him sixty pounds,* with high red heels to his shoes, a silver sword, and a gold snuff-box, and a large wound (obtained, he said, at the siege of Barcelona), which disfigured much of his countenance, and caused him to cover one eye, was in small danger, he thought, of being mistaken for Corporal Brock, the deserter of Cutts's; and strutted along the Mall with as grave an air as the very best nobleman who appeared there. He was generally, indeed, voted to be very good company; and as his expenses were unlimited ("A few convent candlesticks, my dear," he used to whisper, "melt into a vast number of doubloons"), he commanded as good society as he chose to ask for; and it was speedily known as a fact throughout town, that Captain Wood, who had served under his Majesty Charles III. of Spain, had carried off the diamond petticoat of our Lady of Compostella, and lived upon the proceeds of the fraud. People were good Protestants in those days, and many a one longed to have been his partner in the pious plunder.

All surmises concerning his wealth, Captain Wood, with much discretion, encouraged. He contradicted no report, but was quite ready to confirm all; and when two different rumors were positively put to him, he used only to laugh, and say, "My dear sir, *I* don't make the stories; but I'm not called upon to deny them; and I give you fair warning, that I shall assent to every one of them: so you may believe them or not, as you please." And so he had the reputation of being a gentleman, not only wealthy, but discreet. In truth, it was almost a pity that worthy Brock had not been a gentleman born; in which case, doubtless, he would have lived and died as became his station; for he spent his money like a gentleman, he loved women like a gentleman, he would fight like a gentleman, he gambled and got drunk like a gentleman. What did he want else? Only a matter of six descents, a little money, and an estate, to render him the equal of St. John or Harley. "Ah, those were merry days!" would Mr. Brock say,—for he loved, in a good old age, to recount the story of his London fashionable campaign;—"and when I think how near I was to become a great man, and to die perhaps a general, I can't but marvel at the wicked obstinacy of my ill luck.

"I will tell you what I did, my dear: I had lodgings in Piccadilly, as if I were a lord; I had two large periwigs, and three suits of laced clothes; I kept a little black dressed out like a Turk; I walked daily in the Mall; I dined at the politest ordinary in Covent Garden; I frequented the best of coffee-houses, and knew all the pretty fellows of the town; I cracked a bottle with Mr. Addison, and lent many a piece to Dick Steele (a sad debauched rogue, my dear); and, above all, I'll tell you what I did—the noblest stroke that sure ever a gentleman performed in my situation.

"One day, going into 'Will's,' I saw a crowd of gentlemen gathered together, and heard one of them say, 'Captain Wood! I don't know the man; but there was a Captain Wood in Southwell's regiment.' Egad, it was my Lord Peterborough himself who was talking about me! So, putting off my hat, I made a most gracious *congé* to my lord, and said I knew *him*, and rode behind him at Barcelona on our entry into that town.

"'No doubt you did, Captain Wood,' says my lord, taking my hand; 'and no doubt you know me: for many more know Tom Fool, than Tom Fool knows.' And with this, at which all of us laughed, my lord called for a bottle, and he and I sat down and drank it together.

"Well, he was in disgrace, as you

* In the ingenious contemporary history of Moll Flanders, a periwig is mentioned as costing that sum.

know, but he grew mighty fond of me, and — would you believe it? — nothing would satisfy him but presenting me at Court! Yes, to her sacred Majesty the Queen, and my Lady Marlborough, who was in high feather. Ay, truly, the sentinels on duty used to salute me as if I were Corporal John himself! I was in the high road to fortune. Charley Mordaunt used to call me Jack, and drink canary at my chambers; I used to make one at my Lord Treasurer's levee; I had even got Mr. Army-Secretary Walpole to take a hundred guineas in a compliment; and he had promised me a majority: when bad luck turned, and all my fine hopes were overthrown in a twinkling.

"You see, my dear, that after we had left that gaby, Galgenstein, — ha, ha, — with a gag in his mouth, and twopence halfpenny in his pocket, the honest Count was in the sorriest plight in the world; owing money here and there to tradesmen, a cool thousand to the Warwickshire Squire: and all this on eighty pounds a year! Well, for a little time the tradesmen held their hands; while the jolly Count moved heaven and earth to catch hold of his dear Corporal and his dear money-bags over again, and placarded every town from London to Liverpool with descriptions of my pretty person. The bird was flown, however, — the money clean gone, — and when there was no hope of regaining it, what did the creditors do but clap my gay gentleman into Shrewsbury jail: where I wish he had rotted, for my part.

"But no such luck for honest Peter Brock, or Captain Wood, as he was in those days. One blessed Monday I went to wait on Mr. Secretary, and he squeezed my hand and whispered to me that I was to be Major of a regiment in Virginia — the very thing: for you see, my dear, I didn't care about joining my Lord Duke in Flanders; being pretty well known to the army there. The Secretary squeezed my hand (it had a fifty-pound bill in it) and wished me joy, and called me Major, and bowed me out of his closet into the ante-room; and, as gay as may be, I went off to the 'Tilt-yard Coffee-house' in Whitehall, which is much frequented by gentlemen of our profession, where I bragged not a little of my good luck.

"Amongst the company were several of my acquaintance, and amongst them a gentleman I did not much care to see, look you! I saw a uniform that I knew — red and yellow facings — Cutts's, my dear; and the wearer of this was no other than his Excellency Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian, whom we all know of!

"He stared me full in the face, right into my eye (t'other one was patched, you know); and after standing stock-still with his mouth open, gave a step back, and then a step forward, and then screeched out, 'It's Brock!'

"'I beg your pardon, sir,' says I; 'did you speak to me?'

"'I'll *swear* it's Brock,' cries Gal, as soon as he hears my voice, and laid hold of my cuff (a pretty bit of mechlin as ever you saw, by the way).

"'Sirrah!' says I, drawing it back, and giving my lord a little touch of the fist (just at the last button of the waiscoat, my dear, — a rare place if you wish to prevent a man from speaking too much: it sent him reeling to the other end of the room). 'Ruffian!' says I. 'Dog!' says I. 'Insolent puppy and coxcomb! what do you mean by laying your hand on me?'

"'Faith, Major, you giv him his *billyful*,' roared out a long Irish unattached ensign, that I had treated with many a glass of Nantz at the tavern. And so, indeed, I had; for the wretch could not speak for some minutes, and all the officers stood laughing at him, as he writhed and wriggled hideously.

"'Gentlemen, this is a monstrous scandal,' says one officer. 'Men of

rank and honor at fists like a parcel of carters:'

"'Men of honor!' says the Count, who had fetched up his breath by this time. (I made for the door, but Macshane held me and said, 'Major, you are not going to shirk him, sure?' Whereupon I gripped his hand and vowed I would have the dog's life.)

"'Men of honor!' says the Count. 'I tell you the man is a deserter, a thief, and a swindler! He was my corporal, and ran away with a thou'—

"'Dog, you lie!' I roared out, and made another cut at him with my cane; but the gentlemen rushed between us.

"'O bluthanowns!' says honest Macshane, 'the lying scounthrel this fellow is! Gentlemen, I swear be me honor that Captain Wood was wounded at Barcelona; and that I saw him there; and that he and I ran away together at the battle of Almanza, and bad luck to us.'

"You see, my dear, that these Irish have the strongest imaginations in the world; and that I had actually persuaded poor Mac that he and I were friends in Spain. Everybody knew Mac, who was a character in his way, and believed him.

"'Strike a gentleman!' says I. 'I'll have your blood, I will.'

"'This instant,' says the Count, who was boiling with fury; 'and where you like.'

"'Montague House,' says I.—'Good,' says he. And off we went. In good time too, for the constables came in at the thought of such a disturbance, and wanted to take us in charge.

"But the gentlemen present, being military men, would not hear of this. Out came Mac's rapier, and that of half a dozen others; and the constables were then told to do their duty if they liked, or to take a crown-piece and leave us to ourselves. Off they went; and presently, in a couple of coaches, the Count and his friends, I and mine, drove off to the fields behind Montague House. Oh, that vile coffee-house! why did I enter it?

"We came to the ground. Honest Macshane was my second, and much disappointed because the second on the other side would not make a fight of it, and exchanged a few passes with him; but he was an old major, a cool old hand, as brave as steel, and no fool. Well, the swords are measured, Galgenstein strips off his doublet, and I my handsome cut-velvet in like fashion. Galgenstein flings off his hat, and I handed mine over—the lace on it cost me twenty pounds. I longed to be at him, for—curse him!—I hate him, and know that he has no chance with me at sword's-play.

"'You'll not fight in that periwig, sure?' says Macshane. 'Of course not,' says I, and took it off.

"May all barbers be roasted in flames; may all periwigs, bobwigs, scratchwigs, and Ramillies cocks, frizzle in purgatory from this day forth to the end of time! Mine was the ruin of me: what might I not have been now but for that wig?

"I gave it over to Ensign Macshane, and with it went what I had quite forgotten, the large patch which I wore over one eye, which popped out fierce, staring, and lively as was ever any eye in the world.

"'Come on!' says I, and made a lunge at my Count; but he sprang back (the dog was as active as a hare, and knew, from old times, that I was his master with the small-sword), and his second, wondering, struck up my blade.

"'I will not fight that man,' says he, looking mighty pale. 'I swear upon my honor that his name is Peter Brock: he was for two years my corporal, and deserted, running away with a thousand pounds of my moneys. Look at the fellow! what is the matter with his eye? why did he wear a patch over it? But stop!' says he. 'I have more proof. Hand me my pocket-book.' And from it, sure enough, he produced the infernal proclamation announcing my deser-

tion! 'See if the fellow has a scar across his left ear' (and I can't say, my dear, but what I have: it was done by a cursed Dutchman at the Boyne). 'Tell me if he has not got C.R. in blue upon his right arm' (and there it is sure enough). 'Yonder swaggering Irishman may be his accomplice for what I know; but I will have no dealings with Mr. Brock, save with a constable for a second.'

"'This is an odd story, Captain Wood,' said the old Major, who acted for the Count.

"'A scounthrelly falsehood regarding me and my friend!' shouted out Mr. Macshane; 'and the Count shall answer for it.'

"'Stop, stop,' says the Major. 'Captain Wood is too gallant a gentleman, I am sure, not to satisfy the Count; and will show us that he has no such mark on his arm as only private soldiers put there.'

"'Captain Wood,' says I, 'will do no such thing, Major. I'll fight that scoundrel Galgenstein, or you, or any of you, like a man of honor; but I won't submit to be searched like a thief!'

"'No, in coorse,' said Macshane.

"'I must take my man off the ground,' says the Major.

"'Well, take him, sir,' says I, in a rage, 'and just let me have the pleasure of telling him that he's a coward and a liar; and that my lodgings are in Piccadilly, where, if ever he finds courage to meet me, he may hear of me!'

"'Faugh! I shpit on ye all,' cries my gallant ally Macshane. And sure enough he kept his word, or all but — suiting the action to it at any rate.

"And so we gathered up our clothes and went back in our separate coaches, and no blood spilt.

"'And is it thrue now,' said Mr. Macshane, when we were alone — 'is it thrue now, all these divvles have been saying?'

"'Ensign,' says I, 'you're a man of the world?'

"'Deed and I am, and Insign these twenty-two years.'

"'Perhaps you'd like a few pieces?' says I.

"'Faith and I should; for, to tell you the secred thrut, I've not tasted mate these four days.'

"'Well then, Ensign, it *is* true,' says I; 'and as for meat, you shall have some at the first cook-shop.' I bade the coach stop until he bought a plateful, which he ate in the carriage, for my time was precious. I just told him the whole story: at which he laughed, and swore that it was the best piece of *generalship* he ever heard on. When his belly was full, I took out a couple of guineas and gave them to him. Mr. Macshane began to cry at this, and kissed me, and swore he never would desert me: as, indeed, my dear, I don't think he will; for we have been the best of friends ever since, and he's the only man I ever could trust, I think.

"I don't know what put it into my head, but I had a scent of some mischief in the wind; so stopped the coach a little before I got home, and, turning into a tavern, begged Macshane to go before me to my lodging, and see if the coast was clear: which he did; and came back to me as pale as death, saying that the house was full of constables. The cursed quarrel at the Tilt-yard had, I suppose, set the beaks upon me; and a pretty sweep they made of it. Ah, my dear! five hundred pounds in money, five suits of laced clothes, three periwigs, besides laced shirts, swords, canes, and snuff-boxes; and all to go back to that scoundrel Count.

"It was all over with me, I saw — no more being a gentleman for me; and if I remained to be caught, only a choice between Tyburn and a file of grenadiers. My love, under such circumstances, a gentleman can't be particular, and must be prompt: the livery-stable was hard by where I used to hire my coach to go to Court, — ha! ha! — and was known as a man of substance. Thither I went imme-

diately. 'Mr. Warmmash,' says I, 'my gallant friend here and I have a mind for a ride and a supper at Twickenham, so you must lend us a pair of your best horses.' Which he did in a twinkling, and off we rode.

"We did not go into the Park, but turned off and cantered smartly up towards Kilburn; and, when we got into the country, galloped as if the devil were at our heels. Bless you, my love, it was all done in a minute: and the Ensign and I found ourselves regular knights of the road, before we knew where we were almost. Only think of our finding you and your new husband at the 'Three Rooks!' There's not a greater fence than the landlady in all the country. It was she that put us on seizing your husband, and introduced us to the other two gentlemen, whose names I don't know any more than the dead."

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"And what became of the horses?" said Mrs. Catherine to Mr. Brock, when his tale was finished.

"Rips, madam," said he; "mere rips. We sold them at Stourbridge fair, and got but thirteen guineas for the two."

"And — and — the Count, Max; where is he, Brock?" sighed she.

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Brock. "What, hankering after him still? My dear, he is off to Flanders with his regiment; and I make no doubt, there have been twenty Countesses of Galgenstein since your time."

"I don't believe any such thing, sir," said Mrs. Catherine, starting up very angrily.

"If you did, I suppose you'd laudanum him; wouldn't you?'

"Leave the room, fellow," said the lady. But she recollected herself speedily again; and clasping her hands, and looking very wretched at Brock, at the ceiling, at the floor, at her husband (from whom she violently turned away her head), she began to cry piteously: to which tears the Corporal set up a gentle accompaniment of whistling, as they trickled one after another down her nose.

I don't think they were tears of repentance; but of regret for the time when she had her first love, and her fine clothes, and her white hat and blue feather. Of the two, the Corporal's whistle was much more innocent than the girl's sobbing: he was a rogue: but a good-natured old fellow, when his humor was not crossed. Surely our novel-writers make a great mistake in divesting their rascals of all gentle human qualities; they have such — and the only sad point to think of is, in all private concerns of life, abstract feelings, and dealings with friends, and so on, how dreadfully like a rascal is to an honest man. The man who murdered the Italian boy, set him first to play with his children whom he loved, and who doubtless deplored his loss.

CHAPTER VI

THE ADVENTURES OF THE AMBASSADOR, MR. MACSHANE.

If we had not been obliged to follow history in all respects, it is probable that we should have left out the last adventure of Mrs. Catherine and her husband, at the inn at Worcester, altogether; for, in truth, very little came of it, and it is not very romantic or striking. But we are bound to stick closely, above all, by THE TRUTH — the truth, though it be not particularly pleasant to read of or to tell. As anybody may read in "The Newgate Calendar," Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were taken at an inn in Worcester; were confined there; were swindled by persons who pretended to impress the bridegrom for military service. What is one to do after that? Had we been writing novels instead of authentic histories, we might have carried them anywhere else we chose: and we had a great mind to make Hayes philosophizing with Bolingbroke, like a cer-

tain Devereux and Mrs. Catherine *maîtresse en titre* to Mr. Alexander Pope, Dr. Sacheverel, Sir John Reade the oculist, Dean Swift, or Marshal Tallard: as the very commonest romancer would under such circumstances. But alas and alas! truth must be spoken, whatever else is in the wind; and the excellent "Newgate Calendar," which contains the biographies and thanatographies of Hayes and his wife, does not say a word of their connections with any of the leading literary or military heroes of the time of her Majesty Queen Anne. The "Calendar" says in so many words that Hayes was obliged to send to his father in Warwickshire for money to get him out of the scrape, and that the old gentleman came down to his aid. By this truth must we stick; and not for the sake of the most brilliant episode, — no, not for a bribe of twenty extra guineas per sheet, would we depart from it.

Mr. Brock's account of his adventure in London has given the reader some short notice of his friend, Mr. Macshane. Neither the wits nor the principles of that worthy Ensign were particularly firm: for drink, poverty, and a crack on the skull at the battle of Steenkirk had served to injure the former; and the Ensign was not in his best days possessed of any share of the latter. He had really, at one period, held such a rank in the army, but pawned his half-pay for drink and play; and for many years past had lived, one of the hundred thousand miracles of our city, upon nothing that anybody knew of, or of which he himself could give any account. Who has not a catalogue of these men in his list? who can tell whence comes the occasional clean shirt, who supplies the continual means of drunkenness, who wards off the daily impending starvation? Their life is a wonder from day to day; their breakfast a wonder; their dinner a miracle; their bed an interposition of Providence. If you and I, my dear Sir, want a shilling to-morrow, who will give it us? Will *our* butchers give us mutton-chops? will *our* laundresses clothe us in clean linen? — not a bone or a rag. Standing as we do (may it be ever so) somewhat removed from want,* is there one of us who does not shudder at the thought of descending into the lists to combat with it, and expect any thing but to be utterly crushed in the encounter?

Not a bit of it, my dear sir. It takes much more than you think for to starve a man. Starvation is very little when you are used to it. Some people I know even, who live on it quite comfortably, and make their daily bread by it. It had been our friend Macshane's sole profession for many years; and he did not fail to draw from it such a livelihood as was sufficient, and perhaps too good, for him. He managed to dine upon it a certain or rather uncertain number of days in the week, to sleep somewhere, and to get drunk at least three hundred times a year. He was known to one or two noblemen who occasionally helped him with a few pieces, and whom he helped in turn — never mind how. He had other acquaintances whom he pestered undauntedly; and from whom he occasionally extracted a dinner, or a crown, or mayhap, by mistake, a gold-headed cane, which found its way to the pawnbroker's. When flush of cash, he would appear at the coffee-house; when low in funds, the deuce knows into what mystic caves and dens he slunk for food and lodging. He was perfectly ready with his sword, and when sober, or better still, a very little tipsy, was a complete master of it; in the art of boasting and lying he had hardly any equals; in shoes he stood six feet five inches; and here is his complete *signalement*. It was a fact that he had been in Spain as a volunteer, where he had shown some gal-

* The author, it must be remembered, has his lodgings and food provided for him by the government of his country. — Ed.

lantry, had had a brain-fever, and was sent home to starve as before.

Mr. Macshane had, however, like Mr. Conrad, the Corsair, one virtue in the midst of a thousand crimes,—he was faithful to his employer for the time being: and a story is told of him, which may or may not be to his credit, viz., that being hired on one occasion by a certain lord to inflict a punishment upon a *roturier* who had crossed his lordship in his amours, he, Macshane, did actually refuse from the person to be belabored, and who entreated his forbearance, a larger sum of money than the nobleman gave him for the beating; which he performed punctually, as bound in honor and friendship. This tale would the Ensign himself relate, with much self-satisfaction; and when, after the sudden flight from London, he and Brock took to their roving occupation, he cheerfully submitted to the latter as his commanding officer, called him always Major, and, bating blunders and drunkenness, was perfectly true to his leader. He had a notion—and, indeed, I don't know that it was a wrong one—that his profession was now, as before, strictly military, and according to the rules of honor. Robbing he called plundering the enemy; and hanging was, in his idea, a dastardly and cruel advantage that the latter took, and that called for the sternest reprisals.

The other gentlemen concerned were strangers to Mr. Brock, who felt little inclined to trust either of them upon such a message, or with such a large sum to bring back. They had, strange to say, a similar mistrust on their side; but Mr. Brock lugged out five guineas, which he placed in the landlady's hand as security for his comrade's return; and Ensign Macshane, being mounted on poor Hayes's own horse, set off to visit the parents of that unhappy young man. It was a gallant sight to behold our thieves' ambassador, in a faded sky-blue suit with orange facings, in a pair of huge jack-boots unconscious of blacking, with a mighty basket-hilted sword by his side, and a little shabby beaver cocked over a large tow-periwig, ride out from the inn of the "Three Rooks" on his mission to Hayes's paternal village.

It was eighteen miles distant from Worcester; but Mr. Macshane performed the distance in safety, and in sobriety moreover (for such had been his instructions), and had no difficulty in discovering the house of old Hayes: towards which, indeed, John's horse trotted incontinently. Mrs. Hayes, who was knitting at the house-door, was not a little surprised at the appearance of the well-known gray gelding, and of the stranger mounted upon it.

Flinging himself off the steed with much agility, Mr. Macshane, as soon as his feet reached the ground, brought them rapidly together, in order to make a profound and elegant bow to Mrs. Hayes; and slapping his greasy beaver against his heart, and poking his periwig almost into the nose of the old lady, demanded whether he had the "shooprame honor of addhressing Misthriss Hees?"

Having been answered in the affirmative, he then proceeded to ask whether there was a blackguard boy in the house who would take "the horse to the steeble;" whether "he could have a dthrink of small-beer or butthermilk, being, faith, uncommon dthry;" and whether, finally, "he could be feevored with a few minutes' private conversation with her and Mr. Hees, on a matther of consitherable impartance?" All these preliminaries were to be complied with before Mr. Macshane would enter at all into the subject of his visit. The horse and man were cared for; Mr. Hayes was called in; and not a little anxious did Mrs. Hayes grow, in the mean while, with regard to the fate of her darling son. "Where is he? How is he? Is he dead?" said the old lady. "O yes, I'm sure he's dead!"

"Indeed, madam, and you're misteeken intirely: the young man is perfectly well in health."

"Oh, praised be heaven!"

"But mighty cast down in sperrits. To misfortunes, madam, look you, the best of us are subject; and a trifling one has fell upon your son."

And herewith Mr. Macshane produced a letter in the handwriting of young Hayes, of which we have had the good luck to procure a copy. It ran thus:—

"Honored Father and Mother, — The bearer of this is a kind gentleman, who has left me in a great deal of trouble. Yesterday, at this towne, I fell in with some gentlemen of the queene's servas; after drinking with whom, I accepted her Majesty's mony to enliste. Repenting thereof I did endeavor to escape; and, in so doing, had the misfortune to strike my superior officer, whereby I made myself liable to Death, according to the rules of warr. If, however, I pay twenty ginnys, all will be wel. You must give the same to the barer, els I shall be shott without fail Tewsday morning. And so no more from your loving son, John Hayes.

"From my prison at Bristol, this unhappy Monday."

When Mrs. Hayes read this pathetic missive, its success with her was complete, and she was for going immediately to the cupboard, and producing the money necessary for her darling son's release. But the carpenter Hayes was much more suspicious. "I don't know you, sir," said he to the ambassador.

"Do you doubt my honor, sir?" said the Ensign, very fiercely.

"Why, sir," replied Mr. Hayes, "I know little about it one way or other, but shall take it for granted, if you will explain a little more of this business."

"I sildom condescind to explean," said Mr. Macshane, "for it's not the custom in my rank; but I'll explean any thing in reason."

"Pray, will you tell me in what regiment my son is enlisted?"

"In coorse. In Colonel Wood's fut, my dear; and a gallant corps it is as any in the army."

"And you left him?"

"On me soul, only three hours ago, having rid like a horse-jockey ever since; as in the sacred cause of humanity, curse me, every man should."

As Hayes's house was seventy miles from Bristol, the old gentleman thought this was marvellous quick riding, and so cut the conversation short. "You have said quite enough, sir," said he, "to show me there is some roguery in the matter, and that the whole story is false from beginning to end."

At this abrupt charge the Ensign looked somewhat puzzled, and then spoke with much gravity. "Roguery," said he, "Misthur Hees, is a sthrong term; and which, in consideration of my friendship for your family, I shall pass over. You doubt your son's honor, as there wrote by him in black and white?"

"You have forced him to write," said Mr. Hayes.

"The sly old divvle's right," muttered Mr. Macshane, aside. "Well, sir, to make a clean breast of it, he *has* been forced to write it. The story about the enlistment is a pretty fib, if you will, from beginning to end. And what then, my dear? Do you think your son's any better off for that?"

"Oh, where is he?" screamed Mrs. Hayes, plumping down on her knees. "We *will* give him the money, won't we, John?"

"I know you will, madam, when I tell you where he is. He is in the hands of some gentlemen of my acquaintance, who are at war with the present government, and no more care about cutting a man's throat than they do a chicken's. He is a prisoner, madam, of our sword and spear. If you choose to ransom him, well and good; if not, peace be with him! for never more shall you see him."

"And how do I know you won't

come back to-morrow for more money?" asked Mr. Hayes.

"Sir, you have my honor; and I'd as lieve break my neck as my word," said Mr. Macshane, gravely. "Twenty guineas is the bargain. Take ten minutes to talk of it — take it then, or leave it; it's all the same to me, my dear." And it must be said of our friend the Ensign, that he meant every word he said, and that he considered the embassy on which he had come as perfectly honorable and regular.

"And pray, what prevents us," said Mr. Hayes, starting up in a rage, "from taking hold of you as a surety for him?"

"You wouldn't fire on a flag of truce, would ye, you dishonorable ould civilian?" replied Mr. Macshane. "Besides," says he, "there's more reasons to prevent you: the first is this," pointing to his sword; "here are two more" — and these were pistols; "and the last and the best of all is, that you might hang me and dthraw me and quarther me, and yet never see so much as the tip of your son's nose again. Look you, sir, we run mighty risks in our profession — it's not all play, I can tell you. We're obliged to be punctual, too, or it's all up with the thrade. If I promise that your son will die as sure as fate to-morrow morning, unless I return home safe, our people *must* keep my promise; or else what chance is there for me? You would be down upon me in a moment with a posse of constables, and have me swinging before Warwick jail. Pooh, my dear! you never would sacrifice a darling boy like John Hayes, let alone his lady, for the sake of my long carcass. One or two of our gentlemen have been taken that way already, because parents and guardians would not believe them."

"*And what became of the poor children?*" said Mrs. Hayes, who began to perceive the gist of the argument, and to grow dreadfully frightened.

"Don't let's talk of them, ma'm: humanity shudthers at the thought!" And herewith Mr. Macshane drew his finger across his throat, in such a dreadful way as to make the two parents tremble. "It's the way of war, madam, look you. The service I have the honor to belong to is not paid by the Queen; and so we're obliged to make our prisoners pay, according to established military practice."

No lawyer could have argued his case better than Mr. Macshane so far; and he completely succeeded in convincing Mr. and Mrs. Hayes of the necessity of ransoming their son. Promising that the young man should be restored to them next morning, along with his beautiful lady, he courteously took leave of the old couple, and made the best of his way back to Worcester again. The elder Hayes wondered who the lady could be of whom the ambassador had spoken, for their son's elopement was altogether unknown to them; but anger or doubt about this subject was overwhelmed by their fears for their darling John's safety. Away rode the gallant Macshane with the money necessary to effect this; and it must be mentioned, as highly to his credit, that he never once thought of appropriating the sum to himself, or of deserting his comrades in any way.

His ride from Worcester had been a long one. He had left that city at noon, but before his return thither the sun had gone down; and the landscape, which had been dressed like a prodigal, in purple and gold, now appeared like a Quaker, in dusky gray; and the trees by the road-side grew black as undertakers or physicians, and, bending their solemn heads to each other, whispered ominously among themselves; and the mists hung on the common; and the cottage lights went out one by one; and the earth and heaven grew black, but for some twinkling useless stars, which freckled the ebon countenance of the latter; and the air grew colder;

and about two o'clock the moon appeared, a dismal, pale-faced rake, walking solitary through the deserted sky; and about four, mayhap, the Dawn (wretched 'prentice-boy!) opened in the east the shutters of the Day: — in other words, more than a dozen hours had passed. Corporal Brock had been relieved by Mr. Redcap, the latter by Mr. Sicklop, the one-eyed gentleman; Mrs. John Hayes, in spite of her sorrows and bashfulness, had followed the example of her husband, and fallen asleep by his side — slept for many hours — and awakened still under the guardianship of Mr. Brock's troop; and all parties began anxiously to expect the return of the ambassador, Mr. Macshane.

That officer, who had performed the first part of his journey with such distinguished prudence and success, found the night, on his journey homewards, was growing mighty cold and dark; and as he was thirsty and hungry, had money in his purse, and saw no cause to hurry, he determined to take refuge at an alehouse for the night, and to make for Worcester by dawn the next morning. He accordingly alighted at the first inn on his road, consigned his horse to the stable, and, entering the kitchen, called for the best liquor in the house.

A small company was assembled at the inn, among whom Mr. Macshane took his place with a great deal of dignity; and having a considerable sum of money in his pocket, felt a mighty contempt for his society, and soon let them know the contempt he felt for them. After a third flagon of ale, he discovered that the liquor was sour, and emptied, with much spluttering and grimaces, the remainder of the beer into the fire. This process so offended the parson of the parish (who in those good old times did not disdain to take the post of honor in the chimney-nook), that he left his corner, looking wrathfully at the offender; who without any more ado instantly occupied it. It was a fine thing to hear the jingling of the twenty pieces in his pocket, the oaths which he distributed between the landlord, the guests, and the liquor — to remark the sprawl of his mighty Jack-boots, before the sweep of which the timid guests edged further and further away; and the languishing leers which he cast on the landlady, as with wide-spread arms he attempted to seize upon her.

When the hostler had done his duties in the stable, he entered the inn, and whispered the landlord that "the stranger was riding John Hayes's horse:" of which fact the host soon convinced himself, and did not fail to have some suspicions of his guest. Had he not thought that times were unquiet, horses might be sold, and one man's money was as good as another's, he probably would have arrested the Ensign immediately, and so lost all the profit of the score which the latter was causing every moment to be enlarged.

In a couple of hours, with that happy facility which one may have often remarked in men of the gallant Ensign's nation, he had managed to disgust every one of the landlord's other guests, and scare them from the kitchen. Frightened by his addresses, the landlady too had taken flight; and the host was the only person left in the apartment; who there staid for interest's sake merely, and listened moodily to his tipsy guest's conversation. In an hour more, the whole house was awakened by a violent noise of howling, curses, and pots clattering to and fro. Forth issued Mrs. Landlady in her night-gear, out came John Hostler with his pitchfork, down stairs tumbled Mrs. Cook and one or two guests, and found the landlord and ensign on the kitchen floor — the wig of the latter lying, much singed and emitting strange odors, in the fireplace, his face hideously distorted, and a great quantity of his natural hair in the partial occupation of the landlord; who had drawn it and the head down towards

him, in order that he might have the benefit of pummelling the latter more at his ease. In revenge, the landlord was undermost, and the Ensign's arms were working up and down his face and body like the flaps of a paddle-wheel: the man of war had clearly the best of it.

The combatants were separated as soon as possible; but as soon as the excitement of the fight was over, Ensign Macshane was found to have no further powers of speech, sense, or locomotion, and was carried by his late antagonist to bed. His sword and pistols, which had been placed at his side at the commencement of the evening, were carefully put by, and his pocket visited. Twenty guineas in gold, a large knife, — used, probably, for the cutting of bread and cheese, — some crumbs of those delicacies and a paper of tobacco found in the breeches-pockets, and in the bosom of the sky-blue coat the leg of a cold fowl and half of a raw onion, constituted his whole property.

These articles were not very suspicious; but the beating which the landlord had received tended greatly to confirm his own and his wife's doubts about their guest; and it was determined to send off in the early morning to Mr. Hayes, informing him how a person had lain at their inn who had ridden thither mounted upon young Hayes's horse. Off set John Hostler at earliest dawn; but on his way he woke up Mr. Justice's clerk, and communicated his suspicions to him; and Mr. Clerk consulted with the village baker, who was up always early; and the clerk, the baker, the butcher with his cleaver, and two gentlemen who were going to work, all adjourned to the inn.

Accordingly, when Ensign Macshane was in a truckle-bed, plunged in that deep slumber which only innocence and drunkenness enjoy in this world, and charming the ears of morn by the regular and melodious music of his nose, a vile plot was laid against him; and when about seven of the clock he woke, he found, on sitting up in his bed, three gentlemen on each side of it, armed, and looking ominous. One held a constable's staff, and, albeit unprovided with a warrant, would take upon himself the responsibility of seizing Mr. Macshane, and of carrying him before his worship at the hall.

"Taranouns, man!" said the Ensign, springing up in bed, and abruptly breaking off a loud, sonorous yawn, with which he had opened the business of the day, "you won't deteen a gentleman who's on life and death? I give ye my word, an affair of honor."

"How came you by that there horse?" said the baker.

"How came you by these here fifteen guineas?" said the landlord, in whose hands, by some process, five of the gold pieces had disappeared.

"What is this here idolatrous string of beads?" said the clerk.

Mr. Macshane, the fact is, was a Catholic, but did not care to own it: for in those days his religion was not popular. "Baids? Holy Mother of saints! give me back them baids," said Mr. Macshane, clasping his hands. "They were blest, I tell you, by his holiness the po— psha! I mane they belong to a darling little daughter I had that's in heaven now: and as for the money and the horse, I should like to know how a gentleman is to travel in this counthry without them?"

"Why, you see, he may travel in the country to *git* 'em," here shrewdly remarked the constable; "and it's our belief that neither horse nor money is honestly come by. If his worship is satisfied, why so, in course, shall we be; but there is highwaymen abroad, look you; and, to our notion, you have very much the cut of one."

Further remonstrances or threats on the part of Mr. Macshane were useless. Although he vowed that he was first cousin to the Duke of Lein-

ster, an officer in her Majesty's service, and the dearest friend Lord Marlborough had, his impudent captors would not believe a word of his statement (which, further, was garnished with a tremendous number of oaths); and he was, about eight o'clock, carried up to the house of Squire Ballance, the neighboring justice of the peace.

When the worthy magistrate asked the crime of which the prisoner had been guilty, the captors looked somewhat puzzled for the moment; since, in truth, it could not be shown that the Ensign had committed any crime at all; and if he had confined himself to simple silence, and thrown upon them the onus of proving his misdemeanors, Justice Ballance must have let him loose, and soundly rated his clerk and the landlord for detaining an honest gentleman on so frivolous a charge.

But this caution was not in the Ensign's disposition; and though his accusers produced no satisfactory charge against him, his own words were quite enough to show how suspicious his character was. When asked his name, he gave it in as Captain Geraldine, on his way to Ireland, by Bristol, on a visit to his cousin the Duke of Leinster. He swore solemnly that his friends, the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Peterborough, under both of whom he had served, should hear of the manner in which he had been treated; and when the justice — a sly old gentleman, and one that read the "Gazettes" — asked him at what battles he had been present, the gallant Ensign pitched on a couple in Spain and in Flanders, which had been fought within a week of each other, and vowed that he had been desperately wounded at both; so that, at the end of his examination, which had been taken down by the clerk, he had been made to acknowledge as follows: — Captain Geraldine, six feet four inches in height; thin, with a very long red nose, and red hair; gray eyes, and speaks with a strong Irish accent; is the first-cousin of the Duke of Leinster, and in constant communication with him; does not know whether his Grace has any children; does not know whereabouts he lives in London; cannot say what sort of a looking man his Grace is; is acquainted with the Duke of Marlborough, and served in the dragoons at the battle of Ramillies, at which time he was with my Lord Peterborough before Barcelona. Borrowed the horse which he rides from a friend in London, three weeks since. Peter Hobbs, hostler, swears that it was in his master's stable four days ago, and is the property of John Hayes, carpenter. Cannot account for the fifteen guineas found on him by the landlord; says they were twenty; says he won them at cards, a fortnight since, at Edinburgh; says he is riding about the country for his amusement; afterwards says he is on a matter of life and death, and going to Bristol; declared last night, in the hearing of several witnesses, that he was going to York; says he is a man of independent property, and has large estates in Ireland, and a hundred thousand pounds in the Bank of England. Has no shirt or stockings, and the coat he wears is marked "S.S." In his boots is written "Thomas Rodgers," and in his hat is the name of the "Rev. Dr. Snoffler."

Dr. Snoffler lived at Worcester, and had lately advertised in "The Hue and Cry" a number of articles taken from his house. Mr. Macshane said, in reply to this, that his hat had been changed at the inn, and he was ready to take his oath that he came thither in a gold-laced one. But this fact was disproved by the oaths of many persons who had seen him at the inn. And he was about to be imprisoned for the thefts which he had not committed (the fact about the hat being, that he had purchased it from a gentleman at the "Three Rooks" for two pints of beer) — he was about to be remanded, when be-

bold, Mrs. Hayes the elder made her appearance; and to her it was that the Ensign was indebted for his freedom.

Old Hayes had gone to work before the hostler arrived; but when his wife heard the lad's message, she instantly caused her pillion to be placed behind the saddle, and mounting the gray horse, urged the stable-boy to gallop as hard as ever he could to the justice's house.

She entered panting and alarmed.

"Oh, what is your honor going to do to this honest gentlemen?" said she. "In the name of heaven, let him go! His time is precious — he has important business — business of life and death."

"I tould the jidge so," said the Ensign, "but he refused to take my word — the sacred wurrd of honor of Captain Geraldine."

Macshane was good at a single lie, though easily flustered on an examination; and this was a very creditable stratagem to acquaint Mrs. Hayes with the name that he bore.

"What! you know Captain Geraldine?" said Mr. Ballance, who was perfectly well acquainted with the carpenter's wife.

"In coorse she does. Hasn't she known me these tin years? Are we not related? Didn't she give me the very horse which I rode, and, to make belave, tould you I'd bought in London?"

"Let her tell her own story. Are you related to Captain Geraldine, Mrs. Hayes?"

"Yes — oh, yes!"

"A very elegant connection! And you gave him the horse, did you, of your own free will?"

"Oh, yes! of my own will — I would give him any thing. Do, do, your honor, let him go! His child is dying," said the old lady, bursting into tears. "It may be dead before he gets to — before he gets there. Oh, your honor, your honor, pray, pray, don't detain him!"

The justice did not seem to understand this excessive sympathy on the part of Mrs. Hayes; nor did the father himself appear to be nearly so affected by his child's probable fate as the honest woman who interested herself for him. On the contrary, when she made this passionate speech, Captain Geraldine only grinned and said, "Niver mind, my dear. If his honor will keep an honest gentleman for doing nothing, why let him — the law must settle between us; and as for the child, poor thing, the Lord deliver it!"

At this, Mrs. Hayes fell to entreating more loudly than ever; and as there was really no charge against him, Mr. Ballance was constrained to let him go.

The landlord and his friends were making off, rather confused, when Ensign Macshane called upon the former in a thundering voice to stop, and refund the five guineas which he had stolen from him. Again the host swore there were but fifteen in his pocket. But when, on the Bible, the Ensign solemnly vowed that he had twenty, and called upon Mrs. Hayes to say whether yesterday, half an hour before he entered the inn, she had not seen him with twenty guineas, and that lady expressed herself ready to swear that she had, Mr. Landlord looked more crestfallen than ever, and said that he had not counted the money when he took it; and though he did in his soul believe that there were only fifteen guineas, rather than be suspected of a shabby action, he would pay the five guineas out of his own pocket: which he did, and with the Ensign's, or rather Mrs. Hayes's own coin.

As soon as they were out of the justice's house, Mr. Macshane, in the fulness of his gratitude, could not help bestowing an embrace upon Mrs. Hayes. And when she implored him to let her ride behind him to her darling son, he yielded with a very good grace, and off the pair set on John Hayes's gray.

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"Who has Nosey brought with him now?" said Mr. Sicklop, Brock's one-eyed confederate, who, about three hours after the above adventure, was lolling in the yard of the "Three Rooks." It was our Ensign, with the mother of his captive. They had not met with any accident in their ride.

"I shall now have the shooprame bliss," said Mr. Macshane, with much feeling, as he lifted Mrs. Hayes from the saddle — "the shooprame bliss of intwining two harrts that are mead for one another. Ours, my dear, is a dismal profession; but ah! don't moments like this make aminds for years of pain? This way, my dear. Turn to your right, then to your left — mind the stip — and the third door round the corner."

All these precautions were attended to; and after giving his concerted knock, Mr. Macshane was admitted into an apartment, which he entered, holding his gold pieces in the one hand, and a lady by the other.

We shall not describe the meeting which took place between mother and son. The old lady wept copiously; the young man was really glad to see his relative, for he deemed that his troubles were over. Mrs. Cat bit her lips, and stood aside, looking somewhat foolish; Mr. Brock counted the money; and Mr. Macshane took a large dose of strong waters, as a pleasing solace for his labors, dangers, and fatigue.

When the maternal feelings were somewhat calmed, the old lady had leisure to look about her, and really felt a kind of friendship and goodwill for the company of thieves in which she found herself. It seemed to her that they had conferred an actual favor on her, in robbing her of twenty guineas, threatening her son's life, and finally letting him go.

"Who is that droll old gentleman?" said she; and being told that it was Captain Wood, she dropped him a courtesy, and said, with much respect, "Captain, your very humble servant;" which compliment Mr. Brock acknowledged by a gracious smile and bow. "And who is this pretty young lady?" continued Mrs. Hayes.

"Why — hum — oh — mother, you must give her your blessing. She is Mrs. John Hayes." And herewith Mr. Hayes brought forward his interesting lady, to introduce her to his mamma.

The news did not at all please the old lady; who received Mrs. Catherine's embrace with a very sour face indeed. However, the mischief was done; and she was too glad to get back her son, to be, on such an occasion, very angry with him. So, after a proper rebuke, she told Mrs. John Hayes, that though she never approved of her son's attachment, and thought he married below his condition, yet, as the evil was done, it was their duty to make the best of it; and she, for her part, would receive her into her house, and make her as comfortable there as she could.

"I wonder whether she has any more money in that house?" whispered Mr. Sicklop to Mr. Redcap; who, with the landlady, had come to the door of the room, and had been amusing themselves by the contemplation of this sentimental scene.

"What a fool that wild Hirishman was not to bleed her for more," said the landlady; "but he's a poor ignorant Papist. I'm sure my man" (this gentleman had been hanged) "wouldn't have come away with such a beggarly sum."

"Suppose we have some more out of 'em?" said Mr. Redcap. "What prevents us? We have got the old mare, and the colt too, — ha! ha! and the pair of 'em ought to be worth at least a hundred to us."

This conversation was carried on *sotto voce;* and I don't know whether Mr. Brock had any notion of the plot which was arranged by the three worthies. The landlady began it. "Which punch, madam, will you take?" says she. "You must have

something for the good of the house, now you are in it."

"In coorse," said the Ensign.

"Certainly," said the other three. But the old lady said she was anxious to leave the place; and putting down a crown-piece, requested the hostess to treat the gentlemen in her absence. "Good-by, Captain," said the old lady.

"Ajew!" cried the Ensign, "and long life to you, my dear. You got me out of a scrape at the justice's yonder; and, split me! but Insign Macshane will remimber it as long as he lives."

And now Hayes and the two ladies made for the door; but the landlady placed herself against it, and Mr. Sicklop said, "No, no, my pretty madams, you an't a-going off so cheap as that neither; you are not going out for a beggarly twenty guineas, look you,— we must have more."

Mr. Hayes starting back, and cursing his fate, fairly burst into tears; the two women screamed; and Mr. Brock looked as if the proposition both amused and had been expected by him: but not so Ensign Macshane.

"Major!" said he, clawing fiercely hold of Brock's arms.

"Ensign," said Mr. Brock, smiling.

"Arr we, or arr we not, men of honor?"

"Oh, in coorse," said Brock, laughing, and using Macshane's favorite expression.

"If we *arr* men of honor, we are bound to stick to our word; and hark ye, you dirty one-eyed scoundrel, if you don't immadiately make way for these leedies, and this lily-livered young jontleman who's crying so, the Meejor here and I will lug out and force you." And so saying, he drew his great sword and made a pass at Mr. Sicklop; which that gentleman avoided, and which caused him and his companion to retreat from the door. The landlady still kept her position at it, and with a storm of oaths against the Ensign, and against two Englishmen who ran away from a wild Hirishman, swore she would not budge a foot, and would stand there until her dying day.

"Faith, then, needs must," said the Ensign, and made a lunge at the hostess, which passed so near the wretch's throat, that she screamed, sank on her knees, and at last opened the door.

Down the stairs, then, with great state, Mr. Macshane led the elder lady, the married couple following; and having seen them to the street, took an affectionate farewell of the party, whom he vowed that he would come and see. "You can walk the eighteen miles aisy, between this and nightfall," said he.

"*Walk!*" exclaimed Mr. Hayes. "Why, haven't we got Ball, and shall ride and tie all the way?"

"Madam!" cried Macshane, in a stern voice, "honor before every thing. Did you not, in the presence of his worship, vow and declare that you gave me that horse, and now d'ye talk of taking it back again? Let me tell you, madam, that such paltry thricks ill become a person of your years and respectability, and ought never to be played with Insign Timothy Macshane."

He waved his hat and strutted down the street; and Mrs. Catherine Hayes, along with her bridegroom and mother-in-law, made the best of their way homeward on foot.

CHAPTER VII.

WHICH EMBRACES A PERIOD OF SEVEN YEARS.

THE recovery of so considerable a portion of his property from the clutches of Brock was, as may be imagined, no trifling source of joy to that excellent young man, Count Gustavus Adolphus de Galgenstein; and he was often known to say, with much archness, and a proper feeling of gratitude to the Fate which had

ordained things so, that the robbery was, in reality, one of the best things that could have happened to him; for, in event of Mr. Brock's *not* stealing the money, his Excellency the Count would have had to pay the whole to the Warwickshire Squire, who had won it from him at play. He was enabled, in the present instance, to plead his notorious poverty as an excuse; and the Warwickshire conqueror got off with nothing, except a very badly written autograph of the Count's, simply acknowledging the debt.

This point his Excellency conceded with the greatest candor; but (as, doubtless, the reader may have remarked in the course of his experience) to owe is not quite the same thing as to pay; and from the day of his winning the money until the day of his death the Warwickshire Squire did never, by any chance, touch a single bob, tizzy, tester, moidore, maravedi, doubloon, tomaun, or rupee, of the sum which Monsieur de Galgenstein had lost to him.

That young nobleman was, as Mr. Brock hinted in the little autobiographical sketch which we gave in a former chapter, incarcerated for a certain period, and for certain other debts, in the donjons of Shrewsbury; but he released himself from them by that noble and consolatory method of whitewashing which the law has provided for gentlemen in his oppressed condition; and he had not been a week in London, when he fell in with, and overcame, or put to flight, Captain Wood, *alias* Brock, and immediately seized upon the remainder of his property. After receiving this, the Count, with commendable discretion, disappeared from England altogether for a while; nor are we at all authorized to state that any of his debts to his tradesman were discharged, any more than his debts of honor, as they are pleasantly called.

Having thus settled with his creditors, the gallant Count had interest enough with some of the great folk to procure for himself a post abroad, and was absent in Holland for some time. It was here that he became acquainted with the lovely Madam Silverkoop, the widow of a deceased gentleman of Leyden; and although the lady was not at that age at which tender passions are usually inspired — being sixty — and though she could not, like Mademoiselle Ninon de l'Enclos, then at Paris, boast of charms which defied the progress of time, — for Mrs. Silverkoop was as red as a boiled lobster, and as unwieldy as a porpoise; and although her mental attractions did by no means make up for her personal deficiencies, — for she was jealous, violent, vulgar, drunken, and stingy to a miracle; yet her charms had an immediate effect on Monsieur de Galgenstein; and hence, perhaps, the reader (the rogue! how well he knows the world!) will be led to conclude that the honest widow was *rich*.

Such, indeed, she was; and Count Gustavus, despising the difference between his twenty quarterings and her twenty thousand pounds, laid the most desperate siege to her, and finished by causing her to capitulate; as I do believe, after a reasonable degree of pressing, any woman will do to any man: such, at least, has been *my* experience in the matter.

The Count then married; and it was curious to see how he — who, as we have seen in the case of Mrs. Cat, had been as great a tiger and domestic bully as any extant — now, by degrees fell into a quiet submission towards his enormous Countess; who ordered him up and down as a lady orders her footman, who permitted him speedily not to have a will of his own, and who did not allow him a shilling of her money, without receiving for the same an accurate account.

How was it that he, the abject slave of Madam Silverkoop, had been victorious over Mrs. Cat? The first blow is, I believe, the decisive one in these cases, and the Countess had stricken it a week after their marriage;

— establishing a supremacy which the Count never afterwards attempted to question.

We have alluded to his Excellency's marriage, as in duty bound, because it will be necessary to account for his appearance hereafter in a more splendid fashion than that under which he has hitherto been known to us; and just comforting the reader by the knowledge that the union, though prosperous in a worldly point of view, was, in reality, extremely unhappy, we must say no more from this time forth of the fat and legitimate Madame de Galgenstein. Our darling is Mrs. Catherine, who had formerly acted in her stead; and only in so much as the fat Countess did influence in any way the destinies of our heroine, or those wise and virtuous persons who have appeared and are to follow her to her end, shall we in any degree allow her name to figure here. It is an awful thing to get a glimpse, as one sometimes does, when the time is past, of some little, little wheel which works the whole mighty machinery of FATE, and see how our destinies turn on a minute's delay or advance, or on the turning of a street, or on somebody else's turning of a street, or on somebody else's doing of something else in Downing Street or in Timbuctoo, now or a thousand years ago. Thus, for instance, if Miss Poots, in the year 1695, had never been the lovely inmate of a Spielhaus at Amsterdam, Mr. Van Silverkoop would never have seen her; if the day had not been extraordinarily hot, the worthy merchant would never have gone thither; if he had not been fond of Rhenish wine and sugar, he never would have called for any such delicacies; if he had not called for them, Miss Ottilia Poots would never have brought them, and partaken of them; if he had not been rich, she would certainly have rejected all the advances made to her by Silverkoop; if he had not been so fond of Rhenish and sugar, he never would have died; and Mrs. Silverkoop would have been neither rich nor a widow, nor a wife to Count von Galgenstein. Nay, nor would this history have ever been written; for if Count Galgenstein had not married the rich widow, Mrs. Catherine would never have —

Oh, my dear Madam! you thought we were going to tell you. Pooh! nonsense, — no such thing! not for two or three and seventy pages or so — when perhaps you *may* know what Mrs. Catherine never would have done.

The reader will remember in the second chapter of these Memoirs, the announcement that Mrs. Catherine had given to the world a child, who might bear, if he chose, the arms of Galgenstein, with the further adornment of a bar-sinister. This child had been put out to nurse some time before its mother's elopement from the Count; and as that nobleman was in funds at the time (having had that success at play which we duly chronicled), he paid a sum of no less than twenty guineas, which was to be the yearly reward of the nurse into whose charge the boy was put. The woman grew fond of the brat; and when, after the first year, she had no further news or remittances from father or mother, she determined, for a while at least, to maintain the infant at her own expense: for, when rebuked by her neighbors on this score, she stoutly swore that no parents could ever desert their children, and that some day or other she should not fail to be rewarded for her trouble with this one.

Under this strange mental hallucination poor Goody Billings, who had five children and a husband of her own, continued to give food and shelter to little Tom for a period of no less than seven years; and though it must be acknowledged that the young gentleman did not in the slightest degree merit the kindnesses shown to him, Goody Billings, who was of a very soft and pitiful disposition, continued to bestow them upon him: because, she said, he was lonely and unprotect-

ed, and deserved them more than other children who had fathers and mothers to look after them. If, then, any difference was made between Tom's treatment and that of her own brood, it was considerably in favor of the former; to whom the largest proportions of treacle were allotted for his bread, and the handsomest supplies of hasty pudding. Besides, to do Mrs. Billings justice, there *was* a party against him; and that consisted not only of her husband and her five children, but of every single person in the neighborhood who had an opportunity of seeing and becoming acquainted with Master Tom.

A celebrated philosopher — I think Miss Edgeworth — has broached the consolatory doctrine, that in intellect and disposition all human beings are entirely equal, and that circumstance and education are the causes of the distinctions and divisions which afterwards unhappily take place among them. Not to argue this question, which places Jack Howard and Jack Thurtell on an exact level, — which would have us to believe that Lord Melbourne is by natural gifts and excellences a man as honest, brave, and far-sighted as the Duke of Wellington, — which would make out that Lord Lyndhurst is in point of principle, eloquence, and political honesty, no better than Mr. O'Connell, — not, I say, arguing this doctrine, let us simply state that Master Thomas Billings (for, having no other, he took the name of the worthy people who adopted him) was in his long-coats fearfully passionate, screaming and roaring perpetually, and showing all the ill that he *could* show. At the age of two, when his strength enabled him to toddle abroad, his favorite resort was the coal-hole or the dung-heap: his roarings had not diminished in the least, and he had added to his former virtues two new ones, — a love of fighting and stealing; both which amiable qualities he had many opportunities of exercising every day. He fought his little adoptive brothers and sisters; he kicked and cuffed his father and mother; he fought the cat, stamped upon the kittens; was worsted in a severe battle with the hen in the back yard; but, in revenge, nearly beat a little sucking pig to death, whom he caught alone, and rambling near his favorite haunt, the dunghill. As for stealing, he stole the eggs, which he perforated and emptied; the butter, which he ate with or without bread, as he could find it; the sugar, which he cunningly secreted in the leaves of a Baker's "Chronicle," that nobody in the establishment could read; and thus from the pages of history he used to suck in all he knew — thieving and lying namely; in which, for his years, he made wonderful progress. If any followers of Miss Edgeworth and the philosophers are inclined to disbelieve this statement, or to set it down as overcharged and distorted, let them be assured that just this very picture was, of all pictures in the world, taken from nature. I, Ikey Solomons, once had a dear little brother, who could steal before he could walk (and this not from encouragement, — for, if you know the world, you must know that in families of our profession the point of honor is sacred at home, — but from pure nature) — who could steal, I say, before he could walk, and lie before he could speak; and who, at four and a half years of age, having attacked my sister Rebecca on some question of lollipops, had smitten her on the elbow with a fire-shovel, apologized to us by saying simply, "—— her, I wish it had been her head!" Dear, dear Aminadab! I think of you, and laugh these philosophers to scorn. Nature made you for that career which you fulfilled: you were from your birth to your dying a scoundrel; you *couldn't* have been any thing else, however your lot was cast; and blessed it was that you were born among the prigs, — for had you been of any other profession, alas! alas! what ills might you have done? As I have heard the author of "Richelieu,"

"Siamese Twins," &c., say, "Poëta nascitur non fit," which means that though he had tried ever so much to be a poet, it was all moonshine: in the like manner I say, "*Roagus* nascitur non fit." We have it from nature, and so a fig for Miss Edgeworth.

In this manner, then, while his father, blessed with a wealthy wife, was leading, in a fine house, the life of a galley-slave; while his mother, married to Mr. Hayes, and made an honest woman of, as the saying is, was passing her time respectably in Warwickshire, Mr. Thomas Billings was inhabiting the same county, not cared for by either of them; but ordained by Fate to join them one day, and have a mighty influence upon the fortunes of both. For, as it has often happened to the traveller in the York or the Exeter coach to fall snugly asleep in his corner, and on awaking suddenly to find himself sixty or seventy miles from the place where Somnus first visited him: as, we say, although you sit still, Time, poor wretch, keeps perpetually running on, and so must run day and night, with never a pause or a halt of five minutes to get a drink, until his dying day; let the reader imagine that since he left Mrs. Hayes and all the other worthy personages of this history, in the last chapter, seven years have sped away; during which, all our heroes and heroines have been accomplishing their destinies.

Seven years of country carpentering, or other trading, on the part of a husband, of ceaseless scolding, violence, and discontent on the part of a wife, are not pleasant to describe: so we shall omit altogether any account of the early married life of Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes. The "Newgate Calendar" (to which excellent compilation we and the *other* popular novelists of the day can never be sufficiently grateful) states that Hayes left his house three or four times during this period, and, urged by the restless humors of his wife, tried several professions; returning, however, as he grew weary of each, to his wife and his paternal home. After a certain time, his parents died, and by their demise he succeeded to a small property, and the carpentering business, which he for some time followed.

What, then, in the meanwhile, had become of Captain Wood, or Brock, and Ensign Macshane? — the only persons now to be accounted for in our catalogue. For about six months after their capture and release of Mr. Hayes, those noble gentlemen had followed, with much prudence and success, that trade which the celebrated and polite Duval, the ingenious Sheppard, the dauntless Turpin, and indeed many other heroes of our most popular novels, had pursued, or were pursuing, in their time. And so considerable were said to be Captain Wood's gains, that reports were abroad of his having somewhere a buried treasure; to which he might have added more, had not Fate suddenly cut short his career as a prig. He and the Ensign were — shame to say — transported for stealing three pewter-pots off a railing at Exeter; and not being known in the town, which they had only reached that morning, they were detained by no further charges, but simply condemned on this one. For this misdemeanor, her Majesty's Government vindictively sent them for seven years beyond the sea; and, as the fashion then was, sold the use of their bodies to Virginian planters during that space of time. It is thus, alas! that the strong are always used to deal with the weak, and many an honest fellow has been led to rue his unfortunate difference with the law.

Thus, then, we have settled all scores. The Count is in Holland with his wife; Mrs. Cat in Warwickshire along with her excellent husband; Master Thomas Billings with his adoptive parents in the same county; and the two military gentlemen watching the progress and cultivation of the tobacco and cotton

plant in the New World. All these things having passed between the acts, dingaring-a-dingaring-a-dingle-dingle-ding, the drop draws up, and the next act begins. By the way, the play *ends* with a drop: but that is neither here nor there.

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[Here, as in a theatre, the orchestra is supposed to play something melodious. The people get up, shake themselves, yawn, and settle down in their seats again. "Porter, ale, ginger-beer, cider," comes round, squeezing through the legs of the gentlemen in the pit. Nobody takes any thing, as usual; and lo! the curtain rises again. "'Sh, 'shsh, 'shshshhh! Hats off!" says everybody.]

. . . . . .

Mrs. Hayes had now been for six years the adored wife of Mr. Hayes, and no offspring had arisen to bless their loves and perpetuate their name. She had obtained a complete mastery over her lord and master; and having had, as far as was in that gentleman's power, every single wish gratified that she could demand, in the way of dress, treats to Coventry and Birmingham, drink, and what not—for, though a hard man, John Hayes had learned to spend his money pretty freely on himself and her—having had all her wishes gratified, it was natural that she should begin to find out some more; and the next whim she hit upon was to be restored to her child. It may be as well to state that she had never informed her husband of the existence of that phenomenon, although he was aware of his wife's former connection with the Count,—Mrs. Hayes, in their matrimonial quarrels, invariably taunting him with accounts of her former splendor and happiness, and with his own meanness of taste in condescending to take up with His Excellency's leavings.

She determined, then (but as yet had not confided her determination to her husband), she would have her boy; although in her seven years' residence within twenty miles of him she had never once thought of seeing him: and the kind reader knows that when his excellent lady determines on a thing—a shawl, or an opera-box, or a new carriage, or twenty-four singing-lessons from Tamburini, or a night at the "Eagle Tavern," City Road, or a ride in a buss to Richmond, and tea and brandy-and-water at "Rose Cottage Hotel"—the reader, high or low, knows that when Mrs. Reader desires a thing, have it she will: you may just as well talk of avoiding her as of avoiding gout, bills, or gray hairs—and that you know is impossible. I, for my part, have had all three—ay, and a wife too.

I say that when a woman is resolved on a thing, happen it will: if husbands refuse, Fate will interfere (*flectere si nequeo*, &c.; but quotations are odious). And some hidden power was working in the case of Mrs. Hayes, and, for its own awful purposes, lending her its aid.

Who has not felt how he works—the dreadful, conquering Spirit of Ill? Who cannot see, in the circle of his own society, the fated and foredoomed to woe and evil? Some call the doctrine of destiny a dark creed; but, for me, I would fain try and think it a consolatory one. It is better, with all one's sins upon one's head, to deem one's self in the hands of Fate, than to think—with our fierce passions and weak repentances; with our resolves so loud, so vain, so ludicrously, despicably weak and frail; with our dim, wavering, wretched conceits about virtue, and our irresistible propensity to wrong,—that we are the workers of our future sorrow or happiness. If we depend on our strength, what is it against mighty circumstance? If we look to ourselves, what hope have we? Look back at the whole of your life, and see how Fate has mastered you and it. Think of your disappointments and your successes. Has *your* striving influenced one or the other? A fit of indigestion puts itself between you and honors and reputation; an apple plops on your nose, and makes you a world's wonder and glory; a fit of poverty makes

a rascal of you, who were, and are still, an honest man; clubs, trumps, or six lucky mains at dice, make an honest man for life of you, who ever were, will be, and are, a rascal. Who sends the illness? who causes the apple to fall? who deprives you of your worldly goods? or who shuffles the cards, and brings trumps, honor, virtue, and prosperity back again? You call it chance; ay, and so it is chance that when the floor gives way, and the rope stretches tight, the poor wretch before St. Sepulchre's clock dies. Only with us, clear-sighted mortals as we are, we can't *see* the rope by which we hang, and know not when or how the drop may fall.

But *revenons à nos moutons*: let us return to that sweet lamb, Master Thomas, and the milk-white ewe, Mrs. Cat. Seven years had passed away, and she began to think that she should very much like to see her child once more. It was written that she should; and you shall hear how, soon after, without any great exertions of hers, back he came to her.

In the month of July, in the year 1715, there came down a road about ten miles from the city of Worcester, two gentlemen; not mounted, Templar-like, upon one horse, but having a horse between them — a sorry bay, with a sorry saddle, and a large pack behind it; on which each by turn took a ride. Of the two, one was a man of excessive stature, with red hair, a very prominent nose, and a faded military dress; while the other, an old weather-beaten, sober-looking personage, wore the costume of a civilian — both man and dress appearing to have reached the autumnal, or seedy state. However, the pair seemed, in spite of their apparent poverty, to be passably merry. The old gentleman rode the horse; and had, in the course of their journey, ridden him two miles at least in every three. The tall one walked with immense strides by his side; and seemed, indeed, as if he could have quickly outstripped the four-footed animal, had he chosen to exert his speed, or had not affection for his comrade retained him at his stirrup.

A short time previously the horse had cast a shoe; and this the tall man on foot had gathered up, and was holding in his hand: it having been voted that the first blacksmith to whose shop they should come should be called upon to fit it again upon the bay horse.

"Do you remimber this counthry, Meejor?" said the tall man, who was looking about him very much pleased, and sucking a flower. "I think thim green cornfields is prettier looking at than the d— tobacky out yondther, and bad luck to it!"

"I recollect the place right well, and some queer pranks we played here seven years agone," responded the gentleman addressed as Major. "You remember that man and his wife, whom we took in pawn at 'The Three Rooks?'"

"And the landlady only hung last Michaelmas?" said the tall man, parenthetically.

"Hang the landlady! — we've got all we ever would of *her*, you know. But about the man and woman. You went after the chap's mother, and, like a jackass, as you are, let him loose. Well, the woman was that Catherine that you've often heard me talk about. I like the wench, —— her, for I almost brought her up; and she was for a year or two along with that scoundrel Galgenstein, who has been the cause of my ruin."

"The infernal blackguard and ruffian!" said the tall man; who, with his companion, has no doubt been recognized by the reader.

"Well, this Catherine had a child by Galgenstein; and somewhere here hard by the woman lived to whom we carried the brat to nurse. She was the wife of a blacksmith, one Billings: it won't be out of the way to get our horse shod at his house, if he is alive still, and we may learn something about the little beast. I should be glad to see the mother well enough."

"Do I remimber her?" said the Ensign. "Do I remimber whiskey? Sure I do, and the snivelling sneak her husband, and the stout old lady her mother-in-law, and the dirty one-eyed ruffian who sold me the parson's hat, that had so nearly brought me into trouble. Oh but it was a rare rise we got out of them chaps, and the old landlady that's hanged too!" And here both Ensign Macshane and Major Brock, or Wood, grinned, and showed much satisfaction.

It will be necessary to explain the reason of it. We gave the British public to understand that the landlady of "The Three Rooks," at Worcester, was a notorious fence, or banker of thieves; that is, a purchaser of their merchandise. In her hands Mr. Brock and his companion had left property to the amount of sixty or seventy pounds, which was secreted in a cunning recess in a chamber of "The Three Rooks," known only to the landlady and the gentlemen who banked with her; and in this place, Mr. Sicklop, the one-eyed man who had joined in the Hayes adventure, his comrade, and one or two of the topping prigs of the county, were free. Mr. Sicklop had been shot dead in a night attack near Bath; the landlady had been suddenly hanged, as an accomplice in another case of robbery; and when, on their return from Virginia, our two heroes, whose hopes of livelihood depended upon it, had bent their steps towards Worcester, they were not a little frightened to hear of the cruel fate of the hostess and many of the amiable frequenters of "The Three Rooks." All the goodly company were separated; the house was no longer an inn. Was the money gone too? At least it was worth while to look — which Messrs. Brock and Macshane determined to do.

The house being now a private one, Mr. Brock, with a genius that was above his station, visited its owner, with a huge portfolio under his arm, and, in the character of a painter, requested permission to take a particular sketch from a particular window. The Ensign followed with the artist's materials (consisting simply of a screw-driver and a crow-bar); and it is hardly necessary to say that, when admission was granted to them, they opened the well-known door, and to their inexpressible satisfaction discovered, not their own peculiar savings exactly, for these had been appropriated instantly on hearing of their transportation, but stores of money and goods to the amount of near three hundred pounds: to which Mr. Macshane said they had as just and honorable a right as anybody else. And so they had as just a right as anybody — except the original owners; but who was to discover them?

With this booty they set out on their journey — anywhere, for they knew not whither; and it so chanced that when their horse's shoe came off, they were within a few furlongs of the cottage of Mr. Billings, the blacksmith. As they came near, they were saluted by tremendous roars issuing from the smithy. A small boy was held across the bellows, two or three children of smaller and larger growth were holding him down, and many others of the village were gazing in at the window, while a man, half naked, was lashing the little boy with a whip, and occasioning the cries heard by the travellers. As the horse drew up, the operator looked at the new-comers for a moment, and then proceeded incontinently with his work; belaboring the child more fiercely than ever.

When he had done, he turned round to the new-comers and asked how he could serve them? whereupon Mr. Wood (for such was the name he adopted, and by such we shall call him to the end) wittily remarked that however he might wish to serve *them*, he seemed mightily inclined to serve that young gentleman first.

"It's no joking matter," said the blacksmith: "if I don't serve him so

now, he'll be worse off in his old age. He'll come to the gallows, as sure as his name is Bill — never mind what his name is." And so saying, he gave the urchin another cut; which elicited, of course, another scream.

"Oh! his name is Bill?" said Captain Wood.

"His name's *not* Bill!" said the blacksmith, sulkily. "He's no name; and no heart, neither. My wife took the brat in, seven years ago, from a beggarly French chap to nurse, and she kept him, for she was a good soul" (here his eyes began to wink), "and she's — she's gone now" (here he began fairly to blubber). "And d—— him, out of love for her, I kept him too, and the scoundrel is a liar and a thief. This blessed day, merely to vex me and my boys here, he spoke ill of her, he did, and I'll — cut — his —— life — out — I — will!" and with each word honest Mulciber applied a whack on the body of little Tom Billings; who, by shrill shrieks, and oaths in treble, acknowledged the receipt of the blows.

"Come, come," said Mr. Wood, "set the boy down, and the bellows a-going: my horse wants shoeing, and the poor lad has had strapping enough."

The blacksmith obeyed, and cast poor Master Thomas loose. As he staggered away and looked back at his tormentor, his countenance assumed an expression which made Mr. Wood say, grasping hold of Macshane's arm, "It's the boy, it's the boy! when his mother gave Galgenstein the laudanum, she had the self-same look with her!"

"Had she really now?" said Mr. Macshane. "And pree, Meejor, who *was* his mother?"

"Mrs. Cat, you fool!" answered Wood.

"Then, upon my secred word of honor, she's a mighty fine *kitten* anyhow, my dear. Aha!"

"They don't *drown* such kittens," said Mr. Wood, archly; and Macshane, taking the allusion, clapped his finger to his nose in token of perfect approbation of his commander's sentiment.

While the blacksmith was shoeing the horse, Mr. Wood asked him many questions concerning the lad whom he had just been chastising, and succeeded, beyond a doubt, in establishing his identity with the child whom Catherine Hall had brought into the world seven years since. Billings told him of all the virtues of his wife, and the manifold crimes of the lad: how he stole, and fought, and lied, and swore; and though the youngest under his roof, exercised the most baneful influence over all the rest of his family. He was determined at last, he said, to put him to the parish, for he did not dare to keep him.

"He's a fine whelp, and would fetch ten pieces in Virginny," sighed the Ensign.

"Crimp, of Bristol, would give five for him," said Mr. Wood, ruminating.

"Why not take him?" said the Ensign.

"Faith, why not?" said Mr. Wood. "His keep, meanwhile, will not be sixpence a day." Then turning round to the blacksmith, "Mr. Billings," said he, "you will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that I know every thing regarding that poor lad's history. His mother was an unfortunate lady of high family, now no more; his father a German nobleman, Count de Galgenstein by name."

"The very man!" said Billings: "a young, fair-haired man, who came here with the child, and a dragoon sergeant."

"Count de Galgenstein by name, who, on the point of death, recommended the infant to me."

"And did he pay you seven years' boarding?" said Mr. Billings, who was quite alive at the very idea.

"Alas, sir, not a jot! he died, sir, six hundred pounds in my debt; didn't he, Ensign?"

"Six hundred, upon my secred honor! I remember when he got into the house along with the poli" —

"Psha! what matters it?" here broke out Mr. Wood, looking fiercely at the Ensign. "Six hundred pounds he owes me: how was he to pay you? But he told me to take charge of this boy, if I found him; and found him I have, and *will* take charge of him, if you will hand him over."

"Send our Tom!" cried Billings. And when that youth appeared, scowling, and yet trembling, and prepared, as it seemed, for another castigation, his father, to his surprise, asked him if he was willing to go along with those gentlemen, or whether he would be a good lad and stay with him.

Mr. Tom replied immediately, "I won't be a good lad, and I'd rather go to —— than stay with you!"

"Will you leave your brothers and sisters?" said Billings, looking very dismal.

"Hang my brothers and sisters — I hate 'em; and, besides, I haven't got any!"

"But you had a good mother, hadn't you, Tom?"

Tom paused for a moment.

"Mother's gone," said he, "and you flog me, and I'll go with these men."

"Well, then, go thy ways," said Billings, starting up in a passion: "go thy ways for a graceless reprobate; and if this gentleman will take you, he may do so."

After some further parley, the conversation ended, and the next morning Mr. Wood's party consisted of three: a little boy being mounted upon the bay horse, in addition to the Ensign or himself; and the whole company went journeying towards Bristol.

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We have said that Mrs. Hayes had, on a sudden, taken a fit of maternal affection, and was bent upon being restored to her child; and that benign destiny which watched over the life of this lucky lady instantly set about gratifying her wish, and, without cost to herself of coach-hire or saddle-horse, sent the young gentleman very quickly to her arms. The village in which the Hayeses dwelt was but a very few miles out of the road from Bristol; whither, on the benevolent mission above hinted at, our party of worthies were bound: and coming, towards the afternoon, in sight of the house of that very Justice Ballance who had been so nearly the ruin of Ensign Macshane, that officer narrated, for the hundredth time, and with much glee, the circumstances which had then befallen him, and the manner in which Mrs. Hayes, the elder, had come forward to his rescue.

"Suppose we go and see the old girl?" suggested Mr. Wood. "No harm can come to us now." And his comrade always assenting, they wound their way towards the village, and reached it as the evening came on. In the public-house where they rested, Wood made inquiries concerning the Hayes family; was informed of the death of the old couple, of the establishment of John Hayes and his wife in their place, and of the kind of life that these latter led together. When all these points had been imparted to him, he ruminated much: an expression of sublime triumph and exultation at length lighted up his features. "I think, Tim," said he at last, "that we can make more than five pieces of that boy."

"Oh, in coorse!" said Timothy Macshane, Esq.; who always agreed with his "Meejor."

"In coorse, you fool! and how? I'll tell you how. This Hayes is well to do in the world, and" —

"And we'll nab him again — ha, ha!" roared out Macshane. "By my secred honor, Meejor, there never was a gineral like you at a strathy-jam."

"Peace, you bellowing donkey, and don't wake the child. The man is well to do, his wife rules him, and they have no children. Now, either she will be very glad to have the boy

back again, and pay for the finding of him, or else she has said nothing about him, and will pay us for being silent too: or, at any rate, Hayes himself will be ashamed at finding his wife the mother of a child a year older than his marriage, and will pay for the keeping of the brat away. There's profit, my dear, in any one of the cases, or my name's not Peter Brock."

When the Ensign understood this wondrous argument, he would fain have fallen on his knees and worshipped his friend and guide. They began operations, almost immediately, by an attack on Mrs. Hayes. On hearing, as she did in private interview with the ex-corporal the next morning, that her son was found, she was agitated by both of the passions which Wood attributed to her. She longed to have the boy back, and would give any reasonable sum to see him; but she dreaded exposure, and would pay equally to avoid that. How could she gain the one point and escape the other?

Mrs. Hayes hit upon an expedient which, I am given to understand, is not uncommon now-a-days. She suddenly discovered that she had a dear brother, who had been obliged to fly the country in consequence of having joined the Pretender, and had died in France, leaving behind him an only son. This boy her brother had, with his last breath, recommended to her protection, and had confided him to the charge of a brother officer who was now in the country, and would speedily make his appearance; and, to put the story beyond a doubt, Mr. Wood wrote the letter from her brother stating all these particulars, and Ensign Macshane received full instructions how to perform the part of the "brother officer." What consideration Mr. Wood received for his services, we cannot say; only it is well known that Mr. Hayes caused to be committed to jail a young apprentice in his service, charged with having broken open a cupboard in which Mr. Hayes had forty guineas in gold and silver, and to which none but he and his wife had access.

Having made these arrangements, the Corporal and his little party decamped to a short distance, and Mrs. Catherine was left to prepare her husband for a speedy addition to his family, in the shape of this darling nephew. John Hayes received the news with anything but pleasure. He had never heard of any brother of Catherine's; she had been bred at the workhouse, and nobody ever hinted that she had relatives: but it is easy for a lady of moderate genius to invent circumstances; and with lies, tears, threats, coaxings, oaths, and other blandishments, she compelled him to submit.

Two days afterwards, as Mr. Hayes was working in his shop, with his lady seated beside him, the trampling of a horse was heard in his courtyard, and a gentleman, of huge stature, descended from it, and strode into the shop. His figure was wrapped in a large cloak; but Mr. Hayes could not help fancying that he had somewhere seen his face before.

"This, I preshoom," said the gentleman, "is Misther Hayes, that I have come so many miles to see, and this is his amiable lady? I was the most intimate frind, madam, of your laminted brother, who died in King Lewis's service, and whose last touching letthers I despatched to you two days ago. I have with me a further precious token of my dear friend, Captain Hall — it is *here*."

And so saying, the military gentleman, with one arm, removed his cloak, and stretching forward the other into Hayes's face, almost, stretched likewise forward a little boy, grinning and sprawling in the air, and prevented only from falling to the ground by the hold which the Ensign kept of the waistband of his little coat and breeches.

"Isn't he a pretty boy?" said Mrs. Hayes, sidling up to her husband

tenderly, and pressing one of Mr. Hayes's hands.

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About the lad's beauty it is needless to say what the carpenter thought; but that night, and for many, many nights after, the lad staid at Mr. Hayes's.

CHAPTER VIII.

ENUMERATES THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF MASTER THOMAS BILLINGS — INTRODUCES BROCK AS DR. WOOD — AND ANNOUNCES THE EXECUTION OF ENSIGN MACSHANE.

We are obliged, in recording this history, to follow accurately that great authority, the "Calendarium Newgaticum Roagorumque Registerium," of which every lover of literature in the present day knows the value; and as that remarkable work totally discards all the unities in its narratives, and reckons the life of its heroes only by their actions, and not by periods of time, we must follow in the wake of this mighty ark — a humble cockboat. When it pauses, we pause; when it runs ten knots an hour, we run with the same celerity; and as, in order to carry the reader from the penultimate chapter of this work unto the last chapter, we were compelled to make him leap over a gap of seven blank years, ten years more must likewise be granted to us before we are at liberty to resume our history.

During that period Master Thomas Billings had been under the especial care of his mother; and, as may be imagined, he rather increased than diminished the accomplishments for which he had been remarkable while under the roof of his foster-father. And with this advantage, that while at the blacksmith's, and only three or four years of age, his virtues were necessarily appreciated only in his family circle, and among those few acquaintances of his own time of life whom a youth of three can be expected to meet in the alleys or over the gutters of a small country hamlet, — in his mother's residence, his circle extended with his own growth, and he began to give proofs of those powers of which in infancy there had been only encouraging indications. Thus it was nowise remarkable that a child of four years should not know his letters, and should have had a great disinclination to learn them; but when a young man of fifteen showed the same creditable ignorance, the same undeviating dislike, it was easy to see that he possessed much resolution and perseverance. When it was remarked, too, that, in case of any difference, he not only beat the usher, but by no means disdained to torment and bully the very smallest boys of the school, it was easy to see that his mind was comprehensive and careful, as well as courageous and grasping. As it was said of the Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsula, that he had a thought for everybody — from Lord Hill to the smallest drummer in the army — in like manner Tom Billings bestowed *his* attention on high and low; but in the shape of blows: he would fight the strongest and kick the smallest, and was always at work with one or the other. At thirteen, when he was removed from the establishment whither he had been sent, he was the cock of the school out of doors, and the very last boy in. He used to let the little boys and new-comers pass him by, and laugh; but he always belabored them unmercifully afterwards; and then it was, he said, *his* turn to laugh. With such a pugnacious turn, Tom Billings ought to have been made a soldier and might have died a marshal; but, by an unlucky ordinance of fate, he was made tailor, and died a —— never mind what for the present; suffice it to say, that he was suddenly cut off at a very early period of his existence, by a disease which has exercised considerable ravages among the British youth.

By consulting the authority above mentioned, we find that Hayes did

not confine himself to the profession of a carpenter, or remain long established in the country; but was induced by the eager spirit of Mrs. Catherine, most probably, to try his fortune in the metropolis; where he lived, flourished, and died. Oxford Road, Saint Giles's, and Tottenham Court were, at various periods of his residence in town, inhabited by him. At one place he carried on the business of green-grocer and small-coalman; in another, he was carpenter, undertaker, and lender of money to the poor; finally, he was a lodging-house keeper in the Oxford or Tyburn Road; but continued to exercise the last-named charitable profession.

Lending as he did upon pledges, and carrying on a pretty large trade, it was not for him, of course, to inquire into the pedigree of all the pieces of plate, the bales of cloth, swords, watches, wigs, shoe-buckles, &c., that were confided by his friends to his keeping; but it is clear that his friends had the requisite confidence in him, and that he enjoyed the esteem of a class of characters who still live in history, and are admired unto this very day. The mind loves to think that, perhaps, in Mr. Hayes's back-parlor the gallant Turpin might have hob-and-nobbed with Mrs. Catherine; that here, perhaps, the noble Sheppard might have cracked his joke, or quaffed his pint of rum. Who knows but that Macheath and Paul Clifford may have crossed legs under Hayes's dinner-table? But why pause to speculate on things that might have been? why desert reality for fond imagination; or call up from their honored grave the sacred dead? I know not; and yet, in sooth, I can never pass Cumberland Gate without a sigh, as I think of the gallant cavaliers who traversed that road in old time. Pious priests accompanied their triumphs; their chariots were surrounded by hosts of glittering javelinmen. As the slave at the car of the Roman conqueror shouted, "Remember thou art mortal!" before the eyes of the British warrior rode the undertaker and his coffin, telling him that he too must die! Mark well the spot! A hundred years ago Albion Street (where comic Power dwelt, Milesia's darling son) — Albion Street was a desert. The square of Connaught was without its penultimate, and, strictly speaking, *naught*. The Edgware Road was then a road, 'tis true; with tinkling wagons passing now and then, and fragrant walls of snowy hawthorn blossoms. The ploughman whistled over Nutford Place; down the green solitudes of Sovereign Street the merry milkmaid led the lowing kine. Here, then, in the midst of green fields and sweet air — before ever omnibuses were, and when Pineapple Turnpike and Terrace were alike unknown — here stood Tyburn: and on the road towards it, perhaps to enjoy the prospect, stood, in the year 1725, the habitation of Mr. John Hayes.

One fine morning in the year 1725, Mrs. Hayes, who had been abroad in her best hat and riding-hood; Mr. Hayes, who for a wonder had accompanied her; and Mrs. Springatt, a lodger, who, for a remuneration, had the honor of sharing Mrs. Hayes's friendship and table: all returned, smiling and rosy, at about half-past ten o'clock, from a walk which they had taken to Bayswater. Many thousands of people were likewise seen flocking down the Oxford Road; and you would rather have thought, from the smartness of their appearance and the pleasure depicted in their countenances, that they were just issuing from a sermon, than quitting the ceremony which they had been to attend.

The fact is, that they had just been to see a gentleman hanged, — a cheap pleasure, which the Hayes family never denied themselves; and they returned home with a good appetite to breakfast, braced by the walk, and tickled into hunger as it were by the spectacle. I can recollect, when I was a gyp at Cambridge, that the

"men" used to have breakfast-parties for the very same purpose; and the exhibition of the morning acted infallibly upon the stomach, and caused the young students to eat with much voracity.

Well, Mrs. Catherine, a handsome, well-dressed, plump, rosy woman of three or four and thirty (and when, my dear, is a woman handsomer than at that age?) came in quite merrily from her walk, and entered the back-parlor, which looked into a pleasant yard, or garden, whereon the sun was shining very gayly; and where, at a table covered with a nice white cloth, laid out with some silver mugs, too, and knives, all with different crests and patterns, sat an old gentleman reading in an old book.

"Here we are at last, Doctor," said Mrs. Hayes, "and here's his speech." She produced the little halfpenny tract, which to this day is sold at the gallows-foot upon the death of every offender. "I've seen a many men turned off, to be sure; but I never did see one who bore it more like a man than he did."

"My dear," said the gentleman addressed as Doctor, "he was as cool and as brave as steel, and no more minded hanging than tooth-drawing."

"It was the drink that ruined him," said Mrs. Cat.

"Drink, and bad company. I warned him, my dear, — I warned him years ago: and directly he got into Wild's gang, I knew that he had not a year to run. Ah, why, my love, will men continue such dangerous courses," continued the Doctor, with a sigh, "and jeopardy their lives for a miserable watch or a snuff-box, of which Mr. Wild takes three-fourths of the produce? But here comes the breakfast; and, egad, I am as hungry as a lad of twenty."

Indeed, at this moment Mrs. Hayes's servant appeared with a smoking dish of bacon and greens; and Mr. Hayes himself ascended from the cellar (of which he kept the key), bearing with him a tolerably large jug of small-beer. To this repast the Doctor, Mrs. Springatt (the other lodger), and Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, proceeded with great alacrity. A fifth cover was laid, but not used; the company remarking that "Tom had very likely found some acquaintances at Tyburn, with whom he might choose to pass the morning."

Tom was Master Thomas Billings, now of the age of sixteen: slim, smart, five feet ten inches in height, handsome, sallow in complexion, black-eyed, and black-haired. Mr. Billings was apprentice to a tailor, of tolerable practice, who was to take him into partnership at the end of his term. It was supposed, and with reason, that Tom would not fail to make a fortune in this business; of which the present head was one Beinkleider, a German. Beinkleider was skilful in his trade (after the manner of his nation, which in breeches and metaphysics — in inexpressibles and incomprehensibles — may instruct all Europe), but too fond of his pleasure. Some promissory-notes of his had found their way into Hayes's hands, and had given him the means not only of providing Master Billings with a cheap apprenticeship, and a cheap partnership afterwards; but would empower him, in one or two years after the young partner had joined the firm, to eject the old one altogether. So that there was every prospect, that, when Mr. Billings was twenty-one years of age, poor Beinkleider would have to act, not as his master, but his journeyman.

Tom was a very precocious youth; was supplied by a doting mother with plenty of pocket-money, and spent it with a number of lively companions of both sexes, at plays, bull-baitings, fairs, jolly parties on the river, and such like innocent amusements. He could throw a main, too, as well as his elders; had pinked his man, in a row at Madam King's in the Piazza; and was much respected at the Round-house.

Mr. Hayes was not very fond of

this promising young gentleman; indeed, he had the baseness to bear malice, because, in a quarrel which occurred about two years previously, he, Hayes, being desirous to chastise Mr. Billings, had found himself not only quite incompetent, but actually at the mercy of the boy; who struck him over the head with a joint-stool, felled him to the ground, and swore he would have his life. The Doctor, who was then also a lodger at Mr. Hayes's, interposed, and restored the combatants, not to friendship, but to peace. Hayes never afterwards attempted to lift his hand to the young man, but contented himself with hating him profoundly. In this sentiment Mr. Billings participated cordially; and, quite unlike Mr. Hayes, who never dared to show his dislike, used on every occasion when they met, by actions, looks, words, sneers, and curses, to let his step-father know the opinion which he had of him. Why did not Hayes discard the boy altogether? Because, if he did so, he was really afraid of his life, and because he trembled before Mrs. Hayes, his lady, as the leaf trembles before the tempest in October. His breath was not his own, but hers; his money, too, had been chiefly of her getting,—for though he was as stingy and mean as mortal man can be, and so likely to save much, he had not the genius for *getting* which Mrs. Hayes possessed. She kept his books (for she had learned to read and write by this time), she made his bargains, and she directed the operations of the poor-spirited little capitalist. When bills became due, and creditors pressed for time, then she brought Hayes's own professional merits into play. The man was as deaf and cold as a rock; never did poor tradesman gain a penny from him; never were the bailiffs delayed one single minute from their prey. The Beinkleider business, for instance, showed pretty well the genius of the two. Hayes was for closing with him at once; but his wife saw the vast profits which might be drawn out of him, and arranged the apprenticeship and the partnership before alluded to. The woman heartily scorned and spit upon her husband, who fawned upon her like a spaniel. She loved good cheer; she did not want for a certain kind of generosity. The only feeling that Hayes had for any one except himself was for his wife, whom he held in a cowardly awe and attachment: he liked drink, too, which made him chirping and merry, and accepted willingly any treats that his acquaintances might offer him; but he would suffer agonies when his wife brought or ordered from the cellar a bottle of wine.

And now for the Doctor. He was about seventy years of age. He had been much abroad; he was of a sober, cheerful aspect; he dressed handsomely and quietly in a broad hat and cassock; but saw no company except the few friends whom he met at the coffee-house. He had an income of about a hundred pounds, which he promised to leave to young Billings. He was amused with the lad, and fond of his mother, and had boarded with them for some years past. The Doctor, in fact, was our old friend Corporal Brock; the Rev. Dr. Wood now, as he had been Major Wood fifteen years back.

Any one who has read the former part of this history must have seen that we have spoken throughout with invariable respect of Mr. Brock; and that in every circumstance in which he has appeared, he has acted not only with prudence, but often with genius. The early obstacle to Mr. Brock's success was want of conduct simply. Drink, women, play—how many a brave fellow have they ruined!—had pulled Brock down as often as his merit had carried him up. When a man's passion for play has brought him to be a scoundrel, it at once ceases to be hurtful to him in a worldly point of view; he cheats and wins. It is only for the idle and luxurious that women retain their fascinations

to a very late period; and Brock's passions had been whipped out of him in Virginia; where much ill health, ill treatment, hard labor, and hard food, speedily put an end to them. He forgot there even how to drink; rum or wine made this poor declining gentleman so ill that he could indulge in them no longer; and so his three vices were cured. Had he been ambitious, there is little doubt but that Mr. Brock, on his return from transportation, might have risen in the world; but he was old and a philosopher: he did not care about rising. Living was cheaper in those days, and interest for money higher: when he had amassed about six hundred pounds, he purchased an annuity of seventy-two pounds, and gave out — why should he not? — that he had the capital as well as the interest. After leaving the Hayes family in the country, he found them again in London: he took up his abode with them, and was attached to the mother and the son. Do you suppose that rascals have not affections like other people? hearts, madam — ay, hearts — and family ties which they cherish? As the Doctor lived on with this charming family, he began to regret that he had sunk all his money in annuities, and could not, as he repeatedly vowed he would, leave his savings to his adopted children.

He felt an indescribable pleasure ("*suave mari magno*," &c.) in watching the storms and tempests of the Hayes *ménage*. He used to encourage Mrs. Catherine into anger, when, haply, that lady's fits of calm would last too long; he used to warm up the disputes between wife and husband, mother and son, and enjoy them beyond expression: they served him for daily amusement; and he used to laugh until the tears ran down his venerable cheeks at the accounts which young Tom continually brought him of his pranks abroad, among watchmen and constables, at taverns or elsewhere.

When, therefore, as the party were discussing their bacon and cabbage, before which the Rev. Doctor with much gravity said grace, Master Tom entered, Doctor Wood, who had before been rather gloomy, immediately brightened up, and made a place for Billings between himself and Mrs. Catherine.

"How do, old cock?" said that young gentleman familiarly. "How goes it, mother?" And so saying, he seized eagerly upon the jug of beer which Mr. Hayes had drawn, and from which the latter was about to help himself, and poured down his throat exactly one quart.

"Ah!" said Mr. Billings, drawing breath after a draught which he had learned accurately to gauge from the habit of drinking out of pewter measures which held precisely that quantity. — "Ah!" said Mr. Billings, drawing breath, and wiping his mouth with his sleeves, "this is very thin stuff, old Squaretoes; but my coppers have been red hot since last night, and they wanted a sluicing."

"Should you like some ale, dear?" said Mrs. Hayes, that fond and judicious parent.

"A quart of brandy, Tom?" said Dr. Wood. "Your papa will run down to the cellar for it in a minute."

"I'll see him hanged first!" cried Mr. Hayes, quite frightened.

"Oh, fie, now, you unnatural father!" said the Doctor.

The very name of father used to put Mr. Hayes in a fury. "I'm not his father, thank heaven!" said he.

"No, nor nobody else's," said Tom.

Mr. Hayes only muttered "Base-born brat!"

"His father was a gentleman,— that's more than *you* ever were!" screamed Mrs. Hayes. "His father was a man of spirit; no cowardly sneak of a carpenter, Mr. Hayes! Tom has noble blood in his veins, for all he has a tailor's appearance; and if his mother had had her right, she would be now in a coach and six."

"I wish I could find my father,"

said Tom; "for I think Polly Briggs and I would look mighty well in a coach and six." Tom fancied that if his father was a Count at the time of his birth, he must be a prince now; and, indeed, went among his companions by the latter august title.

"Ay, Tom, that you would," cried his mother, looking at him fondly.

"With a sword by my side, and a hat and feather, there's never a lord at St. James's would cut a finer figure."

After a little more of this talk, in which Mrs. Hayes let the company know her high opinion of her son — who, as usual, took care to show his extreme contempt for his step-father — the latter retired to his occupations; the lodger, Mrs. Springatt, who had never said a word all this time, retired to her apartment on the second floor; and pulling out their pipes and tobacco, the old gentleman and the young one solaced themselves with half an hour's more talk and smoking; while the thrifty Mrs. Hayes, opposite to them, was busy with her books.

"What's in the confessions?" said Mr. Billings to Doctor Wood. "There were six of 'em besides Mac: two for sheep, four for house-breakers; but nothing of consequence, I fancy."

"There's the paper," said Wood, archly. "Read for yourself, Tom."

Mr. Tom looked at the same time very fierce and very foolish; for though he could drink, swear, and fight, as well as any lad of his inches in England, reading was not among his accomplishments. "I tell you what, Doctor," said he, "—— you! have no bantering with me, — for I'm not the man that will bear it, —— me!" and he threw a tremendous swaggering look across the table.

"I want you to learn to read, Tommy dear. Look at your mother there over her books: she keeps them as neat as a scrivener now, and at twenty she could make never a stroke."

"Your godfather speaks for your good, child; and for me, thou knowest that I have promised thee a gold-headed cane and periwig on the first day that thou canst read me a column of 'The Flying Post.'"

"Hang the periwig!" said Mr. Tom testily. "Let my godfather read the paper himself, if he has a liking for it."

Whereupon the old gentleman put on his spectacles, and glanced over the sheet of whity-brown paper, which, ornamented with a picture of a gallows at the top, contained the biographies of the seven unlucky individuals who had that morning suffered the penalty of the law. With the six heroes who came first in the list we have nothing to do; but have before us a copy of the paper containing the life of No. 7, and which the Doctor read with an audible voice: —

"Captain Macshane.

"The seventh victim to his own crimes was the famous highwayman, Captain Macshane, so well known as the Irish Fire-eater.

"The Captain came to the ground in a fine white lawn shirt and night-cap; and, being a Papist in his religion, was attended by Father O'Flaherty, Popish priest, and chaplain to the Bavarian Envoy.

"Captain Macshane was born of respectable parents, in the town of Clonakilty, in Ireland, being descended from most of the kings in that country. He had the honor of serving their Majesties King William and Queen Mary, and her Majesty Queen Anne, in Flanders and Spain, and obtained much credit from my Lords Marlborough and Peterborough for his valor.

"But being placed on half-pay at the end of the war, Ensign Macshane took to evil courses; and, frequenting the bagnios and dice-houses, was speedily brought to ruin.

"Being at this pass, he fell in with the notorious Captain Wood, and they two together committed many atrocious robberies in the inland counties; but these being too hot to hold

them, they went into the west, where they were unknown. Here, however, the day of retribution arrived; for, having stolen three pewter-pots from a public-house, they, under false names, were tried at Exeter, and transported for seven years beyond the sea. Thus it is seen that Justice never sleeps; but, sooner or later, is sure to overtake the criminal.

"On their return from Virginia, a quarrel about booty arose between these two, and Macshane killed Wood in a combat that took place between them near to the town of Bristol; but a wagon coming up, Macshane was obliged to fly without the ill-gotten wealth: so true is it, that wickedness never prospers.

"Two days afterwards, Macshane met the coach of Miss Macraw, a Scotch lady and heiress, going, for lumbago and gout, to the Bath. He at first would have robbed this lady; but such were his arts, that he induced her to marry him; and they lived together for seven years in the town of Eddenboro, in Scotland, — he passing under the name of Colonel Geraldine. The lady dying, and Macshane having expended all her wealth, he was obliged to resume his former evil courses, in order to save himself from starvation; whereupon he robbed a Scotch lord, by name the Lord of Whistlebinkie, of a mull of snuff; for which crime he was condemned to the Tolbooth prison at Eddenboro, in Scotland, and whipped many times in public.

"These deserved punishments did not at all alter Captain Macshane's disposition; and on the 17th of February last, he stopped the Bavarian Envoy's coach on Blackheath, coming from Dover, and robbed his Excellency and his chaplain; taking from the former his money, watches, star, a fur cloak, his sword (a very valuable one); and from the latter a Romish missal, out of which he was then reading, and a case-bottle."

"The Bavarian Envoy!" said Tom parenthetically. "My master, Beinkleider, was his lordship's regimental tailor in Germany, and now is making a court suit for him. It will be a matter of a hundred pounds to him, I warrant."

Dr. Wood resumed his reading. "Hum — hum! A Romish missal, out of which he was reading, and a case-bottle.

"By means of the famous Mr. Wild, this notorious criminal was brought to justice, and the case-bottle and missal have been restored to Father O'Flaherty.

"During his confinement in Newgate, Mr. Macshane could not be brought to express any contrition for his crimes, except that of having killed his commanding officer. For this Wood he pretended an excessive sorrow, and vowed that usquebaugh had been the cause of his death, — indeed, in prison he partook of no other liquor, and drunk a bottle of it on the day before his death.

"He was visited by several of the clergy and gentry in his cell; among others, by the Popish priest whom he had robbed, Father O'Flaherty, before mentioned, who attended him likewise in his last moments (if that idolatrous worship may be called attention); and likewise by the Father's patron, the Bavarian Ambassador, his Excellency Count Maximilian de Galgenstein."

. . . . . .

As old Wood came to these words, he paused to give them utterance.

"What! Max?" screamed Mrs. Hayes, letting her ink-bottle fall over her ledgers.

"Why, be hanged if it ben't my father!" said Mr. Billings.

"Your father, sure enough, unless there be others of his name, and unless the scoundrel is hanged," said the Doctor — sinking his voice, however, at the end of the sentence.

Mr. Billings broke his pipe in an agony of joy. "I think we'll have the coach now, mother," says he; "and I'm blessed if Polly Briggs shall not look as fine as a duchess."

"Polly Briggs is a low slut, Tom, and not fit for the likes of you, his Excellency's son. Oh, fie! You must be a gentleman now, sirrah; and I doubt whether I shan't take you away from that odious tailor's shop altogether."

To this proposition Mr. Billings objected altogether; for, besides Mrs. Briggs before alluded to, the young gentleman was much attached to his master's daughter, Mrs. Margaret Gretel, or Gretchen Beinkleider.

"No," says he, "there will be time to think of that hereafter, ma'am. If my Pa makes a man of me, why, of course, the shop may go to the deuce, for what I care; but we had better wait, look you, for something certain, before we give up such a pretty bird in the hand as this."

"He speaks like Solomon," said the Doctor.

"I always said he would be a credit to his old mother, didn't I, Brock?" cried Mrs. Cat, embracing her son very affectionately. "A credit to her; ay, I warrant, a real blessing! And dost thou want any money, Tom? for a lord's son must not go about without a few pieces in his pocket. And I tell thee, Tommy, thou must go and see his lordship; and thou shalt have a piece of brocade for a waistcoat, thou shalt; ay, and the silver-hilted sword I told thee of: but oh, Tommy, Tommy! have a care, and don't be a-drawing of it in naughty company at the gaming-houses, or at the"—

"A drawing of fiddlesticks, mother! If I go to see my father, I must have a reason for it; and instead of going with a sword in my hand, I shall take something else in it."

"The lad *is* a lad of nous," cried Dr. Wood, "although his mother does spoil him so cruelly. Look you, Madam Cat: did you not hear what he said about Beinkleider and the clothes? Tommy will just wait on the Count with his lordship's breeches. A man may learn a deal of news in the trying on of a pair of breeches."

And so it was agreed that in this manner the son should at first make his appearance before his father. Mrs. Cat gave him the piece of brocade, which, in the course of the day, was fashioned into a smart waistcoat (for Beinkleider's shop was close by, in Cavendish Square). Mrs. Gretel, with many blushes, tied a fine blue ribbon round his neck; and, in a pair of silk stockings, with gold buckles to his shoes, Master Billings looked a very proper young gentleman.

"And, Tommy," said his mother, blushing and hesitating, "should Max — should his lordship ask after your — want to know if your mother is alive, you can say she is, and well, and often talks of old times. And, Tommy" (after another pause), "you needn't say any thing about Mr. Hayes; only say I'm quite well."

Mrs. Hayes looked at him as he marched down the street, along, long way. Tom was proud and gay in his new costume, and was not unlike his father. As she looked, lo! Oxford Street disappeared, and she saw a green common, and a village, and a little inn. There was a soldier leading a pair of horses about on the green common; and in the inn sat a cavalier, so young, so merry, so beautiful! Oh, what slim white hands he had; and winning words, and tender, gentle blue eyes! Was it not an honor to a country lass that such a noble gentleman should look at her for a moment? Had he not some charm about him that she must needs obey when he whispered in her ear, "Come, follow me!" As she walked towards the lane that morning, how well she remembered each spot as she passed it, and the look it wore for the last time! How the smoke was rising from the pastures, how the fish were jumping and plashing in the mill-stream! There was the church, with all its windows lighted up with gold, and yonder were the reapers sweeping down the brown corn. She tried to sing as she went up the hill — what was it? She

could not remember; but oh, how well she remembered the sound of the horse's hoofs as they came quicker, quicker — nearer, nearer! How noble he looked on his great horse! Was he thinking of her, or were they all silly words which he spoke last night, merely to pass away the time and deceive poor girls with? Would he remember them, would he?

. . . . . .

"Cat, my dear," here cried Mr. Brock, *alias* Captain, *alias* Dr. Wood, "here's the meat a-getting cold, and I am longing for my breakfast."

As they went in he looked her hard in the face. "What, *still* at it, you silly girl? I've been watching you these five minutes, Cat; and be hanged but I think a word from Galgenstein, and you would follow him as a fly does a treacle-pot!"

They went in to breakfast; but though there was a hot shoulder of mutton and onion-sauce — Mrs. Catherine's favorite dish — she never touched a morsel of it.

In the meanwhile Mr. Thomas Billings, in his new clothes which his mamma had given him, in his new ribbon which the fair Miss Beinkleider had tied round his neck, and having his Excellency's breeches wrapped in a silk handkerchief in his right hand, turned down in the direction of Whitehall, where the Bavarian Envoy lodged. But, before he waited on him, Mr. Billings, being excessively pleased with his personal appearance, made an early visit to Mrs. Briggs, who lived in the neighborhood of Swallow Street; and who, after expressing herself with much enthusiasm regarding her Tommy's good looks, immediately asked him what he would stand to drink? Raspberry gin being suggested, a pint of that liquor was sent for; and so great was the confidence and intimacy subsisting between these two young people, that the reader will be glad to hear that Mrs. Polly accepted every shilling of the money which Tom Billings had received from his mamma the day before; nay, could with difficulty be prevented from seizing upon the cut-velvet breeches which he was carrying to the nobleman for whom they were made. Having paid his adieux to Mrs. Polly, Mr. Billings departed to visit his father.

CHAPTER IX.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN COUNT GALGENSTEIN AND MASTER THOMAS BILLINGS, WHEN HE INFORMS THE COUNT OF HIS PARENTAGE.

I DON'T know in all this miserable world a more miserable spectacle than that of a young fellow of five or six and forty. The British army, that nursery of valor, turns out many of the young fellows I mean: who, having flaunted in dragoon uniforms from seventeen to six and thirty; having bought, sold, or swapped, during that period, some two hundred horses; having played, say fifteen thousand games at billiards; having drunk some six thousand bottles of wine; having consumed a reasonable number of Nugee coats, split many dozen pairs of high-heeled Hoby boots, and read the newspaper and the army-list duly, retire from the service when they have attained their eighth lustre, and saunter through the world, trailing from London to Cheltenham, and from Boulogne to Paris, and from Paris to Baden, their idleness, their ill-health, and their *ennui*. "In the morning of youth," and when seen along with whole troops of their companions, these flowers look gaudy and brilliant enough; but there is no object more dismal than one of them alone, and in its autumnal or seedy state. My friend, Captain Popjoy, is one of them who has arrived at this condition, and whom everybody knows by his title of Father Pop. A kinder, simpler, more empty-headed fellow does not exist. He is forty-seven years old, and appears a young, good-looking

man of sixty. At the time of the Army of Occupation he really was as good-looking a man as any in the Dragoons. He now uses all sorts of stratagems to cover the bald place on his head, by combing certain thin gray side-locks over it. He has, in revenge, a pair of enormous mustaches, which he dyes of the richest blue-black. His nose is a good deal larger and redder than it used to be; his eyelids have grown flat and heavy; and a little pair of red, watery eyeballs float in the midst of them: it seems as if the light which was once in those sickly green pupils had extravasated into the white part of the eye. If Pop's legs are not so firm and muscular as they used to be in those days when he took such leaps into White's buckskins, in revenge, his waist is much larger. He wears a very good coat, however, and a waistband, which he lets out after dinner. Before ladies he blushes, and is as silent as a schoolboy. He calls them "modest women." His society is chiefly among young lads belonging to his former profession. He knows the best wine to be had at each tavern or café, and the waiters treat him with much respectful familiarity. He knows the names of every one of them; and shouts out, "Send Markwell here!" or, "Tell Cuttriss to give us a bottle of the yellow seal!" or, "Dizzy voo, Monsure Borrel, noo donny shampang frappy," &c. He always makes the salad or the punch, and dines out three hundred days in the year: the other days you see him in a two-franc eating-house at Paris, or prowling about Rupert Street or St. Martin's Court, where you get a capital cut of meat for eightpence. He has decent lodgings and scrupulously clean linen; his animal functions are still tolerably well preserved, his spiritual have evaporated long since; he sleeps well, has no conscience, believes himself to be a respectable fellow, and is tolerably happy on the days when he is asked out to dinner.

Poor Pop is not very high in the scale of created beings; but, if you fancy there is none lower, you are in egregious error. There was once a man who had a mysterious exhibition of an animal quite unknown to naturalists, called "the wusser." Those curious individuals who desired to see the *wusser* were introduced into an apartment where appeared before them nothing more than a little lean, shrivelled, hideous, blear-eyed, mangy pig. Every one cried out "Swindle!" and "Shame!" "Patience, gentlemen, be heasy," said the showman: "look at that there hanimal; it's a perfect phenomaly of hugliness: I engage you never see such a pig." Nobody ever had seen. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "I'll keep my promise, has per bill; and bad as that there pig is, look at this here" (he showed another). "Look at this here, and you'll see at once that it's *a wusser*." In like manner the Popjoy breed is bad enough, but it serves only to show off the Galgenstein race; which is *wusser*.

Galgenstein had led a very gay life, as the saying is, for the last fifteen years; such a gay one, that he had lost all capacity of enjoyment by this time, and only possessed inclinations without powers of gratifying them. He had grown to be exquisitely curious and fastidious about meat and drink, for instance, and all that he wanted was an appetite. He carried about with him a French cook, who could not make him eat; a doctor, who could not make him well; a mistress, of whom he was heartily sick after two days; a priest, who had been a favorite of the exemplary Dubois, and by turns used to tickle him by the imposition of a penance, or by the repetition of a tale from the *recueil* of Nocé, or La Fare. All his appetites were wasted and worn; only some monstrosity would galvanize them into momentary action. He was in that effete state to which many noblemen of his time had arrived; who were ready to believe in

ghost-raising or in gold-making, or to retire into monasteries and wear hair-shirts, or to dabble in conspiracies, or to die in love with little cook-maids of fifteen, or to pine for the smiles or at the frowns of a prince of the blood, or to go mad at the refusal of a chamberlain's key. The last gratification he remembered to have enjoyed was that of riding bare-headed in a soaking rain for three hours by the side of his Grand Duke's mistress's coach; taking the *pas* of Count Krähwinkel, who challenged him, and was run through the body for this very dispute. Galgenstein gained a rheumatic gout by it, which put him to tortures for many months; and was further gratified with the post of English Envoy. He had a fortune, he asked no salary, and could look the envoy very well. Father O'Flaherty did all the duties, and furthermore acted as a spy over the ambassador — a sinecure post; for the man had no feelings, wishes, or opinions — absolutely none.

"Upon my life, father," said this worthy man, "I care for nothing. You have been talking for an hour about the Regent's death, and the Duchess of Phalaris, and sly old Fleury, and what not; and I care just as much as if you told me that one of my Bauers at Galgenstein had killed a pig; or as if my lackey, La Rose yonder, had made love to my mistress."

"He does!" said the reverend gentleman.

"Ah, Monsieur l'Abbé!" said La Rose, who was arranging his master's enormous court periwig, "you are, hélas! wrong. Monsieur le Comte will not be angry at my saying that I wish the accusation were true."

The Count did not take the slightest notice of La Rose's wit, but continued his own complaints.

"I tell you, Abbé, I care for nothing. I lost a thousand guineas t'other night at basset; I wish to my heart I could have been vexed about it. Egad! I remember the day when to lose a hundred made me half mad for a month. Well, next day I had my revenge at dice, and threw thirteen mains. There was some delay; a call for fresh bones, I think; and would you believe it? I fell asleep with the box in my hand!"

"A desperate case, indeed," said the Abbé.

"If it had not been for Krähwinkel I should have been a dead man, that's positive. That pinking him saved me."

"I make no doubt of it," said the Abbé. "Had your Excellency not run him through, he, without a doubt, would have done the same for you."

"Psha! you mistake my words, Monsieur l'Abbé" (yawning). "I mean — what cursed chocolate! — that I was dying for want of excitement. Not that I care for dying; no, d—— me, if I do!"

"*When* you do, your Excellency means," said the Abbé, a fat, gray-haired Irishman, from the Irlandois College at Paris.

His Excellency did not laugh, nor understand jokes of any kind; he was of an undeviating stupidity, and only replied, "Sir, I mean what I say. I don't care for living: no, nor for dying either; but I can speak as well as another, and I'll thank you not to be correcting my phrases as if I were one of your cursed school-boys, and not a gentleman of fortune and blood."

Herewith the Count, who had uttered four sentences about himself (he never spoke of any thing else), sunk back on his pillows again, quite exhausted by his eloquence. The Abbé, who had a seat and a table by the bedside, resumed the labors which had brought him into the room in the morning, and busied himself with papers, which occasionally he handed over to his superior for approval.

Presently Monsieur La Rose appeared.

"Here is a person with clothes from Mr. Beinkleider's. Will your Excellency see him? or shall I bid him leave the clothes?"

The Count was very much fatigued by this time; he had signed three papers, and read the first half-dozen lines of a pair of them.

"Bid the fellow come in, La Rose; and, hark ye, give me my wig: one must show one's self to be a gentleman before these scoundrels." And he therefore mounted a large chestnut-colored, orange-scented pyramid of horse-hair, which was to awe the new-comer.

He was a lad of about seventeen, in a smart waistcoat and a blue ribbon: our friend Tom Billings, indeed. He carried under his arm the Count's destined breeches. He did not seem in the least awed, however, by his Excellency's appearance, but looked at him with a great degree of curiosity and boldness. In the same manner he surveyed the chaplain, and then nodded to him with a kind look of recognition.

"Where have I seen the lad?" said the father. "Oh, I have it! My good friend, you were at the hanging yesterday, I think?"

Mr. Billings gave a very significant nod with his head. "I never miss," said he.

"What a young Turk! And pray, sir, do you go for pleasure, or for business?"

"Business! what do you mean by business?"

"Oh, I did not know whether you might be brought up to the trade, or your relations be undergoing the operation."

"My relations," said Mr. Billings, proudly, and staring the Count full in the face, "was not made for no such thing. I'm a tailor now, but I'm a gentleman's son: as good a man, ay, as his lordship there: for you a'n't his lordship — you're the Popish priest, you are; and we were very near giving you a touch of a few Protestant stones, master."

The Count began to be a little amused; he was pleased to see the Abbé look alarmed, or even foolish.

"Egad, Abbé," said he, "you turn as white as a sheet."

"I don't fancy being murdered, my lord," said the Abbé, hastily; "and murdered for a good work. It was but to be useful to yonder poor Irishman, who saved me as a prisoner in Flanders, when Marlborough would have hung me up like poor Macshane himself was yesterday."

"Ah!" said the Count, bursting out with some energy, "I was thinking who the fellow could be, ever since he robbed me on the Heath. I recollect the scoundrel now: he was a second in a duel I had here in the year 6."

"Along with Major Wood, behind Montague House," said Mr. Billings. "*I've* heard on it." And here he looked more knowing than ever.

"*You!*" cried the Count, more and more surprised. "And pray who the devil *are* you?"

"My name's Billings."

"Billings?" said the Count.

"I come out of Warwickshire," said Mr. Billings.

"Indeed!"

"I was born at Birmingham town."

"Were you, really!"

"My mother's name was Hayes," continued Billings, in a solemn voice. "I was put out to nurse along with John Billings, a blacksmith; and my father run away. *Now* do you know who I am?"

"Why, upon honor, now," said the Count, who was amused, — "upon honor, Mr. Billings, I have not that advantage."

"Well, then, my lord, *you're my father!*"

Mr. Billings, when he said this, came forward to the Count with a theatrical air; and, flinging down the breeches of which he was the bearer, held out his arms and stared, having very little doubt but that his lordship would forthwith spring out of bed and hug him to his heart. A similar piece of *naïveté* many fathers of families have, I have no doubt, remarked in their children; who, not caring for their parents a single doit, conceive,

nevertheless, that the latter are bound to show all sorts of affection for them. His lordship did move, but backwards towards the wall, and began pulling at the bell-rope with an expression of the most intense alarm.

"Keep back, sirrah! — keep back! Suppose I *am* your father, do you want to murder me? Good heavens, how the boy smells of gin and tobacco! Don't turn away, my lad! sit down there at a proper distance. And, La Rose, give him some eau-de-Cologne, and get a cup of coffee. Well, now, go on with your story. Egad, my dear Abbé, I think it is very likely that what the lad says is true."

"If it is a family conversation," said the Abbé, "I had better leave you."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, no! I could not stand the boy alone. Now, Mister ah! — What's-your-name? Have the goodness to tell your story."

Mr. Billings was wofully disconcerted; for his mother and he had agreed that as soon as his father saw him he would be recognized at once, and, mayhap, made heir to the estates and title; in which, being disappointed, he very sulkily went on with his narrative, and detailed many of those events with which the reader has already been made acquainted. The Count asked the boy's mother's Christian name, and being told it, his memory at once returned to him.

"What! are you little Cat's son?" said his Excellency. "By heavens, mon cher Abbé, a charming creature, but a tigress — positively a tigress. I recollect the whole affair now. She's a little, fresh, black-haired woman, a'n't she? with a sharp nose and thick eyebrows, ay? Ah! yes, yes," went on my lord, "I recollect her, I recollect her. It was at Birmingham I first met her: she was my Lady Trippet's woman, wasn't she?"

"She was no such thing," said Mr. Billings, hotly. "Her aunt kept 'The Bugle Inn' on Waltham Green, and your lordship seduced her."

"Seduced her! Oh, 'gad, so I did. Stap me, now, I did. Yes, I made her jump on my black horse, and bore her off like — like Æneas bore away his wife from the siege of Rome! hey, l'Abbé?"

"The events were precisely similar," said the Abbé. "It is wonderful what a memory you have!"

"I was always remarkable for it," continued his Excellency. "Well, where was I, — at the black horse? Yes, at the black horse. Well, I mounted her on the black horse, and rode her *en croupe*, egad — ha, ha! — to Birmingham; and there we billed and cooed together like a pair of turtle-doves: yes — ha! — that we did!"

"And this, I suppose, is the end of some of the *billings*?" said the Abbé, pointing to Mr. Tom.

"Billings! what do you mean? Yes — oh — ah — a pun, a calembourg. Fi donc, M. l'Abbé." And then, after the wont of very stupid people, M. de Galgenstein went on to explain to the Abbé his own pun. "Well, but to proceed," cries he. "We lived together at Birmingham, and I was going to be married to a rich heiress, egad! when what do you think this little Cat does? She murders me, egad! and makes me *manquer* the marriage. Twenty thousand, I think it was; and I wanted the money in those days. Now, wasn't she an abominable monster, that mother of yours, hey, Mr. a — What's-your-name?"

"She served you right!" said Mr. Billings, with a great oath, starting up out of all patience.

"Fellow!" said his Excellency, quite aghast, "do you know to whom you speak? — to a nobleman of seventy-eight descents; a count of the Holy Roman empire; a representative of a sovereign? Ha, egad! Don't stamp, fellow, if you hope for my protection."

"D—n your protection!" said Mr. Billings, in a fury. "Curse you and your protection too! I'm a free-born Briton, and no —— French Pa-

pist! And any man who insults my mother — ay, or calls me feller, had better look to himself and the two eyes in his head, I can tell him!" And with this Mr. Billings put himself into the most approved attitude of the Cockpit, and invited his father, the reverend gentleman, and M. La Rose the valet, to engage with him in a pugilistic encounter. The two latter, the Abbé especially, seemed dreadfully frightened; but the Count now looked on with much interest; and giving utterance to a feeble kind of chuckle, which lasted for about half a minute, said, —

"Paws off, Pompey! You young hang-dog, you — egad, yes, aha! 'pon honor, you're a lad of spirit; some of your father's spunk in you, hey? I know him by that oath. Why, sir, when I was sixteen, I used to swear — to swear, egad, like a Thames waterman, and exactly in this fellow's way! Buss me, my lad; no, kiss my hand. That will do" — and he held out a very lean yellow hand, peering from a pair of yellow ruffles. It shook very much, and the shaking made all the rings upon it shine only the more.

"Well," says Mr. Billings, "if you wasn't a-going to abuse me nor mother, I don't care if I shake hands with you. I ain't proud!"

The Abbé laughed with great glee; and that very evening sent off to his court a most ludicrous, *spicy* description of the whole scene of meeting between this amiable father and child; in which he said that young Billings was the *élève favorite* of M. Kitch, Ecuyer, le bourreau de Londres, and which made the Duke's mistress laugh so much that she vowed that the Abbé should have a bishopric on his return: for, with such store of wisdom, look you, my son, was the world governed in those days.

The Count and his offspring meanwhile conversed with some cordiality. The former informed the latter of all the diseases to which he was subject, his manner of curing them, his great consideration as chamberlain to the Duke of Bavaria; how he wore his court suits, and of a particular powder which he had invented for the hair; how, when he was seventeen, he had run away with a canoness, egad! who was afterwards locked up in a convent, and grew to be sixteen stone in weight; how he remembered the time when ladies did not wear patches; and how the Duchess of Marlborough boxed his ears when he was so high, because he wanted to kiss her.

All these important anecdotes took some time in the telling, and were accompanied by many profound moral remarks; such as, "I can't abide garlic, nor white-wine, stap me! nor Sauerkraut, though his Highness eats half a bushel per day. I ate it the first time at court; but when they brought it me a second time, I refused — refused, split me and grill me if I didn't! Everybody stared; his Highness looked as fierce as a Turk; and that infernal Krähwinkel (my dear, I did for him afterwards) — that cursed Krähwinkel, I say, looked as pleased as possible, and whispered to Countess Fritsch, 'Blitzchen Frau Gräfinn,' says he, 'it's all over with Galgenstein.' What did I do? I had the *entrée*, and demanded it. 'Altesse,' says I, falling on one knee, 'I ate no Kraut at dinner to-day. You remarked it: I saw your Highness remark it.'

"'I did, M. le Comte,' said his Highness, gravely.

"I had almost tears in my eyes; but it was necessary to come to a resolution, you know. 'Sir,' said I, 'I speak with deep grief to your Highness, who are my benefactor, my friend, my father; but of this I am resolved, I WILL NEVER EAT SAUERKRAUT MORE: it don't agree with me. After being laid up for four weeks by the last dish of Sauerkraut of which I partook, I may say with confidence — *it don't* agree with me. By impairing my health, it impairs my intellect, and weakens my

strength; and both I would keep for your Highness's service.'

"'Tut, tut!' said his Highness. 'Tut, tut, tut!' Those were his very words.

"'Give me my sword or my pen,' said I. 'Give me my sword or my pen, and with these Maximilian de Galgenstein is ready to serve you; but sure, — sure, a great prince will pity the weak health of a faithful subject, who does not know how to eat Sauerkraut?' His Highness was walking about the room: I was still on my knees, and stretched forward my hand to seize his coat.

"'GEHT ZUM TEUFEL, sir!' said he, in a loud voice (it means 'Go to the deuce,' my dear),— 'Geht zum Teufel, and eat what you like!' With this he went out of the room abruptly; leaving in my hand one of his buttons, which I keep to this day. As soon as I was alone, amazed by his great goodness and bounty, I sobbed aloud — cried like a child" (the Count's eyes filled and winked at the very recollection), "and when I went back into the card-room, stepping up to Krähwinkel, 'Count,' says I, 'who looks foolish now?' — Hey there, La Rose, give me the diamond —— Yes, that was the very pun I made, and very good it was thought. 'Krähwinkel,' says I, '*who looks foolish now?*' and from that day to this I was never at a court-day asked to eat Sauerkraut — *never*."

"Hey there, La Rose! Bring me that diamond snuff-box in the drawer of my *secrétaire;*" and the snuff-box was brought. "Look at it, my dear," said the Count, "for I saw you seemed to doubt. There is the button — the very one that came off his Grace's coat."

Mr. Billings received it, and twisted it about with a stupid air. The story had quite mystified him; for he did not dare yet to think his father was a fool — his respect for the aristocracy prevented him.

When the Count's communications had ceased, which they did as soon as the story of the Sauerkraut was finished, a silence of some minutes ensued. Mr. Billings was trying to comprehend the circumstances above narrated; his lordship was exhausted; the chaplain had quitted the room directly the word Sauerkraut was mentioned — he knew what was coming. His lordship looked for some time at his son; who returned the gaze with his mouth wide open. "Well," said the Count — "well, sir? What are you sitting there for? If you have nothing to say, sir, you had better go. I had you here to amuse me — split me — and not to sit there staring!"

Mr. Billings rose in a fury.

"Hark ye, my lad," said the Count, "tell La Rose to give thee five guineas, and, ah — come again some morning. A nice, well-grown young lad," mused the Count, as Master Tommy walked wondering out of the apartment; "a pretty fellow enough, and intelligent too."

"Well, he *is* an odd fellow, my father," thought Mr. Billings, as he walked out, having received the sum offered to him. And he immediately went to call upon his friend Polly Briggs, from whom he had separated in the morning.

What was the result of their interview is not at all necessary to the progress of this history. Having made her, however, acquainted with the particulars of his visit to his father, he went to his mother's and related to her all that had occurred.

Poor thing, she was very differently interested in the issue of it.

CHAPTER X.

SHOWING HOW GALGENSTEIN AND MRS. CAT RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER IN MARYLEBONE GARDENS — AND HOW THE COUNT DRIVES HER HOME IN HIS CARRIAGE.

ABOUT a month after the touching conversation above related, there was

given, at Marylebone Gardens, a grand concert and entertainment, at which the celebrated Madame Aménaïde, a dancer of the theatre at Paris, was to perform, under the patronage of several English and foreign noblemen; among whom was his Excellency the Bavarian Envoy. Madame Aménaïde was, in fact, no other than the *maitresse en titre* of the Monsieur de Galgenstein, who had her a great bargain from the Duke de Rohan-Chabot at Paris.

It is not our purpose to make a great and learned display here, otherwise the costumes of the company assembled at this fête might afford scope for at least half a dozen pages of fine writing; and we might give, if need were, specimens of the very songs and music sung on the occasion. Does not the Burney collection of music, at the British Museum, afford one an ample store of songs from which to choose? Are there not the memoirs of Colley Cibber? those of Mrs. Clark, the daughter of Colley? Is there not Congreve, and Farquhar — nay, and at a pinch, "The Dramatic Biography," or even "The Spectator," from which the observant genius might borrow passages, and construct pretty antiquarian figments? Leave we these trifles to meaner souls! Our business is not with the breeches and periwigs, with the hoops and patches, but with the divine hearts of men, and the passions which agitate them. What need, therefore, have we to say that on this evening, after the dancing, the music, and the fireworks, Monsieur de Galgenstein felt the strange and welcome pangs of appetite, and was picking a cold chicken, along with some other friends, in an arbor — a cold chicken, with an accompaniment of a bottle of champagne — when he was led to remark that a very handsome, plump little person, in a gorgeous stiff damask gown and petticoat, was sauntering up and down the walk running opposite his supping-place, and bestowing continual glances towards his Excellency. The lady, whoever she was, was in a mask, such as ladies of high and low fashion wore at public places in those days, and had a male companion. He was a lad of only seventeen, marvellously well dressed — indeed, no other than the Count's own son, Mr. Thomas Billings; who had at length received from his mother the silver-hilted sword, and the wig, which that affectionate parent had promised to him.

In the course of the month which had elapsed since the interview that has been described in the former chapter, Mr. Billings had several times had occasion to wait on his father; but though he had, according to her wishes, frequently alluded to the existence of his mother, the Count had never at any time expressed the slightest wish to renew his acquaintance with that lady; who, if she had seen him, had only seen him by stealth.

The fact is, that after Billings had related to her the particulars of his first meeting with his Excellency, which ended, like many of the latter visits, in nothing at all, Mrs. Hayes had found some pressing business, which continually took her to Whitehall, and had been prowling from day to day about Monsieur de Galgenstein's lodgings. Four or five times in the week, as his Excellency stepped into his coach, he might have remarked, had he chosen, a woman in a black hood, who was looking most eagerly into his eyes; but those eyes had long since left off the practice of observing; and Madam Catherine's visits had so far gone for nothing.

On this night, however, inspired by gayety and drink, the Count had been amazingly stricken by the gait and ogling of the lady in the mask. The Reverend O'Flaherty, who was with him, and had observed the figure in the black cloak, recognized, or thought he recognized, her. "It is the woman who dogs your Excellency every day," said he. "She is with that tailor lad who loves to see people hanged — your Excellency's son, I

mean." And he was just about to warn the Count of a conspiracy evidently made against him, and that the son had brought, most likely, the mother to play her arts upon him — he was just about, I say, to show to the Count the folly and danger of renewing an old *liaison* with a woman such as he had described Mrs. Cat to be, when his Excellency, starting up, and interrupting his ghostly adviser at the very beginning of his sentence, said, "Egad, l'Abbé, you are right — it *is* my son, and a mighty smart-looking creature with him. Hey! Mr. What's-your-name — Tom, you rogue, don't you know your own father?" And so saying, and cocking his beaver on one side, Monsieur de Galgenstein strutted jauntily after Mr. Billings and the lady.

It was the first time that the Count had formally recognized his son.

"Tom, you rogue," stopped at this, and the Count came up. He had a white velvet suit, covered over with stars and orders, a neat modest wig and bag, and peach-colored silk-stockings with silver clasps. The lady in the mask gave a start as his Excellency came forward. "Law, mother, don't squeege so," said Tom. The poor woman was trembling in every limb; but she had presence of mind to "squeege" Tom a great deal harder; and the latter took the hint, I suppose, and was silent.

The splendid Count came up. Ye gods, how his embroidery glittered in the lamps! What a royal exhalation of musk and bergamot came from his wig, his handkerchief, and his grand lace ruffles and frills! A broad yellow ribbon passed across his breast, and ended at his hip in a shining diamond cross — a diamond cross, and a diamond sword-hilt! Was anything ever seen so beautiful? And might not a poor woman tremble when such a noble creature drew near to her, and deigned, from the height of his rank and splendor, to look down upon her? As Jove came down to Semele in state, in his habits of ceremony, with all the grand cordons of his orders blazing about his imperial person — thus dazzling, magnificent, triumphant, the great Galgenstein descended towards Mrs. Catherine. Her cheeks glowed red hot under her coy velvet mask, her heart thumped against the whalebone prison of her stays. What a delicious storm of vanity was raging in her bosom! What a rush of long-pent recollections burst forth at the sound of that enchanting voice!

As you wind up a hundred-guinea chronometer with a twopenny watch-key — as by means of a dirty wooden plug you set all the waters of Versailles a-raging, and splashing, and storming — in like manner, and by like humble agents, were Mrs. Catherine's tumultuous passions set going. The Count, we have said, slipped up to his son, and merely saying, "How do, Tom?" cut the young gentleman altogether, and passing round to the lady's side, said, "Madam, 'tis a charming evening — egad it is!" She almost fainted: it was the old voice. There he was, after seventeen years, once more at her side!

Now I know what I could have done. I can turn out a quotation from Sophocles (by looking to the index) as well as another: I can throw off a bit of fine writing too, with passion, similes, and a moral at the end. What, pray, is the last sentence but one but the very finest writing? Suppose, for example, I had made Maximilian, as he stood by the side of Catherine, look up towards the clouds, and exclaim, in the words of the voluptuous Cornelius Nepos, —

> *'Αέναοι νεφέλαι*
> *'Αρθῶμεν φανεραὶ*
> *Δροσερὰν φύσιν εὐάγητοι, κ. τ. λ.*

Or suppose, again, I had said, in a style more popular: — The Count advanced towards the maiden. They both were mute for a while; and only the beating of her heart interrupted that thrilling and passionate

silence. Ah, what years of buried joys and fears, hopes and disappointments, arose from their graves in the far past, and in those brief moments flitted before the united ones! How sad was that delicious retrospect, and oh, how sweet! The tears that rolled down the cheek of each were bubbles from the choked and moss-grown wells of youth; the sigh that heaved each bosom had some lurking odors in it — memories of the fragrance of boyhood, echoes of the hymns of the young heart! Thus is it ever — for these blessed recollections the soul always has a place; and while crime perishes, and sorrow is forgotten, the beautiful alone is eternal.

"O golden legends, written in the skies!" mused De Galgenstein, "ye shine as ye did in the olden days! *We* change, but *ye* speak ever the same language. Gazing in your abysmal depths, the feeble ratioci" —

. . . . . .

There, now, are six columns * of the best writing to be found in this or any other book. Galgenstein has quoted Euripides thrice, Plato once, Lycophron nine times, besides extracts from the Latin syntax and the minor Greek poets. Catherine's passionate embreathings are of the most fashionable order; and I call upon the ingenious critic of the X—— newspaper to say whether they do not possess the real impress of the giants of the olden time — the real Platonic smack, in a word? Not that I want in the least to show off; but it is as well, every now and then, to show the public what one *can* do.

Instead, however, of all this rant and nonsense, how much finer is the speech that the Count really did make? "It is a very fine evening, — egad it is!" The "egad" did the whole business: Mrs. Cat was as much in love with him now as ever she had been; and, gathering up all her energies, she said, "It is dreadful hot too, I think;" and with this she made a courtesy.

"Stifling, split me!" added his Excellency. "What do you say, madam, to a rest in an arbor, and a drink of something cool?"

"Sir!" said the lady, drawing back.

"Oh, a drink — a drink by all means," exclaimed Mr. Billings, who was troubled with a perpetual thirst. "Come, mo— Mrs. Jones, I mean: you're fond of a glass of cold punch, you know; and the rum here is prime, I can tell you."

The lady in the mask consented with some difficulty to the proposal of Mr. Billings, and was led by the two gentlemen into an arbor, where she was seated between them; and, some wax candles being lighted, punch was brought.

She drank one or two glasses very eagerly, and so did her two companions; although it was evident to see, from the flushed looks of both of them, that they had little need of any such stimulus. The Count, in the midst of his champagne, it must be said, had been amazingly stricken and scandalized by the appearance of such a youth as Billings in a public place, with a lady under his arm. He was, the reader will therefore understand, in the moral stage of liquor; and when he issued out, it was not merely with the intention of examining Mr. Billings's female companion, but of administering to him some sound correction for venturing, at his early period of life, to form any such acquaintances. On joining Billings, his Excellency's first step was naturally to examine the lady. After they had been sitting for a while over their punch, he bethought him of his original purpose, and began to address a number of moral remarks to his son.

* There *were* six columns, as mentioned by the accurate Mr. Solomons; but we have withdrawn two pages and three-quarters, because, although our correspondent has been excessively eloquent, according to custom, we were anxious to come to the facts of the story.

Mr. Solomons, by sending to our office, may have the cancelled passages. — ED.

We have already given some specimens of Monsieur de Galgenstein's sober conversation; and it is hardly necessary to trouble the reader with any further reports of his speeches. They were intolerably stupid and dull; as egotistical as his morning lecture had been, and a hundred times more rambling and prosy. If Cat had been in the possession of her sober senses, she would have seen in five minutes that her ancient lover was a ninny, and have left him with scorn; but she was under the charm of old recollections, and the sound of that silly voice was to her magical. As for Mr. Billings, he allowed his Excellency to continue his prattle, only frowning, yawning, cursing occasionally, but drinking continually.

So the Count descanted at length upon the enormity of young Billings's early *liaisons;* and then he told his own, in the year four, with a burgomaster's daughter, at Ratisbon, when he was in the Elector of Bavaria's service — then, after Blenheim, when he had come over to the Duke of Marlborough, when a physician's wife at Bonn poisoned herself for him, &c., &c.; of a piece with the story of the canoness, which has been recorded before. All the tales were true. A clever, ugly man every now and then is successful with the ladies; but a handsome fool is irresistible. Mrs. Cat listened and listened. Good heavens! she had heard all these tales before, and recollected the place and the time — how she was hemming a handkerchief for Max; who came round and kissed her, vowing that the physician's wife was nothing compared to her — how he was tired, and lying on the sofa, just come home from shooting. How handsome he looked! Cat thought he was only the handsomer now; and looked more grave and thoughtful, the dear fellow!

The garden was filled with a vast deal of company of all kinds, and parties were passing every moment before the arbor where our trio sat. About half an hour after his Excellency had quitted his own box and party, the Rev. Mr. O'Flaherty came discreetly round, to examine the proceedings of his diplomatical *chef*. The lady in the mask was listening with all her might; Mr. Billings was drawing figures on the table with punch; and the Count talking incessantly. The Father Confessor listened for a moment; and then, with something resembling an oath, walked away to the entry of the gardens, where his Excellency's gilt coach, with three footmen, was waiting to carry him back to London. "Get me a chair, Joseph," said his Reverence, who infinitely preferred a seat gratis in the coach. "That fool," muttered he, "will not move for this hour." The reverend gentleman knew that, when the Count was on the subject of the physician's wife, his discourses were intolerably long; and took upon himself, therefore, to disappear, along with the rest of the Count's party; who procured other conveyances, and returned to their homes.

After this quiet shadow had passed before the Count's box, many groups of persons passed and repassed; and among them was no other than Mrs. Polly Briggs, to whom we have been already introduced. Mrs. Polly was in company with one or two other ladies, and leaning on the arm of a gentleman with large shoulders and calves, a fierce cock to his hat, and a shabby genteel air. His name was Mr. Moffat, and his present occupation was that of door-keeper at a gambling-house in Covent Garden; where, though he saw many thousands pass daily under his eyes, his own salary amounted to no more than four and sixpence weekly, — a sum quite insufficient to maintain him in the rank which he held.

Mr. Moffat had, however, received some funds — amounting, indeed, to a matter of twelve guineas — within the last month, and was treating Mrs. Briggs very generously to the concert. It may be as well to say that every one of the twelve guineas had come

out of Mrs. Polly's own pocket; who, in return, had received them from Mr. Billings. And as the reader may remember that, on the day of Tommy's first interview with his father, he had previously paid a visit to Mrs. Briggs, having under his arm a pair of breeches, which Mrs. Briggs coveted—he should now be informed that she desired these breeches, not for pin-cushions, but for Mr. Moffat, who had long been in want of a pair.

Having thus episodically narrated Mr. Moffat's history, let us state that he, his lady, and their friends, passed before the Count's arbor, joining in a melodious chorus to a song which one of the society, an actor of Betterton's, was singing:—

"'Tis my will, when I'm dead, that no tear shall be shed,
No 'Hic jacet' be graved on my stone;
But pour o'er my ashes a bottle of red,
And say a good fellow is gone,
My brave boys!
And say a good fellow is gone."

"My brave boys" was given with vast emphasis by the party; Mr. Moffat growling it in a rich bass, and Mrs. Briggs in a soaring treble. As to the notes, when quavering up to the skies, they excited various emotions among the people in the gardens. "Silence them blackguards!" shouted a barber, who was taking a pint of small beer along with his lady. "Stop that there infernal screeching!" said a couple of ladies, who were sipping ratafia in company with two pretty fellows.

"Dang it, it's Polly!" said Mr. Tom Billings, bolting out of the box, and rushing towards the sweet-voiced Mrs. Briggs. When he reached her, which he did quickly, and made his arrival known by tipping Mrs. Briggs slightly on the waist, and suddenly bouncing down before her and her friend, both of the latter drew back somewhat startled.

"Law, Mr. Billings!" says Mrs. Polly, rather coolly, "is it you? Who thought of seeing you here?"

"Who's this here young feller?" says towering Mr. Moffat, with his bass voice.

"It's Mr. Billings, cousin, a friend of mine," said Mrs. Polly, beseechingly.

"Oh, cousin, if it's a friend of yours, he should know better how to conduct himself, that's all. Har you a dancing-master, young feller, that you cut them there capers before gentlemen?" growled Mr. Moffat; who hated Mr. Billings, for the excellent reason that he lived upon him.

"Dancing-master be hanged!" said Mr. Billings, with becoming spirit: "if you call me dancing-master, I'll pull your nose."

"What!" roared Mr. Moffat, "pull my nose? *My nose!* I'll tell you what, my lad, if you durst move me, I'll cut your throat, curse me!"

"Oh, Moffy—cousin, I mean—'tis a shame to treat the poor boy so. Go away, Tommy; do go away; my cousin's in liquor," whimpered Madam Briggs, who really thought that the great door-keeper would put his threat into execution.

"Tommy!" said Mr. Moffat, frowning horribly; "Tommy to me too? Dog, get out of my ssss"—*sight* was the word which Mr. Moffat intended to utter; but he was interrupted; for, to the astonishment of his friends and himself, Mr. Billings did actually make a spring at the monster's nose, and caught it so firmly, that the latter could not finish his sentence.

The operation was performed with amazing celerity; and, having concluded it, Mr. Billings sprung back, and whisked from out its sheath that new silver-hilted sword which his mamma had given him. "Now," said he, with a fierce kind of calmness, "now for the throat-cutting, cousin: I'm your man!"

How the brawl might have ended, no one can say, had the two gentlemen actually crossed swords; but Mrs. Polly, with a wonderful presence of mind, restored peace by exclaiming, "Hush, hush! the beaks, the beaks!"

Upon which, with one common instinct, the whole party made a rush for the garden gates, and disappeared into the fields. Mrs. Briggs knew her company: there was something in the very name of a constable which sent them all a-flying.

After running a reasonable time, Mr. Billings stopped. But the great Moffat was nowhere to be seen, and Polly Briggs had likewise vanished. Then Tom bethought him that he would go back to his mother; but, arriving at the gate of the gardens, was refused admittance, as he had not a shilling in his pocket. "I've left," says Tommy, giving himself the airs of a gentleman, "some friends in the gardens. I'm with his Excellency the Bavarian henvy."

"Then you had better go away with him," said the gate people.

"But I tell you I left him there, in the grand circle, with a lady; and what's more, in the dark walk, I have left a silver-hilted sword."

"Oh, my lord, I'll go and tell him then," cried one of the porters, "if you will wait."

Mr. Billings seated himself on a post near the gate, and there consented to remain until the return of his messenger. The latter went straight to the dark walk, and found the sword, sure enough. But, instead of returning it to its owner, this discourteous knight broke the trenchant blade at the hilt; and flinging the steel away, pocketed the baser silver metal, and lurked off by the private door consecrated to the waiters and fiddlers.

In the mean time, Mr. Billings waited and waited. And what was the conversation of his worthy parents inside the garden? I cannot say; but one of the waiters declared that he had served the great foreign Count with two bowls of rack-punch, and some biscuits, in No. 3: that in the box with him were first a young gentleman, who went away, and a lady, splendidly dressed and masked: that when the lady and his lordship were alone, she edged away to the farther end of the table, and they had much talk: that at last, when his Grace had pressed her very much, she took off her mask, and said, "Don't you know me now, Max?" that he cried out, "My own Catherine, thou art more beautiful than ever!" and wanted to kneel down and vow eternal love to her; but she begged him not to do so in a place where all the world would see: that then his Highness paid, and they left the gardens, the lady putting on her mask again.

When they issued from the gardens, "Ho! Joseph La Rose, my coach!" shouted his Excellency, in rather a husky voice; and the men who had been waiting came up with the carriage. A young gentleman, who was dozing on one of the posts at the entry, woke up suddenly at the blaze of the torches and the noise of the footmen. The Count gave his arm to the lady in the mask, who slipped in; and he was whispering La Rose, when the lad who had been sleeping hit his Excellency on the shoulder, and said, "I say, Count, you can give *me* a cast home too," and jumped into the coach.

When Catherine saw her son, she threw herself into his arms, and kissed him with a burst of hysterical tears; of which Mr. Billings was at a loss to understand the meaning. The Count joined them, looking not a little disconcerted; and the pair were landed at their own door, where stood Mr. Hayes, in his nightcap, ready to receive them, and astounded at the splendor of the equipage in which his wife returned to him.

CHAPTER XI.

OF SOME DOMESTIC QUARRELS, AND THE CONSEQUENCE THEREOF.

An ingenious magazine-writer, who lived in the time of Mr. Brock and the Duke of Marlborough, compared

the latter gentleman's conduct in battle, when he

"In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons lent the timely aid;
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage" —

Mr. Joseph Addison, I say, compared the Duke of Marlborough to an angel, who is sent by divine command to chastise a guilty people —

"And pleased his Master's orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

The four first of these novel lines touch off the Duke's disposition and genius to a tittle. He had a love for such scenes of strife: in the midst of them his spirit rose calm and supreme, soaring (like an angel or not, but anyway the compliment is a very pretty one) on the battle-clouds majestic, and causing to ebb or to flow the mighty tide of war.

But as this famous simile might apply with equal propriety to a bad angel as to a good one, it may in like manner be employed to illustrate small quarrels as well as great — a little family squabble, in which two or three people are engaged, as well as a vast national dispute, argued on each side by the roaring throats of five hundred angry cannon. The poet means, in fact, that the Duke of Marlborough had an immense genius for mischief.

Our friend Brock, or Wood (whose actions we love to illustrate by the very handsomest similes), possessed this genius in common with his Grace; and was never so happy, or seen to so much advantage, as when he was employed in setting people by the ears. His spirits, usually dull, then rose into the utmost gayety and good humor. When the doubtful battle flagged, he by his art would instantly restore it. When, for instance, Tom's repulsed battalions of rhetoric fled from his mamma's fire, a few words of apt sneer or encouragement on Wood's part would bring the fight round again; or when Mr. Hayes's fainting squadrons of abuse broke upon the stubborn squares of Tom's bristling obstinacy, it was Wood's delight to rally the former, and bring him once more to the charge. A great share had this man in making those bad people worse. Many fierce words and bad passions, many falsehoods and knaveries on Tom's part, much bitterness, scorn, and jealousy on the part of Hayes and Catherine, might be attributed to this hoary old tempter, whose joy and occupation it was to raise and direct the domestic storms and whirlwinds of the family of which he was a member. And do not let us be accused of an undue propensity to use sounding words, because we compare three scoundrels in the Tyburn Road to so many armies, and Mr. Wood to a mighty field-marshal. My dear sir, when you have well studied the world — how supremely great the meanest thing in this world is, and how infinitely mean the greatest — I am mistaken if you do not make a strange and proper jumble of the sublime and the ridiculous, the lofty and the low. I have looked at the world, for my part, and come to the conclusion that I know not which is which.

Well, then, on the night when Mrs. Hayes, as recorded by us, had been to the Marylebone Gardens, Mr. Wood had found the sincerest enjoyment in plying her husband with drink: so that, when Catherine arrived at home, Mr. Hayes came forward to meet her in a manner which showed that he was not only surly, but drunk. Tom stepped out of the coach first; and Hayes asked him, with an oath, where he had been? The oath Mr. Billings sternly flung back again (with another in its company), and at the same time refused to give his stepfather any sort of answer to his query.

"The old man is drunk, mother," said he to Mrs. Hayes, as he handed

that lady out of the coach (before leaving which she had to withdraw her hand rather violently from the grasp of the Count, who was inside). Hayes instantly showed the correctness of his surmise by slamming the door courageously in Tom's face, when he attempted to enter the house with his mother. And when Mrs. Catherine remonstrated, according to her wont, in a very angry and supercilious tone, Mr. Hayes replied with equal haughtiness, and a regular quarrel ensued.

People were accustomed in those days to use much more simple and expressive terms of language than are now thought polite; and it would be dangerous to give, in this present year 1840, the exact words of reproach which passed between Hayes and his wife in 1726. Mr. Wood sat near, laughing his sides out. Mr. Hayes swore that his wife should not go abroad to tea-gardens in search of vile Popish noblemen; to which Mrs. Hayes replied, that Mr. Hayes was a pitiful, lying, sneaking cur, and that she would go where she pleased. Mr. Hayes rejoined, that if she said much more he would take a stick to her. Mr. Wood whispered, "And serve her right." Mrs. Hayes thereupon swore she had stood his cowardly blows once or twice before, but that if ever he did so again, as sure as she was born, she would stab him. Mr. Wood said, "Curse me, but I like her spirit."

Mr. Hayes took another line of argument, and said, "The neighbors would talk, madam."

"Ay, that they will, no doubt," said Mr. Wood.

"Then let them," said Catherine. "What do we care about the neighbors? Didn't the neighbors talk when you sent Widow Wilkins to jail? Didn't the neighbors talk when you levied on poor old Thomson? You didn't mind *then*, Mr. Hayes."

"Business, ma'am, is business; and if I did distrain on Thomson, and lock up Wilkins, I think you knew about it as much as I."

"I'faith, I believe you're a pair," said Mr. Wood.

"Pray, sir, keep your tongue to yourself. Your opinion isn't asked anyhow — no, nor your company wanted neither," cried Mrs. Catherine, with proper spirit.

At which remark Mr. Wood only whistled.

"I have asked this here gentleman to pass this evening along with me. We've been drinking together, ma'am."

"That we have," said Mr. Wood, looking at Mrs. Cat with the most perfect good-humor.

"I say, ma'am, that we've been a-drinking together; and when we've been a-drinking together, I say that a man is my friend. Dr. Wood is my friend, madam — the Rev. Dr. Wood. We've passed the evening in company, talking about politics, madam — politics and riddle-iddle-igion. We've not been flaunting in tea-gardens, and ogling the men."

"It's a lie!" shrieked Mrs. Hayes. "I went with Tom — you know I did: the boy wouldn't let me rest till I promised to go."

"Hang him, I hate him," said Mr. Hayes: "he's always in my way."

"He's the only friend I have in the world, and the only being I care a pin for," said Catherine.

"He's an impudent, idle, good-for-nothing scoundrel, and I hope to see him hanged!" shouted Mr. Hayes. "And pray, madam, whose carriage was that as you came home in? I warrant you paid something for the ride — Ha, ha!"

"Another lie!" screamed Cat, and clutched hold of a supper-knife. "Say it again, John Hayes, and by ——, I'll do for you."

"Do for me? Hang me," said Mr. Hayes, flourishing a stick, and perfectly pot-valiant, "do you think I care for a bastard and a" —

He did not finish the sentence, for the woman ran at him like a savage,

knife in hand. He bounded back, flinging his arms about wildly, and struck her with his staff sharply across the forehead. The woman went down instantly. A lucky blow was it for Hayes and her: it saved him from death, perhaps, and her from murder.

All this scene — a very important one of our drama — might have been described at much greater length; but, in truth, the author has a natural horror of dwelling too long upon such hideous spectacles: nor would the reader be much edified by a full and accurate knowledge of what took place. The quarrel, however, though not more violent than many that had previously taken place between Hayes and his wife, was about to cause vast changes in the condition of this unhappy pair.

Hayes was at the first moment of his victory very much alarmed; he feared that he had killed the woman; and Wood started up rather anxiously too, with the same fancy. But she soon began to recover. Water was brought; her head was raised and bound up; and in a short time Mrs. Catherine gave vent to a copious fit of tears, which relieved her somewhat. These did not affect Hayes much — they rather pleased him, for he saw he had got the better; and although Cat fiercely turned upon him when he made some small attempt towards reconciliation, he did not heed her anger, but smiled and winked in a self-satisfied way at Wood. The coward was quite proud of his victory; and finding Catherine asleep, or apparently so, when he followed her to bed, speedily gave himself up to slumber too, and had some pleasant dreams to his portion.

Mr. Wood also went sniggering and happy up stairs to his chamber. The quarrel had been a real treat to him; it excited the old man — tickled him into good-humor; and he promised himself a rare continuation of the fun when Tom should be made acquainted with the circumstances of the dispute. As for his Excellency the Count, the ride from Marylebone Gardens, and a tender squeeze of the hand which Catherine permitted to him on parting, had so inflamed the passions of the nobleman, that after sleeping for nine hours, and taking his chocolate as usual the next morning, he actually delayed to read the newspaper, and kept waiting a toy-shop lady from Cornhill (with the sweetest bargain of mechlin lace), in order to discourse to his chaplain on the charms of Mrs. Hayes.

She, poor thing, never closed her lids, except when she would have had Mr. Hayes imagine that she slumbered; but lay beside him, tossing and tumbling, with hot eyes wide open, and heart thumping, and pulse of a hundred and ten, and heard the heavy hours tolling; and at last the day came peering, haggard, through the window-curtains, and found her still wakeful and wretched.

Mrs. Hayes had never been, as we have seen, especially fond of her lord; but now, as the day made visible to her the sleeping figure and countenance of that gentleman, she looked at him with a contempt and loathing such as she had never felt even in all the years of her wedded life. Mr. Hayes was snoring profoundly: by his bedside, on his ledger, stood a large greasy tin candlestick, containing a lank tallow-candle, turned down in the shaft; and in the lower part, his keys, purse, and tobacco-pipe; his feet were huddled up in his greasy threadbare clothes; his head and half his sallow face muffled up in a red woollen nightcap; his beard was of several days' growth; his mouth was wide open, and he was snoring profoundly: on a more despicable little creature the sun never shone. And to this sordid wretch was Catherine united forever. What a pretty rascal history might be read in yonder greasy day-book, which never left the miser! — he never read in any other. Of what a treasure were yonder keys and purse the keep-

ers! not a shilling they guarded but was picked from the pocket of necessity, plundered from needy wantonness, or pitilessly squeezed from starvation. "A fool, a miser, and a coward! Why was I bound to this wretch?" thought Catherine: "I, who am high-spirited and beautiful (did not *he* tell me so?); I who, born a beggar, have raised myself to competence, and might have mounted — who knows whither? — if cursed Fortune had not balked me!"

As Mrs. Cat did not utter these sentiments, but only thought them, we have a right to clothe her thoughts in the genteelest possible language; and, to the best of our power, have done so. If the reader examines Mrs. Hayes's strain of reasoning, he will not, we should think, fail to perceive how ingeniously she managed to fix all the wrong upon her husband, and yet to twist out some consolatory arguments for her own vanity. This perverse argumentation we have all of us, no doubt, employed in our time. How often have we, — we poets, politicians, philosophers, family-men, — found charming excuses for our own rascalities in the monstrous wickedness of the world about us; how loudly have we abused the times and our neighbors! All this devil's logic did Mrs. Catherine, lying wakeful in her bed on the night of the Marylebone fête, exert in gloomy triumph.

It must, however, be confessed, that nothing could be more just than Mrs. Hayes's sense of her husband's scoundrelism and meanness; for, if we have not proved these in the course of this history, we have proved nothing. Mrs. Cat had a shrewd, observing mind; and if she wanted for proofs against Hayes, she had but to look before and about her to find them. This amiable pair were lying in a large walnut-bed, with faded silk furniture, which had been taken from under a respectable old invalid widow, who had become security for a prodigal son; the room was hung round with an antique tapestry (representing Rebecca at the Well, Bathsheba Bathing, Judith and Holofernes, and other subjects from Holy Writ), which had been many score times sold for fifty pounds, and bought back by Mr. Hayes for two, in those accommodating barguins which he made with young gentlemen, who received fifty pounds of money and fifty of tapestry in consideration of their hundred-pound bills. Against this tapestry, and just cutting off Holofernes' head, stood an enormous ominous black clock, the spoil of some other usurious transaction. Some chairs, and a dismal old black cabinet, completed the furniture of this apartment: it wanted but a ghost to render its gloom complete.

Mrs. Hayes sat up in the bed sternly regarding her husband. There is, be sure, a strong magnetic influence in wakeful eyes so examining a sleeping person. Do not you, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings, and finding your mother looking over you? had not the gaze of her tender eyes stolen into your senses long before you woke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet spell of peace and love, and fresh-springing joy? Some such influence had Catherine's looks upon her husband: for, as he slept under them, the man began to writhe about uneasily, and to burrow his head in the pillow, and to utter quick, strange moans and cries, such as have often jarred one's ear while watching at the bed of the feverish sleeper. It was just upon six, and presently the clock began to utter those dismal grinding sounds, which issue from clocks at such periods, and which sound like the death-rattle of the departing hour. Then the bell struck the knell of it; and with this Mr. Hayes awoke, and looked up, and saw Catherine gazing at him.

Their eyes met for an instant, and Catherine turned away, burning red, and looking as if she had been caught in the commission of a crime.

A kind of blank terror seized upon old Hayes's soul: a horrible icy fear, and presentiment of coming evil; and yet the woman had but looked at him. He thought rapidly over the occurrences of the last night, the quarrel, and the end of it. He had often struck her before when angry, and heaped all kinds of bitter words upon her; but, in the morning, she bore no malice, and the previous quarrel was forgotten, or, at least, passed over. Why should the last night's dispute not have the same end? Hayes calculated all this, and tried to smile.

"I hope we're friends, Cat?" said he. "You know I was in liquor last night, and sadly put out by the loss of that fifty pound. They'll ruin me, dear — I know they will."

Mrs. Hayes did not answer.

"I should like to see the country again, dear," said he, in his most wheedling way. "I've a mind, do you know, to call in all our money? It's you who've made every farthing of it, that's sure; and it's a matter of two thousand pound by this time. Suppose we go into Warwickshire, Cat, and buy a farm, and live genteel. Shouldn't you like to live a lady in your own county again? How they'd stare at Birmingham! hey, Cat?"

And with this Mr. Hayes made a motion, as if he would seize his wife's hand, but she flung his back again.

"Coward!" said she, "you want liquor to give you courage, and then you've only heart enough to strike women."

"It was only in self-defence, my dear," said Hayes, whose courage was all gone. "You tried, you know, to — to" —

"To *stab* you; and I wish I had!" said Mrs. Hayes, setting her teeth, and glaring at him like a demon; and so saying she sprung out of bed. There was a great stain of blood on her pillow. "Look at it," said she. "That blood's of your shedding!" and at this Hayes fairly began to weep, so utterly downcast and frightened was the miserable man. The wretch's tears only inspired his wife with a still greater rage and loathing; she cared not so much for the blow, but she hated the man: the man to whom she was tied forever — forever! The bar between her and wealth, happiness, love, rank perhaps. "If I were free," thought Mrs. Hayes (the thought had been sitting at her pillow all night, and whispering ceaselessly into her ear) — "if I were free, Max would marry me; I know he would: — he said so yesterday!"

. . . . . .

As if by a kind of intuition, old Wood seemed to read all this woman's thoughts; for he said that day with a sneer, that he would wager she was thinking how much better it would be to be a Count's lady than a poor miser's wife. "And faith," said he, "a Count and a chariot-and-six is better than an old skinflint with a cudgel." And then he asked her if her head was better, and supposed that she was used to beating; and cut sundry other jokes, which made the poor wretch's wounds of mind and body feel a thousand times sorer.

Tom, too, was made acquainted with the dispute, and swore his accustomed vengeance against his step-father. Such feelings, Wood, with a dexterous malice, would never let rest; it was his joy, at first quite a disinterested one, to goad Catherine and to frighten Hayes: though, in truth, that unfortunate creature had no occasion for incitements from without to keep up the dreadful state of terror and depression into which he had fallen.

For, from the morning after the quarrel, the horrible words and looks of Catherine never left Hayes's memory; but a cold fear followed him — a dreadful prescience. He strove to overcome this fate as a coward would — to kneel to it for compassion — to coax and wheedle it into forgiveness. He was slavishly gentle to Catherine, and bore her fierce taunts with mean resignation. He trembled before young Billings, who was now established in

the house (his mother said, to protect her against the violence of her husband), and suffered his brutal language and conduct without venturing to resist.

The young man and his mother lorded over the house: Hayes hardly dared to speak in their presence; seldom sat with the family except at meals; but slipped away to his chamber (he slept apart now from his wife) or passed the evening at the public-house, where he was constrained to drink — to spend some of his beloved sixpences for drink!

And, of course, the neighbors began to say, "John Hayes neglects his wife." "He tyrannizes over her, and beats her." "Always at the public-house, leaving an honest woman alone at home!"

The unfortunate wretch did *not* hate his wife. He was used to her — fond of her as much as he could be fond — sighed to be friends with her again — repeatedly would creep, whimpering, to Wood's room, when the latter was alone, and beg him to bring about a reconciliation. They *were* reconciled, as much as ever they could be. The woman looked at him, thought what she might be but for him, and scorned and loathed him with a feeling that almost amounted to insanity. What nights she lay awake, weeping and cursing herself and him! His humility and beseeching looks only made him more despicable and hateful to her.

If Hayes did not hate the mother, however, he hated the boy — hated and feared him dreadfully. He would have poisoned him if he had had the courage; but he dared not: he dared not even look at him as he sat there, the master of the house, in insolent triumph. O God! how the lad's brutal laughter rung in Hayes's ears; and how the stare of his fierce, bold black eyes pursued him! Of a truth, if Mr. Wood loved mischief, as he did, honestly and purely for mischief's sake, he had enough here. There was mean malice, and fierce scorn, and black revenge, and sinful desire, boiling up in the hearts of these wretched people, enough to content Mr. Wood's great master himself.

Hayes's business, as we have said, was nominally that of a carpenter; but since, for the last few years, he had added to it that of a lender of money, the carpenter's trade had been neglected altogether for one so much more profitable. Mrs. Hayes had exerted herself, with much benefit to her husband, in his usurious business. She was a resolute, clear-sighted, keen woman, that did not love money, but loved to be rich and push her way in the world. She would have nothing to do with the trade now, however, and told her husband to manage it himself. She felt that she was separated from him forever, and could no more be brought to consider her interests as connected with his own.

The man was well fitted for the creeping and niggling of his dastardly trade; and gathered his moneys, and busied himself with his lawyer, and acted as his own book-keeper and clerk, not without satisfaction. His wife's speculations, when they worked in concert, used often to frighten him. He never sent out his capital without a pang, and only because he dared not question her superior judgment and will. He began now to lend no more: he could not let the money out of his sight. His sole pleasure was to creep up into his room, and count and recount it. When Billings came into the house, Hayes had taken a room next to that of Wood. It was a protection to him; for Wood would often rebuke the lad for using Hayes ill: and both Catherine and Tom treated the old man with deference.

At last — it was after he had collected a good deal of his money — Hayes began to reason with himself, "Why should I stay? — stay to be insulted by that boy, or murdered by him? He is ready for any crime." He determined to fly. He would send Catherine money every year. No — she had the furniture; let her let

lodgings — that would support her. He would go, and live away, abroad in some cheap place — away from that boy and his horrible threats. The idea of freedom was agreeable to the poor wretch; and he began to wind up his affairs as quickly as he could.

Hayes would now allow no one to make his bed or enter his room; and Wood could hear him through the panels fidgeting perpetually to and fro, opening and shutting of chests, and clinking of coin. At the least sound he would start up, and would go to Billings's door and listen. Wood used to hear him creeping through the passages, and returning stealthily to his own chamber.

One day the woman and her son had been angrily taunting him in the presence of a neighbor. The neighbor retired soon; and Hayes, who had gone with him to the door, heard, on returning, the voice of Wood in the parlor. The old man laughed in his usual saturnine way, and said, "Have a care, Mrs. Cat; for if Hayes were to die suddenly, by the laws the neighbors would accuse thee of his death."

Hayes started as if he had been shot. "He too is in the plot," thought he. "They are all leagued against me: they *will* kill me: they are only biding their time." Fear seized him, and he thought of flying that instant and leaving all; and he stole into his room and gathered his money together. But only a half of it was there: in a few weeks all would have come in. He had not the heart to go. But that night Wood heard Hayes pause at *his* door, before he went to listen at Mrs. Catherine's. "What is the man thinking of?" said Wood. "He is gathering his money together. Has he a hoard yonder unknown to us all?"

Wood thought he would watch him. There was a closet between the two rooms: Wood bored a hole in the panel, and peeped through. Hayes had a brace of pistols, and four or five little bags before him on the table. One of these he opened, and placed, one by one, five and twenty guineas into it. Such a sum had been due that day — Catherine spoke of it only in the morning; for the debtor's name had by chance been mentioned in the conversation. Hayes commonly kept but a few guineas in the house. For what was he amassing all these? The next day, Wood asked for change for a twenty-pound bill. Hayes said he had but three guineas. And when asked by Catherine where the money was that was paid the day before, said that it was at the banker's. "The man is going to fly," said Wood; "that is sure: if he does, I know him — he will leave his wife without a shilling."

He watched him for several days regularly: two or three more bags were added to the former number. "They are pretty things, guineas," thought Wood, "and tell no tales, like bank-bills." And he thought over the days when he and Macshane used to ride abroad in search of them.

I don't know what thoughts entered into Mr. Wood's brain; but the next day, after seeing young Billings, to whom he actually made a present of a guinea, that young man, in conversing with his mother, said, "Do you know, mother, that if you were free, and married the Count, I should be a lord? It's the German law, Mr. Wood says; and you know he was in them countries with Marlborough."

"Ay, that he would," said Mr. Wood, "in Germany: but Germany isn't England; and it's no use talking of such things."

"Hush, child," said Mrs. Hayes, quite eagerly: "how can *I* marry the Count? Besides, a'n't I married, and isn't he too great a lord for me?"

"Too great a lord? — not a whit, mother. If it wasn't for Hayes, I might be a lord now. He gave me five guineas only last week; but curse

the skinflint who never will part with a shilling."

"It's not so bad as his striking your mother, Tom. I had my stick up, and was ready to foll him t'other night," added Mr. Wood. And herewith he smiled, and looked steadily in Mrs. Catherine's face. She dared not look again; but she felt that the old man knew a secret that she had been trying to hide from herself. Fool! he knew it; and Hayes knew it dimly: and never, never, since that day of the gala, had it left her, sleeping or waking. When Hayes, in his fear, had proposed to sleep away from her, she started with joy: she had been afraid that she might talk in her sleep, and so let slip her horrible confession.

Old Wood knew all her history since the period of the Marylebone fête. He had wormed it out of her, day by day; he had counselled her how to act; warned her not to yield; to procure, at least, a certain provision for her son, and a handsome settlement for herself, if she determined on quitting her husband. The old man looked on the business in a proper philosophical light, told her bluntly that he saw she was bent upon going off with the Count, and bade her take precautions; else she might be left as she had been before.

Catherine denied all these charges; but she saw the Count daily, notwithstanding, and took all the measures which Wood had recommended to her. They were very prudent ones. Galgenstein grew hourly more in love: never had he felt such a flame; not in the best days of his youth; not for the fairest princess, countess, or actress, from Vienna to Paris.

At length — it was the night after he had seen Hayes counting his money-bags — old Wood spoke to Mrs. Hayes very seriously. "That husband of yours, Cat," said he, "meditates some treason; ay, and fancies we are about such. He listens nightly at your door and at mine: he is going to leave you, be sure on't; and if he leaves you, he leaves you to starve."

"I can be rich elsewhere," said Mrs. Cat.

"What, with Max?"

"Ay, with Max: and why not?" said Mrs. Hayes.

"Why not, fool! Do you recollect Birmingham? Do you think that Galgenstein, who is so tender now because he *hasn't* won you, will be faithful because he *has*? Psha, woman, men are not made so! Don't go to him until you are sure: if you were a widow now, he would marry you; but never leave yourself at his mercy: if you were to leave your husband to go to him, he would desert you in a fortnight!"

She might have been a Countess! she knew she might, but for this cursed barrier between her and her fortune. Wood knew what she was thinking of, and smiled grimly.

"Besides," he continued, "remember Tom. As sure as you leave Hayes without some security from Max, the boy's ruined: he who might be a lord, if his mother had but—— Psha! never mind: that boy will go on the road, as sure as my name's Wood. He's a Turpin cock in his eye, my dear, — a regular Tyburn look. He knows too many of that sort already; and is too fond of a bottle and a girl to resist and be honest when it comes to the pinch."

"It's all true," said Mrs. Hayes. "Tom's a high mettlesome fellow, and would no more mind a ride on Hounslow Heath than he does a walk now in the Mall."

"Do you want him hanged, my dear?" said Wood.

"Ah, Doctor!"

"It *is* a pity, and that's sure," concluded Mr. Wood, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and closing this interesting conversation. "It is a pity that that old skinflint should be in the way of both your fortunes; and he about to fling you over, too!"

Mrs. Catherine retired musing, as

Mr. Billings had previously done; a sweet smile of contentment lighted up the venerable features of Doctor Wood, and he walked abroad into the streets as happy a fellow as any in London.

CHAPTER XII.

TREATS OF LOVE, AND PREPARES FOR DEATH.

AND to begin this chapter, we cannot do better than quote a part of a letter from M. l'Abbé O'Flaherty to Madame la Comtesse de X—— at Paris: —

"MADAM, — The little Arouet de Voltaire, who hath come 'hither to take a turn in England,' as I see by the post of this morning, hath brought me a charming pacquet from your ladyship's hands, which ought to render a reasonable man happy; but, alas! makes your slave miserable. I think of dear Paris (and something more dear than all Paris, of which, Madam, I may not venture to speak further) — I think of dear Paris, and find myself in this dismal *Vitehall*, where, when the fog clears up, I can catch a glimpse of muddy Thames, and of that fatal palace which the kings of England have been obliged to exchange for your noble castle of Saint Germains, that stands so stately by silver Seine. Truly, no bad bargain. For my part, I would give my grand ambassadorial saloons, hangings, gildings, feasts, valets, ambassadors and all, for a *bicoque* in sight of the Thuilleries' towers, or my little cell in the Irlandois.

"My last sheets have given you a pretty notion of our ambassador's public doings; now for a pretty piece of private scandal respecting that great man. Figure to yourself, Madam, his Excellency is in love; actually in love, talking day and night about a certain fair one whom he hath picked out of a gutter; who is well-nigh forty years old; who was his mistress when he was in England a captain of dragoons, some sixty, seventy, or a hundred years since; who hath had a son by him, moreover, a sprightly lad, apprentice to a tailor of eminence that has the honor of making his Excellency's breeches.

"Since one fatal night when he met this fair creature at a certain place of publique resort, called Marylebone Gardens, our Cyrus hath been an altered creature. Love hath mastered this brainless ambassador, and his antics afford me food for perpetual mirth. He sits now opposite to me at a table inditing a letter to his Catherine, and copying it from — what do you think? — from the 'Grand Cyrus.' '*I swear, madam, that my happiness would be to offer you this hand, as I have my heart long ago, and I beg you to bear in mind this declaration.*' I have just dictated to him the above tender words; for our envoy, I need not tell you, is not strong at writing or thinking.

"The fair Catherine, I must tell you, is no less than a carpenter's wife, a well-to-do bourgeois, living at the Tyburn, or Gallows Road. She found out her ancient lover very soon after our arrival, and hath a marvellous hankering to be a Count's lady. A pretty little creature is this Madam Catherine. Billets, breakfasts, pretty walks, presents of silks and satins, pass daily between the pair; but, strange to say, the lady is as virtuous as Diana, and hath resisted all my Count's cajoleries hitherto. The poor fellow told me, with tears in his eyes, that he believed he should have carried her by storm on the very first night of their meeting, but that her son stepped into the way; and he or somebody else hath been in the way ever since. Madam will never appear alone. I believe it is this wondrous chastity of the lady that has elicited this wondrous constancy of the gentleman. She is holding out for a settlement; who knows if not for a marriage? Her husband, she says, is

ailing; her lover is fool enough, and she herself conducts her negotiations, as I must honestly own, with a pretty notion of diplomacy."

. . . . . .

This is the only part of the reverend gentleman's letter that directly affects this history. The rest contains some scandal concerning greater personages about the court, a great share of abuse of the Elector of Hanover, and a pretty description of a boxing-match at Mr. Figg's amphitheatre in Oxford Road, where John Wells, of Edmund Bury (as by the papers may be seen), master of the noble science of self-defence, did engage with Edward Sutton, of Gravesend, master of the said science; and the issue of the combat.

"N.B." — adds the Father in a postscript — "Monsieur Figue gives a hat to be cudgelled for before the Master mount; and the whole of this fashionable information hath been given me by Monseigneur's son, Monsieur Billings, *garçon-tailleur*, Chevalier de Galgenstein."

Mr. Billings, was, in fact, a frequent visitor at the Ambassador's house; to whose presence he, by a general order, was always admitted. As for the connection between Mrs. Catherine and her former admirer, the Abbé's history of it is perfectly correct; nor can it be said that this wretched woman, whose tale now begins to wear a darker hue, was, in any thing but *soul*, faithless to her husband. But she hated him, longed to leave him, and loved another: the end was coming quickly, and every one of our unknowing actors and actresses were to be implicated, more or less, in the catastrophe.

It will be seen that Mrs. Cat had followed pretty closely the injunctions of Mr. Wood in regard to her dealings with the Count; who grew more heart-stricken and tender daily, as the completion of his wishes was delayed, and his desires goaded by contradiction. The Abbé has quoted one portion of a letter written by him; here is the entire performance, extracted, as the holy father said, chiefly from the romance of the "Grand Cyrus:" —

"*Unhappy* MAXIMILIAN *unto unjust* CATHERINA.

"MADAM, — It must needs be that I love you better than any ever did, since, notwithstanding your injustice in calling me perfidious, I love you no less than I did before. On the contrary, my passion is so violent, and your unjust accusation makes me so sensible of it, that if you did but know the resentments of my soule, you would confess your selfe the most cruell and unjust woman in the world. You shall, ere long, Madam, see me at your feete; and as you were my first passion, so you will be my last.

"On my knees I will tell you, at the first handsom opportunity, that the grandure of my passion can only be equalled by your beauty; it hath driven me to such a fatall necessity, as that I cannot hide the misery which you have caused. Sure, the hostil goddes have, to plague me, ordayned that fatal marridge, by which you are bound to one so infinitly below you in degree. Were that bond of ill-omind Hymen cut in twayn witch binds you, I swear, Madam, that my happiniss woulde be to offer you this hande, as I have my harte long agoe. And I praye you to beare in minde this declaracion, which I here sign with my hande, and witch I pray you may one day be called upon to prove the truth on. Beleave me, Madam, that there is none in the world who doth more honor to your vertue than myselfe, nor who wishes your happinesse with more zeal than — MAXIMILIAN.

"From my lodgings in Whitehall, this 25th of February.

"*To the incomparable Catherina, these, with a scarlet satten petticoat.*"

The Count had debated about the sentence promising marriage in event

of Hayes's death; but the honest Abbé cut these scruples very short, by saying, justly, that, because he wrote in that manner, there was no need for him to act so; that he had better not sign and address the note in full; and that he presumed his Excellency was not quite so timid as to fancy that the woman would follow him all the way to Germany, when his diplomatic duties would be ended; as they would soon.

The receipt of this billet caused such a flush of joy and exultation to unhappy happy Mrs. Catherine, that Wood did not fail to remark it, and speedily learned the contents of the letter. Wood had no need to bid the poor wretch guard it very carefully: it never from that day forth left her; it was her title of nobility, — her pass to rank, wealth, happiness. She began to look down on her neighbors; her manner to her husband grew more than ordinarily scornful; the poor, vain wretch longed to tell her secret, and to take her place openly in the world. She a Countess, and Tom a Count's son! She felt that she should royally become the title!

About this time — and Hayes was very much frightened at the prevalence of the rumor — it suddenly began to be bruited about in his quarter that he was going to quit the country. The story was in everybody's mouth; people used to sneer, when he turned pale, and wept, and passionately denied it. It was said, too, that Mrs. Hayes was not his wife, but his mistress, — everybody had this story, — his mistress, whom he treated most cruelly, and was about to desert. The tale of the blow which had felled her to the ground was known in all quarters. When he declared that the woman tried to stab him, nobody believed him: the women said he would have been served right if she had done so. How had these stories gone abroad? "Three days more, and I *will* fly," thought Hayes; "and the world may say what it pleases."

Ay, fool, fly — away so swiftly that Fate cannot overtake thee: hide so cunningly that Death shall not find thy place of refuge!

CHAPTER XIII.

BEING A PREPARATION FOR THE END.

The reader, doubtless, doth now partly understand what dark acts of conspiracy are beginning to gather around Mr. Hayes; and possibly hath comprehended —

1. That if the rumor was universally credited which declared that Mrs. Catherine was only Hayes's mistress, and not his wife,

She might, if she so inclined, marry another person; and thereby not injure her fame and excite wonderment, but actually add to her reputation.

2. That if all the world did steadfastly believe that Mr. Hayes intended to desert this woman, after having cruelly maltreated her,

The direction which his journey might take would be of no consequence; and he might go to Highgate, to Edinburgh, to Constantinople, nay, down a well, and no soul would care to ask whither he had gone.

These points Mr. Hayes had not considered duly. The latter case had been put to him, and annoyed him, as we have seen; the former had actually been pressed upon him by Mrs. Hayes herself; who, in almost the only communication she had had with him since their last quarrel, had asked him, angrily, in the presence of Wood and her son, whether he had dared to utter such lies, and how it came to pass that the neighbors looked scornfully at her, and avoided her?

To this charge Mr. Hayes pleaded, very meekly, that he was not guilty; and young Billings, taking him by the collar, and clinching his fist in his face, swore a dreadful oath that he would have the life of him, if he dared abuse his mother. Mrs. Hayes then spoke of the general report

abroad, that he was going to desert her; which, if he attempted to do, Mr. Billings vowed that he would follow him to Jerusalem, and have his blood. These threats, and the insolent language of young Billings, rather calmed Hayes than agitated him: he longed to be on his journey; but he began to hope that no obstacle would be placed in the way of it. For the first time since many days, he began to enjoy a feeling something akin to security, and could look with tolerable confidence towards a comfortable completion of his own schemes of treason.

These points being duly settled, we are now arrived, O public, at a point for which the author's soul hath been yearning ever since this history commenced. We are now come, O critic, to a stage of the work when this tale begins to assume an appearance so interestingly horrific, that you must have a heart of stone if you are not interested by it. O candid and discerning reader, who art sick of the hideous scenes of brutal bloodshed which have of late come forth from pens of certain eminent wits,* if you turn away disgusted from the book, remember that this passage hath not been written for you, or such as you, who have taste to know and hate the style in which it hath been composed; but for the public, which hath no such taste: — for the public, which can patronize four different representations of Jack Sheppard, — for the public, whom its literary providers have gorged with blood and foul Newgate garbage, — and to whom we poor creatures, humbly following at the tail of our great high-priests and prophets of the press, may, as in duty bound, offer some small gift of our own: a little mite truly, but given with good will. Come up, then, fair Catherine, and brave Count; — appear gallant Brock, and faultless Billings; — hasten hither, honest John Hayes: the former chapters are but flowers in which we have been decking you for the sacrifice. Ascend to the altar, ye innocent lambs, and prepare for the final act: lo! the knife is sharpened, and the sacrificer ready! Stretch your throats, sweet ones, — for the public is thirsty, and must have blood!

* This was written in 1840.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

That Mr. Hayes had some notion of the attachment of Monsieur de Galgenstein for his wife is very certain: the man could not but perceive that she was more gayly dressed, and more frequently absent than usual; and must have been quite aware that from the day of the quarrel until the present period, Catherine had never asked him for a shilling for the house expenses. He had not the heart to offer, however; nor, in truth, did she seem to remember that money was due.

She received, in fact, many sums from the tender Count. Tom was likewise liberally provided by the same personage; who was, moreover, continually sending presents of various kinds to the person on whom his affections were centred.

One of these gifts was a hamper of choice mountain-wine, which had been some weeks in the house, and excited the longing of Mr. Hayes; who loved wine very much. This liquor was generally drank by Wood and Billings, who applauded it greatly; and many times, in passing through the back-parlor, which he had to traverse in order to reach the stair, Hayes had cast a tender eye towards the drink; of which, had he dared, he would have partaken.

On the 1st of March, in the year 1726, Mr. Hayes had gathered together almost the whole sum with which he intended to decamp; and having on that very day recovered the amount of a bill which he thought almost hopeless, he returned home in

tolerable good-humor, and feeling, so near was his period of departure, something like security. Nobody had attempted the least violence on him: besides, he was armed with pistols, had his money in bills and a belt about his person, and really reasoned with himself that there was no danger for him to apprehend.

He entered the house about dusk, at five o'clock. Mrs. Hayes was absent with Mr. Billings; only Mr. Wood was smoking, according to his wont, in the little back-parlor; and as Mr. Hayes passed, the old gentleman addressed him in a friendly voice, and, wondering that he had been such a stranger, invited him to sit and take a glass of wine. There was a light and a foreman in the shop; Mr. Hayes gave his injunctions to that person, and saw no objection to Mr. Wood's invitation.

The conversation, at first a little stiff between the two gentlemen, began speedily to grow more easy and confidential: and so particularly bland and good-humored was Mr. or Doctor Wood, that his companion was quite caught, and softened by the charm of his manner; and the pair became as good friends as in the former days of their intercourse.

"I wish you would come down sometimes of evenings," quoth Doctor Wood; "for, though no book-learned man, Mr. Hayes, look you, you are a man of the world, and I can't abide the society of boys. There's Tom, now, since this tiff with Mrs. Cat, the scoundrel plays the Grand Turk here! The pair of 'em, betwixt them, have completely gotten the upper hand of you. Confess that you are beaten, Master Hayes, and don't like the boy."

"No more I do," said Hayes; "and that's the truth on't. A man doth not like to have his wife's sins flung in his face, nor to be perpetually bullied in his own house by such a fiery sprig as that."

"Mischief, sir, — mischief only," said Wood: "'tis the fun of youth, sir, and will go off as age comes to the lad. Bad as you may think him — and he is as skittish and fierce, sure enough, as a young colt — there is good stuff in him; and though he hath, or fancies he hath, the right to abuse every one, by the Lord he will let none others do so! Last week, now, didn't he tell Mrs. Cat that you served her right in the last beating matter? and weren't they coming to knives, just as in your case? By my faith, they were. Ay, and at the 'Braund's Head,' when some fellow said that you were a bloody Bluebeard, and would murder your wife, stab me if Tom wasn't up in an instant and knocked the fellow down for abusing of you!"

The first of these stories was quite true; the second was only a charitable invention of Mr. Wood, and employed, doubtless, for the amiable purpose of bringing the old and young men together. The scheme partially succeeded; for, though Hayes was not so far mollified towards Tom as to entertain any affection for a young man whom he had cordially detested ever since he knew him, yet he felt more at ease and cheerful regarding himself: and surely not without reason. While indulging in these benevolent sentiments, Mrs. Catherine and her son arrived, and found, somewhat to their astonishment, Mr. Hayes seated in the back-parlor, as in former times; and they were invited by Mr. Wood to sit down and drink.

We have said that certain bottles of mountain-wine were presented by the Count to Mrs. Catherine: these were, at Mr. Wood's suggestion, produced; and Hayes, who had long been coveting them, was charmed to have an opportunity to drink his fill. He forthwith began bragging of his great powers as a drinker, and vowed that he could manage eight bottles without becoming intoxicated.

Mr. Wood grinned strangely, and looked in a peculiar way at Tom Billings, who grinned too. Mrs. Cat's

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eyes were turned towards the ground; but her face was deadly pale.

The party began drinking. Hayes kept up his reputation as a toper, and swallowed one, two, three bottles without wincing. He grew talkative and merry, and began to sing songs and to cut jokes; at which Wood laughed hugely, and Billings after him. Mrs. Cat could not laugh, but sat silent. What ailed her? Was she thinking of the Count? She had been with Max that day, and had promised him, for the next night, at ten, an interview near his lodgings at Whitehall. It was the first time that she would see him alone. They were to meet (not a very cheerful place for a love-tryst) at St. Margaret's churchyard, near Westminster Abbey. Of this, no doubt, Cat was thinking; but what could she mean by whispering to Wood, "No, no! for God's sake, not to-night!"

"She means we are to have no more liquor," said Wood to Mr. Hayes; who heard this sentence, and seemed rather alarmed.

"That's it, — no more liquor," said Catherine, eagerly; "you have had enough to-night. Go to bed, and lock your door, and sleep, Mr. Hayes."

"But I say I've *not* had enough drink!" screamed Hayes; "I'm good for five bottles more, and wager I will drink them too."

"Done, for a guinea!" said Wood.

"Done, and done!" said Billings.

"Be *you* quiet!" growled Hayes, scowling at the lad. "I will drink what I please, and ask no council of yours." And he muttered some more curses against young Billings, which showed what his feelings were towards his wife's son; and which the latter, for a wonder, only received with a scornful smile, and a knowing look at Wood.

Well! the five extra bottles were brought, and drank by Mr. Hayes; and seasoned by many songs from the *recueil* of Mr. Thomas D'Urfey and others. The chief part of the talk and merriment was on Hayes's part; as, indeed, was natural, — for, while he drank bottle after bottle of wine, the other two gentlemen confined themselves to small beer, — both pleading illness as an excuse for their sobriety.

And now might we depict, with much accuracy, the course of Mr. Hayes's intoxication, as it rose from the merriment of the three bottle point to the madness of the four — from the uproarious quarrelsomeness of the sixth bottle to the sickly stupidity of the seventh; but we are desirous of bringing this tale to a conclusion, and must pretermit all consideration of a subject so curious, so instructive, and so delightful. Suffice it to say, as a matter of history, that Mr. Hayes did actually drink seven bottles of mountain-wine; and that Mr. Thomas Billings went to the "Braund's Head," in Bond Street, and purchased another, which Hayes likewise drank.

"That'll do," said Mr. Wood to young Billings; and they led Hayes up to bed, whither, in truth, he was unable to walk himself.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Springatt, the lodger, came down to ask what the noise was. "'Tis only Tom Billings making merry with some friends from the country," answered Mrs. Hayes; whereupon Springatt retired, and the house was quiet.

. . . . . .

Some scuffling and stamping was heard about eleven o'clock.

. . . . . .

After they had seen Mr. Hayes to bed, Billings remembered that he had a parcel to carry to some person in the neighborhood of the Strand; and, as the night was remarkably fine, he and Mr. Wood agreed to walk together, and set forth accordingly.

[Here follows a description of the THAMES AT MIDNIGHT, in a fine historical style; with an account of Lambeth, Westminster, the Savoy, Baynard's Castle, Arundel House, the Temple; of old London Bridge, with its twenty arches, "on

which be houses builded, so that it seemeth rather a continuall street than a bridge;" of Bankside, and the "Globe" and the "Fortune" Theatres; of the ferries across the river, and of the pirates who infest the same, — namely, tinklermen, petermen, hebbermen, trawlermen; of the fleet of barges that lay at the Savoy steps; and of the long lines of slim wherries sleeping on the river-banks and basking and shining in the moonbeams. A combat on the river is described, that takes place between the crews of a tinklerman's boat and the water-bailiff's. Shouting his war-cry, "St. Mary Overy *à la rescousse!*" the water-bailiff sprung at the throat of the tinklerman captain. The crews of both vessels, as if aware that the struggle of their chiefs would decide the contest, ceased hostilities, and awaited on their respective poops the issue of the death-shock. It was not long coming. "Yield, dog!" said the water-bailiff. The tinklerman could not answer, — for his throat was grasped too tight in the iron clinch of the city champion: but drawing his snickersnee, he plunged it seven times in the bailiff's chest: still the latter fell not. The death-rattle gurgled in the throat of his opponent; his arms fell heavily to his side. Foot to foot, each standing at the side of his boat, stood the two brave men, — *they were both dead!* "In the name of St. Clement Danes," said the master, "give way, my men!" and, thrusting forward his halberd (seven feet long, richly decorated with velvet and brass nails, and having the city arms, argent, cross gules, and in the first quarter a dagger displayed of the second), he thrust the tinklerman's boat away from his own; and at once the bodies of the captains plunged down, down, down, down in the unfathomable waters.

After this follows another episode. Two masked ladies quarrel at the door of a tavern overlooking the Thames: they turn out to be Stella and Vanessa, who have followed Swift thither; who is in the act of reading "Gulliver's Travels" to Gay, Arbuthnot, Bollingbroke, and Pope. Two fellows are sitting shuddering under a doorway; to one of them Tom Billings flung a sixpence. He little knew that the names of those two young men were — *Samuel Johnson* and *Richard Savage.*]

ANOTHER LAST CHAPTER.

Mr. Hayes did not join the family the next day; and it appears that the previous night's reconciliation was not very durable; for when Mrs. Springatt asked Wood for Hayes, Mr. Wood stated that Hayes had gone away without saying whither he was bound, or how long he might be absent. He only said, in rather a sulky tone, that he should probably pass the night at a friend's house. "For my part, I know of no friend he hath," added Mr. Wood; "and pray heaven that he may not think of deserting his poor wife, whom he hath beaten and ill-used so already!" In this prayer Mrs. Springatt joined; and so these two worthy people parted.

What business Billings was about cannot be said; but he was this night bound towards Marylebone Fields, as he was the night before for the Strand and Westminster; and, although the night was very stormy and rainy, as the previous evening had been fine, old Wood good-naturedly resolved upon accompanying him; and forth they sallied together.

Mrs. Catherine, too, had *her* business, as we have seen; but this was of a very delicate nature. At nine o'clock, she had an appointment with the Count; and faithfully, by that hour, had found her way to St. Margaret's churchyard, near Westminster Abbey, where she awaited Monsieur de Galgenstein.

The spot was convenient, being very lonely, and at the same time close to the Count's lodgings at Whitehall. His Excellency came, but somewhat after the hour; for, to say the truth, being a freethinker, he had the most firm belief in ghosts and demons, and did not care to pace a churchyard alone. He was comforted, therefore, when he saw a woman muffled in a cloak, who held out her hand to him at the gate, and said, "Is that you?" He took her hand, — it was very clammy and cold; and at her desire he bade his confidential footman, who had attended him with a torch, to retire, and leave him to himself.

The torch-bearer retired, and left

them quite in darkness; and the pair entered the little cemetery, cautiously threading their way among the tombs. They sat down on one, underneath a tree it seemed to be; the wind was very cold, and its piteous howling was the only noise that broke the silence of the place. Catherine's teeth were chattering, for all her wraps; and when Max drew her close to him, and encircled her waist with one arm, and pressed her hand, she did not repulse him, but rather came close to him, and with her own damp fingers feebly returned his pressure.

The poor thing was very wretched and weeping. She confided to Max the cause of her grief. She was alone in the world, — alone and penniless. Her husband had left her; she had that very day received a letter from him which confirmed all that she had suspected so long. He had left her, carried away all his property, and would not return!

If we say that a selfish joy filled the breast of Monsieur de Galgenstein, the reader will not be astonished. A heartless libertine, he felt glad at the prospect of Catherine's ruin; for he hoped that necessity would make her his own. He clasped the poor thing to his heart, and vowed that he would replace the husband she had lost, and that his fortune should be hers.

"Will you replace him?" said she.

"Yes, truly, in every thing but the name, dear Catherine; and when he dies, I swear you shall be Countess of Galgenstein."

"Will you swear?" she cried, eagerly.

"By every thing that is most sacred: were you free now, I would" (and here he swore a terrific oath) "at once make you mine."

We have seen before that it cost Monsieur de Galgenstein nothing to make these vows. Hayes was likely, too, to live as long as Catherine — as long, at least, as the Count's connection with her; but he was caught in his own snare.

She took his hand and kissed it repeatedly, and bathed it in her tears, and pressed it to her bosom. "Max," she said, "*I am free!* Be mine, and I will love you as I have done for years and years."

Max started back. "What, is he dead?" he said.

"No, no, not dead: but he never was my husband."

He let go her hand, and, interrupting her, said sharply, "Indeed, madam, if this carpenter never was your husband, I see no cause why *I* should be. If a lady, who hath been for twenty years the mistress of a miserable country boor, cannot find it in her heart to put up with the protection of a nobleman — a sovereign's representative — she may seek a husband elsewhere!"

"I was no man's mistress except yours," sobbed Catherine, wringing her hands and sobbing wildly; "but, O heaven! I deserved this. Because I was a child, and you saw, and ruined, and left me — because, in my sorrow and repentance, I wished to repair my crime, and was touched by that man's love, and married him — because he too deceives and leaves me — because, after loving you — madly loving you for twenty years — I will not now forfeit your respect, and degrade myself by yielding to your will, you too must scorn me! It is too much — too much — O heaven!" And the wretched woman fell back almost fainting.

Max was almost frightened by this burst of sorrow on her part, and was coming forward to support her; but she motioned him away, and, taking from her bosom a letter, said, "If it were light, you could see, Max, how cruelly I have been betrayed by that man who called himself my husband. Long before he married me, he was married to another. This woman is still living, he says; and he says he leaves me forever."

At this moment the moon, which had been hidden behind Westminster Abbey, rose above the vast black mass

of that edifice, and poured a flood of silver light upon the little church of St. Margaret's, and the spot where the lovers stood. Max was at a little distance from Catherine, pacing gloomily up and down the flags. She remained at her old position at the tomb-stone under the tree, or pillar, as it seemed to be, as the moon got up. She was leaning against the pillar, and holding out to Max, with an arm beautifully white and rounded, the letter she had received from her husband: "Read it, Max," she said: "I asked for light, and here is heaven's own, by which you may read."

But Max did not come forward to receive it. On a sudden his face assumed a look of the most dreadful surprise and agony. He stood still, and stared with wild eyes starting from their sockets; he stared upwards, at a point seemingly above Catherine's head. At last he raised up his finger slowly, and said, "Look, Cat — *the head — the head!*" Then uttering a horrible laugh, he fell down grovelling among the stones, gibbering and writhing in a fit of epilepsy.

Catherine started forward and looked up. She had been standing against a post, not a tree — the moon was shining full on it now; and on the summit, strangely distinct, and smiling ghastly, was a livid human head.

The wretched woman fled — she dared look no more. And some hours afterwards, when, alarmed by the Count's continued absence, his confidential servant came back to seek for him in the churchyard, he was found sitting on the flags, staring full at the head, and laughing, and talking to it wildly, and nodding at it. He was taken up a hopeless idiot, and so lived for years and years; clanking the chain, and moaning under the lash, and howling through long nights when the moon peered through the bars of his solitary cell, and he buried his face in the straw.

There — the murder is out! And having indulged himself in a chapter of the very finest writing, the author begs the attention of the British public towards it; humbly conceiving that it possesses some of those peculiar merits which have rendered the fine writing in other chapters of the works of other authors so famous.

Without bragging at all, let us just point out the chief claims of the above pleasing piece of composition. In the first place, it is perfectly stilted and unnatural; the dialogue and the sentiments being artfully arranged, so as to be as strong and majestic as possible. Our dear Cat is but a poor, illiterate country wench, who has come from cutting her husband's throat; and yet, see! she talks and looks like a tragedy princess, who is suffering in the most virtuous blank verse. This is the proper end of fiction, and one of the greatest triumphs that a novelist can achieve: for to make people sympathize with virtue is a vulgar trick that any common fellow can do; but it is not everybody who can take a scoundrel, and cause us to weep and whimper over him as though he were a very saint. Give a young lady of five years old a skein of silk and a brace of netting-needles, and she will in a short time turn you out a decent silk purse — anybody can; but try her with a sow's ear, and see whether she can make a silk purse out of *that*. That is the work for your real great artist; and pleasant it is to see how many have succeeded in these latter days.

The subject is strictly historical, as any one may see by referring to "The Daily Post," of March 3, 1726, which contains the following paragraph: —

"Yesterday morning, early, a man's head, that by the freshness of it seemed to have been newly cut off from the body, having its own hair on, was found by the river's side, near Millbank, Westminster, and was afterwards exposed to public view in St. Margaret's churchyard, where thousands of people have seen it; but none could tell who the unhappy person was, much less who commit-

ted such a horrid and barbarous action. There are various conjectures relating to the deceased; but, there being nothing certain, we omit them. The head was much hacked and mangled in the cutting off."

The head which caused such an impression upon Mousieur de Galgenstein was, indeed, once on the shoulders of Mr. John Hayes, who lost it under the following circumstances. We have seen how Mr. Hayes was induced to drink. Mr. Hayes having been encouraged in drinking the wine, and growing very merry therewith, he sang and danced about the room; but his wife, fearing the quantity he had drunk would not have the wished-for effect on him, she sent away for another bottle, of which he drank also. This effectually answered their expectations; and Mr. Hayes became thereby intoxicated, and deprived of his understanding.

He, however, made shift to get into the other room, and, throwing himself upon the bed, fell asleep; upon which Mrs. Hayes reminded them of the affair in hand, and told them that was the most proper juncture to finish the business.*

. . . . . .

Ring, ding, ding! the gloomy green curtain drops, the *dramatis personæ* are duly disposed of, the nimble candle-snuffers put out the lights, and the audience goeth pondering home. If the critic take the pains to ask why the author, who hath been so diffuse in describing the early and fabulous acts of Mrs. Catherine's existence, should so hurry off the catastrophe where a deal of the very finest writing might have been employed, Solomons replies that the "ordinary" narrative is far more emphatic than any composition of his own could be, with all the rhetorical graces which he might employ. Mr. Aram's trial, as taken by the penny-a-liners of those days, hath always interested him more than the lengthened and poetical report which an eminent novelist has given of the same. Mr. Turpin's adventures are more instructive and agreeable to him in the account of the Newgate Plutarch, than in the learned Ainsworth's "Biographical Dictionary." And as he believes that the professional gentlemen who are employed to invest such heroes with the rewards that their great actions merit, will go through the ceremony of the grand cordon with much more accuracy and despatch than can be shown by the most distinguished amateur; in like manner, he thinks that the history of such investitures should be written by people directly concerned, and not by admiring persons without, who must be ignorant of many of the secrets of Ketchcraft. We very much doubt if Milton himself could make a description of an execution half so horrible as the simple lines in "The Daily Post" of a hundred and ten years since, that now lies before us — "herrlich wie am ersten Tag," — as bright and clean as on the day of publication. Think of it! it has been read by Belinda at her toilet, scanned at "Button's" and "Will's," sneered at by wits, talked of in palaces and cottages, by a busy race in wigs, red heels, hoops, patches, and rags of all variety — a busy race that hath long since plunged and vanished in the unfathomable gulf towards which we march so briskly.

Where are they? "Affiavit Deus" — and they are gone! Hark! is not the same wind roaring still that shall

* The description of the murder and the execution of the culprits, which here follows in the original, was taken from the newspapers of the day. Coming from such a source, they have, as may be imagined, no literary merit whatever. The details of the crime are simply horrible, without one touch of even that sort of romance which sometimes gives a little dignity to murder. As such they precisely suited Mr. Thackeray's purpose at the time, which was to show the real manners and customs of the Sheppards and Turpins who were then the popular heroes of fiction. But now-a-days there is no such purpose to serve, and therefore those too literal details are omitted.

sweep us down? and yonder stands the compositor at his types who shall put up a pretty paragraph some day to say how, "*Yesterday*, at his house in Grosvenor Square," or "At Botany Bay, universally regretted," died So-and-So. Into what profound moralities is the paragraph concerning Mrs. Catherine's burning leading us!

Ay, truly, and to that very point have we wished to come; for, having finished our delectable meal, it behooves us to say a word or two by way of grace at its conclusion, and be heartily thankful that it is over. It has been the writer's object carefully to exclude from his drama (except in two very insignificant instances — mere walking-gentlemen parts) any characters but those of scoundrels of the very highest degree. That he has not altogether failed in the object he had in view is evident from some newspaper critiques which he has had the good fortune to see; and which abuse the tale of "Catherine" as one of the dullest, most vulgar, and immoral works extant. It is highly gratifying to the author to find that such opinions are abroad, as they convince him that the taste for Newgate literature is on the wane, and that when the public critic has right down undisguised immorality set before him, the honest creature is shocked at it, as he should be, and can declare his indignation in good round terms of abuse. The characters of the tale *are* immoral, and no doubt of it; but the writer humbly hopes the end is not so. The public was, in our notion, dosed and poisoned by the prevailing style of literary practice, and it was necessary to administer some medicine that would produce a wholesome nausea, and afterwards bring about a more healthy habit.

And thank heaven, this effect *has* been produced in very many instances, and that the "Catherine" cathartic has acted most efficaciously. The author has been pleased at the disgust which his work has excited, and has watched with benevolent carefulness the wry faces that have been made by many of the patients who have swallowed the dose. Solomons remembers, at the establishment in Birchin Lane where he had the honor of receiving his education, there used to be administered to the boys a certain cough-medicine, which was so excessively agreeable, that all the lads longed to have colds in order to partake of the remedy. Some of our popular novelists have compounded their drugs in a similar way, and made them so palatable that a public, once healthy and honest, has been well-nigh poisoned by their wares. Solomons defies any one to say the like of himself — that his doses have been as pleasant as champagne, and his pills as sweet as barley-sugar; — it has been his attempt to make vice to appear entirely vicious; and in those instances where he hath occasionally introduced something like virtue, to make the sham as evident as possible, and not allow the meanest capacity a single chance to mistake it.

And what has been the consequence? That wholesome nausea which it has been his good fortune to create wherever he has been allowed to practice in his humble circle.

Has any one thrown away a half-pennyworth of sympathy upon any person mentioned in this history? Surely no. But abler and more famous men than Solomons have taken a different plan; and it becomes every man in his vocation to cry out against such, and expose their errors as best he may.

Laboring under such ideas, Mr. Isaac Solomons, junior, produced the romance of Mrs. Cat, and confesses himself completely happy to have brought it to a conclusion. His poem may be dull — ay, and probably is. The great Blackmore, the great Dennis, the great Sprat, the great Pomfret, not to mention great men of our own time — have they not also been dull, and had pretty reputations too?

Be it granted, Solomons *is* dull; but don't attack his morality; he humbly submits that, in his poem, no man shall mistake virtue for vice, no man shall allow a single sentiment of pity or admiration to enter his bosom for any character of the piece; it being, from beginning to end, a scene of unmixed rascality performed by persons who never deviate into good feeling. And, although he doth not pretend to equal the great modern authors, whom he hath mentioned, in wit or descriptive power; yet, in the point of moral, he meekly believes that he has been their superior; feeling the greatest disgust for the characters he describes, and using his humble endeavor to cause the public also to hate them.

Horsemonger Lane, January, 1840.

TITMARSH AMONG PICTURES AND BOOKS.

STRICTURES ON PICTURES.

A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ., TO MONSIEUR ANATOLE VICTOR ISIDOR HYACINTHE ACHILLE HERCULE DE BRICABRAC, PEINTRE D'HISTOIRE, RUE MOUFFETARD, A PARIS.

Lords Hotel, New Street, Covent Garden, Tuesday, 15th May (1838).

I PROPOSE to be both learned and pleasant in my remarks upon the exhibitions here; for I know, my dear Bricabrac, that it is your intention to translate this letter into French, for the benefit of some of your countrymen who are anxious about the progress of the fine arts, — when I say some, I mean all, for, thanks to your government patronage, your magnificent public galleries, and, above all, your delicious sky and sunshine, there is not a scavenger in your nation who has not a feeling for the beauty of Nature, which is, my dear Anatole, neither more nor less than Art.

You know nothing about art in this country — almost as little as we know of French art. One Gustave Planche, who makes visits to London, and writes accounts of pictures in your reviews, is, believe me, an impostor. I do not mean a private impostor, for I know not whether Planche is a real or assumed name, but simply a quack on matters of art. Depend on it, my dear young friend, that there is nobody like Titmarsh: *you* will learn more about the arts in England from this letter than from any thing in or out of print.

Well, then, every year, at the commencement of this blessed month of May, wide open the doors of three picture galleries, in which figure all the works of genius which our brother artists have produced during the whole year. I wish you could see my historical picture of "Heliogabalus in the Ruins of Carthage," or the full-length of "Sir Samuel Hicks and his Lady," sitting in a garden-light, Lady H. reading "The Book of Beauty," Sir Samuel catching a butterfly, which is settling on a flower-pot. This, however, is all egotism. I am not going to speak of *my* works, which are pretty well known in Paris already, as I flatter myself, but of other artists — some of them men of merit, as well as myself.

Let us commence, then, with the commencement, the Royal Academy, that is held in one wing of a little building like a gin-shop, which is near St. Martin's Church. In the other wing is our National Gallery. As for the building, you must not take *that* as a specimen of our skill in the fine arts; come down the Seven Dials, and I will show you many modern structures, of which the architect deserves far higher credit.

But bad as the place is — a pygmy

abortion, in lieu of a noble monument to the greatest school of painting in the greatest country of the modern world (you may be angry, but I am right in *both* cases) — bad as the outside is, the interior, it must be confessed, is marvellously pretty, and convenient for the reception and exhibition of the pictures it will hold. Since the old pictures have got their new gallery, and their new scouring, one hardly knows them. O Ferdinand, Ferdinand, that *is* a treat, that National Gallery, and no mistake. I shall write to you fourteen or fifteen long letters about it some day or other. The apartment devoted to the Academy Exhibition is equally commodious: a small room for miniatures and aquarelles, another for architectural drawings, and three saloons for pictures — all very small, but well lighted and neat; no interminable passage, like your five hundred yards at the Louvre, with a slippery floor, and tiresome straggling cross-lights. Let us buy a catalogue, and walk straight into the gallery, however; we have been a long time talking, "*de omnibus rebus*," at the door.

Look, my dear Isidor, at the first names in the catalogue, and thank your stars for being in such good company. Bless us and save us, what a power of knights is here!

Sir William Beechey.
Sir Martin Shee.
Sir David Wilkie.
Sir Augustus Calcott.
Sir W. J. Newton.
Sir Geoffrey Wyatville.
Sir Francis Chantrey.
Sir Richard Westmacott.
Sir Michael Angelo Titmarsh —

not yet, that is; but I shall be, in course, when our little liege lady — Heaven bless her! — has seen my portrait of Sir Sam and Lady Hicks.

If all these gentlemen in the list of Academicians and Associates are to have titles of some sort or other, I should propose —

1. Baron Briggs. (At the very least, he is out and out the best portrait-painter of the set.)
2. Daniel, Prince Maclise. (His royal highness's pictures place him very near the throne indeed.)
3. Edwin, Earl of Landseer.
4. The Lord Charles Landseer.
5. The Duke of Etty.
6. Archbishop Eastlake.
7. His Majesty KING MULREADY.

King Mulready, I repeat, in double capitals; for, if this man has not the crowning picture of the exhibition, I am no better than a Dutchman. His picture represents the "Seven Ages," as described by a poet whom you have heard of — one Shakspeare, a Warwickshire man: and there they are, all together; the portly justice, and the quarrelsome soldier; the lover leaning apart, and whispering sweet things in his pretty mistress's ear; the baby hanging on her gentle mother's bosom; the school-boy, rosy and lazy; the old man, crabbed and stingy; and the old, old man of all, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans ears, sans every thing — but why describe them? You will find the thing better done in Shakspeare, or possibly translated by some of your Frenchmen. I can't say much about the drawing of this picture, for here and there are some queer-looking limbs; but — oh, Anatole! the intention is God-like. Not one of those figures but has a grace and a soul of his own: no conventional copies of the stony antique; no distorted caricatures, like those of your "classiques," David, Girodet, and Co. (the impostors), but such expressions as a great poet would draw, who thinks profoundly and truly, and never forgets (he could not if he would) grace and beauty withal. The color and manner of this noble picture are neither of the Venetian school, nor the Florentine, nor the English, but of the Mulready school. Ah! my dear Floridor! I wish that you and I, ere we die, may have erected such a

beautiful monument to hallow and perpetuate our names. Our children — my boy, Sebastian Piombo Titmarsh, will see this picture in his old age, hanging by the side of the Raffaelles in our National Gallery, I sometimes fancy, in the presence of such works of genius as this, that my picture of Sir Sam and Lady Hicks is but a magnificent error after all, and that it will die away, and be forgotten.

To this, then, of the whole gallery, I accord the palm. Next to "All the World's a Stage" is a charming picture by Archbishop Eastlake; so denominated by me because the rank is very respectable, and because there is a certain purity and religious feeling in all Mr. Eastlake does, which eminently entitles him to the honors of the prelacy. In this picture, Gaston de Foix (he, whom Titian painted, his mistress buckling on his armor) is parting from his mistress. A fair, peaceful garden is round about them; and here his lady sits and clings to him, as though she would cling forever. But, look! yonder stands the page, and the horse pawing; and beyond the wall which binds the quiet garden and flowers, you see the spears and pennons of knights, the banners of King Louis and de Foix, "the thunderbolt of Italy." Long, shining rows of steel-clad men are marching stately by; and with them must ride Count Gaston — to conquer and die at Ravenna. You can read his history, my dear friend, in Lacretelle, or Brantôme; only, perhaps, not so well expressed as it has just been by me.

Yonder is Sir David Wilkie's grand picture,— "Queen Victoria holding her First Council." A marvellous painting, in which one admires the exquisite richness of the color, the breadth of light and shadow, the graceful dignity of the principal figure, and the extraordinary skill with which all the figures have been grouped, so as to produce a grand and simple effect. What can one say more, but admire the artist who has made, out of such unpoetical materials as a table of red cloth, and fifty unoccupied, middle-aged gentlemen, a beautiful and interesting picture? Sir David has a charming portrait, too, of Mrs. Maberly, in dark crimson velvet, and a delicate white hat and feathers: a marvel of color, though somewhat askew in the drawing.

The Earl of Landseer's best picture, to my thinking, is that which represents her majesty's favorite dogs and parrot. He has, in painting, an absolute mastery over

Κυνεσσιν
Οιωνοισι τε πασι;

that is, he can paint all manner of birds and beasts as nobody else can. To tell you a secret, I do not think he understands how to paint the great beast, man, quite so well; or, at least, to do what is the highest quality of an artist, to place *a soul* under the ribs as he draws them. They are, if you like, the most dexterous pictures that ever were painted, but not *great* pictures. I would much rather look at yonder rough Leslie than at all the wonderful painting of parrots and greyhounds, though done to a hair or a feather.

Leslie is the only man in this country who translates Shakspeare into form and color. Old Shallow and Sir Hugh, Slender and his man Simple, pretty Anne Page, and the Merry Wives of Windsor, are here joking with the fat knight; who, with a monstrous gravity, and profound, brazen humor, is narrating some tale of his feats with the wild Prince and Poins. Master Brook is offering a tankard to Master Slender, who will not drink, forsooth.

This picture is executed with the utmost simplicity and almost rudeness; but is charming from its great truth of effect and expression. Wilkie's pictures (in his latter style) seem to begin where Leslie's end; the former's men and women look as if *the bodies had been taken out of them*, and only the surface left. Lovely as the

queen's figure is, for instance, it looks like a spirit, and not a woman; one may almost see through her into the waistcoat of Lord Lansdowne, and so on through the rest of the transparent heroes and statesmen of the company.

Opposite the queen is another charming performance of Sir David, — a bride dressing amidst a rout of bridesmaids and relations. Some are crying, some are smiling, some are pinning her gown; a back door is open, and a golden sun shines into a room which contains a venerable bed and tester, probably that in which the dear girl is to — but *parlons d'autres choses*. The color of this picture is delicious, and the effect faultless: Sir David does every thing for a picture nowadays, but the *drawing*. Who knows? Perhaps it is as well left out.

Look yonder, down to the ground, and admire a most beautiful, fantastic Ariel.

> "On the bat's back do I fly,
> After sunset merrily."

Merry Ariel lies at his ease, and whips with gorgeous peacock's feather his courser, flapping lazy through the golden evening sky. This exquisite little picture is the work of Mr. Severn, an artist who has educated his taste and his hand in the early Roman school. He has not the dash and dexterity of the latter which belongs to some of our painters, but he possesses that solemn earnestness and simplicity of mind and purpose which makes a religion of art, and seems to be accorded to only a few in our profession. I have heard a pious pupil of Mr. Ingres (the head of your academy at Rome) aver stoutly, that, in matters of art, Titian was anti-Christ, and Rubens, Martin Luther. They came with their brilliant colors, and dashing worldly notions, upsetting that beautiful system of faith in which art had lived hitherto. Portraits of saints and martyrs, with pure eyes turned heavenward; and (as all true sanctity will) making those pure who came within their reach, now gave way to wicked likenesses of men of blood, or dangerous, devilish, sensual portraits of tempting women. Before Titian, a picture was the labor of years. Why did this reformer ever come among us, and show how it might be done in a day? He drove the good angels away from painters' easels, and called down a host of voluptuous spirits instead, who have ever since held the mastery there.

Only a few artists of our country (none in yours, where the so-called Catholic school is a mere theatrical folly), and some among the Germans, have kept to the true faith, and eschewed the temptations of Titian and his like. Mr. Eastlake is one of these. Who does not recollect his portrait of Miss Bury? Not a simple woman — the lovely daughter of the authoress of "Love," "Flirtation," and other remarkable works — but a glorified saint. Who does not remember his "Saint Sebastian;" his body bare, his eyes cast melancholy down; his limbs, as yet untouched by the arrows of his persecutors, tied to the fatal tree? These two pictures of Mr. Eastlake would merit to hang in a gallery where there were only Raffaelles besides. Mr. Severn is another of the school. I don't know what hidden and indefinable charm there is in his simple pictures; but I can never look at them without a certain emotion of awe — with that thrill of the heart with which one hears country children sing the Old Hundredth, for instance. The singers are rude, perhaps, and the voices shrill; but the melody is still pure and godlike. Some such majestic and pious harmony is there in these pictures of Mr. Severn. Mr. Mulready's mind has lately gained this same kind of inspiration. I know no one else who professes it, except, perhaps, myself. Without flattery, I may say, that my picture of "Heliogabalus at Carthage" is *not* in the popular taste, and has about it some faint odor of celestial incense.

Do not, my dear Anatole, consider me too great an ass for persisting upon this point, and exemplifying Mr. Severn's picture of "The Crusaders catching a First View of Jerusalem" as an instance. Godfrey and Tancred, Raymond and Ademar, Beamond and Rinaldo, with Peter and the Christian host, behold at length the day dawning.

"Equando il sol gli aridi campi fiedi
Con raggi assai ferventi, e in alto sorge;
Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede,
Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge,
Ecco da mille voci unitamente
Gerusalemme salutar si sente!"

Well, Godfrey and Tancred, Peter, and the rest, look like little wooden dolls; and as for the horses belonging to the crusading cavalry, I have seen better in gingerbread. But what then! There is a higher ingredient in beauty than mere form: a skilful hand is only the second artistical quality, worthless, my Anatole, without the first, which is *a great heart*. This picture is beautiful, in spite of its defects, as many women are. Mrs. Titmarsh is beautiful, though she weighs nineteen stone.

Being on the subject of religious pictures, what shall I say of Mr. Ward's? Any thing so mysteriously hideous was never seen before now; they are worse than all the horrors in your Spanish Gallery at Paris. As Eastlake's are of the Catholic, these may be called of the Muggletonian, school of art; monstrous, livid, and dreadful, as the dreams of a man in the scarlet fever. I would much sooner buy a bottled baby with two heads as a pleasing ornament for my cabinet; and should be afraid to sit alone in a room with "ignorance, envy, and jealousy filling the throat, and widening the mouth, of calumny endeavoring to bear down truth."

Mr. Maclise's picture of "Christmas" you will find excellently described in the May Number of a periodical of much celebrity among us, called "Fraser's Magazine." Since the circulation of that miscellany is almost as extensive in Paris as in London, it is needless in this letter to go over beaten ground, and speak at length of the plot of this remarkable picture. There are five hundred merry figures painted on this canvas, gobbling, singing, kissing, carousing. A line of jolly serving men troop down the hall stairs, and bear the boar's head in procession up to the dais, where sits the good old English gentleman, and his guests and family; a set of mummers and vassals are crowded round a table gorging beef and wassail; a bevy of blooming girls are huddled in a circle, and play at hunt the slipper. Of course, there are plenty of stories told at the huge hall fire, and kissing under the glistening mistletoe-bough. But I wish you could see the wonderful accuracy with which all these figures are drawn, and the extraordinary skill with which the artist has managed to throw into a hundred different faces a hundred different characters and individualities of joy. Every one of these little people are smiling, but each has his own particular smile. As for the coloring of this picture, it is, between ourselves, atrocious; but a man cannot have all the merits at once. Mr. Maclise has for his share, humor such as few painters ever possessed, and a power of drawing such as never was possessed by *any other;* no, not by one, from Albert Durer downwards. His scene from "The Vicar of Wakefield" is equally charming. Moses' shining, grinning face; the little man in red who stands on tiptoe, and painfully scrawls his copy; and the youngest of the family of the Primroses, who learns his letters on his father's knee, are perfect in design and expression. What might not this man do, if he would read and meditate a little, and profit by the works of men whose taste and education were superior to his own.

Mr. Charles Landseer has two *tableaux de genre*, which possess very great merit. His characters are a little

too timid, perhaps, as Mr. Maclise's are too bold; but the figures are beautifully drawn, the coloring and effect excellent, and the accessories painted with great faithfulness and skill. "The Parting Benison" is, perhaps, the most interesting picture of the two.

And now we arrive at Mr. Etty, whose rich luscious pencil has covered a hundred glowing canvases, which every painter must love. I don't know whether the Duke has this year produced any thing which one might have expected from a man of his rank and consequence. He is, like great men, lazy, or indifferent, perhaps, about public approbation; and also, like great men, somewhat too luxurious, and fond of pleasure. For instance, here is a picture of a sleepy nymph, most richly painted; but tipsy looking, coarse, and so naked, as to be unfit for appearance among respectable people at an exhibition. You will understand what I mean. There are some figures, without a rag to cover them, which look modest and decent for all that; and others, which may be clothed to the chin, and yet are not fit for modest eyes to gaze on. *Verbum sat* — this naughty "Somnolency" ought to go to sleep in her night-gown.

But here is a far nobler painting, — the prodigal kneeling down lonely in the stormy evening, and praying to Heaven for pardon. It is a grand and touching picture; and looks as large as if the three foot canvas had been twenty. His wan, wretched figure, and clasped hands, are lighted up by the sunset; the clouds are livid and heavy; and the wind is howling over the solitary common, and numbing the chill limbs of the poor wanderer. A goat and a boar are looking at him, with horrid obscure eyes. They are the demons of Lust and Gluttony, which have brought him to this sad pass. And there seems no hope, no succor, no Ear for the prayer of this wretched, wayworn, miserable man, who kneels there alone shuddering. Only above, in the gusty blue sky, you see a glistening, peaceful, silver star, which points to home and hope as clearly as if the little star were a sign-post, and home at the very next turn of the road.

Away, then, O conscience-stricken prodigal! and you shall find a good father, who loves you; and an elder brother, who hates you — but never mind that; and a dear, kind, stout old mother, who liked you twice as well as the elder, for all his goodness and psalm-singing, and has a tear and a prayer for you night and morning; and a pair of gentle sisters, may be; and a poor young thing down in the village, who has never forgotten your walks in the quiet nut-woods, and the birds' nests you brought her, and the big boy you thrashed, because he broke the eggs: he is squire now, the big boy, and would marry her, but she will not marry him — not she! — her thoughts are with her dark-eyed, bold-browed, devil-may-care playmate, who swore she should be his little wife — and then went to college — and then came back sick and changed — and then got into debt — and then — But never mind, man! down to her at once. She will pretend to be cold at first, and then shiver, and turn red and deadly pale; and then she tumbles into your arms, with a gush of sweet tears, and a pair of rainbows in her soft eyes, welcoming the sunshine back to her bosom again. To her, man! — never fear, miss! Hug him, and kiss him, as though you would draw the heart from his lips.

When she has done, the poor thing falls stone pale, and sobbing on young Prodigal's shoulder; and he carries her quite gently to that old bench where he carved her name fourteen years ago, and steals his arm round her waist, and kisses her hand, and soothes her. Then comes out the poor widow, her mother, who is pale and tearful too, and tries to look cold and unconcerned. She kisses her

daughter, and leads her trembling into the house. "You will come to us to-morrow, Tom?" says she, as she takes his hand at the gate.

To-morrow! To be sure he will; and this very night, too, after supper with the old people. (Young Squire Prodigal never sups; and has found out that he must ride into town, to arrange about a missionary meeting with the Rev. Dr. Slackjaw.) To be sure, Tom Prodigal will go: the moon will be up, and who knows but Lucy may be looking at it about twelve o'clock. At one, back trots the young squire, and he sees two people whispering at a window; and he gives something very like a curse, as he digs into the ribs of his mare, and canters, clattering, down the silent road.

Yes — but, in the mean time, there is the old housekeeper, with "Lord bless us!" and "Heaven save us!" and "Who'd have thought ever again to see his dear face? And master forgot it all, who swore so dreadful, that he never would see him! — as for missis, she always loved him."

There, I say, is the old housekeeper, logging the fire, airing the sheets, and flapping the feather-bed — for Master Tom's room has never been used this many a day; and the young ladies have got some flowers for his chimney-piece, and put back his mother's portrait, which they have had in their room ever since he went away and forgot it, woe is me! And old John, the butler, coachman, footman, valet, factotum, consults with master about supper.

"What can we have?" says master: "all the shops are shut, and there's nothing in the house."

John. — "No, no more there isn't; only Guernsey's calf. Butcher kill'd'n yesterday, as your honor knowth."

Master. — "Come, John, a calf's enough. Tell the cook to *send us up that.*"

And he gives a hoarse haw, haw! at his wit; and Mrs. Prodigal smiles too, and says, "Ah, Tom Prodigal, you were always a merry fellow!"

Well, John Footman carries down the message to cook, who is a country wench, and takes people at their word; and what do you think she sends up?

Top Dish.

Fillet of veal and bacon on the side table.

Bottom Dish.

Roast ribs of veal.

In the Middle.

Calves'-head soup (à la tortue).
Veal broth.

Between.

Boiled knuckle of veal, and parsley sauce.
Stewed veal, with brown sauce and forced meat balls.

Entre-mêts.

Veal olives (for sauce, see stewed veal).
Veal cutlets (panées, sauce piquante).
Ditto (en papliotte).
Scotch collops.
Fricandeau of veal (piqué au lard à la chicorée).
Minced veal.
Blanquet of veal.

Second Course.

Curry of calves'-head.
Sweetbreads.
Calves'-foot jelly.

See, my dear Anatole, what a world of thought can be conjured up out of a few inches of painted canvas.

And now we come to the great and crowning picture of the exhibition, my own historical piece, namely, "Heliogabalus in the Ruins of Carthage." In this grand and finished perform —

. . . . . .

*** Mr. Titmarsh's letter stops unfortunately here. We found it at midnight the 15th–16th of May, in a gutter of St. Martin's Lane, whence a young gentleman had just been removed by the police. It is to be presumed that intoxication could be his only cause for choosing such a sleeping place at such an hour; and it has probably commenced as he was writing the above fragment. We made inquiries at Lord's Coffee House,

of Mr. Moth (who, from being the active and experienced head-waiter, is now the obliging landlord of that establishment), and were told that a gentleman unknown had dined there at three, and had been ceaselessly occupied in writing and drinking until a quarter to twelve, when he abruptly quitted the house. Mr. Moth regretted to add that the stranger had neglected to pay for thirteen glasses of gin and water, half a pint of porter, a bottle of soda-water, and a plate of ham sandwiches, which he had consumed in the course of the day.

We have paid Mr. Moth (whose very moderate charges, and excellent stock of wines and spirits, cannot be too highly commended), and shall gladly hand over to Mr. Titmarsh the remaining sum which is his due. Has he any more of his rhapsody? — O. Y.

OUR ANNUAL EXECUTION.

The best part of education in England used formerly to be the rod. It made good scholars, brave soldiers, and honest gentlemen: it acted upon our English youth in a manner the most gentle, the most wholesome, the most effectual. It was applied indiscriminately, it is true; but were any the worse for it? Is there any man of Eton or Westminster, who reads this, and can say that any part of him was injured by the rod-application? Not one? Is there any, to go a step further, who can say that he was not benefited? We pause for a reply. None? Then none has it offended. Blessings be on the memory of the rod! It is dead now: all the twigs are withered, all the buds have dropped off. It is a moss-grown and forgotten ruin, sacred only to a few, who worship timidly at the shrine where their fathers bowed openly, who still exercise the rod-worship, and cherish the recollections of the dear old times.

The critical rod, too, is, for the most part, thrown aside. This, however, was subject to more abuses than the scholastic rod (which was applied moderately only, and to parts where the defences against injury are naturally strong); critics were too fierce with their weapon, and did not mind where their blows hit. A poor, harmless fellow has been whipped unto death's door almost, when the critic thought that he was only wholesomely correcting him; another has been maimed for life, whom fierce-handed flagellifier had thought only to tickle. Such abuses came sometimes from sheer exuberance of spirits on the part of the critic (take the great professor, who, in fun, merely seizes on an unlucky devil, and flogs every morsel of skin off his back, so that he shall not be able to sit, lie, or walk, for months to come); sometimes from professional enthusiasm (like that which some great surgeons have, who cannot keep their fingers from the knife); sometimes, alas! from personal malice, when the critic is no more than a literary cut-throat and brutal assassin, for whose infamy no punishment is too strong. The proper method, finally — for why affect modesty, and beat about the bush? — is that particular method which we adopt. If the subject to be operated upon be a poor weak creature, switch him gently, and then take him down. If he be a pert pretender, as well as an ignoramus, cut smartly, and make him cry out; his antics will not only be amusing to the lookers-on, but instructive likewise: a warning to

other impostors, who will hold their vain tongues, and not be quite so ready for the future to thrust themselves in the way of the public. But, as a general rule, never flog a man, unless there are hopes of him; if he be a real malefactor, sinning not against taste merely, but truth, give him a grave trial and punishment: don't flog him, but brand him solemnly, and then cast him loose. The best cure for humbug is satire — here above typified as the rod; for crime, you must use the *hot iron:* but this, thank Heaven! is seldom needful, not more than once or twice in the seven and thirty years that we ourselves have sat on the bench.

Some such gentle switching as we have spoken of (mingled, however, with much sweet praise and honor for the meritorious) we are about to administer to the writers and draughtsmen for the Annuals of the present year. We had intended to pass them over altogether, having belabored one or two of them twelve months since, had not the rest of the London critics, as we see by the advertisements, chosen to indulge in such unseemly praises and indecent raptures as may mislead the painters, authors, and the public, and prove the critics themselves to be quite unworthy of the posts they fill. Bad as the system of too much abusing is, the system of too much praising is a thousand times worse; and praise, monstrous, indiscriminate, wholesale, is the fashion of the day. The critics, for the most part, are down on their knees to authors and artists: every twaddling rhymester who fills a page in an Annual, and every poor dabbler in art who illustrates it, turn out to be a Raffaelle, a Byron the Second; and the public — with respect be it spoken, in matters of art the most ignorant, the most credulous public in Europe — falls down on its knees in imitation of the critic, and to every one of his prayers roars out its stupid amen.

Thus we have been compelled to revert to the Annuals, for there are dangerous symptoms of a return to the old superstition, and unless we cry out it is not improbable that the public will begin to fancy once more that the verses which they contain are real poetry, and the pictures real painting: and thus painters, poets, and public, will be spoiled alike.

An eminent artist who read those remarkable pages on the Annuals which appeared in this Magazine last year, was pleased to give us his advice, in case we ever should be tempted to return to the same subject at a future season. He had adopted the new faith about criticism, and was of opinion that it is the writer's duty only to speak of pictures particularly, when one could speak in terms of praise; not, of course, to praise unjustly, but to be discreetly silent when there was no opportunity. This was the dictum of old Goethe (as may be seen in Mrs. Austin's "Characteristics" of that gentleman), who employed it, as our own Scott did likewise, as much, we do believe, to save himself trouble, and others annoyance, as from any conviction of the good resulting from the plan. It is a fine maxim, and should be universally adopted — across a table. Why should not Mediocrity be content, and fancy itself Genius? Why should not Vanity go home, and be a little more vain? If you tell the truth, ten to one but Dulness only grows angry, and is not a whit less dull than before, — such being its nature. But when *I* becomes *we* — sitting in judgment, and delivering solemn opinions — *we* must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; for then there is a third party concerned — the public — between whom and the writer, or painter, the critic has to arbitrate, and he is bound to show no favor. What is kindness to the one is injustice to the other, who looks for an honest judgment, and is by far the most important party of the three; the two others being, the one the public's servant,

the other the public's appraiser, sworn to value, to the best of his power, the article that is for sale. The critic does not value rightly, it is true, once in a thousand times; but if he do not deal *honestly*, woe be to him! The hulks are too pleasant for him, transportation too light. For ourselves, our honesty is known; every man of the band of critics (that awful, unknown Vehmgericht, that sits in judgment in the halls of REGINA) is gentle, though inexorable, loving though stern, *just* above all. As fathers, we have for our dutiful children the most tender yearning and love; but we are, every one of us, Brutuses, and at the sad intelligence of our children's treason we weep — the father will; *but we chop their heads off.*

Enough of apology and exposition of our critical creed; let us proceed to business.

. . . . . .

"The Book of Royalty" has the finest coat of all the Annuals, and contains, by way of illustration, a number of lithographic drawings, by Messrs. Perring and Brown, gayly colored with plenty of carmine, emerald green, and cobalt blue. The pictures are agreeable, though not very elaborate — perhaps *because* not very elaborate; for the sketches of the above-named artists are far better than their pictures in a great book which is called "Finden's Tableaux of the Affections," and in which Messrs. Perring and Brown have had every thing in their own way. Nothing can be more false, poor, or meretricious, than the taste characteristic of these productions, which consist of female pages, in light pantaloons, dissolved in grief: Moorish ladies; Greek wives; Swiss shepherdesses; and such like. They are bad figures, badly painted, and drawn, standing in the midst of bad landscapes; the whole engraved in that mean, weak, conventional manner, which engravers have now-a-days, — in which there is no force, breadth, texture, nor feeling of drawing; but only that paltry smoothness and effect which are the result of pure mechanical skill, and which a hundred workhouse-boys or tailors' apprentices would learn equally well — better than a man of genius would do. But, what matters? The beauty of certain English engravings is, that they are so entirely without character, that one may look at them year after year, and forget them always; especially if a new set of verses appear every Christmas, being fresh illustrations of the old plates.

The dumpy little "Forget-Me-Not" opens with a very poor engraving, from a very poor picture by Parris, which is as flimsy as an engraving in the "Petit Courrier des Dames," but not so authentic; and contains a dozen other pieces, of which "Pocahontas," by Middleton, and Nash's "Sir Henry Lee at Prayers," are perhaps the best specimens. This and "The Friendship's Offering" are the last of the original Annuals: and a great comfort it is that the publishers and public have found out the mistake of size, and that the younger Annuals are in dimensions far more capacious than their fathers and mothers — young Jupiters, who have deposed the old paternal dynasty. Unable to say much for the pictorial part of "The Forget-Me-Not," we are glad to find the literary contents much superior to many of the very biggest Annuals; and quote a piece of an admirable marine story, at which the reader cannot but be frightened: —

"The lad performed his task, and gave the result to the mate, who was seated before his log-book. 'Latitude, 3° 6′ N.; longitude, 63° 20′ 5″ E., sir,' said he, as the captain slowly opened the door of his cabin. It was instantly closed with the utmost violence, and the startled apprentice hurried away.

"The dinner hour arrived, and the steward summoned his chief. No reply was given, till the mate repeated that the table was served. 'I do not choose any dinner, Mr. Osborne,' was the reply: 'these warm latitudes take away my appetite. Let me have some soda-water.'

"The order was obeyed, and the solitary mate hurried over his meal in silence. The day passed on with its accustomed duties; and, to the astonishment of every one, the captain appeared on deck with a more cheerful countenance than he had ever been seen to assume: he looked around and inhaled the cool breeze of the evening with apparent pleasure. He spoke kindly to the mate, and attempted to smile at the fine lad who had reported the progress of the ship. A gentle ripple curled against the sides of the vessel; and there was almost an air of gladness throughout her inhabitants, as she skimmed the surface of the deep blue waters.

"The next day, the mate, the apprentice, and the captain himself, prepared to make their observations. The sun reached its meridian, and the latitude was worked; the lad looked at the mate with astonishment—the latitude was the same as the day before. The quadrant dropped from the hands of the captain; but, as Mr. Osborne picked it up, he said, 'Perhaps we have had too much easting, sir; we will work the longitude.'

"'Ah, true!' said the captain.

"'I am sure,' said the helmsman, 'we have been steering N. E. by N. ever since yesterday.'

"'Hold your tongue,' said the mate. He and the lad retired to the cuddy, and made their calculations; and the longitude proved to be the same as the day before.

"'There must have been some mistake,' said the mate, 'but we must enter it as such. She seems to be going along nicely now, however. But so she did yesterday,' thought he. 'What can be hanging over us?'

"No rest was taken by either master or mate the whole of that night: the latter paced the deck, and the former the cuddy throughout the dreamy hours; and they met at breakfast without exchanging a word. Noon approached: and, as they took their stand, 'Now, my lad,' said the mate to the apprentice, 'we have been steering due north all night, and I think we shall find some difference.'

"Again did the sun, with its dazzling brightness, reach the southernmost point, and again did the mate and the apprentice look aghast at each other; the figures were the same; and yet the quadrants were in excellent order. The mate first recovered himself: 'For your life,' said he, in a low voice, 'tell this to no man, but see what your longitude is, and come quietly into the cuddy with it written on the edge of your quadrant. Again, I charge you not to utter a sound!'

"The lad sat down in a corner close to the door, and having performed his task, tremblingly presented it to the mate within, who was leaning his head upon his hand, as if buried in thought, but evidently knowing the result: he copied the figures into the log-book, left it open on the table, and quitted the cuddy with the apprentice. No sooner had they departed than the captain softly opened the door of his cabin, and, with stealthy pace, crept to the log: the same figures, three times repeated, saluted his eyes. A look of frenzied despair passed over his features; then, clinching his fist and striking his forehead, he rushed back into his cabin.

"A deathlike stillness reigned upon deck: the crew stared at each other with wondering and anxious looks; the mate seemed to gasp for breath as he sadly leaned over the gangway; the sky was bright and clear, and of that deep color which is so beautiful between the tropics; not another living thing was seen in the equally clear and blue ocean; and that doomed vessel, with her twenty-six souls, seemed to be the only speck in the vast wilderness around. Five minutes more, and the captain rushed on deck in a frantic state: 'Crowd on all sail, Osborne—let her stagger under it. By all the powers in Heaven, we will leave this accursed spot!'

"His orders were obeyed, and he himself lent a hand to facilitate their execution; his hat fell off; his long black locks blew from his ample forehead; his flashing eyes, his finely cut features, his muscular frame, seeming to possess superhuman strength; his sonorous yet melodious voice, resounding from stem to stern, seemed to fill the vault above. But, crowd as they would, they were now sensible that the vessel did not move. The sea became smooth as glass; the canvas flapped listlessly against the masts: but still the ship did not roll as in a calm; she seemed to be out of the power of ordinary events.

"As the last rope was pulled, and the men could do no more, a loud ringing laugh was heard by every one; each thought it was his neighbor. A breeze passed over every wondering face; and still the sails flapped. But presently a small black cloud appeared in the horizon. 'A white squall!' said one of the men.

"'Take in all sail, stand by to cut the halliards!' cried the mate, 'or we are lost.'

"'A white squall do you call it?' said one of the men sulkily. 'I call it a black one.'

"They looked round for the captain for orders, but he was gone; and they heard his door close with frightful violence.

"The black cloud came, and spread over a large surface immediately above the ship: it then opened, and two figures of frightful form descended from it, bear-

ing between them a coffin, which they placed on the deck. One of them stationed himself by its side with a huge hammer and several nails in his hand, and the other took the lid from the coffin. 'Charles Osborne!' exclaimed he. The mate advanced, and was laid in the coffin: it was much too narrow for him, and he was rudely pushed upon the deck. Another and another was summoned by name, till all the twenty-five had tried the dimensions: for some it was too short, for others too long; it was then too wide, or too slender in its proportions: but, as each took his station in it, the figure with hammer and nails stood with uplifted hands, ready to strike and to close the victim within it.

"Those who had clear consciences advanced with pale but calm countenances; others trembled violently. Those who had much to repent of were convulsed, and big drops of perspiration stood upon their foreheads. These were so near fitting, that the figures grinned with delight; they were even pressed down into the coffin, as if to stuff them in: but the demons, shaking their heads, violently tossed them out again, with an impatient gesture.

"At length the whole of the twenty-five had taken their turn; and, while they blessed their own escape, they anxiously fixed their eyes on the cuddy door.

"'There is yet another,' said one of the demons in a hollow voice: 'Come forth, Ferdinand Conder!'

"With erect mien and ghastly smile, the captain for the last time issued from his place of refuge, looking like a man who knew that his hour was come, but was determined to meet his fate with firmness. He gave one look of affection at the mate, and quietly laid himself in the coffin. In an instant the lid was closed over him; nine nails were driven in, with one blow to each: and taking the coffin in their arms, the figures ascended into the black cloud, which closed over them. The vessel seemed to rise out of the waters; and as she returned to their surface with a mighty plunge, a tremendous rush and the word 'Murder' were heard above. The cloud disappeared, and all was still!"

The first and most important fact of "The Keepsake" is the binding. Hancock's India-rubber binding answers to a wonder, and displays the plates and the letterpress of "The Keepsake" as they never were displayed before: as for the latter, perhaps, the binding is a little too liberal towards it, for it compels one to read the text willy-nilly, and, of course, to grow angry over the silly twaddle one reads. How much better, in this respect, is the arrangement of "The Forget-me-not;" of which the copies before us will neither open nor shut, so cleverly has the binder arranged it. But "*revenons à nos Kipsicks.*" In the frontispiece figures Madame Guiccioli, a clever engraving by Thompson after Chalon, the monopolizer. Next follows:—

2. "The Unearthly Visitant." A beautiful picture by Herbert; engraved by Stocks. This picture is in the very best style of English art, carefully drawn, well composed, graceful, earnest, and poetical; and we, the most ruthless critics in the world, are well pleased to say, "Well done, Herbert!"

3. "The Shipwreck." A scene from "Don Juan." By Bently.

4. "Maida." By Miss Corbeaux. Portrnits, most probably. The child is pretty and graceful, like one of Sir Joshua's.

5. "Mary Danvers." Dyce. A charming, smiling little girl. One of the very best figures that appear among the prints of the season.

6. "The Tableau," *alias* Beppo. Mr. Herbert never makes *bad* pictures, but this is not a very good one.

7. "The Battle Field." Harding. Alp's midnight interview with Miss Minolli, from the popular poem of "The Siege of Corinth." Guns, trains, horse-tails, moonlight, ghosts, and Turks. Not quite the best of Mr. Harding's works.

8. "Constantine and Euphrasia." A picture, by E. Corbould, in the fiddle-faddle style. This picture represents Conrad carrying off Gulnare in the most milk-and-water manner imaginable. The corsair has his right foot forwards, like Monsieur Albert; and Gulnare, in his arms, smiles like Mademoiselle Duvernay.

9. "The Reefer." Chalon. One of Mr. Chalon's pretty affectations. A young midshipman leans across the foretop-gallant yard, and turns towards heaven the largest pair of eyes

ever seen. The dear little fellow's collar is sadly rumpled, and his hair entirely out of curl. Sweet fellow! Pray Heaven he don't catch cold!

10. "Mary of Mantua." Miss Corbeaux. A beautiful head, but a droll pair of hands.

11. "Speranza appearing to Vane," *alias* Manfred. Meadows. Oh, Mr. Meadows!

And this is the *catalogue raisonné* of "The Keepsake" gallery for the present year: an improvement, decidedly, on the last, containing, for the most part, better pictures, and of a better class. A great improvement, too, is in the *size* of the plates, which, since the first unlucky discovery of Annuals, have been expanding and expanding, until, at last, painter and engraver may hope for justice, and their hands need no longer be so miserably cramped as they have been.

So much for the plates of "The Keepsake;" and now for the poetry and the prose. We have bestowed praise enough on Mr. Herbert's "Unearthly Visitors;" a noble lady has composed the following verses to it:—

'The grave hath opened now, and hath restored
The lost, the loved, the lovely, and the adored.
Death! thou'rt the awful, thou'rt the mighty Death!
And who but trembles at thy power beneath!
But thou art *not* the almighty Death; thou'rt not,
Despite thy mastery o'er our troubled lot,
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
The unconquerable, the unconquered of
12 13
the earth.
[*A good liberal measure for a decasyllabic line.*]
No! Praised be Heaven that called us to this birth!
Love is the mightier! He thy bounds can break,
And bid the slumberers from the tombs awake.
What is this form, from thy dark realms set free,
That looks a sovereign thing o'er Fate and Thee?
That thus hath burst thy dull and dismal bound,
With beauty beatific clad and crowned?
Ay! *beatifically beauteous* there
She stands, than life more lovely far, and fair.
Spirit to spirit the long-parted meet,
And, solemnly, mysteriously, they greet.
The world recedes; gray Time draws back in fear—
Gray Time, a monarch and a master here,
With all his shadowy years, that *fleetly fly*
Before the presence of the Eternity:
Before the Eternity that looks in light,
From those calm eyes the spiritually bright.
Earth's son shakes off earth's pain-surrounding things;
His spirit soars proudly on unfettered wings.
Spirit to spirit the long-parted meet,
And solemnly, mysteriously they greet!"

What shall we say of these lines? They are "beatifically beauteous," and no mistake. One is puzzled to know whether they are the more clear in thought, or lucid in expression; one is puzzled, above all, to know why ladies will write such things, or editors of Annuals print them. Here are some more aristocratic

STANZAS

BY LORD J. MANNERS.

"Most beautiful! I love thee,
By thy eye of melting blue,
In life and death I'll prove me
Faithful, kind, and true.

Most beautiful! I love thee
By the heart that now I give:
Oh let my fond prayers move thee
To bid me hope and live!"

When it is recollected that the above lines were made by his lordship at six years of age, the reader will make every allowance for him; had he been six years older, we might have been inclined to be severe. One more specimen let us give, from a sweet tale by the Honorable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, M. P., who says that, since he published an article in "The Keepsake," in the year 1835,

"I have mingled much in the world, and, with a heart *cold and storm-worn* as the brow of Jura, sought out its associations, and affected to feel and be swayed by impulses and attachments, of which I only remembered the force; but which

remembrance enabled me to act the part, or feign a reality, sufficiently to make my fellow-creatures believe I was as gayly, as gregariously inclined as they were. Had the undisguised truth been known, I stood amid the pliant and breeze-swayed forest of humanity, as the blighted and lightning-struck oak rears its dry and unmovable limbs above the surrounding verdure of the wilderness; stretching forth my arms, and pointing alone to that blessed sky, to which, as it is the home of all blessed souls, I deemed my own, my sweet, my fascinating spirit of the Wye had in all her loveliness departed!"

O day and night! But he is a rare genius! Fancy the hero of the tale of the Honorable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley standing "a blighted oak, amid the pliant and breeze-swayed forest of humanity!" "with a heart cold and storm-worn as the brow of Jura!" "rearing his dry and unmovable limbs above the surrounding verdure of the wilderness!" "stretching forth his arms and pointing alone to that blessed sky!" . . . where dwells the kindred spirit of Bayes! This man — we speak it, as a Niagara cataract of impetuous emotion gushes softly from each eye, and an abysmal earthquake of storm-uprooted feelings and smouldering chaotic lava heaves the tempestuous bosom — this is THE man of Annuals! Amid the desert of contributors he stands, a huge and lonely pyramid, in solitary greatness. Let the red simoom rage at his base, what cares he? Awe-stricken, the red simoom scuds screaming away, and the lustrous stars look calm upon his stalactic apex! In a word (for if we were to keep the steam of our style *crescendo*, we might blow the Magazine and all Regent Street into atoms), as "The Athenæum" says, Mr. Berkeley "may now take his place," &c., &c., among the brightest spirits, &c., &c., of our time.

There are three landscape Annuals as before. "The Oriental," with engravings after sketches by Mr. Bacon; "The Landscape," which Mr. Holland has illustrated with Portuguese views; and "The Picturesque," which contains an elaborate description of Versailles, with numerous engravings after Callow, Mackenzie, and Collignon. All the letterpress of these books merits applause. Mr. Bacon tells pleasant Indian stories; Mr. Harrison has a store of Portuguese sketches and legends; Mr. Leitch Ritchie, finally, writes or translates a history of Versailles, which alone will give the reader a very tolerable smattering of French history. Mr. Bacon is not, we presume, artist enough to do more than sketch; so Roberts, Stanfield, and others, have been employed to complete the others. Mr. Callow's are capital designs for "The Picturesque;" and Mr. Holland is a welcome addition to the landscape painters. His drawings are not quite so glib and smooth as those from more practical hands; but they are, perhaps, more like nature, and certainly less mannered, than the excellent though exaggerated performances of some of the seniors in the art.

Mr. Fisher has employed, as usual, the aid of L. E. L. to set off his old plates, many of which we recognize as having been shifted from a work published by Mr. Tilt into "The Drawing-room Scrap-book" and "Juvenile" ditto: not, however, that there is any harm in so doing; for, luckily, such is the character of English art, such a beautiful vapidity pervades the chief portion of the pictures submitted to the public, that to remember them is a sheer impossibility: we may look at them over and over again, year after year, in "Scrapbook" after "Scrapbook," and never recognize our former insipid acquaintances; so that the very best plan is this of Messrs. Fisher, to change not the plates, but just the names underneath, and make Medora into Haidee, or Desdemona, or what you will. As for the poets, they are always ready, and will turn you off a set of stanzas, regarding either or every one of the characters with ingenuity never failing.

Here à *propos*, comes a letter which has been slipped into our box, written on pink paper, in a hand almost illegible without the aid of a magnifying glass, smelling of musk and signed "Rosalba de Montmorency."

TO THE EDITOR OF FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

SIR, — In making you *mes compliments empreprés*, allow me to state how *flattered and proud* I should feel if the accompanying *chansonnettes* could appear in the pages of your *Recueil*.

I have presented them, I confess, to the editors of one or two of the keepsakes, in humble hope, that, amid the poetesses of our clime, the humble Rosalba de Montmorency might be permitted to rank — a *wild flower* amidst the *gorgeous blossoms* which form the *dewy coronal* that binds the lofty brow of the female Poesy of England! Say, sir, have I, or have I not, drunk of the Castalian cup?

In almost the same words did I address myself to the editors of the Annuals above *hinted at*. They replied not — responded not — answered not. In vain I have cast o'er their *gilded and illuminated* page an eye of fever; *my* strains were not permitted to be heard in their *exclusive temples*, or swell the chorus of England's *aristocratic* minstrelsy.

Will you, sir, succor a damsel in distress? Yes, your true heart, I know, responds to the echo! Will you tell me, are not my stanzas as *impassioned*, ay, as *fashionable*, as those of my *gemmed* or *coroneted* sisterhood, whose passion-songs twine round so many a page?

The *idea* of the little stanzas I enclose is not altogether new. A strain oft sung by vulgar mariners has, I know not how, come to my ears; and as I thought I discovered in the coarse garment which envelops them some *lurking gems of poesy*, these I have extracted, and set them in *more appropriate* guise. Should you accept them, 'twill be the proudest moment in the existence of

ROSALBA DE MONTMORENCY.

P.S. — My real name is Miss Eliza Slabber, Margaret Cottages, Buffalo Row, Hick's Street West, Upper Cuttle Place, Camden Town; where, if you write, *please address*. — E. S.

My first is in the *romantic* style, and has been sung with much applause at —— Rouse, Esquire's, the Eagle Tavern, City Road, and other fashionable assemblies, by a celebrated *female vocalist*, who shall be nameless. It is called

THE BATTLE-AXE POLACCA.

Untrue to my Ulric I never could be,
I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie.
Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,
And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er,
My faith then I plighted, my love I confessed,
As I gave you the BATTLE-AXE, marked with your Crest!
Eleleu! in the desolate hour!

When the bold barons met in my father's old hall,
Was not Edith the flower of the banquet and ball?
In the festival hour, on the lips of your bride,
Was there ever a smile save with THEE at my side?
Alone in my turret I loved to sit best,
To blazon your BANNER and broider your crest.
Eleleu! in the festival hour!

The knights were assembled, the tourney was gay!
Sir Ulric rode first in the warrior *melée*,
In the dire battle-hour, when the tourney was done,
And you gave to another the wreath you had won!
Though I never reproached thee, cold, cold was my breast,
As I thought of that BATTLE-AXE, ah! and that crest!
Eleleu! in the dire battle hour!

But away with remembrance, no more will I pine
That others usurped for a time what was mine!
There's a FESTIVAL HOUR for my Ulric and me;
Once more, as of old, shall he bend at my knee;
Once more by the side of the knight I love best,
Shall I blazon his BANNER and broider his CREST.
Tralala! for the festival hour!

The little turn from *eleleu* in the first three stanzas to *tralala* in the last has been admired very much, and is considered *by judges*, a beautiful *alternation* from *grief to joy*. It is *quite in the regular* way of modern poets, I assure you. Now follows a *sprightly ditty*. A *French friend* has kindly inserted several phrases, and the whole is pronounced quite fashionable. It is called

THE ALMACKS' ADIEU.

Your Fanny was never false-hearted,
And this she protests and she vows,
From the *triste moment* when we parted
On the staircase at Devonshire House!

I blushed when you asked me to marry,
I vowed I would never forget;
And at parting I gave my dear Harry
A beautiful vinegarette!

We spent, *en province*, all December
And I ne'er condescended to look
At Sir Charles, or the rich county member,
Or even at that darling old duke.
You were busy with dogs and with horses,
Alone in my chamber I sat,
And made you the nicest of purses,
And the smartest black-satin cravat!

At night, with that vile lady Frances
(*Je fasois moi tapisserie*)
You danced every one of the dances,
And never once thought of poor me!
Mon pauvre petit cœur! what a shiver
I felt as she danced the last set, [her,
And you gave, *oh, mon Dieu!* to revive
My beautiful *vinegarette!*

Return, love! away with coquetting;
This flirting disgraces a man!
And ah! all the while you're forgetting
The heart of your poor little Fan!
Reviens! break away from these Circes,
Reviens for a nice little chat;
And I've made you the sweetest of purses,
And a lovely black-satin cravat!

There! Is it not *the thing* now? Perhaps you will like to see the vulgar ballad on which I have founded my strains? It is so paltry and low, that, were it not for curiosity's sake, I really would not send it.

"Still your — I'll wash, and your grog,
too, I'll make."

Improper stuff! I am really almost ashamed to write it.

"Wapping Old Stairs.

"Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;
When I vowed I would ever continue the same,
And gave you the 'BACCO-BOX marked with your name.
When I passed a whole fortnight betweendecks with you,
Did I ere give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew?
To be useful and kind with my Thomas I staid,—
For his trousers I washed, and his grog, too, I made.

Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall
With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal;
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
Why should Sal or should Susan than me be more prized?
For the heart that is true it should ne'er be despised.
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake;
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog, too, I'll make."

. . . . . .

Although we do not agree with Miss de Montmorency as to the merits of the piece last quoted, — one of the simplest and most exquisite ditties in our language, — we are quite ready to admit that her parodies are to the full as original and spirited as the chief part of the verses in the Annuals. Here, for instance, are some verses by a clever lady — a beautiful lady — a lady of rank, which we quote, because they have been quoted and admired by some of our contemporaries: —

The Letrilla.

"When the knight to battle went,
Leaving her he loved so well,
How the maid grew pale and pined,
None might witness, none could tell.
Weep! the while I sing!

Through the gardens like a ghost
All the evenings she would creep.
Fears, not dreams, her pillow strewed —
Ah! that youth should fail to sleep!
Weep! the while I sing!

Still she hoped — the tower would climb,
Whence she saw him ride away —
Thence to watch for casque and plume,
Glancing in the evening ray.
Weep! the while I sing!

There she watched; but tidings came —
Woe is me! — by Moorish guile
Fell the knight! A broken flower
Marks her tomb in minster-aisle!
Weep! my song is done!"

Weep! my song is done, indeed! On the contrary, one is by no means sorry to arrive at the conclusion, and only weeps that the song should ever be begun. Miss Montmorency Slabber has quite as much pathos as the Spanish "Letrilla;" and her pathetic *refrain* of "Eleleu" is to the full as touching as the burden of the latter ditty. We have chosen the words because they really are good and smooth, not from a desire to seize upon

the worst portions of the silly bits of clinquant strung together, and called gems of beauty. All the pictures are poor. Except Dyces' "Signal," and Cattermole's "Duenna," not one is worth a penny.

In "Fisher's Scrap-book," Miss Landon has some pretty verses; and we give a set from the same publication which show that, among the annual contributors, at least *somebody* can write good, honest, manly lines. Such verses are perfectly intoxicating after so much fashionable milk and water.

THE SACK OF MAGDEBURGH.

"When the breach was open laid,
Bold we mounted to the attack;
Five times the assault was made,
Four times were we beaten back.

Many a gallant comrade fell
In the desperate *mêlée* there;
Sped their spirits ill or well
Know I not, nor do I care.

But the fifth time, up we strode
O'er the dying and the dead;
Hot the western sunbeam glowed,
Sinking in a blaze of red.

Redder in the gory way
Our deep-plashing footsteps sank,
As the cry of 'Slay! slay! slay!'
Echoed fierce from rank to rank.

And we slew, and slew, and slew—
Slew them with unpitying sword:
Negligently could we do
The commanding of the Lord?

Fled the coward — fought the brave,
Wailed the mother — wept the child;
But there did not 'scape the glave
Man who frowned, or babe who smiled.

There were thrice ten thousand men
When the morning sun arose;
Lived not twice three hundred when
Sunk that sun at evening close.

Then we spread the wasting flame,
Fanned to fury by the wind:
Of the city, but the name —
Nothing more — is left behind!

Hall and palace, dome and tower,
Lowly shed and soaring spire,
Fell in that victorious hour
Which consigned the town to fire.

All that man had wrought — all — all —
To its pristine dust had gone;
For, inside the shattered wall,
Left we never stone on stone.

For it burst not till it gave
All it had to yield of spoil:
Should not brave soldadoes have
Some rewarding for their toil?

What the villain sons of trade
Earned by years of toil and care,
Prostrate at our bidding laid,
By one moment won, was there.

There, within the burning town,
'Mid the steaming heaps of dead,
Cheered by sound of hostile moan
Did we the joyous banquet spread.

Laughing loud, and quaffing long,
With our glorious labors o'er:
To the sky our jocund song
Told the city was NO MORE."

The reader knows the name that is signed to these verses, — that of the standard-bearing Doctor: not Gifford, the learned Doctor; not Southey, the polyglot Doctor; not Bowring, the encyclopædian Doctor; not Dennis, — THE DOCTOR, in short, and long life to him! the man who reads, writes, and knows every thing, and adorns every thing of which he writes — even Homer. Modesty forbids us to mention his name; but it hangs to the end of certain translations from the "Odyssey," to which we refer the public, and which may be found in this very Magazine.

And now, after the Doctor's fierce lyrics, let us give some of Mr. Milnes's stanzas; which ought to have appeared among the other extracts from "The Keepsake;" but they are fit for much better company: —

SONG.

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQ., M. P.

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still:
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it still grew longer
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not — no, he came not!
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer, nearer —
We did not speak a word;
But the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard."

Kissing, actually! Oh, Mr. Milnes, you naughty, naughty man!

. . . . . .

The diversion made by Miss Slabber has occupied us so long, that we are obliged to bring our remarks abruptly to a close, with the briefest possible notice of the remaining Keepsakes. "The Amaranth" is remarkable for the very bad engravings it contains, and the excellence of its literary department. "The Children of the Nobility" contains Landseer's beautiful picture of Miss Blanche Egerton, and no more. In "The Book of Beauty," most especially to be admired is the beautiful, sparkling Duchess of Sutherland; Lady Mahon, who looks beautiful, gentle, and kind; and Lady Powerscourt, whose face and figure seem to be modelled from Diana and Hebe. Oh, Medora, Zuleika, Juana, Juanina, Juanetta, and company! — Oh, ye of the taper fingers, and six-inch eyes! shut those great fringes of eyelashes, close those silly coral slits of mouths. Avaunt, ye spider-waisted monsters! who have flesh, but no bones; silly bodies, but no souls. And ye, O young artists! who were made for better things than to paint such senseless gimcracks, and make fribble furniture for tawdry drawing-room tables, look at Nature, and blush! See how much nobler she is than your pettifogging art! — how much more beautiful Truth is than your miserable tricked-up lies. More lovely is she than a publisher's bill at three months, — a better paymistress in the end than Messrs Heath, Finden, and all their crew. The world loves bad pictures, truly; but yours it is to teach the world, for you know better. Copy Nature. Don't content yourselves with idle recollections of her; be not satisfied with knowing pretty tricks of drawing and color; stand not still because donkeys proclaim that you have arrived at perfection. Above all, read sedulously "Regina," who watches you with an untiring eye, "and, whether stern or smiling, loves you still." Remember that she always tells you the truth, — she never puffeth, neither doth she blame unnecessarily. Remember, too, that the year beginneth. Can there be a more favorable opportunity to pour in with your subscriptions?

One word more. Thank Heaven, the *nudities* have gone out of fashion! — the public has to thank *us* for that.

A SECOND LECTURE ON THE FINE ARTS.

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ.

THE EXHIBITIONS.

Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead.

MY DEAR BRICABRAC, — You, of course, remember the letter on the subject of our exhibitions which I addressed to you this time last year. As you are now lying at the Hôtel Dieu, wounded during the late unsuccessful *émeute* (which I think, my dear friend, is the seventeenth you have been engaged in), and as the letter which I wrote last year was received with unbounded applause by the people here, and caused a sale of three or four editions of this Magazine, I cannot surely, my dear Bricabrac, do better than send you another sheet or two, which may console you under your present bereavement, and at the same time amuse the British public, who now know their friend Titmarsh as well as you in France know that little scamp Thiers.

Well, then, from Jack Straw's Castle, an hotel on Hampstead's breezy heath, which Keats, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, F. W. N. Bayly, and others of our choicest spirits, have often patronized, and a heath of which every pool, bramble, furze-bush-with-clothes-hanging-on-it-to-dry, steep, stock, stone, tree, lodging-house, and distant gloomy background of London city, or bright green stretch of sunshiny Hertfordshire meadows, has been depicted by our noble English landscape painter, Constable, in his own Constabulary way — at Jack Straw's Castle, I say, where I at this present moment am located (not that it matters in the least, but the world is always interested to know where men of genius are accustomed to disport themselves), I cannot do better than look over the heap of picture-gallery catalogues which I brought with me from London, and communicate to you, my friend in Paris, my remarks thereon.

A man, with five shillings to spare, may at this present moment half kill himself with pleasure in London town, and in the neighborhood of Pall Mall, by going from one picture gallery to another, and examining the beauties and absurdities which are to be found in each. There is first the National Gallery (entrance, nothing), in one wing of the little gin-shop of a building so styled near St. Martin's Church; in another wing is the exhibition of the Royal Academy (entrance, one shilling; catalogue, one ditto). After having seen this, you come to the Water-Color Exhibition in Pall Mall East; then to the gallery in Suffolk Street; and, finally, to the New Water-Color Society in Pall Mall, — a pretty room, which formerly used to be a gambling-house, where many a bout of seven's-the-main, and iced champagne, has been had by the dissipated in former days. All these collections (all the modern ones, that is) deserve to be noticed, and contain a deal of good, bad, and indifferent wares, as is the way with all other institutions in this wicked world.

Commençons donc avec le commencement — with the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which consists, as everybody knows, of thirty-eight knight and esquire academicians, and nineteen simple and ungenteel associates, who have not so much as a shabby Mister before their names. I recollect last year facetiously ranging these gentlemen in rank, according to what I conceived to be their merits,

—King Mulready, Prince Maclise, Lord Landseer, Archbishop Eastlake (according to the best of my memory, for Jack Straw, strange to say, does not take in "Fraser's Magazine"), and so on. At present, a great number of new-comers, now associates even, ought to be elevated to these aristocratic dignities; and, perhaps, the order ought to be somewhat changed. There are many more good pictures (here and elsewhere) than there were last year. A great stride has been taken in matters of art, my dear friend. The young painters are stepping forward. Let the old fogies look to it; let the old Academic Olympians beware, for there are fellows among the rising race who bid fair to oust them from sovereignty. They have not yet arrived at the throne, to be sure, but they are near it. The lads are not so good as the best of the academicians; but many of the academicians are infinitely worse than the lads, and are old, stupid, and cannot improve, as the younger and more active painters will.

If you are particularly anxious to know what is the best picture in the room, not the biggest (Sir David Wilkie's is the biggest, and exactly contrary to the best), I must request you to turn your attention to a noble river-piece by J. W. M. Turner, Esq., R. A., "The fighting Téméraire"—as grand a painting as ever figured on the walls of any academy, or came from the easel of any painter. The old Téméraire is dragged to her last home by a little, spiteful, diabolical steamer. A mighty red sun, amidst a host of flaring clouds, sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable, and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as never was painted before. The little demon of a steamer is belching out a volume (why do I say a volume? not a hundred volumes could express it) of foul, lurid, red-hot, malignant smoke, paddling furiously, and lashing up the water round about it; while behind it (a cold gray moon looking down on it), slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship, with death, as it were, written on her. I think, my dear Bricabrac (although, to be sure, your nation would be somewhat offended by such a collection of trophies), that we ought not, in common gratitude, to sacrifice entirely these noble old champions of ours, but that we should have somewhere a museum of their skeletons, which our children might visit, and think of the brave deeds which were done in them. The bones of "The Agamemnon" and "The Captain," "The Vanguard," "The Culloden," and "The Victory," ought to be sacred relics, for Englishmen to worship almost. Think of them when alive, and braving the battle and the breeze, they carried Nelson and his heroes, victorious by the Cape of St. Vincent, in the dark waters of Aboukir, and through the fatal conflict of Trafalgar. All these things, my dear Bricabrac, are, you will say, absurd, and not to the purpose. Be it so: but Bow-bellites as we are, we Cockneys feel our hearts leap up when we recall them to memory; and every clerk in Threadneedle Street feels the strength of a Nelson when he thinks of the mighty actions performed by him.

It is absurd, you will say (and with a great deal of reason), for Titmarsh, or any other Briton, to grow so politically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas, representing a ship, a steamer, a river, and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of the great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or to intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colors, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power. I recollect, some years ago, at the theatre at Weimar, hearing Beethoven's "Battle of Vittoria," in which, amidst a storm of glorious music, the air of "God save the

King" was introduced. The very instant it begun, every Englishman in the house was bolt upright, and so stood reverently until the air was played out. Why so? From some such thrill of excitement as makes us glow and rejoice over Mr. Turner and his "Fighting Téméraire;" which I am sure, when the art of translating colors into music or poetry shall be discovered, will be found to be a magnificent national ode or piece of music.

I must tell you, however, that Mr. Turner's performances are for the most part quite incomprehensible to me; and that his other pictures, which he is pleased to call "Cicero at his Villa," "Agrippina with the Ashes of Germanicus," "Pluto carrying off Proserpina," or what you will, are not a whit more natural, or less mad, than they used to be in former years, since he has forsaken nature, or attempted (like your French barbers) to embellish it. *On n'embellit pas la nature*, my dear Bricabrac: one may make pert caricatures of it, or mad exaggerations, like Mr. Turner in his fancy pieces. O ye gods! why will he not stick to copying her majestical countenance, instead of daubing it with some absurd antics and fard of his own? Fancy pea-green skies, crimson-lake trees, and orange and purple grass — fancy cataracts, rainbows, suns, moons, and thunderbolts — shake them well up with a quantity of gamboge, and you will have an idea of a fancy picture by Turner. It is worth a shilling alone to go and see "Pluto and Proserpina." Such a landscape! such figures! such a little red-hot coal-scuttle of a chariot! As Nat Lee sings —

"Methought I saw a hieroglyphic bat
Skim o'er the surface of a slipshod hat;
While, to increase the tumult of the skies,
A damned potato o'er the whirlwind flies."

If you can understand these lines, you can understand one of Turner's landscapes; and I recommend them to him, as a pretty subject for a piece for next year.

Etty has a picture on the same subject as Turner's, "Pluto carrying off Proserpina;" and if one may complain that in the latter the figures are not indicated, one cannot at least lay this fault to Mr. Etty's door. His figures *are* drawn, and a deuced deal *too much* drawn. A great, large curtain of fig-leaves should be hung over every one of this artist's pictures, and the world should pass on, content to know that there are some glorious colors painted beneath. His color, indeed, is sublime: I doubt if Titian ever knew how to paint flesh better — but his taste! Not David nor Girodet ever offended propriety so — scarcely even Peter Paul himself, by whose side, as a colorist and a magnificent heroic painter, Mr. Etty is sometimes worthy to stand. I wish he would take Ariosto in hand, and give us a series of designs from him. His hand would be the very one for those deep luscious landscapes, and fiery scenes of love and battle. Besides "Proserpine," Mr. Etty has two more pictures, "Endymion," with a dirty, affected, beautiful, slatternly Diana, and a portrait of "The Lady-Mayoress of York;" which is a curiosity in its way. The line of her ladyship's eyes and mouth (it is a front face) are made to meet at a point in a marabon feather which she wears in her turban, and close to her cheekbone; while the expression of the whole countenance is so fierce, that you would imagine it a Lady Macbeth, and not a lady-mayoress. The picture has, nevertheless, some very fine painting about it — as which of Mr. Etty's pieces has not?

The artists say there is very fine painting, too, in Sir David Wilkie's great "Sir David Baird;" for my part, I think very little. You see a great quantity of brown paint; in this is a great flashing of torches, feathers, and bayonets. You see in the foreground, huddled up in a rich heap of corpses and drapery, Tippoo Sahib; and swaggering over him on a stop, waving a sword for no earthly

purpose, and wearing a red jacket and buckskins, the figure of Sir David Baird. The picture is poor, feeble, theatrical; and I would just as soon have Mr. Hart's great canvas of "Lady Jane Grey" (which is worth exactly twopence halfpenny) as Sir David's poor picture of "Seringapatam." Some of Sir David's portraits are worse even than his historical compositions — they seem to be painted with snuff and tallow grease: the faces are merely indicated, and without individuality; the forms only half-drawn, and almost always wrong. What has come to the hand that painted "The Blind Fiddler" and "The Chelsea Pensioners"? Who would have thought that such a portrait as that of "Master Robert Donne," or the composition entitled "The Grandfather," could ever have come from the author of "The Rent-Day" and "The Reading of the Will"? If it be but a contrast to this feeble, flimsy, transparent figure of Master Donne, the spectator cannot do better than cast his eyes upwards, and look at Mr. Linnell's excellent portrait of "Mr. Robert Peel." It is real, substantial nature, carefully and honestly painted, and without any flashy tricks of art. It may seem ungracious in "us youth" thus to fall foul of our betters; but if Sir David has taught us to like good pictures, by painting them formerly, we cannot help criticising if he paints bad ones now: and bad they most surely are.

From the censure, however, must be excepted the picture of "Grace before Meat," which, a little misty and feeble, perhaps, in drawing and substance, in color, feeling, composition, and expression, is exquisite. The eye loves to repose upon this picture, and the heart to brood over it afterwards. When, as I said before, lines and colors come to be translated into sounds, this picture, I have no doubt, will turn out to be a sweet and touching hymn-tune, with rude notes of cheerful voices, and peal of soft, melodious organ, such as one hears stealing over the meadows on sunshiny Sabbath-days, while waves under cloudless blue the peaceful golden corn. Some such feeling of exquisite pleasure and content is to be had, too, from Mr. Eastlake's picture of "Our Lord and the Little Children." You never saw such tender white faces, and solemn eyes, and sweet forms of mothers round their little ones bending gracefully. These pictures come straight to the heart, and then all criticism and calculation vanish at once, — for the artist has attained his great end, which is, to strike far deeper than the sight; and we have no business to quarrel about defects in form and color, which are but little parts of the great painter's skill.

Look, for instance, at another piece of Mr. Eastlake's, called, somewhat affectedly, "La Svegliarina." The defects of the painter, which one does not condescend to notice when he is filled with a great idea, become visible instantly when he is only occupied with a small one; and you see that the hand is too scrupulous and finikin, the drawing weak, the flesh chalky and unreal. The very same objections exist to the other picture; but the subject and the genius overcome them.

Passing from Mr. Eastlake's pictures to those of a greater genius, though in a different line, — look at Mr. Leslie's little pieces. Can any thing be more simple — almost rude — than their manner, and more complete in their effect upon the spectator? The very soul of comedy is in them; there is no coarseness, no exaggeration; but they gladden the eye, and the merriment which they excite cannot possibly be more pure, gentlemanlike, or delightful. Mr. Maclise has humor, too, and vast powers of expressing it; but whiskey is not more different from rich Burgundy than his fun from Mr. Leslie's. To our thinking, Leslie's little head

of "Sancho" is worth the whole picture from "Gil Blas," which hangs by it. In point of workmanship, this is, perhaps, the best picture that Mr. Maclise ever painted; the color is far better than that usually employed by him, and the representation of objects carried to such an extent as we do believe was never reached before. There is a poached egg, which one could swallow; a trout, that beats all the trout that was ever seen: a copper pan, scoured so clean that you might see your face in it; a green blind, through which the sun comes; and a wall, with the sun shining on it, that De Hooghe could not surpass. This young man has the greatest power of hand that was ever had, perhaps, by any painter in any time or country. What does he want? Polish, I think; thought and cultivation. His great picture of "King Richard and Robin Hood" is a wonder of dexterity of hand, but coarse, I think, and inefficient in humor. His models repeat themselves too continually. Allen à Dale, the harper, is the very counterpart of Gil Blas; and Robin Hood is only Apollo with whiskers: the same grin, the same display of grinders, — the same coarse, luscious mouth, belongs to both. In the large picture, everybody grins, and shows his whole *ratelier*; and you look at them, and say, "These people seem all very jolly." Leslie's characters do not laugh themselves, but they make you laugh; and this is where the experienced American artist beats the dashing young Irish one. We shall say nothing of the color of Mr. Maclise's large picture; some part appears to us to be excellent, and the whole piece, as far as execution goes, is worthy of his amazing talents and high reputation. Mr. Maclise has but one portrait; it is, perhaps, the best in the exhibition: sober in color, wonderful for truth, effect, and power of drawing.

In speaking of portraits, there is never much to say; and they are fewer, and, for the most part, more indifferent, than usual. Mr. Pickersgill has a good one, a gentleman in a green chair; and one or two outrageously bad. Mr. Phillips's "Doctor Sheppard" is a finely painted head and picture; his lady, Dunraven, and her son, as poor, ill-drawn, and ill-colored a performance as can possibly be. Mr. Wood has a pretty head; Mr. Stone a good portrait of a very noble-looking lady, the Hon. Mrs. Blackwood; Mr. Bewick a good one; and there are, of course, many others whose names might be mentioned with praise or censure, but whom we will, if you please, pass over altogether.

The great advance of the year is in the small historical compositions, of which there are many that deserve honorable mention. Redgrave's "Return of Olivia to the Vicar" has some very pretty painting and feeling in it; "Quentin Matsys," by the same artist, is tolerably good. D. Cowper's "Othello relating his Adventures," really beautiful; as is Cope's "Belgian Family." All these are painted with grace, feeling, and delicacy; as is E. M. Ward's "Cimabue and Giotto" (there is in Tiepolo's etchings the selfsame composition, by the way); and Herbert's elegant picture of "The Brides of Venice." Mr. Severn's composition from "The Ancient Mariner" is a noble performance; and the figure of the angel with raised arm awful and beautiful too. It does good to see such figures in pictures as those and the above, invented and drawn, — for they belong, as we take it, to the best school of art, of which one is glad to see the daily spread among our young painters.

Mr. Charles Landseer's "Pillage of a Jew's House" is a very well and carefully painted picture, containing a great many figures and good points; but we are not going to praise it: it wants vigor, to our taste, and what you call *actualité*.

The people stretch their arms and turn their eyes the proper way, but as if they were in a tableau, and paid for standing there: one longs to see them all in motion, and naturally employed.

I feel, I confess, a kind of delight in finding out Mr. Edwin Landseer in a bad picture; for the man paints so wonderfully well, that one is angry that he does not paint better, which he might with half his talent, and without half his facility. "Van Amburgh and the Lions" *is* a bad picture, and no mistake; dexterous, of course, but flat and washy: the drawing even of the animals is careless; that of the man bad, though the head is very like, and very smartly painted. Then there are other dog-and-man portraits; "Miss Peel with Fido," for instance. Fido is wonderful, and so are the sponges, and hair-brushes, and looking-glass, prepared for the dog's bath; and the drawing of the child's face, as far as the lines and expression go, is very good; but the face is covered with flesh-colored paint, and not flesh, and the child looks like a wonderful doll, or imitation child, and not a real young lady, daughter of a gentleman who was prime minister last week. (By the by, my dear Bricabrac, did you ever read of such a pretty Whig game as that, and such a nice *coup d'état*?) There, again, is the beautiful little Princess of Cambridge, with a dog, and a piece of biscuit: the dog and the biscuit are just perfection; but the princess is no such thing, — only a beautiful apology for a princess, like that which Princess Penelope *didn't* send the other day to the lord-mayor of London.

We have to thank you (and not our Academy, which has hung the picture in a most scurvy way) for Mr. Scheffer's "Prêche Protestante." This fine composition has been thrust down on the ground, and trampled under foot, as it were, by a great number of worthless academics; but it merits one of the very best places in the gallery; and I mention it to hint an idea to your worship, which only could come from a great mind like that of Titmarsh, — to have, namely, some day, a great European congress of paintings, which might be exhibited at one place, — Paris, say, as the most central; or, better still, travel about, under the care of trusty superintendents, as they might, without fear of injury. I think such a circuit would do much to make the brethren known to one another, and we should hear quickly of much manly emulation, and stout training for the contest. If you will mention this to Louis Philippe the next time you see that *roi citoyen* (mention it soon, — for, egad! the next *émeute* may be successful; and who knows when it will happen?) — if you will mention this at the Tuileries, *we* will take care of St. James's; for I suppose that you know, in spite of the Whigs, her most sacred Majesty reads every word of "Fraser's Magazine," and will be as sure to see this on the first of next month as Lord Melbourne will be to dine with her on that day.

But let us return to our muttons. I think there are few more of the oil pictures about which it is necessary to speak; and besides them, there are a host of miniatures, difficult to expatiate upon, but pleasing to behold. There are Chalon's ogling beauties, half a dozen of them; and the skill with which their silks and satins are dashed in by the painter is a marvel to the beholder. There are Ross's heads, that to be seen must be seen through a microscope. There is Saunders, who runs the best of the miniature men very hard; and Thorburn, with Newton, Robertson, Rochard, and a host of others; and, finally, there is the sculpture-room, containing many pieces of clay and marble, and, to my notions, but two good things, a sleeping child (ridiculously called the Lady Susan Somebody), by Westmacott; and the bust of Miss Stuart, by Macdonald: never was any thing on earth more exquisitely lovely.

These things seen, take your stick from the porter at the hall door, cut it, and go to fresh picture-galleries; but ere you go, just by way of contrast, and to soothe your mind after the glare and bustle of the modern collection, take half an hour's repose in the National Gallery; where, before "The Bacchus and Ariadne," you may see what the magic of color is; before "Christ and Lazarus" what is majestic, solemn grace, and awful beauty; and before the new "St. Catharine" what is the real divinity of art. O Eastlake and Turner!—O Maclise and Mulready! you are all very nice men; but what are you to the men of old?

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Issuing then from the National Gallery—you may step over to Farrance's by the way, if you like, and sip an ice, or bolt a couple of dozen forced meat-balls, in a basin of mock-turtle-soup—issuing, I say, from the National Gallery, and after refreshing yourself or not, as your purse or appetite permits, you arrive speedily at the Water-Color Exhibition, and cannot do better than enter. I know nothing more cheerful or sparkling than the first *coup d'œil* of this little gallery. In the first place, you never can enter it without finding four or five pretty women, that's a fact; pretty women with pretty pink bonnets peeping at pretty pictures, and with sweet whispers vowing that Mrs. Seyffarth is a dear, delicious painter, and that her style is "so soft;" and that Miss Sharpe paints every bit as well as her sister; and that Mr. Jean Paul Frederick Richter draws the loveliest things, to be sure, that ever were seen. Well, very likely the ladies are right, and it would be unpolite to argue the matter; but I wish Mrs. Seyffarth's gentlemen and ladies were not so dreadfully handsome, with such white pillars of necks, such long eyes and lashes, and such dabs of carmine at the mouth and nostrils. I wish Miss Sharpe would not paint Scripture subjects, and Mr. Richter great goggle-eyed, red-cheeked, simpering wenches, whose ogling has become odious from its repetition. However, the ladies like it, and, of course, must have their way.

If you want to see *real* nature, now, real expression, real startling home poetry, look at every one of Hunt's heads. Hogarth never painted any thing better than these figures, taken singly. That man, rushing away frightened from the beer-barrel, is a noble head of terror; that Miss Jemima Crow, whose whole body is a grin, regards you with an ogle that all the race of Richters could never hope to imitate. Look at yonder card-players; they have a penny pack of the devil's books, and one has just laid down the king of trumps! I defy you to look at him without laughing, or to examine the wondrous puzzled face of his adversary without longing to hug the greasy rogue. Come hither, Mr. Maclise, and see what genuine comedy is; you who can paint better than all the Hunts and Leslies, and yet not near so well. If I were the Duke of Devonshire, I would have a couple of Hunts in every room in all my houses; if I had the blue-devils (and even their graces are, I suppose, occasionally so troubled), I would but cast my eyes upon these grand, good-humored pictures, and defy care. Who does not recollect "Before and After the Mutton Pie," the two pictures of that wondrous boy? Where Mr. Hunt finds his models, I cannot tell; they are the very flower of the British youth; each of them is as good as "Sancho;" blessed is he that has his portfolio full of them.

There is no need to mention to you the charming landscapes of Cox, Copley Fielding, De Wint, Gastineau, and the rest. A new painter, somewhat in the style of Harding, is Mr. Callow; and better, I think, than his master or original, whose colors are too gaudy to my taste, and effects too glaringly theatrical.

Mr. Cattermole has, among others, two very fine drawings; a large one, the most finished and the best colored of any which have been exhibited by this fine artist; and a smaller one, "The Portrait," which is charming. The portrait is that of Jane Seymour or Anne Boleyn; and Henry the VIIIth is the person examining it, with the cardinal at his side, the painter before him, and one or two attendants. The picture seems to me a perfect master-piece, very simply colored and composed, but delicious in effect and tone, and telling the story to a wonder. It is much more gratifying, I think, to let a painter tell his own story in this way than to bind him down to a scene of Ivanhoe or Uncle Toby; or, worse still, to an illustration of some wretched story in some wretched fribble Annual. Woe to the painter who falls into the hands of Mr. Charles Heath (I speak, of course, not of Mr. Heath personally, but in a Pickwickian sense — of Mr. Heath the Annual-monger); he ruins the young artist, sucks his brains out, emasculates his genius so as to make it fit company for the purchasers of Annuals. Take, for instance, that unfortunate young man, Mr. Corbould, who gave great promise two years since, painted a pretty picture last year, and now — he has been in the hands of the Annual-mongers, and has left well nigh all his vigor behind him. Numerous Zuleikas and Lalla Rookhs, which are hanging about the walls of the Academy and the New Water-Color Gallery, give lamentable proofs of this: such handsome Turks and leering sultanas; such Moors, with straight noses and pretty curled beards! Away, Mr. Corbould! away while it is yet time, out of the hands of these sickly, heartless Annual-sirens! and ten years hence, when you have painted a good, vigorous, healthy picture, bestow the tear of gratitude upon Titmarsh, who tore you from the lap of your crimson-silk-and-gilt-edged Armida.

Mr. Cattermole has a couple, we will not say of imitators, but of friends, who admire his works very much; these are, Mr. Nash and Mr. Lake Price; the former paints furniture and old houses, the latter old houses and furniture, and both very pretty. No harm can be said of these miniature scene-painters; on the contrary, Mr. Price's "Gallery at Hardwicke" is really remarkably dexterous; and the chairs, tables, curtains, and pictures, are nicked off with extraordinary neatness and sharpness — and then? why then, no more is to be said. Cobalt, sepia, and a sable pencil will do a deal of work, to be sure; and very pretty it is, too, when done; and as for finding fault with it, that nobody will and can; but an artist wants something more than sepia, cobalt, and sable pencils, and the knowledge how to use them. What do you think, my dear Bricabrac, of a little *genius*? — *that's* the picture-painter, depend on it.

Being on the subject of water-colors, we may as well step into the New Water-Color Exhibition: not so good as the old, but very good. You will see here a large drawing by Mr. Corbould of a tournament, which will show at once how clever that young artist is, and how weak and *maniéré*. You will see some charming unaffected English landscapes by Mr. Sims; and a capital Spanish Girl by Hicks, of which the flesh-painting cannot be too much approved. It is done without the heavy white, with which water-color artists are now wont to belabor their pictures; and is, therefore, frankly and clearly painted, as all transparent water-color drawing must be. The same praise of clearness, boldness, and depth of tone must be given to Mr. Absolon, who uses no white, and only just so much stippling as is necessary; his picture has the force of oil, and we should be glad to see his manner more followed.

Mr. Haghe's "Town Hall of Courtray" has attracted, and deservedly,

a great deal of notice. It is a very fine and masterly architectural drawing, rich and sombre in effect, the figures introduced being very nearly as good as the rest of the picture. Mr. Haghe, we suppose, will be called to the upper house of water-color painters, who might well be anxious to receive into their ranks many persons belonging to the new society. We hope, however, the latter will be faithful to themselves; there is plenty of room for two galleries, and the public must, ere long, learn to appreciate the merits of the new one. Having spoken a word in favor of Mr. Johnston's pleasing and quaintly-colored South American sketches, we have but to bend our steps to Suffolk Street, and draw this discourse to a close.

Here is a very fine picture, indeed, by Mr. Hurlstone, "Olympia attacked by Bourbon's Soldiers in Saint Peter's, and flying to the Cross." Seen from the further room, this picture is grand in effect and color, and the rush of the armed men towards the girl, finely and vigorously expressed. The head of Olympia has been called too calm by the critics; it seems to me most beautiful, and the action of the figure springing forward and flinging its arms round the cross, nobly conceived and executed. There is a good deal of fine Titianic painting in the soldiers' figures (Oh, that Mr. Hurlstone would throw away his lamp-black!), and the back-ground of the church is fine, vast, and gloomy. This is the best historical picture to be seen anywhere this year; perhaps the worst is the one which stands at the other end of the room, and which strikes upon the eye as if it were an immense water-color sketch, of a feeble picture by President West. Speaking of historical paintings, I forgot to mention a large and fine picture by Mr. Dyce, the "Separation of Edwy and Elgiva;" somewhat crude and odd in color, with a good deal of exaggeration in the countenances of the figures, but having grandeur in it, and unmistakable genius; there is a figure of an old woman seated, which would pass muster very well in a group of Sebastian Piombo.

A capitally painted head by Mr. Stone, called the "Sword-bearer," almost as fresh, bright, and vigorous as a Vandyke, is the portrait, we believe, of a brother artist, the clever actor Mr. M'Ian. The latter's picture of "Sir Tristram in the Cave" deserves especial remark and praise; and is really as fine a dramatic composition as one will often see. The figures of the knight and the lady asleep in the foreground, are novel, striking, and beautifully easy. The advance of the old king, who comes upon the lovers; the look of the hideous dwarf, who finds them out; and behind, the line of spears that are seen glancing over the rocks, and indicating the march of the unseen troops, are all very well conceived and arranged. The piece deserves engraving; it is wild, poetic, and original. To how many pictures now-a-days, can one apply the two last terms?

There are some more new pictures, in the midst of a great quantity of trash, that deserve notice. Mr. D. Cowper is always good; Mr. Stewart's "Grandfather" contains two excellent likenesses, and is a pleasing little picture. Mr. Hurlstone's "Italian Boy," and "Girl with a Dog," are excellent; and, in this pleasant mood, for fear of falling into an angry fit on coming to look further into the gallery, it will be as well to conclude. Wishing many remembrances to Mrs. Bricabrac, and better luck to you in the next *émeute*, I beg here to bid you farewell, and entreat you to accept the assurances of my distinguished consideration.

M. A. T.

Au Citoyen Brutus Napoléon Bricabrac, Réfugié d'Avril, Blessé de Mai, Condamné de Juin, Decoré de Juillet, &c., &c., Hôtel Dieu, à Paris.

A PICTORIAL RHAPSODY

By Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY LETTER TO MR. YORKE.

My dear Yorke,— Do you remember the orders which you gave me at the close of our dinner last week at the Clarendon? — that dinner which you always provide upon my arrival in town from my country-seat; knowing full well that Titmarsh before he works must dine, and when he dines must dine well? Do you, I say, remember the remarks which you addressed to me? Probably not; for that third bottle of Clos-Vougeot had evidently done your business, and you were too tipsy, even to pay the bill.

Well, let bills be bills, and what care we? There is Mr. James Fraser, our employer, master, publisher, purse-bearer, and friend, who has such a pleasure in paying that it is a pity to balk him; and I never saw a man look more happy than he when he lugged out four five-pound notes to pay for that dinner of ours. What a scene it was! You asleep, with your head in a dish of melted raspberry-ice; Mr. Fraser calm, beneficent, majestic, counting out the thirteens to the waiters; the Doctor and Mr. John Abraham Heraud, singing, "Suoni la tromba intrepida," each clutching the other's hand, and waving a punch-ladle or a dessert-knife in the unemployed paw, and the rest of us joining in chorus when they came to "gridando liberta,"— But I am wandering from the point: the address which you delivered to me on drinking my health was in substance this: —

"Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, the splendid feast of which you have partaken, and the celebrated company of individuals whom you see around you, will show you in what estimation myself and Mr. Fraser hold your talents,— not that the latter point is of any consequence, as I am the sole editor of the Magazine. Sir, you have been called to the metropolis from a very distant part of the country, your coach-hire and personal expenses have been defrayed, you have been provided with a suit of clothes that *ought* to become you, for they have been for at least six months the wonder of the town while exhibited on my own person; and you may well fancy that all these charges have not been incurred on our parts, without an expectation of some corresponding return from you. Yor are a devilish bad painter, sir; but never mind, Hazlitt was another, and old Peter Pindar was a miserable dauber; Mr. Alexander Pope, who wrote several pretty poems, was always busy with brush and palette, and made sad work of them. You, then, in common with these before-named illustrations, as my friend, Lady Morgan, calls them [Sir Charles returned thanks], are a wretched artist; but a tolerable critic — nay, a good critic — nay, let me say to your face, the best critic, the clearest, the soundest, the gayest, the most eloquent, the most pathetic, and, above all, the most honest critic in matters of art that is to be found in her majesty's dominions. And, therefore, Mr. Titmarsh, for we must give the deuce his due, you have been brought from your cottage near John O'Groat's or Land's End,— I forget which,— therefore you have been summoned to London at the present season.

"Sir, there are at this moment no less than five public exhibitions of pictures in the metropolis; and it will be your duty carefully to examine every one of them during your residence here, and bring us a full and accurate

report upon all the pieces exhibited which are remarkable for goodness, badness, or mediocrity."

I here got up; and, laying my hand on my satin waistcoat, looked up to heaven, and said, "Sir, I"—

"Sit down, sir, and keep your eternal wagging jaws quiet! Waiter! whenever that person attempts to speak, have the goodness to fill his mouth with olives or a damson cheese.— To proceed. Sir, and you, gentlemen, and you, O intelligent public of Great Britain! (for I know that every word I say is in some way carried to you) you must all be aware, I say, how wickedly,— how foully, basely, meanly — how, in a word, with every-deteriorating-adverb that ends in *ly* — in *ly*, gentlemen [here Mr. Yorke looked round, and myself and Mr. Fraser, rather alarmed lest we should have let slip a pun, began to raise a low, faint laugh] — you have all of you seen how the world has been imposed upon by persons calling themselves critics, who, in daily, weekly, monthly prints, protrude their nonsense upon the town. What are these men? Are they educated to be painters? — No! Have they a taste for painting? — No! I know of newspapers in this town, gentlemen, which send their reporters indifferently to a police-office or a picture-gallery, and expect them to describe Correggio or a fire in Fleet Street with equal fidelity And, alas! it must be confessed that our matter-of-fact public of England is itself but a dull appreciator of the arts, and is too easily persuaded by the dull critics who lay down their stupid laws.

"But we cannot expect, Mr. Titmarsh, to do any good to our beloved public by telling them merely that their instructors are impostors. Abuse is no argument, foul words admit of no pretence (you may have remarked that I never use them myself, but always employ the arts of gentlemanly persuasion), and we must endeavor to create a reform amongst the nations by simply preaching a purer and higher doctrine. Go you among the picture-galleries, as you have done in former years, and prattle on at your best rate; don't philosophise, or define, or talk big, for I will cut out every line of such stuff, but speak in a simple, natural way,— without fear, and without favor.

"Mark that latter word 'favor' well; for you are a great deal too tender in your nature, and too profuse of compliments. Favor, sir, is the curse of the critical trade; and you will observe how a spirit of *camaradrie* and partisanship prevails in matters of art especially. The picture-critics, as I have remarked, are eminently dull — dull and loud; perfectly ignorant upon all subjects connected with art, never able to guess at the name of an artist without a catalogue and a number, quite unknowing whether a picture be well or ill drawn, well or ill painted: they must prate, nevertheless, about light and shade, warm and cool color, keeping, chiaroscuro, and such other terms, from the Painters' Cant Dictionary, as they hear bandied about among the brethren of the brush.

"You will observe that such a critic has, ordinarily, his one or two idols that he worships; the one or two painters, namely, into whose studios he has free access, and from whose opinions he forms his own. There is Dash, for instance, of the Star newspaper; now and anon you hear him discourse of the fine arts, and you may take your affidavit that he has just issued from Blank's *atelier:* all Blank's opinions he utters — utters and garbles, of course; all his likings are founded on Blank's dicta, and all his dislikings: 'tis probable that Blank has a rival, one Asterisk, living over the way. In Dash's eye Asterisk is the lowest of creatures. At every fresh exhibition you read how 'Mr. Blank has transcended his already transcendent reputation:' 'Myriads are thronging round his glorious canvases;' 'Billions have been trampled to death while rushing to examine his grand portrait of Lady

Smigsmag;' 'His picture of Sir Claude Calipash is a gorgeous representation of aldermanic dignity, and high chivalric grace!' As for Asterisk, you are told, 'Mr. Asterisk has two or three pictures — pretty, but weak, repetitions of his old faces and subjects in his old namby-pamby style. The committee, we hear, rejected most of his pictures: the committee are very compassionate. How *dared* they reject Mr. Blank's stupendous historical picture of So-and-so!'"

[Here, my dear sir, I am sorry to say that there was a general snore heard from the guests round the table, which rather disturbed the flow of your rhetoric. You swallowed down two or three pints of Burgundy, however, and continued.]

"But I must conclude. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, you know your duty. You are an honest man (loud cheers, the people had awakened during the pause). You must go forth determined to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; as far as you, a fallible creature (cries of 'No, no!'), know it. If you see a good picture, were it the work of your bitterest enemy — and you have hundreds — praise it."

"I will," gasped I.

"Hold your tongue, sir, and don't be interrupting me with your perpetual orations! If you see a bad picture, were it the work of your dearest associate, your brother, the friend of your bosom, your benefactor — cut, slash, slaughter him without mercy. Strip off humbug, sir, though it cover your best boon companion. Praise merit, though it belong to your fiercest foe, your rival in the affections of your mistress, the man from whom you have borrowed money, or taken a beating in private!"

"Mr. Yorke," said I, clenching my fists and starting up, "this passes endurance, were you not intox —;" but two waiters here seized me and held me down, luckily for you.

"Peace, Titmarsh (said you); 'twas but raillery. Be honest, my friend, is all that I would say; and if you write a decent article on the Exhibitions, Mr. Fraser will pay you handsomely for your trouble; and in order that you may have every facility for visiting the picture-galleries, I myself will give you a small sum in hand. Here are ten shillings. Five Exhibitions, five shillings; catalogues, four. You will have twelve pence for yourself, to take refreshments in the intervals."

I held out my hand, for my anger had quite disappeared.

"Mr. Fraser," said you, "give the fellow half a sovereign; and for Heaven's sake, teach him to be silent when a gentleman is speaking!"

What passed subsequently need not be stated here, but the above account of your speech is a pretty correct one; and, in pursuance of your orders, I busied myself with the Exhibitions on the following day. The result of my labors will be found in the accompanying report. I have the honor, sir, of laying it at your feet, and of subscribing myself,

With the profoundest respect and devotion, Sir,

Moreland's Coffee-House,
Dean Street, Soho.

Your very faithful and obedient Servant.
MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

ΡΑΨΩΔΙΑ ἡ ΓΡΑΜΜΑ Α'.

The Royal Academy.

HAD the author of the following paragraphs the pen of a Sir Walter Scott or a Lady Morgan, he would write something excessively brilliant and witty about the first day of the Exhibition, and of the company which crowd the rooms upon that occasion. On Friday the queen comes (Heaven bless her Majesty!) attended by her

courtiers and train; and deigns, with royal eyes, to examine the works of her Royal Academicians. Her, as we are given to understand, the President receives, bowing profoundly, awe-stricken; his gold chain dangles from his presidential bosom, and sweet smiles of respectful courtesy light up his venerable face. Walking by her majesty's side, he explains to her the wonders of the show. "That, may it please your majesty, is a picture representing yourself, painted by the good knight, Sir Francis Wilkie: deign to remark how the robes seem as if they were cut out of British oak, and the figure is as wooden as the figure-head of one of your majesty's men-of-war. Opposite is your majesty's royal consort, by Mr. Patten. We have the honor to possess two more pairs of Pattens in this academy — ha, ha! Round about you will see some of my own poor works of art. Yonder is Mr. Landseer's portrait of your majesty's own cockatoo, with a brace of Havadavats. Please your royal highness to look at the bit of biscuit; no baker could have done it more natural. Fair maid of honor, look at that lump of sugar; couldn't one take an affidavit, now, that it cost eleven pence a pound? Isn't it sweet? I know only one thing sweeter, and that's your ladyship's lovely face!"

In such lively conversation might we fancy a bland president discoursing. The queen should make august replies; the lovely, smiling maids of honor should utter remarks becoming their innocence and station (turning away very red from that corner of the apartment where hang certain Venuses and Andromedas, painted by William Etty, Esquire); the gallant prince, a lordly, handsome, gallant gentleman, with a slight foreign accent, should curl the dark mustache that adorns his comely lip, and say, "Potztausend! but dat bigture of First Loaf by Herr von Mulready ist wunder schön!" and courtly chamberlains, prim gold-sticks, and sly polonaises of the court, should take their due share in the gay scene, and deliver their portions of the dialogue of the little drama.

All this, I say, might be done in a very sprightly, neat way, were poor Titmarsh an Ainsworth or a Lady Morgan; and the scene might be ended smartly with the knighting of one of the Academicians by her majesty on the spot. As thus:— "The royal party had stood for three-and-twenty minutes in mute admiration before that tremendous picture by Mr. Maclise, representing the banquet in the hall of Dunsinane. 'Gory shadow of Banquo,' said Lady Almeria to Lady Wilhelmina, 'how hideous thou art!' 'Hideous! hideous yourself, marry!' replied the arch and lovely Wilhelmina. 'By my halidome!' whispered the seneschal to the venerable prime minister, Lord Melborough — 'by cock and pie, sir count, but it seems me that yon Scottish kerne, Macbeth, hath a shrewd look of terror!' 'And a marvellous unkempt beard,' answered the earl; 'and a huge mouth gaping wide for very terror, and a hand palsied with fear.' 'Hoot awa, mon!' cried an old Scots general, 'but the chield's Macbeth (I'm descanded from him leeneally in the saxty-ninth generation), kcew hoo to wield a gude claymore!' 'His hand looks as if it had dropped a hot potato!' whispered a roguish page, and the little knave's remark caused a titter to run through the courtly circle, and brought a smile upon the cheek of the President of the Academy; who, sooth to say, had been twiddling his chain of office between his finger, and thumb, somewhat jealous of the praise bestowed upon his young rival.

"'My lord of Wellington,' said her majesty, 'lend me your sword.' The veteran, smiling, drew forth that trenchant sabre, — that spotless blade of battle that had flashed victorious on the plains of far Assaye, in the breach of storm-girt Badajos, in the mighty and supreme combat of Wa-

terloo! A tear stood in the hero's eye as he fell on his gartered knee; and, holding the blade between his finger and thumb, he presented the hilt to his liege lady. 'Take it, madam, said he; 'sheathe it in this old breast, if you will, for my heart and sword are my sovereign's. Take it, madam, and be not angry if there is blood upon the steel—'tis the blood of the enemies of my country!' The queen took it; and, as the young and delicate creature waved that tremendous war-sword, a gentleman near her remarked, that surely never lighted on the earth a more delightful vision. 'Where is Mr. Maclise?' said her majesty. The blushing painter stepped forward. 'Kneel! kneel!' whispered fifty voices; and frightened, he did as they ordered him. 'Sure she's not going to cut my head off?" he cried to the good knights, Sir Augustus Callcott and Sir Isaac Newton, who were standing. 'Your name, sir?' said the Ladye of England. 'Sure you know it's Maclise!' cried the son of Erin. 'Your Christian name?' shrieked Sir Martin Shee, in agony. 'Christian name, is it? Oh, then it's Daniel Malcolm, your majesty, and much at your service!' She waved the sword majestically over his head, and said, 'Rise up, Sir Malcolm Maclise!'

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"The ceremony was concluded, the brilliant *cortége* moved away, the royal caroches received the illustrious party, the heralds cried, 'Largesse, Largesse!' and flung silver pennies among the shouting crowds in Trafalgar Square! and when the last man-at-arms that accompanied the royal train had disappeared, the loud *vivas* of the crowd were heard no more, the shrill song of the silver clarions had died away, his brother painters congratulated the newly-dubbed chevalier, and retired to partake of a slight collation of bread and cheese and porter in the keeper's apartments."

Were we, I say, inclined to be romantic, did we dare to be imaginative, such a scene might be depicted with considerable effect; but, as it is, we must not allow poor fancy to get the better of reason, and declare that to write any thing of the sort would be perfectly uncalled for and absurd. Let it simply be stated that, on the Friday, her majesty comes and goes. On the Saturday the Academicians have a private view for the great personages; the lords of the empire and their ladies, the editors of the newspapers and their friends; and, after they have seen as much as possible, about seven o'clock the Academicians give a grand feed to their friends and patrons.

In the arrangement of this banquet, let us say proudly that Messieurs de l'Académie are vastly too aristocratic. Why were *we* not asked? The dinner is said to be done by Gunter; and though the soup and fish are notoriously cold and uncomfortable, we are by no means squeamish, and would pass over this gross piece of neglect. We long, too, to hear a bishop say grace, and to sit cheek by jowl with a duke or two. Besides, we could make some return; a good joke is worth a plate full of turtle; a smart, brisk pun is quite as valuable as a bottle of champagne; a neat anecdote deserves a slice of venison, with plenty of fat and currant jelly, and so on. On such principles of barter we might be disposed to treat. But a plague on this ribaldry and beating about the bush! let us leave the plates, and come at once to the pictures.

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Once or twice before, in the columns of this Magazine, we have imparted to the public our notions about Greek art, and its manifold deadly errors. The contemplation of such specimens of it as we possess hath always, to tell the truth, left us in a state of unpleasant wonderment and perplexity. It carries corporeal beauty to a pitch of painful perfection, and deifies the body and bones truly; but, by dint of sheer beauty, it

leaves humanity altogether inhuman — quite heartless and passionless. Look at Apollo the divine: there is no blood in his marble veins, no warmth in his bosom, no fire or speculation in his dull, awful eyes. Laocoon writhes and twists in an anguish that never can, in the breast of any spectator, create the smallest degree of pity. Diana,

"La chasseresse
Blanche, au sein virginal,
Qui presse
Quelque cerf matinal," *

may run from this till doomsday; and we feel no desire to join the cold, passionless huntress in her ghostly chase. Such monsters of beauty are quite out of the reach of human sympathy: they were purposely (by the poor benighted heathens who followed this error, and strove to make their error as grand as possible), placed beyond it. They seemed to think that human joy and sorrow, passion and love, were mean and contemptible in themselves. Their gods were to be calm, and share in no such feelings. How much grander is the character of the Christian school, which teaches that love is the most beautiful of all things, and the first and highest element of beauty in art!

I don't know, madam, whether I make myself clearly understood in saying so much; but if you will have the kindness to look at a certain little picture by Mr. Eastlake, in this gallery, you will see to what the observation applies, and that out of a homely subject, and a few simple figures not at all wonderful for excessive beauty or grandeur, the artist can make something infinitely more beautiful than Modicean Venuses, and sublimer than Pythian Apollos. Happy are you, Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, R.A.! I think you have in your breast some of that sacred fire that lighted the bosom of Raffaelle Sanctius, Esquire, of Urbino, he being a young man, — a holy kind of Sabbath repose — a calm that comes not of feeling, but of the overflowing of it — a tender, yearning sympathy and love for God's beautiful world and creatures. Impelled by such a delightful sentiment, the gentle spirit of him in whom it dwells (like the angels of old, who first taught us to receive the doctrine that love was the key to the world), breathes always peace on earth and good-will towards men. And though the privilege of enjoying this happy frame of mind is accorded to the humblest as well as the most gifted genius, yet the latter must remember that the intellect can exercise itself in no higher way than in the practice of this kind of adoration and gratitude. The great artist who is the priest of nature, is consecrated especially to this service of praise; and, though it may have no direct relation to religious subjects, the view of a picture of the highest order does always, like the view of stars in a calm night, or a fair quiet landscape in sunshine, fill the mind with an inexpressible content and gratitude towards the Maker who has created such beautiful things for our use.

And as the poet has told us how, not out of a wide landscape merely, or a sublime expanse of glittering stars, but of any very humble thing, we may gather the same delightful reflections (as out of a small flower, that brings us "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears") — in like manner we do not want grand pictures and elaborate yards of canvas so to affect us, as the lover of drawing must have felt in looking at the Raffaelle designs lately exhibited in London. These were little faint scraps, mostly from the artist's pencil — small groups, unfinished single figures, just indicated; but the divine elements of beauty were as strong in them as in the grandest pieces: and there were many little sketches, not half an inch high, which charmed and affected one like the violet did Wordsworth; and left one in that unspeak-

* Alfred de Musset.

able, complacent, grateful condition, which, as I have been endeavoring to state, is the highest aim of the art.

And if I might be allowed to give a hint to amateurs concerning pictures and their merit, I would say, look to have your *heart* touched by them. The best paintings address themselves to the best feelings of it; and a great many very clever pictures do not touch it at all. Skill and handling are great parts of a painter's trade, but hearts is the first: this is God's direct gift to him, and cannot be got in any academy, or under any master. Look about, therefore, for pictures, be they large or small, finished well or ill, landscapes, portraits, figure-pieces, pen-and-ink sketches, or what not, that contain sentiment and great ideas. He who possesses these will be sure to express them more or less well. Never mind about the manner. He who possesses them not may draw and color to perfection, and yet be no artist. As for telling you what sentiment is, and what it is not, wherein lies the secret of the sublime, there, madam, we must stop altogether; only if, after reading Burke *On the Sublime*, you will find yourself exactly as wise as you were before. I cannot tell why a landscape by Claude or Constable should be more beautiful — it is certainly not more dexterous — than a landscape by Mr. —— or Mr. ——. I cannot tell why Raffaelle should be superior to Mr. Benjamin Haydon (a fact which one person in the world may be perhaps inclined to doubt); or why Vedrai Carino, in "Don Juan," should be more charming to me than "Suoni la tromba," before mentioned. The latter has twice as much drumming, trumpeting, and thundering in it. All these points are quite undefinable and inexplicable (I never read a metaphysical account of them that did not seem sheer dulness and nonsense); but we can have no doubt about them. And thus we come to Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, from whom we started about a page since; during which we have laid down, first, that sentiment is the first quality of a picture; second, that to say whether this sentiment exists or no rests with the individual entirely, the sentiment not being capable of any sort of definition. Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, possesses, to my thinking, this undefinable arch-quality of sentiment to a very high degree. And, besides him, let us mention William Mulready, Esquire, Cope, Boxall, Redgrave, Herbert (the two latter don't show so much of it this year as formerly), and Richmond.

Mr. Eastlake's picture is as pure as a Sabbath-hymn sung by the voices of children. He has taken a very simple subject — hardly any subject at all; but such suggestive points are the best, perhaps, that a painter can take; for with the illustration of a given subject out of a history or romance, when one has seen it, one has commonly seen all, whereas such a piece as this, which Mr. Eastlake calls "The salutation of the Aged Friar," brings the spectator to a delightful peaceful state of mind, and gives him matter to ponder upon long after. The story of this piece is simply this: A group of innocent, happy-looking Italian peasants are approaching a couple of friars; a boy has stepped forward with a little flower, which he presents to the elder of these, and the old monk is giving him his blessing.

Now, it would be very easy to find fault with this picture, and complain of excessive redness in the shadows, excessive whiteness in the linen, of repetition in the faces — the smallest child is the very counterpart of one in "The Christ and the little Children" by the same artist last year — the women are not only copies of women before painted by Mr. Eastlake, but absolutely copies of one another; the drawing lacks vigor, the flesh-tints variety (they seem to be produced by the most careful stippling, with a brilliant composition of lake and burnt sienna, cooled off as they come

to the edges with a little blue). But though, in the writer's judgment, there are in the picture every one of these faults, the merits of the performance incomparably exceed them, and these are of the purely sentimental and intellectual kind. What a tender grace and purity in the female heads! If Mr. Eastlake repeats his model often, at least he has been very lucky in finding or making her: indeed, I don't know in any painter, ancient or modern, such a charming character of female beauty. The countenances of the monks are full of unction; the children, with their mild-beaming eyes, are fresh with recollections of heaven. There is no affectation of middle-age mannerism, such as silly Germans and silly Frenchmen are wont to call Catholic art; and the picture is truly Catholic in consequence, having about it what the hymn calls "solemn mirth," and giving the spectator the utmost possible pleasure in viewing it. Now, if we might suggest to Mr. Lane, the lithographer, how he might confer a vast benefit upon the public, we would entreat him to make several large copies of pictures of this class, executing them with that admirable grace and fidelity which are the characteristics of all his copies. Let these be colored accurately, as they might be, at a small charge, and poor people for a few guineas might speedily make for themselves delightful picture-galleries. The color adds amazingly to the charm of these pictures, and attracts the eye to them. And they are such placid, pious companions for a man's study, that the continual presence of them could not fail to purify his taste and his heart.

I am not here arguing, let it be remembered, that Mr. Eastlake is absolute perfection, and will concede to those who find fault with him that his works are deficient in power, however remarkable for grace. Be it so. But, then, let us admire his skill in choosing such subjects as are best suited to his style of thinking, and least likely to show his faults. In the pieces ordinarily painted by him, grace and tender feeling are the chief requisites; and I don't recollect a work of his in which he has aimed at other qualities. One more picture besides the old Friar has Mr. Eastlake, a portrait of that beautiful Miss Bury, whom our readers must recollect in the old house, in a black mantle, a red gown, with long golden hair waving over her shoulders, and a lily in her hand. The picture was engraved afterwards in one of the Annuals; and was one of the most delightful works that ever came from Mr. Eastlake's pencil. I can't say as much for the present portrait; the picture wants relief, and is very odd and heavy in color. The handsome lady looks as if she wanted her stays. O beautiful lily-bearer of six years since! you should not have appeared like a mortal after having once shone upon us as an angel.

And now we are come to the man whom we delight to honor, Mr. Mulready, who has three pictures in the Exhibition that are all charming in their way. The first ("Fair Time," 116) was painted, as it is said, more than a score of years since; and the observer may look into it with some payment for his curiosity, for it contains specimens of the artist's old and new manner. The picture in its first state is somewhat in the Wilkie style of that day (O for the Wilkie style of that day!), having many grays, and imitating closely the Dutchmen. Since then the painter has been touching up the figures in the foreground with his new and favorite lurid orange-color; and you may see how this is stippled in upon the faces and hands, and borrow, perhaps, a hint or two regarding the Mulreadian secret.

What is the meaning of this strange color? — these glowing, burning crimsons, and intense blues, and greens more green than the first budding leaves of spring, or the mignonette-pots in a Cockney's window at Brixton. But don't fancy that we are joking or about to joke

at Mr. Mulready. These gaudy prismatic colors are wonderfully captivating to the eye; and, amidst a host of pictures, it cannot fail to settle on a Mulready in preference to all. But, for consistency's sake, a protest must be put in against the color; it is pleasant, but wrong; we never saw it in nature — not even when looking through an orange-colored glass. This point being settled, then, and our minds eased, let us look at the design and conception of "First Love;" and pray, sir, where in the whole works of modern artists will you find any thing more exquisitely beautiful? I don't know what that young fellow, so solemn, so tender, is whispering into the ear of that dear girl (she is only fifteen now, but, *apritstie*, how beautiful she will be about three years hence!), who is folding a pair of slim arms round a little baby, and making believe to nurse it, as they three are standing one glowing summer day under some trees by a stile. I don't know, I say, what they are saying; nor, if I could hear, would I tell — 'tis a secret, madam. Recollect the words that the captain whispered in your ear that afternoon in the shrubbery. Your heart throbs, your cheek flushes; the sweet sound of those words tells clear upon your ear, and you say, "O Mr. Titmarsh, how *can* you?" Be not afraid, madam — never, never will I peach; but sing in the words of a poet who is occasionally quoted in the House of Commons —

"Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces. Vetabo qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgarit arcane, sub iisdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum
Solvat phaselum."

Which may be interpreted (with the slight alteration of the name of Ceres for that of a much more agreeable goddess) —

Be happy, and thy counsel keep,
'Tis thus the bard adviseth thee;
Remember that the silent lip
In silence shall rewarded be.
And fly the wretch who dares to strip
Love of its sacred mystery.
My loyal legs I would not stretch
Beneath the same mahogany;
Nor trust myself in Chelsea Reach,
In punt or skiff, with such as he.
The villain who would kiss and peach,
I hold him for mine enemy!

But, to return to our muttons, I would not give a fig for the taste of the individual who does not see the exquisite beauty of this little group. Our artist has more passion than the before-lauded Mr. Eastlake, but quite as much delicacy and tenderness; and they seem to me to possess the poetry of picture-making more than any other of their brethren.

By the way, what is this insane yell that has been raised throughout the public press about Mr. Mulready's other performance, the postage cover, and why are the sages so bitter against it? "The Times" says it is disgraceful and ludicrous; the elegant writers of "The Weekly Dispatch" vow it is ludicrous and disgraceful; the same sweet song is echoed by papers, Radical and Conservative, in London and the provinces, all the literary gentlemen being alive, and smarting under this insult to the arts of the country. Honest gentlemen of the press, be not so thin-skinned! Take my word for it, there is no cause for such vehement anger — no good opportunity here for you to show off that exquisite knowledge of the fine arts for which you are so celebrated throughout the world. Gentlemen, the drawing of which you complain is *not* bad. The commonest engravers, who would be ashamed to produce such a design, will tell you, if they know any thing of their business, that they could not make a better in a hurry. Every man who knows what drawing is, will acknowledge that some of these little groups are charmingly drawn; and I will trouble your commonest engravers to design the Chinese group, the American, or the West Indian in a manner more graceful and more characteristic than that of the much bespattered post envelope.

I am not holding up the whole affair as a masterpiece — *pas si bête.* The "triumphant hallegory of Britannia ruling the waves," as Mathews used to call it, is a little stale, certainly, now-a-days; but what would you have? How is the sublime to be elicited from such a subject? Let some of the common engravers, in their leisure moments, since the thing is so easy, make a better design, or the literary men who are so indignant invent one. The government, no doubt, is not bound heart and soul to Mr. Mulready, and is willing to hear reason. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum:* though all the world shall turn on thee, O government, in this instance Titmarsh shall stand by thee — ay, and without any hope of reward. To be sure, if my Lord Normanby absolutely insists — but that is neither here nor there. I repeat, the Post-Office envelope is not bad, *quoad* design. That very lion, which some of the men of the press (the Daniels) have been crying out about, is finely, carefully, and characteristically sketched; those elephants I am sure were closely studied, before the artist in a few lines laid them down on his wood-block; and as for the persons who are to imitate the engraving so exactly, let them try. It has been done by the best wood-engraver in Europe. Ask any man in the profession if Mr. Thompson is not at the head of it? He has bestowed on it a vast deal of time, and skill, and labor; and all who know the difficulties of wood-engraving — of outline wood engraving — and of rendering faithfully a design so very minute as this, will smile at the sages who declare that all the world could forge it. There was one provincial paper which declared, in a style peculiarly elegant, that a man "with a block of wood and a *bread-and-cheese* knife could easily imitate the envelope;" which remark, for its profound truth and sagacity, the London journals copied. For shame, gentlemen! Do you think you show your knowledge by adopting such opinions as these, or prove your taste by clothing yourself in the second-hand garments of the rustic who talks about bread and cheese? Try, Tyrotomos, upon whatever block thou chooseth to practise; or be wise, and with appropriate bread-and-cheese knife cut only bread and cheese. Of bread, white and brown, of cheese, old, new, mouldy, toasted, the writer of "The Double-Gloster Journal," "The Stilton Examiner," "The Cheddar Champion," and "North Wiltshire Intelligencer," may possibly be a competent critic, and (with mouth replete with the delicious condiment) may no doubt eloquently speak. But let us be cautious before we agree to and admiringly adopt his opinions upon matters of art. Mr. Thompson is the first wood-engraver in our country — Mr. Mulready one of the best painters in our or any school: it is hard that such men are to be assailed in such language, and by such a critic!

The artist's picture of an interior is remarkable for the same exaggerated color, and for the same excellences. The landscape seen from the window is beautifully solemn, and very finely painted, in the clear bright manner of Van Dyck and Cranach, and the early German school.

Mr. Richmond's picture of "Our Lord after the Resurrection" deserves a much better place than it has in the little, dingy, newly-discovered octagon closet; and leaves us to regret that he should occupy himself so much with water-color portraits, and so little with compositions in oil. This picture is beautifully conceived, and very finely and carefully drawn and painted. One of the apostles is copied from Raffaelle, and the more is the pity: a man who could execute two such grand figures as the other two in the picture need surely borrow from no one. A water-color group, by the same artist (547. "The Children of Colonel Lindsay"), contains

two charming figures of a young lady and a little boy, painted with great care and precision of design and color, with great purity of sentiment, and without the least affectation. Let our aristocracy send their wives and children (the handsomest wives and children in the world) to be painted by this gentleman, and those who are like him. Miss Lindsay, with her plain red dress and modest looks, is surely a thousand times more captivating than those dangerous smiling Delilahs in her neighborhood, whom Mr. Chalon has painted. We must not be understood to undervalue this latter gentleman however; his drawings are miracles of dexterity; every year they seem to be more skilful and more brilliant. Such satins and lace, such diamond rings and charming little lapdogs, were never painted before, — not by Watteau, the first master of the *genre*, — and Lancret, who was scarcely his inferior. A miniature on ivory by Mr. Chalon, among the thousand prim, pretty little pictures of the same class which all the ladies crowd about, is remarkable for its brilliancy of color and charming freedom of handling; as is an oil sketch of masquerading figures, by the same painter, for the curious coarseness of the painting.

Before we leave the high-class pictures, we must mention Mr. Boxall's beautiful "Hope," which is exquisitely refined and delicate, in sentiment, color, and execution. Placed close beneath one of Turner's magnificent tornadoes of color, it loses none of its own beauty. As Uhland writes of a certain king and queen who are seated in state side by side, —

"Der *Turner* furchtbar prachtig wie blut'ger Nordlichtschein
Der *Boxall* süss und milde als blickte Vollmond drein."

Which signifies in English, that

As beams the moon so gentle near the sun that blood-red burner,
So shineth William Boxall by Joseph Mallerd Turner.

In another part of the room, and contrasting their quiet grace in the same way with Mr. Turner's glaring colors, are a couple of delightful pictures by Mr. Cope, with mottoes that will explain their subjects. "Help thy father in his age, and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength;" and "Reject not the affliction of the afflicted, neither turn away thy face from a poor man." The latter of these pictures is especially beautiful, and the figure of the female charity as graceful and delicate as may be. I wish I could say a great deal in praise of Mr. Cope's large altar-piece: it is a very meritorious performance; but here praise stops, and such praise is worth exactly nothing. A large picture must either be splendid, or else naught. This "Crucifixion" has a great deal of vigor, feeling, grace; BUT, — the but is fatal; all minor praises are drowned in it. Recollect, however, Mr. Cope, that Titmarsh, who writes this, is only giving his private opinion; that he is mortal; that it is barely possible that he should be in the wrong; and with this confession, which I am compelled (for fear you might overlook the circumstance) to make, you will, I dare say, console yourself, and do well. But men must gird themselves, and go through long trainings, before they can execute such gigantic works as altar-pieces. Handel, doubtless, wrote many little pleasing melodies before he pealed out the "Hallelujah" chorus; and so painters will do well to try their powers, and, if possible, measure and understand them, before they use them. There is Mr. Hart, for instance, who took in an evil hour to the making of great pictures: in the present Exhibition is a decently small one; but the artist has overstretched himself in the former attempts: as one hears of gentlemen on the rack, the limbs are stretched one or two inches by the process, and the patient comes away by so much the taller; but he

can't *walk* near so well as before, and all his strength is stretched out of him.

Let this be a solemn hint to a clever young painter, Mr. Elmore, who has painted a clever picture of "The Murder of Saint Thomas à Becket," for Mr. Daniel O'Connell. Come off your rack, Mr. Elmore, or you will hurt yourself. Much better is it to paint small subjects, for some time at least. "Non cuivis contigit adire Corinthum," as the proverb says; but there is a number of pleasant villages in this world beside, where we may snugly take up our quarters. By the way, what is the meaning of Tom à Becket's black cassock under his canonicals? Would John Tuam celebrate mass in such a dress? A painter should be as careful about his costumes as an historian about his dates, or he plays the deuce with his composition.

Now, in this matter of costume, nobody can be more scrupulous than Mr. Charles Landseer, whose picture of Nell Gwynn is painted with admirable effect, and honest scrupulousness. It is very good in color, very gay in spirits (perhaps too refined, — for Nelly never was such a hypocrite as to look as modest as that); but the gentlemen and ladies do not look as if they were accustomed to their dresses, for all their correctness, and had put them on for the first time. Indeed, this is a very small fault, and the merits of the picture are very great: every one of the accessories is curiously well painted, — some of the figures very spirited (the drawer is excellent); and the picture one of the most agreeable in the whole gallery. Mr. Redgrave has another costume-picture, of a rather old subject, from "The Rambler." A poor girl comes to be companion to Mr. and Mrs. Courtly, who are at piquet; their servants are bringing in tea, and the master and mistress are looking at the new-comer with a great deal of easy scorn. The poor girl is charming; Mrs Courtly not quite genteel, but with a wonderful quilted petticoat; Courtly looks as if he were not accustomed to his clothes; the servants are very good; and as for the properties, as they would be called on the stage, these are almost too good-painted, with a daguerrotypical minuteness, that gives this and Mr. Redgrave's other picture of "Paracelsus" a finikin air, if we may use such a disrespectful term. Both performances, however, contain very high merit of expression and sentiment; and are of such a character as we seldom saw in our schools twenty years ago.

There is a large picture by a Scotch artist, Mr. Duncan, representing "The Entry of Charles Edward into Edinburgh," which runs a little into caricature, but contains a vast deal of character and merit; and which, above all, in the article of costume, shows much study and taste. Mr. Duncan seems to have formed his style upon Mr. Allan and Mr. Wilkie — I beg his pardon — Sir David. The former has a pleasing brown picture likewise on the subject of the Pretender. The latter's Maid of Saragossa and Spaniard at the Gun, any one may see habited as Irish peasants superintending "A Whiskey Still," in the middle room, No. 252.

This picture, I say, any one may see and admire who pleases: to me it seems all rags, and duds, and a strange, straggling, misty composition. There are fine things, of course; for how can Sir David help to paint fine things? In the "Benvenuto" there is superb color, with a rich management of lakes especially, which has been borrowed from no master that we know of. The queen is as bad a likeness and picture as we have seen for many a day. "Mrs. Ferguson, of Raith," a magnificent picture indeed, as grand in effect as a Rubens or Titian, and having a style of its own. The little sketch from Allan Ramsay is delightful; and the nobleman and hounds (with the

exception of his own clumsy vermilion robe), as fine as the fellow-sized portrait mentioned before. Allan Ramsay has given a pretty subject, and brought us a pretty picture from another painter, Mr. A. Johnston, who has illustrated those pleasant quaint lines, —

"Last morning I was gay, and early out;
Upon a dike I leaned, glow'ring about.
I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lea;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me."

And here let us mention with praise two small pictures in a style somewhat similar, — "The Recruit," and "Herman and Dorothea," by Mr. Poole. The former of these little pieces is very touching and beautiful. There is among the present exhibitioners no lack of this kind of talent; and we could point out many pictures that are equally remarkable for grace and agreeable feeling. Mr. Stone's "Annot Lyle" should not be passed over, — a pretty picture, very well painted; the female head of great beauty and expression.

Now, if we want to praise performances showing a great deal of power and vigor, rather than grace and delicacy, there are Mr. Etty's "Andromeda" and "Venus." In the former, the dim figure of advancing Perseus galloping on his airy charger is very fine and ghostly; in the latter, the body of the Venus, and indeed the whole picture, is a perfect miracle of color. Titian may have painted Italian flesh equally well; but he never, I think, could surpass the skill of Mr. Etty. The trunk of this voluptuous Venus is the most astonishing representation of beautiful English flesh and blood, painted in the grandest and broadest style. It is said that the Academy at Edinburgh has a room full of Etty's pictures: they could not do better in England than follow the example; but perhaps the paintings had better be kept *for the Academy only*, — for the *profanum vulgus* are scarcely fitted to comprehend their peculiar beauties. A prettily drawn, graceful, nude figure, is "Bathsheba," by Mr. Fisher, of the street and city of Cork.

The other great man of Cork is Daniel Maclise by name; and if in the riot of fancy he hath by playful Titmarsh been raised to the honor of knighthood, it is certain that here Titmarsh is a true prophet, and that the sovereign will so elevate him, one day or other, to sit with other cavaliers at the Academic round table. As for his pictures, — why, as for his pictures madam, these are to be carefully reviewed in the next number of this Magazine; for the present notice has noticed scarcely anybody, and yet stretched to an inordinate length. "Macbeth" is not to be hurried off under six pages; and, for this June number, Mr. Fraser vows that he has no such room to spare.

We have said how Mr. Turner's pictures blaze about the rooms: it is not a little curious to hear how artists and the public differ in their judgments concerning them; the enthusiastic wonder of the first named, the blank surprise and incredulity of the latter. "The new moon; or, I've lost my boat: you sha'n't have your hoop," is the ingenious title of one, — a very beautiful picture, too, of a long shining sea-sand, lighted from the upper part of the canvas by the above-named luminary of night, and from the left-hand corner by a wonderful wary boy in a red jacket — the best painted figure that we ever knew painted by Joseph Mallerd Turner, Esquire.

He and Mr. Ward vie with each other in mottoes for their pictures. Ward's epigraph to the S——'s nest is wondrous poetic.

277. The S——'s Nest. S. Ward, R. A.

"Say they that happiness lives with the great,
On gorgeous trappings mixt with pomp and state?
More frequent found upon the simple plain,
In poorest garb, with Julia, Jess, or Jane;
In sport or slumber, as it likes her best,
Where'er she *lays* she finds it a S——'s nest."

Ay, and a S——'s eggs, too, as one would fancy, were great geniuses not above grammar. Mark the line too,

"On gorgeous trappings *mix*ed with pomp and state."

and construe the whole of this sensible passage.

Not less sublime is Mr. Ward's fellow academician.

230. "Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying: Typhon coming on." J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

"Aloft all hands, strike the topmasts and belay!
You angry setting sun and fierce-edged clouds
Declare the Typhon's coming.
Before it sweeps your decks, throw overboard
The dead and dying,—ne'er heed their chains.
Hope, Hope, fallacious Hope!
Where is thy market now?"
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

Fallacies of Hope, indeed: to a pretty mart has she brought her pigs! How should Hope be hooked on to the slaver? By the anchor, to be sure, which accounts for it. As for the picture, the R.A.'S rays are indeed terrific; and the slaver throwing its cargo overboard is the most tremendous piece of color that ever was seen; it sets the corner of the room in which it hangs into a flame. Is the picture sublime or ridiculous? Indeed I don't know which. Rocks of gamboge are marked down upon the canvas; flakes of white laid on with a trowel; bladders of vermilion madly spirted here and there. Yonder is the slaver rocking in the midst of a flashing foam of white-lead. The sun glares down upon a horrible sea of emerald and purple, into which chocolate-colored slaves are plunged, and chains that will not sink; and round these are floundering such a race of fishes as never was seen since the *sæculum Pyrrhæ*; gasping dolphins redder than the reddest herrings; horrid spreading polypi, like huge, slimy, poached eggs, in which hapless niggers plunge and disappear. Ye gods, what a "middle passage"! How Mr. Fowell Buxton must shudder! What would they say to this in Exeter Hall? If Wilberforce's statue down stairs were to be confronted with this picture, the stony old gentleman would spring off his chair, and fly away in terror!

And here, as we are speaking of the slave-trade, let us say a word in welcome to a French artist, Monsieur Biard, and his admirable picture. Let the friends of the negro forthwith buy this canvas, and cause a plate to be taken from it. It is the best, most striking, most pathetic lecture against the trade that ever was delivered. The picture is as fine as Hogarth; and the artist, who, as we have heard, right or wrong, has only of late years adopted the profession of painting, and was formerly in the French navy, had evidently drawn a great deal of his materials from life and personal observation. The scene is laid upon the African coast. King Tom or King Boy has come with troops of slaves down the Quorra, and sits in the midst of his chiefs and mistresses (one a fair creature, not much darker than a copper tea-kettle), bargaining with a French dealer. What a horrible callous brutality there is in the scoundrel's face, as he lolls over his greasy ledger, and makes his calculations. A number of his crew are about him; their boats close at hand, in which they are stowing their cargo. See the poor wretches, men and women, collared together, drooping down. There is one poor thing, just parted from her child. On the ground in front lies a stalwart negro; one connoisseur is handling his chest, to try his wind; another has opened his mouth, and examines his teeth, to know his age and soundness. Yonder is a poor woman kneeling before one of the Frenchmen; her shoulder is fizzing under the hot iron with which he brands her; she is looking up, shuddering and wild, yet quite mild and patient: it breaks your heart to look at her. I never saw any thing

so exquisitely pathetic as that face. God bless you, Monsieur Biard, for painting it! It stirs the heart more than a hundred thousand tracts, reports, or sermons: it must convert every man who has seen it. You British government, who have given twenty millions towards the good end of freeing this hapless people, give yet a couple of thousand more to the French painter, and don't let his work go out of the country, now that it is here. Let it hang along with the Hogarths in the National Gallery; it is as good as the best of them. Or, there is Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay, who has a family interest in the matter, and does not know how to spend all the money he brought home from India; let the right honorable gentleman look to it. Down with your dust, right honorable sir! give Monsieur Biard a couple of thousand for his picture of the negroes, and it will be the best black act you ever did in your life; and don't go for to be angry at the suggestion, or fancy we are taking liberties. What is said is said from one public man to another, in a Pickwickian sense, *de puissance en puissance*,—from Titmarsh, in his critical *cathedra*, to your father's eminent son, rich with the spoils of Ind, and wielding the bolts of war.

What a marvellous power is this of the painter's! how each great man can excite us at his will! what a weapon he has, if he knows how to wield it! look for a while at Mr. Etty's pictures, and away you rush, your "eyes on fire," drunken with the luscious colors that are poured out for you on the liberal canvas, and warm with the beautiful sirens that appear on it. You fly from this (and full time too), and plunge into a green, shady landscape of Lee or Creswick, and follow a quiet stream babbling beneath whispering trees, and chequered with cool shade and golden sunshine; or you set the world —nay, the Thames and the ocean— on fire with that incendiary Turner; or you laugh with honest, kind-hearted Webster, and his troops of merry children; or you fall a-weeping with Monsieur Biard for his poor blacks; or you go and consult the priests of the place, Eastlake, Mulready, Boxall, Cope, and the like, and straightway your mind is carried off in an ecstasy,—happy, thrilling hymns sound in your ears melodious, — sweet thankfulness fills your bosom. How much instruction and happiness have we gained from these men, and how grateful should we be to them!

It is well that Mr. Titmarsh stopped here, and I shall take special care to examine any further remarks which he may think fit to send. Four-fifths of this would have been cancelled, had the printed sheets fallen sooner into our hands. The story about the Clarendon is an absurd fiction; no dinner ever took place there. I never fell asleep in a plate of raspberry ice; and though I certainly did recommend this person to do justice by the painters, making him a speech to that effect, my opinions were infinitely better expressed, and I would repeat them, were it not so late in the month. —O. Y

A PICTORIAL RHAPSODY CONCLUDED,

AND FOLLOWED BY A REMARKABLE STATEMENT OF FACTS BY MRS. BARBARA.

And now, in pursuance of the promise recorded in the last number of this Magazine, and for the performance of which the public has ever since been in breathless expectation, it hath become Titmarsh's duty to note down his opinions of the remaining pictures in the Academy exhibition; and to criticise such other pieces as the other galleries may show.

In the first place, then, with regard to Mr. Maclise, it becomes us to say our say; and as "The Observer" newspaper, which, though under the express patronage of the royal family, devotes by far the noblest part of its eloquence to the consideration of dramatic subjects, and to the discussion of the gains, losses, and theatrical conduct of managers, — as I say, "The Observer" newspaper, whenever Madame Vestris or Mr. Yates adopts any plan that concurs with the notions of the paper in question, does not fail to say that Madame Vestris or Mr. Yates have been induced to reform in consequence of "The Observer's" particular suggestion; in like manner, Titmarsh is fully convinced, that all the painters in this town have their eyes incessantly fixed upon his criticisms, and that all the wise ones regulate their opinions by his.

In the language of "The Observer," then, Mr. Maclise has done wisely to adopt our suggestions with regard to the moral treatment of his pictures, and has made a great advance in his art. Of his four pictures let us dismiss the scene from "Gil Blas" at once. Coming from a second-rate man it would be well enough: it is well drawn, grouped, lighted, shadowed, and the people all grin very comically, as people do in pictures called comic; but the soul of fun is wanting, as I take it, — the merry, brisk, good-humored spirit which in Le Sage's text so charms the reader.

"Olivia and Malvolio" is, on the contrary, one of the best and most spiritual performances of the artist. Nothing can be more elegant than the tender, languid melancholy of Olivia, nor more poetical than the general treatment of the picture. The long clipped alleys and quaint gardens, the peacocks trailing through the walks, and vases basking in the sun, are finely painted and conceived. Examine the picture at a little distance, and the *ensemble* of the composition and color is extraordinarily pleasing. The details, too, are, as usual, wonderful for their accuracy. Here are flower-beds and a tree above Olivia's head of which every leaf is painted, and painted with such skill, as not in the least to injure the general effect of the picture. Mr. Maclise has a daguerrotypic eye, and a feeling of form stronger, I do believe, than has ever been possessed by any painter before him.

Look at the portrait of Mr. Dickens, well arranged as a picture, good in color, and light, and shadow, and as a likeness perfectly amazing; a looking-glass could not render a better facsimile. Here we have the real identical man Dickens: the artist must have understood the inward Boz as well as the outward before he made this admirable representation of him. What cheerful intelligence there is about the man's eyes and large forehead! The mouth is too large and full, too eager and active per-

haps; the smile is very sweet and generous. If Monsieur de Balzac, that voluminous physiognomist, could examine the head, he would, no doubt, interpret every line and wrinkle in it: the nose firm and well placed; the nostrils wide and full, as are the nostrils of all men of genius (this is Monsieur de Balzac's maxim). The past and the future, says Jean Paul, are written in every countenance. I think we may promise ourselves a brilliant future from this one. There seems no flagging as yet in it, no sense of fatigue, or consciousness of decaying power. Long mayst thou, Boz! reign over thy comic Kingdom; long may we pay tribute, whether of threepence weekly, or of a shilling monthly, it matters not. Mighty prince! at thy imperial feet, Titmarsh, humblest of thy servants, offers his vows of loyalty, and his humble tribute of praise.

And now (as soon as we are off our knees and have done paying court to sovereign Boz) it behooves us to say a word or two concerning the picture of "Macbeth," which occupies such a conspicuous place in the Academy gallery. Well, then, this picture of "Macbeth" has been, to our notion, a great deal too much praised and abused: only Titmarsh understands the golden mean, as is acknowledged by all who read his criticisms. Here is a very fine masterly picture, no doubt, full of beauties, and showing extraordinary power; but not a masterpiece, as I humbly take it, — not a picture to move the beholder as much as many performances that do not display half the power that is here exhibited. I don't pretend to lay down any absolute laws on the sublime (the reader will remember how the ancient satirist has accused John Dennis of madness, for his vehement preaching of such rules). No, no; Michael Angelo T. is not quite so impertinent as that; but the public and the artist will not mind being told, without any previous definitions, that this picture is not of the highest order. The "Malvolio," is far more spiritual and suggestive, if we may so speak; it tells not only its own tale very charmingly, but creates for the beholder a very pleasant, melancholy train of thought, as every good picture does in its kind, from a six-inch canvas by Hobbima or Ruysdael up to a thousand-foot wall of Michael Angelo. If you read over the banquet scene in words, it leaves an impression far more dreadful and lively. On the stage it has always seemed to us to fail; and though out of a trapdoor in the middle of it Mr. Cooper is seen to rise very solemnly, — his face covered with white, and a dreadful gash of vermilion across his neck; though he nods and waggles his head about in a very quiet, ghostlike manner; yet, strange to say, neither this scene, nor this great actor, has ever frightened us, as they both should, as the former does when we read it at home. The fact is, that it is quite out of Mr. Cooper's power to look ghostly enough, or, perhaps, to soar along with us to that sublime height to which our imagination is continually carrying us.

"*Len.* May it please your highness sit?

The Ghost of BANQUO *appears, and sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*

"*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honor roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance.
"*Rosse.* His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
"*Macb.* The table's full.
"*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd sir.
"*Macb.* Where?
"*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?
"*Macb.* Which of you have done this?
"*Lords.* What, my good lord?
"*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
"*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
"*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?
" *Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.
" *Lady M.* O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
" *Macb.* Pr'ythee, see there! Behold! Look! — Lo! How say you? —
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.
[*Ghost disappears.*
" *Lady M.* What! Quite unmann'd in folly?
" *Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.
" *Lady M.* Fie, for shame!
" *Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since, too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear. The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
" *Lady M.* My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
" *Macb.* I do forget:
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then, I'll sit down. Give me some wine, — fill full.
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost re-appears.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:
Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
" *Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.
" *Macb.* Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless — thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
" *Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
" *Macb.* What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; —
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! [*Ghost disappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence! —
Why, so; — being gone,
I am a man again. — Pray you, sit still.
" *Lady M.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder."

A large part of this vast picture Mr. Maclise has painted very finely. The lords are all there in gloomy state, fierce stalwart men in steel; the variety of attitude and light in which the different groups are placed, the wonderful knowledge and firmness with which each individual figure and feature are placed down upon the canvas will be understood and admired by the public, but by the artist still more, who knows the difficulty of these things which seem so easy, which are so easy, no doubt, to a man with Mr. Maclise's extraordinary gifts. How fine is yonder group at the farthest table, lighted up by the reflected light from the armor of one of them! The effect, as far as we know it, is entirely new; the figures drawn with exquisite minuteness and clearness, not in the least interrupting the general harmony of the picture. Look at the two

women standing near Lady Macbeth's throne, and those beautiful little hands of one of them placed over the state chair: the science, workmanship, feeling, in these figures are alike wonderful. The face, bust, and attitude of Lady Macbeth are grandly designed; the figures to her right with looks of stern doubt and wonder are nobly designed and arranged. The main figure of Macbeth, I confess, does not please; nor the object which has occasioned the frightful convulsive attitude in which he stands. He sees not the ghost of Banquo, but a huge, indistinct, gory shadow, which seems to shake its bloody locks, and frown upon him. Through this shade, intercepted only by its lurid transparency, you see the figures of the guests; they are looking towards it and *through* it. The skill with which this point is made is unquestionable; there is something there, and nothing. The spectators feel this as well as the painted actors of the scene: there are times when, in looking at the picture, one loses sight of the shade altogether, and begins to wonder with Rosse, Lenox, and the rest.

The idea, then, so far as it goes, is as excellently worked out as it is daringly conceived. But is it a just one? I think not. I should say it was a grim piece of comedy rather than tragedy. One is puzzled by this piece of *diablerie*, — not deeply affected and awe-stricken, as in the midst of such heroical characters and circumstances one should be.

"Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless — thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with."

Before the poet's eyes, at least, the figure of the ghost stood complete — an actual visible body, with the life gone out of it; an image far more grand and dreadful than the painter's fantastical shadow, because more simple. The shadow is an awful object, — granted; but the most sublime, beautiful, fearful sight in all nature is, surely, the face of a man; wonderful in all its expressions of grief or joy, daring or endurance, thought, hope, love, or pain. How Shakspeare painted all these! with what careful thought and brooding were all his imaginary creatures made!

I believe we have mentioned the best figure-pieces in the exhibition; for, alas! "the Milton and his Daughters" of Sir Augustus Callcott, although one of the biggest canvases in the gallery, is, by no means, one of the best; and one may regret, that this most *spirituel* of landscape painters should have forsaken his old style to follow figure-drawing. Mr. Hollins has a picture of "Benvenuto Cellini showing a trinket to a lady." A subject of absorbing interest and passionate excitement painted in a corresponding manner. A prim lady sits smiling in a chair, by a table, on which is a very neat, regular table-cloth drawn at right angles with the picture-frame; parallel with the table is a chest of drawers, *secretarie*, cabinet, or *bahut*. Near this stands a waiting-maid, smiling archly; and in front you behold young Benvenuto, spick and span in his very best clothes and silk stockings, and looking as Benvenuto never did in his life. Of some parts of this picture, the color and workmanship are very pretty; but was there ever such a niminy-piminy subject treated in such a niminy-piminy way? We can remember this gentleman's picture of "Margaret at the Spinning-wheel," last year, and should be glad to see and laud others that were equally pretty. Mr. Lander has, in the same room, a pleasing picture from Sir Walter Scott, "The Glee-maiden;" and a large sketch, likewise from Scott, by a French artist (who has been celebrated in this magazine as the author of the picture "The Sinking of the Vengeur"), is fine in effect and composition."

If Mr. Herbert's picture of "Travel-

lers taking Refreshment at a Convent Gate" has not produced much sensation, it is because it is feeble in tone, not very striking in subject, and placed somewhat too high. There is a great deal of beauty and delicacy in all the figures; and though lost here, amidst the glare and bustle of the Academy, will be an excellent picture for the cabinet, where its quiet graces and merits will be better seen.

Mr. Webster's "Punch," before alluded to, deserves a great deal of praise. The landscape is beautiful, the group of little figures assembled to view the show are delightfully gay and pretty. Mr. Webster has the bump of philoprogenitiveness (as some ninny says of George Cruikshank in "The Westminster Review"); and all mothers of large families, young ladies who hope to be so some day or other, and honest papas, are observed to examine this picture with much smiling interest. It is full of sunshine, and innocent, playful good-humor. All Punch's audience are on the grin. John, the squire's footman, is looking on with a protecting air; the old village folk are looking on, grinning with the youngest; boys are scampering over the common, in order to be on time for the show. Punchman is tootooing on the pipes, and banging away on the drum; pothoy has consigned to the earth his precious cargo, and the head of every tankard of liquor is wasting its frothy fragrance in the air; in like manner, the pieman permits his wares to get cold; nursery-maids, schoolboys, happy children in go-carts, are employed in a similar way: indeed a delightful little rustic comedy.

In respect of portraits, the prettiest, as I fancy, after Wilkie's splendid picture of Mrs. Ferguson, is one by Mr. Grant, of a lady with a scarf of a greenish color. The whole picture is of the same tone, and beautifully harmonious; nor is the lady's face and air the least elegant and charming part of it. The Duke has been painted a vast number of times, such are the penalties of glory; nor is it possible to conceive any thing much worse than that portrait of him in which Col. Gurwood is represented by his side, in a red velvet waistcoat, offering to his grace certain despatches. It is in the style of the famous picture in the Regent Circus, representing Mr. Coleby, the cigarist, an orange, a pineapple, a champagne cork, a little dog, some decanters, a yellow bandanna,—all of which personages appear to be so excessively important, that the puzzled eyes scarcely know upon which to settle. In like manner, in the Wellington-Gurwood testimonial, the accessories are so numerous, and so brilliantly colored, that it is long before one can look up to the countenances of the colonel and his grace; which, it is to be presumed, are the main objects of interest in the piece. And this plan has been not unartfully contrived,—for the heads are by no means painted up to the point of brilliancy which is visible in books, clocks, bell-pulls, Turkey-carpets, arm-chairs, and other properties here painted.

Now, if the artist of the above picture wishes to know how properties may be painted with all due minuteness, and yet conduce to the general effect of the picture, let him examine the noble little portrait of Lord Cottenham, by Leslie,—the only contribution of this great man to the exhibition. Here are a number of accessories introduced, but with that forethought and sense of propriety which, as I fancy, distinguish all the works of Mr. Leslie. They are not here for mere picturesque effect or ornamental huddle; but are made to tell the story of the piece and indicate the character of the dignified person who fills the centre of it. The black brocade drapery of the chancellor's gown is accurately painted, and falls in that majestic, grave way in which a chancellor's robe *should* fall. Are not the learned lord's arms somewhat short and fin-like? This is a query which

we put humbly, having never had occasion to remark that part of his person.

Mr. Briggs has his usual pleasant, well-painted portraits; and Mr. Patten a full-length portrait of Prince Albert that is not admired by artists, it is said, but a good, downright honest, *bourgeois* portrait, as we fancy; or, as a facetious friend remarked, good, plain, *roast-and-boiled* painting. As for the portrait opposite, that of her majesty, it is a sheer libel on that pretty, gracious countenance, an act of rebellion for which Sir David should be put into York jail. Parts of the picture are, however, splendidly painted. And here, being upon the subject, let us say a word in praise of those two delightful, lithographic heads, after Ross, which appear in the print-shop windows. Our gracious queen's head is here most charming: and that of the prince full of such manly frankness and benevolence as must make all men cry, "God bless him!" I would much rather possess a copy of a Ross miniature of the queen, than a cast from her majesty's bust by Sir Francis Chantrey, which has the place of honor in the sculpture vault.

All McDonald's busts deserve honorable notice. This lucky sculptor has some beautiful subjects to model, and beautiful and graceful all his marbles are. As much may be said of McDowell's girl,— the only piece of imaginative sculpture in the Academy that has struck us as pleasing. Mr. Behnes, too, should receive many commendations; an old man's head particularly, that is full of character and goodness; and "The Bust of a Lady," which may be called "A Lady with a bust," — a beautiful bust indeed, of which both the original and the artist have good reason to be proud. Mr. Bell's virgin is not so pleasing in the full size as in the miniature copy of it.

For the matter of landscapes, we confess ourselves to be no very ardent admirers of these performances, clever and dexterous as most of them are. The works of Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts cannot fail to be skilful, and both of these famous artists show their wonderful power of drawing, as usual. But these skilful pictures have always appeared to us more pleasing in little on the sketching-board than when expanded upon the canvas. A couple of Martin's must be mentioned; huge, queer, and tawdry to our eyes, but very much admired by the public, who is no bad connoisseur, after all; and also a fine Castle of Chillon, or Chalon, rudely painted, but very poetical and impressive.

[Here Titmarsh exchanges his check at the door for a valuable gingham umbrella with a yellow horn head, representing Lord Brougham or Dr. Syntax, and is soon seen, with his hat very much on one side, swaggering down Pall Mall East, to the Water-Color Gallery. He flings down eighteen pence in the easiest way and goes up stairs.]

Accident, or, what is worse, ill-health, has deprived us of the two most skilful professors of the noble art of water-color painting, and, without the works of Messrs. Lewis and Cattermole, the gallery looks empty indeed. Those gentlemen are accustomed to supply the picture lover with the *pièces de resistance* of the feast, with which, being decently satisfied, we can trifle with an old market-place by Prout, or six cows and four pigs by Hill, or a misty Downs by Copley Fielding, with some degree of pleasure. Discontented, then, with the absence of the substantials, it must be confessed that we have been examining the rest of the pictures in no very good humor. And so, to tell you a secret, I do not care a fig for all the old town halls in the world, though they be drawn ever so skilfully. How long are we to go on with Venice, Verona, Lago di Soandso, and Ponte di What-d'ye-call-'em? I am weary of gondolas, striped awnings, sailors with red night (or rather day) caps,

cobalt distances, and posts in the water. I have seen so many white palaces standing before dark purple skies, so many black towers with gamboge atmospheres behind them, so many masses of rifle-green trees plunged into the deepest shadow, in the midst of sunshiny plains, for no other reason but because dark and light contrast together, that a slight expression of satiety may be permitted to me, and a longing for more simple nature. On a great staring theatre such pictures may do very well; you are obliged there to seek for these startling contrasts; and by the aid of blue lights, red lights, transparencies, and plenty of drums and appropriate music, the scene thus presented to one captivates the eye, and calls down thunder from the galleries.

But in the little quiet rooms, on sheets of paper of a yard square, such monstrous theatrical effects are sadly painful. You don't mistake patches of brickdust for maidens' blushes, or fancy that tin-foil is diamonds, or require to be spoken to with the utmost roar of the lungs. Why, in painting, are we to have monstrous, flaring, Drury-Lane tricks and claptraps put in practice, when a quieter style, as I fancy, is infinitely more charming?

There is no use in mentioning the names of persons who are guilty of the above crimes; but let us say who is *not* guilty; and that is D. Cox, upon whose quiet landscapes, moist grass, cool trees, the refreshed eye rests with the utmost pleasure, after it has been perplexed and dazzled elsewhere. May we add an humble wish that this excellent painter will remain out of doors, amidst such quiet scenes as he loves, and not busy with Gothicism, middle-ageism, and the painting of quaint interiors? There are a dozen artists of not a tithe of his genius, who can excel him at the architectural work. There is, for instance, Mr. Nash, who is improving yearly, and whose pictures are not only most dexterously sketched, but certain numberless little episodes, in the shape of groups of figures, that are full of grace and feeling. There is Mr. Haghe, too, of the lower house; but of him anon.

To show how ill and how well a man may paint at the same time, the public may look at a couple of drawings by J. Nash, — one, the interior of a church; the other, a plain landscape: both of which are executed with excessive, almost childish rudeness, and are yet excellent as being close copies of the best of all drawing masters, nature: and Mr. Barrett, who has lately written a book for students, tells them very sagaciously not to copy the manner of any master, however much he may be in the mode. Some there are, fashionable instructors in the art of water-coloring, of whom, indeed, a man had better not learn at any price; nay, were they to offer a guinea per lesson, instead of modestly demanding the same, the reader should be counselled not to accept of their instructions.

See in what a different school Mr. Hunt works, and what marvellous effects he produces! There is a small picture of an interior by him (to which the blue ticket having the pretty word SOLD written on it is not fixed) that, as a copy of nature, is a perfect miracle. No De Hooghe was ever better, more airy and sunshiny. And the most extraordinary part of this extraordinary picture is, that the artist has not produced his effect of excessive brilliancy by any violent contrasting darkness; but the whole picture is light; the sunshine is in every corner of the room: and this drawing remains unsold, while Dash and Blank and Asterisk have got off all theirs. The large head of the black girl is painted in wonderful power; in water-colors, we have scarcely seen any thing so vigorous. The boys and virgins are as usual admirable; the lad with the bottle, he reading ballads in the barn, and the red ragged, brickdust-colored, brigand-looking fellow, especially

good. In a corner is a most astonishing young gentleman with a pan of milk: he is stepping forward full into your face; and has seen something in it which has caused him to spill his milk and look dreadfully frightened. Every man who is worth a fig, as he comes up to this picture bursts out a-laughing — he can't help himself; you hear a dozen such laughs in the course of your visit. Why does this little drawing so seize hold of the beholder, and cause him to roar? There is the secret: the painter has got the soul of comedy in him — the undefinable humorous genius. Happy is the man who possesses that drawing: a man must laugh if he were taking his last look at it before being hanged.

Mr. Taylor's flowing pencil has produced several pieces of delightful color; but we are led bitterly to deplore the use of that fatal white-lead pot, that is clogging and blackening the picture of so many of the water-color painters now-a-days. His large picture contains a great deal of this white mud, and has lost, as we fancy, in consequence, much of that liquid, mellow tone for which his works are remarkable. The retreating figures in this picture are beautiful; the horses are excellently painted, with as much dexterous brilliancy of color as one sees in the oil pictures of Landseer. If the amateur wants to see how far transparent color will go, what rich effect may be produced by it, how little necessary it is to plaster drawings with flakes of white, let him examine the background of the design, representing a page asleep in a chair, than which nothing can be more melodious in color, or more skilfully and naturally painted.

In the beauty gallery which this exhibition usually furnishes, there is Mr. Richter who contributes his usual specimens; the fair Miss Sharpe, with those languishing-eyed charmers whom the world admires so much; and still more to our taste, a sweet pretty lady, by Mr. Stone, in a hideous dress, with upper-Benjamin buttons, a couple of very graceful and delicate heads by Wright; and one beautiful head, a portrait evidently, by Cristall, that is placed very modestly in a corner near the ground — where such a drawing should be placed, of course, being vigorous, honest, natural and beautiful. This artist's other drawing — a mysterious subject, representing primeval Scotchmen, rocks, waterfalls, a cataract of bulls, and other strange things, looks like a picture painted in a dream. Near it hangs Mr. Mackenzie's view of St. Denis's Cathedral, that is painted with great carefulness, and is very true to nature. And having examined this, and Mr. Varley's fine gloomy sketches, you shall be no longer detained at this place, but walk on to see what more remains to be seen.

Of the New Water-Color Society, I think it may be asserted that their gallery contains neither such good nor such bad drawings as may be seen in the senior exhibition; unless, indeed, we except Mr. Haghe, a gentleman who in architectural subjects has a marvellous skill, and whose work deserves to be studied by all persons who follow the trade of water-coloring. This gentleman appears to have a profound knowledge (or an extraordinary instinct) of his profession as an architectural draughtsman. There are no tricks, no clumsy plastering with white, no painful wriggling, nor swaggering affectation of boldness. He seems to understand every single tone and line which he lays down; and his picture in my humble judgment, contains some of the very best qualities of which this branch of painting is capable. You cannot produce by any combination of water-colors such effects as may be had from oil, such richness and depth of tone, such pleasing variety of texture, as gums and oils will give; but there are many beauties peculiar to the art, which the oil-painter cannot arrive at, — such as air, brightness,

coolness and flatness of surface; points which painters understand and can speak of a great deal better than amateur writers and readers. Why will the practitioners, then, be so ambitious? Why strive after effects that are only to be got imperfectly at best, and at the expense of qualities far more valuable and pleasing? There are some aspiring individuals who will strive to play a whole band of music off a guitar, or perform the broadsword exercise with a rapier, — monstrous attempts, that the moral critic must lift up his voice to reprehend. Valuable instruments are guitars and small-swords in themselves, the one for making pleasant small music, the other for drilling small holes in the human person; but let the professor of each art do his agreeable duty in his own line, not strive with his unequal weapons to compete with persons who have greater advantages. Indeed, I have seldom seen the works of a skilful water-color painter of figures, without regretting that he had not taken to oil, which would allow him to put forth all the vigor of which he was capable. For works, however, like that of Mr. Haghe, which are not finished pictures, but admirable finished sketches, water is best; and we wish that his brethren had followed his manner of using it. Take warning by these remarks, O Mr. Absolon! Your interiors have been regarded by Titmarsh with much pleasure, and deserve at his hands a great deal of commendation. Mr. Absolon, we take it, has been brought up in a French school — there are many traces of foreign manner in him; his figures, for instance, are better costumed than these of our common English artists. Look at the little sketch which goes by the laconic title of "Jump." Let Mrs. Seyffarth come and look at it before she paints Sir Roger de Coverley's figures again, and she will see what an air of life and authenticity the designer has thrown into his work. Several larger pictures by Mr. Absolon, in which are a face — is it the artist's own by any chance? — (we fancy that we have a knack at guessing a portrait of an artist by himself, having designed about five thousand such in our experience, — "Portrait of a Painter," "A Gentleman in a Vandyke Dress," "A Brigand," "A Turkish Costume," and so on: they are somehow always rejected by these cursed Academicians), — but to return to Absolon, whom we have left hanging up all this time on the branch of a sentence, he has taken hugely to the body-color system within the last twelve months, and small good has it done him. The accessories of his pictures are painted with much vigor and feeling of color, are a great deal stronger than heretofore, — a great deal too strong for the figures themselves; and the figures being painted chiefly in transparent color, will not bear the atmosphere of distemper by which they are surrounded. The picture of "The Bachelor" is excellent in point of effect and justness of color.

Mr. Corbould is a gentleman who must be mentioned with a great deal of praise. His large drawing of the "Canterbury Pilgrims at the Tabard," is very gay and sparkling, and the artist shows that he possesses a genuine antiquarian or Walter-Scottish spirit. It is a pity that his people are all so uncommon handsome. It is a pity that his ladies wear such uncommonly low dresses — they did not wear such (according to the best authorities) in Chaucer's time; and even if they did, Mr. Corbould had much better give them a little more cloth, which costs nothing, and would spare much painful blushing to modest men like — never mind whom. But this is a moral truth: nothing is so easy to see in a painter as a certain inclination towards naughtiness, which we press-Josephs are bound to cry fie at. Cover them up, Mr. Corbould — muslin is the word; but of this no more. Where the painter departs from his lines of beauty, his

faces have considerable humor and character. The whole of the pilgrim group, as he has depicted it, is exceedingly picturesque. It might be painted with a little more strength, and a good deal less finical trifling with the pencil; but of these manual errors the painter will no doubt get the better as his practice and experience increase.

Here is a large and interesting picture by Mr. Warren of the Pacha of Egypt in the middle of the Nubian Desert, surrounded by pipe-bearers and camels, and taking his cup of coffee. There is much character both in the figures and scenery. A slight sketch by the same artist, "The King in Thule," is very pretty, and would make a very good picture.

Mr. Bright is an artist of whom we do not before remember to have heard. His pictures are chiefly effects of sunset and moonlight; of too *criarde* a color as regards sun and moon, but pretty and skilful in other points, and of a style that strikes us as almost new. The manner of a French artist, M. Colliquon, somewhat resembles that of Mr. Bright. The cool parts of his picture are excellent; but he has dangerous dealings with gamboge and orange, pigments with the use of which a painter is bound to be uncommonly cautious. Look at Mr. Turner, who has taken to them until they have driven him quite wild. If there be any Emperor of the Painters, he should issue "a special edict" against the gamboge-dealers: — 'tis a deleterious drug. "Hasten, hasten," Mr. Bright; "obey with trembling," and have a care of gamboge henceforth.

For the rest of the artists at this place, it may be said that Mr. Hicks has not been quite so active this year as formerly; Mr. Boys has some delightful drawings in his style of art; and for the curious there is, moreover, a second-hand Cattermole, a sham Prout, a pseudo Bently, and a small double of Cox, whose works are to be seen in various parts of the room. Miss Corbould has a pretty picture. Mr. Duncan's drawings exhibit considerable skill and fidelity to nature. And here we must close our list of the juniors, whose exhibition is very well worth the shilling, which all must pay who would enter their pretty gallery.

We have been through a number of picture galleries, and cannot do better than go and visit a gentleman who has a gallery of his own, containing only one picture. We mean Mr. Danby, with his "Deluge," now visible in Piccadilly. Every person in London will no doubt go and see this; artists, because the treatment and effect of the picture are extraordinarily skilful and broad; and the rest of the world, who cannot fail of being deeply moved by the awful tragedy which is here laid before them. The work is full of the strongest dramatic interest; a vast performance, grandly treated, and telling in a wonderful way its solemn, awful tale. Mr. Danby has given a curious description of it to our hand; and from this the reader will be able to understand what is the design and treatment of the piece.

"The general idea of the picture is founded on the supposition that a comet, which appears in the centre at the top, is the immediate cause of the deluge, and that it illuminates the scene with a bright phosphoric light, which overpowers the setting sun, already obscured by the falling rain. On the left of the spectator, in the distance, are a few domes of a city still appearing above the waters, from which the inhabitants have flown to the highest rocks within their reach in the vicinity, but where they are soon overtaken by the rising flood. On the right the mountains are deluged with water, which falls from the heavens condensed into solid masses in the form of tremendous water-spouts; and, as they descend over precipices, they carry with them immense fragments of the mountains.

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"The situation of the spectator is supposed to be on a height, beneath a higher range of mountains, a part of which is seen on the right of the picture, declining in shelving precipices towards the plain, to which in perspective it runs. Immediately before him in the nearest part of the scene, is a small ravine, which sepa-

rates him from a towering mass of splinter-broken rocks (which form a rude and barren middle distance), beyond whose summit the country declines less wildly to the plain, where is situated, near the horizon on the left, a grand antediluvian city.

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COMPOSITION AND EFFECT OF THE PICTURE.

"Through turgid clouds and whirling columns of falling rain, the struggling sun, as though in tears, throws his last fond look upon the dying world: setting never to rise more to the teeming inhabitants of the city. Wrapped in his crimson mantle, and shrouded in the black and mystic curtains of the mourning skies, he sinks behind the once-proud dome, whose golden sculptured front so long had glittered in his noontide blaze.

"The blooming plain around, rich without cultivation, where once sweet-scented groves of blossoms and fruit luxuriantly twined, now lies deep sunk beneath the raging and swelling ocean,—the great deep! whose fountains are broken up! Wildly the loosened waters rush upon the plain: they spread—they rise—they mount above the city walls bursting the grand, yet little barriers of man; while fiercely now they rush, in eddying currents, through the depeopled streets. This, the moment, the picture represents.

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"The Almighty's vengeance is at hand; who can escape his wrath? Man is against man; friendship is no more; the loveliness of woman, the innocence of childhood, or the low moan of suffering age, no longer gain the sigh of pity or of love;—fear or rage alone possess the human breast.

"The towering rock, which forms the centre middle distance of the picture, is the nearest refuge to the maddening crowd. Blindly and with giant strength, they scale its splintered sides: in masses like the gaining waters, wildly they urge their course upon the side the most accessible. Exhausted at the moment they reach the object of their hope, they sink, while others mount over piles of fellow-men, yet mount they to their death. The top is full, even more than full, while yet they climb and grapple with those above in deadly struggle for a moment's resting place. Alas! they see not that on the narrow surface of the cliff above is plied a horrid rocking mass of human forms, of life and death, where the smothering groan, deep buried, is unheard, and the wild cry of those above is more unheeded.

"The ponderous giant, amid the crowd above, presents his matchless shoulders against the increasing mass, his foot and arms against the rock. In vain are women, young and delicate in frame, with their more tender infants, crushed to silence against his broad unyielding muscles. The solid rock gives way, and all the clinging, trembling mass of human life upon it falls precipitately to the whirling flood below.

"The waters gain—resistlessly they rush, bursting each rocky barrier, that for a moment may resist their course, rolling huge fragments of the mountain's side, with forest trees, that crash and snap as twigs in the mighty torrent's force, sinking or rising to the boiling surface of the flood; the broken trees are swept along, their tops and roots alternately uppermost,—still offering to the drowning man a false and fatal aid.

"In the middle of the composition is a group of lately fallen rocks, which the painter has endeavored to express by the trees they have entangled and broken in their fall, occasioned by earthquake, which he supposes to have accompanied the Deluge. These rocks have fallen in such a position as to serve as a species of flight of steps to the crowd who have gained the height, and are now occupied by a few feeble stragglers, that still urge on their weary and useless flight. Here a few incidents of the heart-rending distress of mothers for their darling offspring, or children for their parents, may appear, as these were with the first, and must remain the last of ties upon the human heart.

"In the fore part of the picture, on the left, is a portion of a large tree, which still remains rooted in the earth, but trembles to its fall in the rush of waters: it is supposed to have been a momentary refuge to hundreds of beings, before the waters had gained their present height; but, from the weight above, the stem has broken midway, and with its struggling, writhing charge, the upper half is swept along the roaring flood.

"In the middle of the fore part of the picture, men, women, and children, with a strangling lion, are entangled in the broken trees that are precipitated down the current; and on the right, floating on a hastily constructed raft, are the lifeless bodies of a giant and a female (crushed by a fallen tree), over whose pallid forms weeps an Angel of Light, who, though not involved in the ruin, may, with a heart of heavenly mould, drop a tear of more than diamond purity and brightness over that once divine and glorious human race, once bright as he, and who were still so beautiful, though fallen, that the 'Sons of God saw that the Daughters of Men were fair, and chose from among them such as they loved.'"

This episode of the angel is the sole part of the picture with which we should be disposed to quarrel; but the rest, which has been excellently de-

scribed in the queer, wild words of the artist, is really as grand and magnificent a conception as ever we saw. Why Poussin's famous picture of an inundation has been called "The Deluge," I never could understand: it is only a very small and partial deluge. The artist had genius enough, if any artist ever had, to have executed a work far more vast and tremendous; nor does his work at the Louvre, nor Turner's deluge, nor Martin's, nor any that we have ever seen, at all stand a competition with this extraordinary performance of Mr. Danby. He has painted *the* picture of "The Deluge;" we have before our eyes still the ark in the midst of the rain, floating calm and lonely, the great black cataracts of water pouring down, the mad rush of the miserable people clambering up the rocks;—nothing can be finer than the way in which the artist has painted the picture in all its innumerable details, and we hope to hear that his room will be hourly crowded, and his great labor and genius rewarded in some degree.

Let us take some rest after beholding this picture and what place is cooler and more quiet than the Suffolk Street Gallery? If not remarkable for any pictures of extraordinary merit, it is at least to be praised as a place singularly favorable to meditation. It is a sweet, calm solitude, lighted from the top with convenient blinds to keep out the sun. If you have an assignation, bid your mistress to come hither, there is only a dumb secretary in the room; and sitting like the man in "The Arabian Nights," perpetually before a great book, in which he pores. This would be a grand place to hatch a conspiracy, to avoid a dun, to write an epic poem. Something ails the place! What is it? what keeps the people away, and gives the money-taker in his box a gloomy lonely sinecure? Alas, and alas! not even Mr. Haydon's "Samson Agonistes" is strong enough to pull the people in.

And yet this picture is worth going to see. You may here take occasion to remark the truth of Mr. Yorke's astute remark about another celebrated artist, and see how bad a painter is this *writer* of historical paintings, Mr. Haydon. There is an account in some of the late papers—from America, of course—of a remarkably fat boy, three years old, five feet six high, with a fine bass voice, and a handsome beard and whiskers. Much such a hero is this Samson, a great red chubby-cheeked monster, looking at you with the most earnest, mild, dull eyes in the world, and twisting about a brace of ropes, as he comes sprawling forwards. Sprawling backwards is a Delilah—such a Delilah, with such an arm, with such a dress, on such a sofa, with such a set of ruffians behind her! The picture is perfectly amazing! Is this the author of the "Judgment of Solomon?"—the restorer or setter-up of the great style of painting in this country? The drawing of the figures is not only faulty, but bad and careless as can be. It never was or could be in nature; and, such as it is, the drawing is executed in a manner so loose and slovenly, that one wonders to behold it. Is this the way in which a *chef d'école* condescends to send forth a picture to the public? Would he have his scholars finish no more and draw no better? Look at a picture of "Milton and his Daughters," the same subject which Sir A. Callcott has treated in the Academy, which painters will insist upon treating, so profoundly interesting does it seem to be. Mr. Haydon's "Milton" is playing on the organ, and turning his blind eyes toward the public with an expression which is perfectly laughable. A buxom wench in huge gigot sleeves stands behind the chair, another is at a table writing. The draperies of the ladies are mere smears of color; in the foreground lies a black cat or dog, a smudge of lamp-

black, in which the painter has not condescended to draw a figure. The chair of the poetical organ-player is a similar lump of red and brown; nor is the conception of the picture, to our thinking, one whit better than the execution. If this be the true style of art, there is another great work of the kind at the Saracen's Head, Snow-Hill, which had better be purchased for the National Gallery.

Mr. Hurlstone has, as usual, chosen this retired spot to exhibit a very great number of pictures. There is much good in almost all of these. The children especially are painted with great truth and sweetness of expression, but we never shall be able to reconcile ourselves to the extraordinary dirtiness of the color. Here are ladies' dresses which look as if they had served for May-day, and arms and shoulders such as might have belonged to Cinderella. Once in a way the artist shows he can paint a clean face, such a one is that of a child in the little room; it is charming, if the artist did but know it, how much more charming for being clean! A very good picture of a subject somewhat similar to those which Mr. Hurlstone loves to paint, is Mr. Buckner's "Peasants of Sora in the Regno de Napoli." The artist has seen the works of Leopold Robert, and profited evidently by the study of them.

Not far from this is a performance embellished with a brace of poetical quotations, by Mr. Stewart.

"Lo! on the strand the Indian mother kneels,
And to the fervid skies her prayers prefers,
That her gone cherub may inhabit there."

ANON.

"Lo! yon Brahmin mother kneeling
By the sacred river's verge;
Mark her deep impassioned feeling
Wailing forth her infant's dirge!

She has watched it, when the dawning
Found her by the Ganges' side;
Until now, advancing morning,
Rolls along its swelling tide.

Onward rolls, but quick returning,
Sweeps her cherished charge away;
And that scene her bosom burning
She hath knelt her down to pray."

And the picture, it must honestly be confessed, is worthy of the poetry. Some portraits by the same artist are executed in a much more satisfactory manner.

Concerning other artists whose works appear in this gallery, we should speak favorably of Mr. O'Neill, who has two pretty pictures, of a couple of animal pieces, "A Pony and Cows," by Mr. Sosi, and of a pretty picture by Mr. Elmore, a vast deal better than his great Becket performance before alluded to. Mr. Tomkins has some skilful street-scenes; and Mr. Holland a large, raw, clever picture, of Milan Cathedral. And so farewell to this quiet spot: let us take a peep at the British Gallery, where a whole room is devoted to the exhibition of Mr. Hilton, the late Academician.

A man's sketches and his pictures should never be exhibited together; the sketches invariably kill the picture; are far more vigorous, masterly, and effective. Some of those hanging here, chiefly subjects from Spencer, are excellent, indeed; and fine in drawing, color, and composition. The decision and spirit of the sketch disappear continually in the finished piece, as any one may see in examining the design for "Comus," and the large picture afterwards, the "Amphitrites," and many others. Were the sketches, however, removed, the beholder would be glad to admit the great feeling and grace of the pictures, and the kindly poetical spirit which distinguishes the works of the master. Besides the Hiltons, a picture-lover has here an opportunity of seeing a fine Virgin by Julio Romano, and a most noble one by Sebastian del Piombo, than which I never saw any thing more majestically beautiful. The simpering beauties of the Virgins of the Raffaelle school, many painters are successful in imitating. See, O

ye painters! how in Michael Angelo strength and beauty are here combined, wonderful chastity and grace, humility, and a grandeur almost divine. The critic must have a care as he talks of these pictures, however, for his words straightway begin to grow turgid and pompous; and, lo! at the end of his lines, the picture is not a whit better described than before.

And now having devoted space enough to the discussion of the merits of these different galleries and painters, I am come to the important part of this paper, viz., to my Essay on the State of the Fine Arts in this Kingdom, my Proposals for the General Improvement of Public Taste, and my Plan for the Education of Young Artists.

In the first place, I propose that government should endow a college for painters, where they may receive the benefits of a good literary education, without which artists will never prosper. I propose that lectures should be read, examinations held, and prizes and exhibitions given to students; that professorships should be instituted, and — and a president or lord rector appointed with a baronetcy, a house, and a couple of thousands a year. This place, of course, will be offered to Michael Angelo Tit—

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Mr. Titmarsh's paper came to us exactly as the reader here sees it. His contribution had been paid for in advance, and we regret exceedingly that the public should be deprived of what seemed to be the most valuable part of it. He has never been heard of since the first day of June. He was seen on that day pacing Waterloo Bridge for two hours; but whether he plunged into the river, or took advantage of the steamboat and went down it, only, we cannot state.

Why this article was incomplete, the following document will, perhaps, show. It is the work of a waiter at Morland's Hotel, where the eccentric and unhappy gentleman resided.

STATEMENT BY MRS. BARBARA.

"On the evening of the 30th of May, Anay Domino, 1840, Mr. Mike Titmarsh came into our house in a wonderful state of delarium, drest in a new coat, a new bloo satting hankysher, a new wite at, and polisht jipannd boots, all of which he'd bot sins he went out after dinner; nor did he bring any of his old cloves back with him, though he'd often said, 'Barbara,' says he to me, 'when Mr. Frasier pays me my money, and I git new ones, you shall have these as your requisites:' that was his very words, thof I must confess I don't understand the same.

"He'd had dinner and coughy before he went; and we all conjictured that he'd been somewhere particklar, for I heerd him barging with a cabman from Hollywell Street, of which he said the fair was only hatepence; but being ableeged to pay a shilling, he cust and swoar horrybill.

"He came in, ordered some supper, laft and joakt with the gents in the parlor, and showed them a deal of money, which some of the gentlemen was so good as to purpose to borry of him.

"They talked about literaryture and the fine harts (which is both much used by our gentlemen); and Mr. Mike was very merry. Specially he sung them a song, which he ancored hisself for twenty minutes; and ordered a bole of our punch, which is chocked against his skor to this very day.

"About twelve he went to bed, very comfortable and quiet, only he cooldn't stand on his legs very well, and cooldn't speak much, excep, 'Frasier for ever!' 'All of a York!' and some such nonsense, which neither me nor George nor Mrs. Stokes could understand.

"'What the matter?' says Mrs. Stokes, 'Barbara,' says she to me, 'has he taken any thin?' says she.

"'Law bless you, mum!' says I, (I always says, Law bless you), 'as I am a Christen woman, and hope to be married, he's had nothin out of common.'

"'What had he for dinner?' says she, as if she didn't know.

"'There was biled salmon,' says I, 'and a half-crown lobster in soss (bless us if he left so much as a clor or tisspunful!), boil pork and peace puddn, and a seckn'd course of beefsteak and onions, cole plum puddn, maccarony, and afterwards cheese and sallat.'

"'I don't mean that,' says she. 'What was his liquors, or bavyrage?'

"'Two guineas's stouts; old madeira, one pint; port, half a ditto; four tumlers of niggus; and three cole brandy and water, and sigars.'

"'He is a good fellow,' says Mrs. Stokes, 'and spends his money freely, that I declare.'

"'I wish he'd ony *pay* it,' say I to Mrs. Stokes, says I. 'He's lived in this house any time these fourteen years and never —

"'Hush your impereence!' says Mrs. Stokes, 'he's a gentleman, and pays when he pleases. 'He's not one of your common sort. Did he have any tea?'

"'No,' says I, 'not a drop; ony coughy and muffins. I told you so — three on em; and growled preciously, too, because there was no more. But I wasn't a going to fetch him any more, he whose money we'd never —

"'Barbara,' says Mrs. Stokes, 'leave the room, — do. You're always a suspecting every gentleman. Well, what did he have at supper?'

"'You know,' says I, 'pickled salmon — that chap's a reglar devil at salmon (these were my very words) — cold pork, and cold peace puddn agin; toasted cheese this time; and such a lot of hale and rum-punch as I never saw — nine glasses of heach, I do believe, as I am an honest woman.'

"'Barbara,' says mistress, 'that's not the question. *Did he mix his liquors*, Barbara? That's the pint.'

"'No,' says I, 'Mrs. Stokes; that indeed he didn't.' And so we agreed that he couldn't posbly be affected by drink, and that something wonderfle must have hapned to him, to send him to bed so quear like.

"Nex morning I took him his tea in bed (on the 4th flore back, No. 104 was his number); and says he to me, 'Barbara,' says he, you find me in sperrits.'

"'Find you in sperrits! I believe we do,' says I; 'we've found you in em these fifteen year. I wish you'd find us in *money*,' says I; and laft, too, for I thought it was a good un.

"'Pooh!' says he, 'my dear, that's not what I mean. You find me in spirits bycause my exlint publisher, Mr. Frasier of Regent Street, paid me handsum for a remarkable harticle I wrote in his Magazine. He gives twice as much as the other publishers,' says he; 'though, if he didn't, I'd write for him just the same — rayther more, I'm so fond of him.'

"'How much has he gave you?' says I; 'because I hope you'll pay us.'

"'Oh,' says he, after a bit, 'a lot of money. Here, you darling,' says he (he did; upon my word, he did), 'go and git me change for a five-pound note.'

"And when he got up, and had his brekfast, and been out, he changed another five-pound note; and after lunch, another five-pound note; and when he came in to dine, another five-pound note, to pay the cabman. Well, thought we, he's made of money, and so he seemed; but you shall hear soon how it was that he had all them notes to change.

"After dinner he was a sitten over his punch, when some of our gents came in; and he began to talk and brag to them about his harticle, and what he had for it; and that he was the best cricket* in all Europe; and

* Critic, Mrs. Barbara means, an absurd monomania of Mr. Titmarsh.

how Mr. Murray had begged to be introjuiced to him, and was so pleased with him, and he with Murray; and how he'd been asked to write in the 'Quartly Review,' and in bless us knows what; and how, in fact, he was going to carry all London by storm.

"'Have you seen what the "Morning Poast" says of you?' says Frank Flint, one of them hartist chaps as comes to our house.

"'No,' says he, 'I ain't. Barbara, bring some more punch, do you hear? No, I ain't, but that's a fashnable paper,' says he, 'and always takes notice of a fashnable chap like me. What *does* it say?' says he.

"Mr. Flint opened his mouth and grinned very wide; and taking the 'Morning Poast' out of his pocket (he was a great friend of Mr. Titmarsh's, and, like a good-natered friend as he was, had always a kind thing to say or do)—Frank pulls out a 'Morning Poast,' I say (which had cost Frank Phippens*): 'Here it is,' says he, 'read for yourself; it will make you quite happy.' And so he began to grin to all the gents like winkin.

"When he red it, Titmarsh's jor dropt all of a sudn; he turned pupple, and bloo, and violate; and then with a mighty offut, he swigg of his rum and water, and staggered out of the room.

"He looked so ill when he went up stairs to bed, that Mrs. Stokes insisted upon making him some grool for him to have warm in bed; but, Lor bless you! he threw it in my face when I went up, and rord and swor so dredfle that I rann down stairs quite frightened.

"Nex morning I knockt at his dor at nine—no anser.

"At ten, tried agin—never a word.

"At eleven, twelve, one, two, up we went, with a fresh cup of hot tea every time. His dor was lockt, and not one sillaby could we git.

"At for we begin to think he'd suasided hisself; and having called in the policemen, bust upon the dor.

"And then we beheld a pretty spactycle! Fancy him in his gor, his throat cut from hear to hear, his white night-gound all over blood, his beautiful face all pail with hagny!—well, no such thing. Fancy him hanging from the bedpost by one of his pore, dear garters!—well, no such thing. Agin, fancy him flung out of the window, and dasht into ten billium peaces on the minionet-potts in the fust floar; or else a naked, melumcolly corpse, laying on the hairy spikes!—not in the least. He wasn't dead, nor he wasn't the least unwell, nor he wasn't asleep neither—he only wasn't there; and from that day we have heard nothin about him. He left on his table the following note as follows:—

"'1st JUNE, 1840, MIDNIGHT.

"'MRS. STOKES,—I am attached to you by the most disinterested friendship. I have patronized your house for fourteen years, and it was my intention to have paid you a part of your bill, but the "Morning Post" newspaper has destroyed that blessed hope forever.

"'Before you receive this I shall be—*ask not where;* my mind shudders to think where! You will carry the papers directed to Regent Street to that address, and perhaps you will receive in return a handsome sum of money; but if the bud of my youth is blighted, the promise of a long and happy career suddenly and cruelly cut short, an affectionate family deprived of its support and ornament, say that the "Morning Post" had done this by its savage criticism upon me. The last this day.

"'FAREWELL.'

"This is hall he said. From that day to this we have never seen the pore fellow—we have never heerd of him—we have never known any think about him. Being halarmed, Mrs. Stokes hadvertized him in the papers; but not wishing to vex his family, we called him by another name, and put hour address diffrent too. Hall was of no use; and I can't tell you what a pang I felt in my busum when, on going to get change

* Fivepence, Mrs. Barbara means.

for the five-pound notes he'd given me at the public-house in Hoxford Street, the lan'lord laft when he saw them; and, says he, 'Do you know, Mrs. Barbara, that a queer gent came in here with five sovrings one day, has a glass of hale, and haskes me to change his sovrings for a note? Which I did. Then, in about two hours, he came back with five more sovrings, gets another note and another glass of hale, and so goes on four times in one blessed day! It's my beleaf that he had only five pounds, and wanted you to believe that he was worth twenty, for you've got all his notes, I see!'

"And so the poor fellow had no money with him after all! I do pity him, I do, from my hart; and I do hate that wicked 'Morning Post' for so treating such a kind, sweet, good-nater'd gentleman!

(Signed) "BARBARA.

"MORLAND'S HOTEL,
15 Jewin, 1840."

This is conclusive. Our departed friend had many faults, but he is gone, and we will not discuss them now. It appears that on the 1st of June, the "Morning Post" published a criticism upon him, accusing him of ignorance, bad taste, and gross partiality. His gentle and susceptible spirit could not brook the rebuke; he was not angry; he did not retort; but *his heart broke!*

Peace to his ashes! A couple of volumes of his works, we see by our advertisements, are about immediately to appear.

ON MEN AND PICTURES.

A PROPOS OF A WALK IN THE LOUVRE.

PARIS, June, 1841.

IN the days of my youth I knew a young fellow that I shall here call Tidbody, and who, born in a provincial town of respectable parents, had been considered by the drawing-master of the place, and, indeed, by the principal tea-parties there, as a great genius in the painting line, and one that was sure to make his fortune.

When he had made portraits of his grandmother, of the house-dog, of the door-knocker, of the church and parson of the place, and had copied, *tant bien que mal*, the most of the prints that were to be found in the various houses of the village, Harry Tidbody was voted to be very nearly perfect; and his honest parents laid out their little savings in sending the lad to Rome and Paris.

I saw him in the latter town in the year '32, before an immense easel, perched upon a high stool, and copying with perfect complacency a Correggio in the gallery, which he thought he had imitated to a nicety. No misgivings ever entered into the man's mind that he was making an ass of himself; he never once paused to consider that his copy was as much like the Correggio as my nose is like the Apollo's. But he rose early of mornings, and scrubbed away all day with his macgilps and varnishes; he worked away through cold and through sunshine; when other men were warming their fingers at the stoves, or wisely lounging on the Boulevard, he worked away, and thought he was cultivating art in the purest fashion, and smiled with easy scorn upon those who took the world more easily than he. Tidbody drank

water with his meals,—if meals those miserable scraps of bread and cheese, or bread and sausage, could be called, which he lined his lean stomach with; and voted those persons godless gluttons who recreated themselves with brandy and beef. He rose up at daybreak, and worked away with bladder and brush; he passed all night at life-academies, designing life-guardsmen with chalk and stump; he never was known to take any other recreation; and in ten years he had spent as much time over his drawing as another man spends in thirty. At the end of his second year of academical studies, Harry Tidbody could draw exactly as well as he could eight years after. He had visited Florence, and Rome, and Venice, in the interval; but there he was as he had begun, without one single further idea, and not an inch nearer the goal at which he aimed.

One day, at the Life-academy in St. Martin's Lane, I saw before me the back of a shock head of hair and a pair of ragged elbows, belonging to a man in a certain pompous attitude which I thought I recognized; and when the model retired behind his curtain to take his ten minutes' repose, the man belonging to the back in question turned round a little, and took out an old snuffy cotton handkerchief and wiped his forehead and lank cheek-bones, that were moist with the vast mental and bodily exertions of the night. Harry Tidbody was the man in question. In ten years he had spent at least three thousand nights in copying the model. When abroad, perhaps, he had passed the Sunday evenings too in the same rigorous and dismal pastime. He had piles upon piles of gray paper at his lodgings, covered with worthless nudities in black and white chalk.

At the end of the evening we shook hands, and I asked him how the arts flourished. The poor fellow, with a kind of dismal humor that formed a part of his character, twirled round upon the iron heels of his old patched Blucher boots, and showed me his figure for answer. Such a lean, long, ragged, fantastical-looking personage, it would be hard to match out of the drawing-schools.

"Tit, my boy," said he, when he had finished his pirouette, "you may see that the arts have not fattened me as yet; and, between ourselves, I make by my profession something considerably less than a thousand a year. But, mind you, I am not discouraged; my whole soul is in my calling; I can't do any thing else if I would; and I will be a painter, or die in the attempt."

Tidbody is not dead, I am happy to say, but has a snug place in the Excise of eighty pounds a year, and now only exercises the pencil as an amateur. If his story has been told here at some length, the ingenious reader may fancy that there is some reason for it. In the first place, there is so little to say about the present exhibition at Paris, that your humble servant does not know how to fill his pages without some digressions; and, secondly, the Tidbodian episode has a certain moral in it, without which it never would have been related, and which is good for all artists to read.

It came to my mind upon examining a picture of sixty feet by forty (indeed, it cannot be much smaller), which takes up a good deal of room in the large room of the Louvre. But of this picture anon. Let us come to the general considerations.

Why the deuce will men make light of that golden gift of mediocrity which for the most part they possess, and strive so absurdly at the sublime? What is it that makes a fortune in this world but energetic mediocrity? What is it that is so respected and prosperous as good, honest, emphatic, blundering dulness, bellowing common-places with its great healthy lungs, kicking and struggling with its big feet and fists, and bringing an awe-stricken public down on its knees before it? Think, my good sir, of

the people who occupy your attention and the world's. Who are they? Upon your honor and conscience now, are they not persons with thews and sinews like your own, only they use them with somewhat more activity, — with a voice like yours, only they shout a little louder, — with the average portion of brains, in fact, but working them more? But this kind of disbelief in heroes is very offensive to the world, it must be confessed. There, now, is "The Times" newspaper, which the other day rated your humble servant for publishing an account of one of the great humbugs of modern days, viz., the late funeral of Napoleon, — which rated me, I say, and talked in its own grave, roaring way, about the flippancy and conceit of Titmarsh.

O you thundering old "Times!" Napoleon's funeral was a humbug, and your constant reader said so. The people engaged in it were humbugs, and this your Michael Angelo hinted at. There may be irreverence in this, and the process of humbug-hunting may end rather awkwardly for some people. But, surely, there is no conceit. The shamming of modesty is the most pert conceit of all, the *précieuse* affectation of deference where you don't feel it, the sneaking acquiescence in lies. It is very hard that a man may not tell the truth as he fancies it, without being accused of conceit: but so the world wags. As has already been prettily shown in that before-mentioned little book about Napoleon, that is still to be had of publishers, there is a ballad in the volume, which, if properly studied, will be alone worth two-and-sixpence to any man.

Well, the funeral of Napoleon *was* a humbug; and, being so, what was a man to call it? What do we call a rose? Is it disrespectful to the pretty flower to call it by its own innocent name? And, in like manner, are we bound, out of respect for society, to speak of humbug only in a circumlocutory way, — to call it something else, as they say some Indian people do their devil, — to wrap it up in riddles and charades? Nothing is easier. Take, for instance, the following couple of sonnets on the subject: —

The glad spring sun shone yesterday, as Mr.
M. Titmarsh wandered with his favorite lassie
By silver Seine, among the meadows grassy,
— Meadows, like mail-coach guards new clad at Easter
Fair was the sight 'twixt Neuilly and Passy;
And green the field, and bright the river's glister.

The birds sang salutations to the spring;
Already buds and leaves from branches burst:
"The surly winter time hath done its worst,"
Said Michael; "Lo, the bees are on the wing!"
Then on the ground his lazy limbs did fling.
Meanwhile the bees pass'd by him with my *first*.
My *second* dare I to your notice bring,
Or name to delicate ears that animal accurst?

To all our earthly family of fools
My whole, realtless despot, gives the law, —
Humble and great, we kneel to it with awe:
O'er camp and court, the senate and the schools,
Our grand invisible Lama sits and rules
By ministers that are its men of straw.

Sir Robert utters it in place of wit,
And straight the Opposition shouts "Hear, hear!"
And, oh! but all the Whiggish benches cheer
When great Lord John retorts it, as is fit.
In you, my *Press*,* each day throughout the year,
On vast broad sheets we find its praises writ.
O wondrous are the columns that you rear,
And sweet the morning hymns you roar in praise of it!

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* The reader can easily accommodate this line to the name of his favorite paper. Thus: —

"In you, my (*Times*, *Post*,) each day throughout the year."

Or: —

"In you, my (*Herald*, *Tiser*,) daily through the year."

Sacred word! It is kept out of the dictionaries, as if the great compilers of those publications were afraid to utter it. Well, then, the funeral of Napoleon was a humbug, as Titmarsh wrote; and a still better proof that it was a humbug was this, that nobody bought Titmarsh's book, and of the ten thousand copies made ready by the publisher, not above three thousand went off. It was a humbug, and an exploded humbug. Peace be to it! *Parlons d'autres choses;* and let us begin to discourse about the pictures without further shilly-shally.

I must confess, with a great deal of shame, that I love to go to the picture gallery of a Sunday after church, on purpose to see the thousand happy people of the working sort amusing themselves — not very wickedly, as I fancy — in the only day in the week on which they have their freedom. Genteel people, who can amuse themselves every day throughout the year, do not frequent the Louvre on a Sunday. You can't see the pictures well, and are pushed and elbowed by all sorts of low-bred creatures. Yesterday, there were at the very least two hundred common soldiers in the place, — little vulgar ruffians, with red breeches and three halfpence a day, examining the pictures in company with fifteen hundred grisettes, two thousand liberated shop-boys, eighteen hundred and forty-one artist apprentices, half a dozen of livery servants, and many scores of fellows with caps, and jackets, and copper-colored countenances, and gold earrings, and large ugly hands, that are hammering, or weaving, or filing, all the week. *Fi donc!* what a thing it is to have a taste for low company! Every man of decent breeding ought to have been in the Bois de Boulogne, in white kid gloves and on horseback, or on hack-back at least. How the dandies just now went prancing and curvetting down the Champs Elysées, making their horses jump as they passed the carriages, with their japanned boots glittering in the sunshine!

The fountains were flashing and foaming, as if they too were in their best for Sunday; the trees are covered all over with little, twinkling, bright green sprouts; numberless exhibitions of Punch and the Fantoccini are going on beneath them; and jugglers and balancers are entertaining the people with their pranks. I met two fellows the other day, one with a barrel-organ, and the other with a beard, a turban, a red jacket, and a pair of dirty, short, spangled, white trousers, who were cursing each other in the purest St. Giles's English; and if I had had impudence or generosity enough, I should have liked to make up their quarrel over a chopine of Strasbourg beer, and hear the histories of either. Think of these fellows quitting our beloved country, and their homes in some calm nook of Field Lane or Seven Dials, and toiling over to France with their music and their juggling-traps, to balance cart-wheels and swallow knives for the amusement of our natural enemies! They are very likely at work at this minute, with grinning *bonnes* and conscripts staring at their skill. It is pleasant to walk by and see the nurses and the children so uproariously happy. Yonder is one who has got a halfpenny to give to the beggar at the crossing; several are riding gravely in little carriages drawn by goats. Ah, truly, the sunshine is a fine thing; and one loves to see the little people and the poor basking in it, as well as the great in their fine carriages, or their prancing cock-tailed horses.

In the midst of sights of this kind, you pass on a fine Sunday afternoon down the Elysian Fields and the

Or, in France: —

"In you, my *Galignani's Messengers;*" a capital paper, because you have there the very cream of all the others. In the last line, for "morning" you can read "evening," or "weekly," as circumstances prompt.

Tuileries, until you reach the beforementioned low-bred crowd rushing into the Louvre.

Well, then, the pictures of this exhibition are to be numbered by thousands, and these thousands contain the ordinary number of *chefs-d'œuvre*; that is to say, there may be a couple of works of genius, half a dozen very clever performances, a hundred or so of good ones, fifteen hundred very decent good or bad pictures, and the remainder atrocious. What a comfort it is, as I have often thought, that they are not all masterpieces, and that there is a good stock of mediocrity in this world, and that we only light upon genius now and then, at rare angel intervals, handed round like tokay at dessert, in a few houses, and in very small quantities only! Fancy how sick one would grow of it, if one had no other drink!

Now, in this exhibition there are, of course, a certain number of persons who make believe that they are handing you round tokay, — giving you the real imperial stuff, with the seal of genius stamped on the cork. There are numbers of ambitious pictures, in other words, chiefly upon sacred subjects, and in what is called a severe style of art.

The severe style of art consists in drawing your figures in the first place very big and very neat, in which there is no harm; and in dressing them chiefly in stiff, crisp, old-fashioned draperies, such as one sees in the illuminated missals and the old masters. The old masters, no doubt, copied the habits of the people about them; and it has always appeared as absurd to me to imitate these antique costumes, and to dress up saints and virgins after the fashion of the fifteenth century, as it would be to adorn them with hoops and red-heels such as our grandmothers wore; and to make a Magdalen, for instance, taking off her patches, or an angel in powder and a hoop.

It is, or used to be, the custom at the theatres for the grave-digger in "Hamlet" always to wear fifteen or sixteen waistcoats, of which he leisurely divested himself, the audience roaring at each change of raiment. Do the Denmark grave-diggers always wear fifteen waistcoats? Let anybody answer who has visited the country. But the probability is that the custom on the stage is a very ancient one, and that the public would not be satisfied at a departure from the legend. As in the matter of grave-diggers, so it is with angels; they have — and Heaven knows why — a regular costume, which every "serious" painter follows; and which has a great deal more to do with serious art than people at first may imagine. They have large white wings, that fill up a quarter of the picture in which they have the good fortune to be; they have white gowns that fall round their feet in pretty, fantastical draperies; they have fillets round their brows, and their hair combed and neatly pomatumed down the middle; and if they have not a sword, have an elegant portable harp of a certain angelic shape. Large rims of gold-leaf they have round their heads always, — a pretty business it would be if such adjuncts were to be left out.

Now, suppose the legend ordered that every grave-digger should be represented with a gold-leaf halo round his head, and every angel with fifteen waistcoats, artists would have followed serious art just as they do now, most probably, and looked with scorn at the miserable creature who ventured to scoff at the waistcoats. Ten to one but a certain newspaper would have called a man flippant who did not respect the waistcoats, — would have said that he was irreverent for not worshipping the waistcoats. But why talk of it? The fact is, I have rather a desire to set up for a martyr, like my neighbors in the literary trade: it is not a little comforting to undergo such persecutions courageously. "O Socrate! je boirai la cigue avec toi!" as David said to

Robespierre. You, too, were accused of blasphemy in your time; and the world has been treating us poor literary gents in the same way ever since. There, now, is Bulw—

But to return to the painters. In the matter of canvas covering, the French artists are a great deal more audacious than ours; and I have known a man starve all the winter through, without fire and without beef, in order that he might have the honor of filling five and twenty feet square of canvas with some favorite subject of his.

It is curious to look through the collection, and see how for the most part the men draw their ideas. There are caricatures of the late and early style of Raffaelle; there are caricatures of Masaccio; there is a picture painted in the very pyramidical form, and in the manner of Andrea del Sarto; there is a Holy Family, the exact counterpart of Leonardo da Vinci; and, finally, there is Achille Deveria, —it is no use to give the names and numbers of the other artists, who are not known in England, — there is Achille Deveria, who, having nothing else to caricature, has caricatured a painted window, and designed a Charity, of which all the outlines are half an inch thick.

Then there are numberless caricatures in color as in form. There is a Violet Entombment, — a crimson one, a green one; a light emerald and gamboge Eve; all huge pictures, with talent enough in their composition, but remarkable for this strange, mad love of extravagance, which belongs to the nation. Titian and the Venetians have loved to paint lurid skies and sunsets of purple and gold; here, in consequence, is a piebald picture of crimson and yellow, laid on in streaks from the top to the bottom.

Who has not heard a great, comfortable, big-chested man, with bands round a sleek double chin, and fat white cushion-squeezers of hands, and large red whiskers, and a soft roaring voice, the delight of a congregation, preaching for an hour with all the appearance and twice the emphasis of piety, and leading audiences captive? And who has not seen a humble individual, who is quite confused to be conducted down the aisle by the big beadle with his silver staff (the stalwart "drum-major ecclesiastic"); and when in his pulpit, saying his say in the simplest manner possible, uttering what are very likely commonplaces, without a single rhetorical grace or emphasis?

The great, comfortable, red-whiskered, roaring cushion-thumper, is most probably the favorite with the public. But there are some persons, who, nevertheless, prefer to listen to the man of timid, mild commonplaces, because the simple words he speaks come from *his* heart, and so find a way directly to yours; where, if perhaps you can't find belief for them, you still are sure to receive them with respect and sympathy.

There are many such professors at the easel as well as the pulpit; and you see many painters with a great vigor and dexterity, and no sincerity of heart; some with little dexterity, but plenty of sincerity; some one or two in a million who have both these qualities, and thus become the great men of their art. I think there are instances of the two former kinds in this present exhibition of the Louvre. There are fellows who have covered great swaggering canvases with all the attitudes and externals of piety; and some few whose humble pictures cause no stir, and remain in quiet nooks, where one finds them, and straightway acknowledges the simple, kindly appeal, which they make.

Of such an order is the picture entitled "La Prière," by M. Trimolet. A man and his wife are kneeling at an old-fashioned praying-desk, and the woman clasps a little sickly-looking child in her arms, and all three are praying as earnestly as their simple hearts will let them. The man is a limner, or painter of missals, by trade, as we fancy. One of his works

lies upon the praying-desk, and it is evident that he can paint no more that day, for the sun is just set behind the old-fashioned roofs of the houses in the narrow street of the old city where he lives. Indeed, I have had a great deal of pleasure in looking at this little quiet painting, and in the course of half a dozen visits that I have paid to it, have become perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of the life of the honest missal illuminator and his wife, here praying at the end of their day's work in the calm summer evening.

Very likely M. Trimolet has quite a different history for his little personages, and so has everybody else who examines the picture. But what of that? There is the privilege of pictures. A man does not know all that lies in his picture, any more than he understands all the character of his children. Directly one or the other makes its appearance in the world, it has its own private existence, independent of the progenitor. And in respect of works of art, if the same piece inspire one man with joy, that fills another with compassion, what are we to say of it, but that it has sundry properties of its own which its author even does not understand? The fact is, pictures "are as they seem to all," as Mr. Alfred Tennyson sings, in the first volume of his poems.

Some of this character of holiness and devotion that I fancy I see in M. Trimolet's pictures is likewise observable in a piece by Madame Juillerat, representing Saint Elizabeth, of Hungary, leading a little beggar-boy into her house, where the holy dame of Hungary will, no doubt, make him comfortable with a good plate of victuals. A couple of young ladies follow behind the princess, with demure looks, and garlands in their hair, that hangs straight on their shoulders, as one sees it in the old illuminations. The whole picture has a pleasant, mystic, innocent look; and one is all the better for regarding it. What a fine instinct or task it was in the old missal illuminators to be so particular in the painting of the minor parts of their pictures! the precise manner in which the flowers and leaves, birds and branches, are painted, give an air of truth and simplicity to the whole performance, and make nature, as it were, an accomplice and actor in the scene going on. For instance, you may look at a landscape with certain feelings of pleasure; but if you have pulled a rose, and are smelling it, and if of a sudden a blackbird in a bush hard by begins to sing and chirrup, your feeling of pleasure is very much enhanced, most likely; the senses with which you examine the scene become brightened as it were, and the scene itself becomes more agreeable to you. It is not the same place as it was before you smelt the rose, or before the blackbird began to sing. Now, in Madame Juillerat's picture of the Saint of Hungary and the hungry boy, if the flowers on the young ladies' heads had been omitted, or not painted with their pleasing minuteness and circumstantiality, I fancy that the effect of the piece would have been by no means the same. Another artist of the mystical school, Monsieur Servan, has employed the same adjuncts in a similarly successful manner. One of his pictures represents St. Augustin meditating in a garden. A great cluster of rose-bushes, hollyhocks, and other plants, are in the foreground, most accurately delineated; and a fine rich landscape and river stretch behind the saint, round whom the flowers seem to keep up a mysterious waving and whispering that fill one with a sweet, pleasing, indescribable kind of awe, — a great perfection in this style of painting.

In M. Aguado's gallery there is an early Raffaelle (which all the world declares to be a copy, — but no matter). This piece only represents two young people walking hand-in-hand in a garden, and looking at you with a kind of "solemn mirth" (the ex-

pression of old Sternhold and Hopkins has always struck me as very fine). A meadow is behind them, at the end of which is a cottage, and by which flows a river, environed by certain very prim-looking trees; and that is all. Well; it is impossible for any person who has a sentiment for the art to look at this picture without feeling indescribably moved and pleased by it. It acts upon you — how? How does a beautiful, pious, tender air of Mozart act upon you? What is there in it that should make you happy and gentle, and fill you with all sorts of good thoughts and kindly feelings? I fear that what Dr. Thumpcushion says at church is correct, and that these indulgences are only carnal, and of the earth earthy; but the sensual effort in this case carries one quite away from the earth, and up to something that is very like heaven.

Now the writer of this has already been severely reprehended for saying that Raffaelle at thirty had lost that delightful innocence and purity which rendered the works of Raffaelle of twenty so divine; and perhaps it may be the critic's fault and not the painter's (I'm not proud, and will allow that even a magazine critic may be mistaken). Perhaps by the greatest stretch of the perhaps, it may be that Raffaelle was every whit as divine at thirty as at eighteen; and that the very quaintnesses and imperfections of manner observable in his early works are the reasons why they appear so singularly pleasing to me. At least, among painters of the present day, I feel myself more disposed to recognize spiritual beauties in those whose powers of execution are manifestly incomplete, than in artists whose hands are skilful and manner formed. Thus there are scores of large pictures here, hanging in the Louvre, that represent subjects taken from Holy Writ, or from the lives of the saints, — pictures skilfully enough painted and intended to be religious, that have not the slightest effect upon me, no more than Dr. Thumpcushion's loudest and glibbest sermon.

Here is No. 1475, for instance, — a "Holy Family," painted in the antique manner, and with all the accessories before spoken of, viz., large flowers, fresh roses, and white stately lilies; curling tendrils of vines forming fantastical canopies for the heads of the sacred personages, and rings of gold-leaf drawn neatly round the same. Here is the Virgin, with long, stiff, prim draperies of blue, red, and white; and old Saint Anne in a sober dress, seated gravely at her side; and Saint Joseph in a becoming attitude; and all very cleverly treated, and pleasing to the eye. But though this picture is twice as well painted as any of those before mentioned, it does not touch my heart in the least; nor do any of the rest of the sacred pieces.

Opposite the "Holy Family" is a great "Martyrdom of Polycarp," and the Catalogue tells you how the executioners first tried to burn the saint; but the fire went out, and the executioners were knocked down; then a soldier struck the saint with a sword, and so killed him. The legends recount numerous miracles of this sort, which I confess have not any very edifying effect upon me. Saints are clapped into boiling oil, which immediately turns cool; or their heads are chopped off, and their blood turns to milk; and so on. One can't understand why these continual delays and disappointments take place, especially as the martyr is always killed at the end; so that it would be best at once to put him out of his pain. For this reason, possibly, the execution of Saint Polycarp did not properly affect the writer of this notice.

M. Lacmlein has a good picture of the "Waking of Adam," so royally described by Milton, — a picture full of gladness, vigor, and sunshine. There is a very fine figure of a weeping woman in a picture of the "Death

of the Virgin;" and the Virgin falling in M. Steuben's picture of "Our Saviour going to Execution," is very pathetic. The mention of this gentleman brings us to what is called the *bourgeois* style of art, of which he is one of the chief professors. He excels in depicting a certain kind of sentiment, and in the vulgar, which is often, too, the true pathetic.

Steuben has painted many scores of Napoleons; and his picture of Napoleon this year brings numbers of admiring people round it. The emperor is seated on a sofa, reading despatches; and the little King of Rome, in a white muslin frock, with his hair beautifully curled, slumbers on his papa's knee. What a contrast! The conqueror of the world, the stern warrior, the great giver of laws and ruler of nations, he dare not move because the little baby is asleep; and he would not disturb him for all the kingdoms he knows so well how to conquer. This is not art, if you please; but it is pleasant to see fat, good-natured mothers and grandmothers clustered round this picture, and looking at it with solemn eyes. The same painter has an Esmeralda dancing and frisking in her nightgown, and playing the tambourine to her goat, capering likewise. This picture is so delightfully bad, the little gypsy has such a killing ogle, that all the world admires it. M. Steuben should send it to London, where it would be sure of a gigantic success.

M. Grenier has a piece much looked at, in the *bourgeois* line. Some rogues of gypsies or mountebanks have kidnapped a fine fat child, and are stripping it of its pretty clothes; and poor baby is crying; and the gypsy-woman holding up her finger, and threatening; and the he-mountebank is lying on a bank, smoking his pipe, —the callous monster! Preciously they will ill treat that dear little darling, if justice do not overtake them, —if, ay, *if*. But, thank Heaven! there in the corner come the police, and they will have that pipe-smoking scoundrel off to the galleys before five minutes are over.

1056. A picture of the galleys. Two galley-slaves are before you, and the piece is called, "A Crime and a Fault." The poor "Fault" is sitting on a stone, looking very repentant and unhappy indeed. The great "Crime" stands grinning you in the face, smoking his pipe. The ruffian! That pipe seems to be a great mark of callosity in ruffians. I heard one man whisper to another, as they were looking at these galley-slaves, "*They are portraits*," and very much affected his companion seemed by the information.

Of a similar virtuous interest is 705, by M. Finart. "A Family of African Colonists carried off by Abdel-Kader." There is the poor male colonist without a single thing on but a rope round his wrists. His silver skin is dabbled with his golden blood, and he looks up to heaven as the Arabs are poking him on with the tips of their horrid spears. Behind him come his flocks and herds, and other members of his family. In front, principal figure, is his angelic wife, in her night-gown, and in the arms of an odious blackamoor on horseback. Poor thing, —poor thing! she is kicking, and struggling, and resisting as hard as she possibly can.

485. "The Two Friends." Debay.

"Deux jeunes femmes se donnent le gage le plus sacré d'une amitié sincère, dans un acte de dévoûment et de reconnaissance.

"L'une d'elles, faible, exténuée d'efforts inutilement tentés pour allaiter, découvre son sein tari, cause du dépérissement de son enfant. Sa douleur est comprise par son amie, à qui la santé permet d'ajouter au bonheur de nourrir son propre enfant, celui de rappeler à la-vie le fils mourant de sa compagne."

M. Debay's pictures are not bad, as most of the others here mentioned as appertaining to the bourgeois class; but, good or bad, I can't but own that I like to see these honest, hearty representations, which work upon good

simple feeling in a good downright way; and, if not works of art, are certainly works that can do a great deal of good, and make honest people happy. Who is the man that despises melodramas? I swear that T. P. Cooke is a benefactor to mankind. Away with him who has no stomach for such kind of entertainments, where vice is always punished, where virtue always meets its reward; where Mrs. James Vining is always sure to be made comfortable somewhere at the end of the third act; and if O. Smith is lying in agonies of death, in red breeches, on the front of the stage, or has just gone off in a flash of fire down one of the traps, I know it is only make-believe on his part, and believe him to be a good, kind-hearted fellow, that would not do harm to mortal! So much for pictures of the serious melo-dramatic sort.

M. Biard, whose picture of the "Slave-trade" made so much noise in London last year, — and indeed it is as fine as Hogarth, — has this year many comic pieces, and a series representing the present majesty of France, when Duke of Orleans, undergoing various perils by land and by water. There is much good in these pieces; but I mean no disrespect in saying I like the comic ones best. There is one entitled "Une Distraction." A National Guard is amusing himself by catching flies. You can't fail to laugh when you see it. There is "Le Gros Péché," and the biggest of all sins, no less than a drum-major confessing. You can't see the monster's face, which the painter has wisely hidden behind the curtain, as beyond the reach of art; but you see the priest's, and, murder! what a sin it must be that the big tambour has just imparted to him! All the French critics sneer at Biard, as they do at Paul de Kock, for not being artistical enough; but I do not think these gentlemen need mind the sneer: they have the millions with them, as Feargus O'Connor says, and they are good judges, after all.

A great comfort it is to think that there is a reasonable prospect, that, for the future, very few more battle-pieces will be painted. They have used up all the victories, and Versailles is almost full. So this year, much to my happiness, only a few yards of warlike canvas are exhibited in place of the furlongs which one was called upon to examine in former exhibitions. One retreat from Moscow is there, and one storming of El Gibbet, or El Arish, or some such place, in Africa. In the latter picture you see a thousand fellows, in loose red pantaloons, rushing up a hill with base heathen Turks on the top, who are firing off guns, carabines, and other pieces of ordnance, at them. All this is very well painted by Monsieur Bollangé, and the rush of red breeches has a queer and pleasing appearance. In the Russian piece, you have frozen men and cattle; mothers embracing their offspring; grenadiers scowling at the enemy, and especially one fellow standing on a bank with his bayonet placed in the attitude for receiving the charge, and actually charged by a whole regiment of Cossacks, — a complete pulk, my dear madam, coming on in three lines, with their lances pointed against this undaunted warrior of France. I believe Monsieur Thiers sat for the portrait, or else the editor of the "Courrier Français," — the two men in this belligerent nation who are the belligerentest. *A propos* of Thiers; the "Nouvelles à la Main" have a good story of this little sham Napoleon. When the second son of the Duke of Orleans was born (I forget his royal highness's title), news was brought to Monsieur Thiers. He was told the princess was well, and asked the courier who brought the news, "Comment se portait *le Roi de Rome?*" It may be said, in confidence, that there is not a single word of truth in the story. But what of that? Are not sham stories as good as real ones? Ask M. Leullier; who, in spite of all that has been said and written upon

a certain sea-fight, has actually this year come forward with his

"1811 — *Héroïsme de l'Equipage du Vaisseau le Vengeur*, 4 Juin, 1794.

"Après avoir soutenu longtemps un combat acharné contre trois vaisseaux Anglais, le vaisseau le Vengeur avait perdu la moitié de son équipage, le reste était blessé pour la plupart: le second capitaine avait été coupé en deux par un boulet; le vaisseau était rasé par le feu de l'ennemi, sa mâture abattue, ses flancs criblés par les boulets étaient ouverts de toutes parts; sa cale se remplissait à vue d'œil; il s'enfonçait dans la mer. Les marins qui restent sur son bord servent la batterie basse jusqu'à ce qu'elle se trouve au niveau de la mer; quand elle va disparaître, ils s'élancent dans la seconde, où ils répètent la même manœuvre; celle-ci engloutie, ils montent sur le pont. Un tronçon de mât d'artimon restait encore debout; leurs pavillons en lambeaux y sont cloués; puis, réunissant instinctivement leurs volontés en une seule pensée, ils veulent périr avec le navire qui leur a été confié. Tous, combattants, blessés, mourants, se raniment: un cri immense s'élève, répété sur toutes les parties du tillac: *Vive la République! Vive la France . . . Le Vengeur* coule . . . les cris continuent; tous . . . les bras sont dressés au ciel, et ces braves, préférant la mort à la captivité, emportent triomphalement leur pavillon dans ce glorieux tombeau." — *France Maritime.*

I think Mr. Thomas Carlyle is in the occasional habit of calling lies wind-bags. *This* wind-bag, one would have thought, exploded last year; but no such thing. You *can't* sink it, do what you will; it always comes bouncing up to the surface again, where it swims and bobs about gayly for the admiration of all. This lie the Frenchman will believe; all the papers talk gravely about the affair of the Vengeur, as if an established fact: and I heard the matter disposed of by some artists the other day in a very satisfactory manner. One has always the gratification, in all French societies where the matter is discussed, of telling the real story (or, if the subject be not discussed, of bringing the conversation round to it, and then telling the real story); one has always this gratification, and a great, wicked, delightful one it is, — you make the whole company uncomfortable at once; you narrate the history in a calm, good-humored, dispassionate tone; and as you proceed, you see the different personages of the audience looking uneasily at one another, and bursting out occasionally with a "*Mais cependant;*" but you continue your tale with perfect suavity of manner, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have stuck a dagger into the heart of every single person using it.

Telling, I say, this story to some artists who were examining M. Leullier's picture, — and I trust that many scores of persons besides were listening to the conversation, — one of them replied to my assertion, that Captain Renaudin's letters were extant, and that the whole affair was a humbug, in the following way.

"Sir," said he, "the sinking of the Vengeur is an *established fact of history.* It is completely proved by the documents of the time; and as for the letters of Captain Renaudin, of which you speak, have we not had an example the other day of some pretended letters of Louis Philippe's, which were published in a newspaper here? And what, sir, were those letters? *Forgeries!*"

Q. E. D. — Everbody said sans-culotte was right; and I have no doubt that if all the Vengeur's crew could rise from the dead, and that English cox — or boat — swain, who was last *on board the ship,** of which he and his comrades had possession, and had to swim for his life, could come forward, and swear to the real story, I make no doubt that the Frenchmen would not believe it. Only one I know, my friend Julius, who, ever since the tale has been told to him, has been crying it into all ears and in all societies, and vows he is perfectly hoarse with telling it.

As for M. Leullier's picture, there is really a great deal of good in it.

* The writer heard of this man from an English captain in the navy, who had him on board his ship.

Fellows embracing each other, and holding up hands and eyes to heaven; and in the distance an English ship, with the crew in *red coats*, firing away on the doomed vessel. Possibly, they are only marines whom we see; but as I once beheld several English naval officers in a play habited in top-boots, perhaps the legend in France may be, that the navy, like the army, with us, is caparisoned in scarlet. A good subject for another historical picture would be Cambronne, saying, "*La Garde meurt mais ne se rend pas.*" I have bought a couple of engravings of the Vengeur and Cambronne, and shall be glad to make a little historical collection of facts similarly authenticated.

Accursed, I say, be all uniform coats of blue or of red; all ye epaulets and sabertashes; all ye guns, shrapnels, and musketoons; all ye silken banners, embroidered with bloody reminiscences of successful fights: down, — down to the bottomless pit with you all, and let honest men live and love each other without you! What business have I, forsooth, to plume myself because the Duke of Wellington beat the French in Spain and elsewhere; and kindle as I read the tale, and fancy myself of a heroic stock because my uncle Tom was at the battle of Waterloo, and because we beat Napoleon there? Who are *we*, in the name of Beelzebub? Did we ever fight in our lives? Have we the slightest inclination for fighting and murdering one another? Why are we to go on hating one another from generation to generation, swelling up our little bosoms with absurd national conceit, strutting and crowing over our neighbors, and longing to be at fisticuffs with them again? As Aristotle remarks, in war there are always two parties; and though it often happens that both declare themselves to be victorious, it still is generally the case that one party beats, and the other is beaten. The conqueror is thus filled with national pride, and the conquered with national hatred, and a desire to do better next time. If he has his revenge, and beats his opponent as desired, these agreeable feelings are reversed, and so Pride and Hatred continue *in sæcula sæculorum*, and ribbons and orders are given away, and great men rise and flourish. "Remember you are Britons!" cries our general; "there is the enemy, and d—— 'em, give 'em the bayonet!" Hurrah! helter-skelter, load and fire, cut and thrust, down they go! "Soldats! dans ce moment terrible la France vous regarde! Vive l'Empereur!" shouts Jacques Bonbomme, and his sword is through your ribs in a twinkling. "Children!" roars Feld-marechal Sauerkraut, "men of Hohenzollernsigmaringen! remember the eyes of Vaterland are upon you!" and murder again is the consequence. Tomahee-tereboo leads on the Ashantees with the very same war-cry, and they eat all their prisoners with true patriotic cannibalism.

Thus the great truth is handed down from father to son, that

A Briton,
A Frenchman,
An Ashantee,
A Hohenzollernsigmaringenite, &c.,
} is superior to all the rest of the world;

and by this truth the dullards of the respective nations swear, and by it statesmen govern.

Let the reader say for himself, does he not believe himself to be superior to a man of any other country? We can't help it, — in spite of ourselves we do. But if, by changing the name, the fable applies to yourself, why do you laugh?

Κυιδ ριδης; μυτατω νωμινε δη τη
Φαβυλα ναρρατυρ,

as a certain poet says (in a quotation that is pretty well known in England, and therefore put down here in a new fashion). Why do you laugh, forsooth? Why do you *not* laugh? If donkeys' ears are a matter of laughter, surely we may laugh at them when growing on our own skulls.

Take a couple of instances from "actual life" as the fashionable novel-puffers say.

A little, fat, silly woman, who in no country but this would ever have pretensions to beauty, has lately set up a circulating library in our street. She lends the five-franc editions of the English novels, as well as the romances of her own country, and I have had several of the former works of fiction from her store: Bulwer's "Night and Morning," very pleasant, kind-hearted reading; "Peter Priggins," an astonishing work of slang, that ought to be translated if but to give Europe an idea of what a gay young gentleman in England sometimes is; and other novels — never mind what. But to revert to the fat woman.

She sits all day ogling and simpering behind her little counter; and from the slow, prim, precise way in which she lets her silly sentences slip through her mouth, you see at once that she is quite satisfied with them, and expects that every customer should give her an opportunity of uttering a few of them for his benefit. Going there for a book I always find myself entangled in a quarter of an hour's conversation.

This is carried on in not very bad French on my part; at least I find that when I say something genteel to the library-woman, she is not at a loss to understand me, and we have passed already many minutes in this kind of intercourse. Two days since, returning "Night and Morning" to the library-lady, and demanding the romance of "Peter Priggins," she offered me instead "Ida," par M. le Vicomte Darlincourt, which I refused, having already experienced some of his lordship's works; next she produced "Stella," Valida," "Eloa," by various French ladies of literary celebrity; but again I declined, declaring respectfully that however agreeable the society of ladies might be, I found their works a little insipid. The fact is, that after being accustomed to such potent mixtures as the French romancers offer you, the mild compositions of the French romanceresses pall on the palate.*

"Madame," says I, to cut the matter short, "je ne demande qu'un roman Anglais, 'Peter Priggins;' l'aves vous? oui ou non?"

"Ah!" says the library-woman, "Monsieur ne comprend pas nôtre langue c'est dommage."

Now one might, at first sight, fancy the above speech an epigram, and not a bad one, on an Englishman's blundering French grammar and pronunciation; but those who know the library-lady must be aware that she never was guilty of such a thing in her life. It was simply a French bull, resulting from the lady's dulness, and by no means a sarcasm. She uttered the words with a great air of superiority and a prim toss of the head, as much as to say, "How much cleverer I am than you, you silly foreigner! and what a fine thing it is in me to know the finest language in the world!" In this way I have heard donkeys of our two countries address foreigners in broken English or French, as if people who could not understand a language when properly spoken could comprehend it when spoken ill. Why the deuce do people give themselves these impertinent, stupid airs of superiority, and pique themselves upon the great cleverness of speaking their own language?

Take another instance of this same egregious national conceit. At the English pastry-cook's — (you can't readily find a prettier or more graceful woman than Madame Colombin, nor better plum-cake than she sells)

* In our own country, of course, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Mitford, Miss Pardoe, Mrs. Charles Gore, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, Miss Stickney, Miss Barrett, Lady Blessington, Miss Smith, Mrs. Austin, Miss Austin, &c., form exceptions to this rule; and glad am I to offer per favor of this note a humble tribute of admiration to those ladies.

— at Madame Colombin's, yesterday, a huge Briton, with sandy whiskers and a double chin, was swallowing patties and cherry-brandy, and all the while making remarks to a friend similarly employed. They were talking about English and French ships.

"Hang me, Higgins," says Sandy-whiskers, "if *I*'d ever go into one of their cursed French ships! I should be afraid of sinking at the very first puff of wind!"

What Higgins replied does not matter. But think what a number of Sandy-whiskerses there are in our nation, — fellows who are proud of this stupid mistrust, — who think it a mark of national spirit to despise French skill, bravery, cookery, seamanship, and what not. Swallow your beef and porter, you great, fat-paunched man; enjoy your language and your country, as you have been bred to do; but don't fancy yourself, on account of these inheritances of yours, superior to other people of other ways and language. You have luck, perhaps, if you will, in having such a diet and dwelling-place, but no *merit*.... And with this little discursive essay upon national prejudices, let us come back to the pictures, and finish our walk through the gallery.

In that agreeable branch of the art for which we have I believe no name, but which the French call *genre*, there are at Paris several eminent professors; and as upon the French stage the costume-pieces are far better produced than with us, so also are French costume-pictures much more accurately and characteristically handled than are such subjects in our own country. You do not see Cimabue and Giotto in the costume of Francis the First, as they appeared (depicted by Mr. Simpson, I think) in the Royal Academy Exhibition of last year; but the artists go to some trouble for collecting their antiquarian stuff, and paint it pretty scrupulously.

Mr. Jacquard has some pretty small pictures *de genre;* a very good one, indeed, of fat "Monks granting Absolution from Fasting;" of which the details are finely and accurately painted, a task more easy for a French artist than an English one, for the former's studio (as may be seen by a picture in this exhibition) is generally a magnificent curiosity-shop; and for old carvings, screens, crockery, armors, draperies, &c., the painter here has but to look to his own walls and copy away at his ease. Accordingly, Jacquard's monks, especially all the properties of the picture, are admirable.

M. Baron has "The Youth of Ribera," a merry Spanish beggar-boy, among a crowd of his like, drawing sketches of them under a garden-wall. The figures are very prettily thought and grouped; there is a fine terrace, and palace, and statues in the background, very rich and luxurious; perhaps too pretty and gay in colors, and too strong in details.

But the king of the painters of small history subjects, is M. Robert Fleury; a great artist indeed, and I trust heartily he may be induced to send one or two of his pieces to London, to show our people what he can do. His mind, judging from his works, is rather of a gloomy turn; and he deals somewhat too much, to my taste, in the horrible. He has this year "A Scene in the Inquisition." A man is howling and writhing with his feet over a fire; grim inquisitors are watching over him; and a dreadful executioner, with fierce eyes peering from under a mysterious capuchin, is doggedly sitting over the coals. The picture is downright horror, but admirably and honestly drawn; and in effect rich, sombre, and simple.

"Benvenuto Cellini" is better still; and the critics have lauded the piece as giving a good idea of the fierce, fantastic Florentine sculptor; but I think M. Fleury has taken him in too grim a mood, and made his ferocity too downright. There was always a dash of the ridiculous in the

man, even in his most truculent moments; and I fancy that such simple rage as is here represented scarcely characterizes him. The fellow never cut a throat without some sense of humor, and here we have him greatly too majestic to my taste.

"Old Michael Angelo watching over the Sick-bed of his servant Urbino," is a noble painting; as fine in feeling as in design and color. One can't but admire in all these the *manliness* of the artist. The picture is painted in a large, rich, massive, vigorous manner; and it is gratifying to see that this great man, after resolute seeking for many years, has found the full use of his hand at last, and can express himself as he would. The picture is fit to hang in the very best gallery in the world; and a century hence will no doubt be worth five times as many crowns as the artist asks or has had for it.

Being on the subject of great pictures, let us here mention,

712. "Portrait of a Lady," by Hippolyto Flandrin.

Of this portrait all I can say is, that if you take the best portraits by the best masters, — a head of Sebastian or Michael Angelo, a head of Raffaelle, or one of those rarer ones of Andria del Sarto, — not one of them, for lofty character and majestic nobleness and simplicity, can surpass this magnificent work.

This seems, doubtless, very exaggerated praise, and people reading it may possibly sneer at the critic who ventures to speak in such a way. To all such I say, Come and see it. You who admire Sir Thomas and the "Books of Beauty" will possibly not admire it; you who give ten thousand guineas for a blowsy Murillo will not possibly relish M. Flandrin's manner; but you who love simplicity and greatness come and see how an old lady, with a black mantilla, and dark eyes, and gray hair, and a few red flowers in her cap, has been painted by M. Flandrin of Lyons. If I were Louis Philippe, I would send a legion-of-honor cross, of the biggest sort, to decorate the bosom of the painter who has executed this noble piece.

As for portraits (with the exception of this one, which no man in England can equal, not even Mr. Samuel Lawrence, who is trying to get to this point, but has not reached it yet), our English painters keep the lead still, nor is there much remarkable among the hundreds in the gallery. There are vast numbers of English faces staring at you from the canvases; and among the miniatures especially, one can't help laughing at the continual recurrence of the healthy, vacant, simpering, aristocratic English type. There are black velvets and satins, ladies with birds of paradise, deputies on sofas, and generals and marshals in the midst of smoke and cannon-balls. Nothing can be less to my taste than a pot-bellied, swaggering Marshal Soult, who rests his baton on his stomach, and looks at you in the midst of a dim cloud of war. The Duchess de Nemours is done by M. Winterhalter, and has a place of honor, as becomes a good portrait; and, above all, such a pretty lady. She is a pretty, smiling, buxom blonde, with plenty of hair, and rather too much hands, not to speak disrespectfully; and a slice of lace which goes across the middle of her white satin gown seems to cut the picture very disagreeably in two. There is a beautiful head in a large portrait of a lad of eighteen, painted by himself; and here may be mentioned two single figures in pastel by an architect, remarkable for earnest, *spirituel* beauty; likewise two heads in chalk by De Rudder, most charming sketches, full of delicacy, grace, and truth.

The only one of the acknowledged great who has exhibited this year is M. Delacroix, who has a large picture relative to the siege of Constantinople, that looks very like a piece of crumpled tapestry, but that has, nevertheless, its admirers, and its merits, as what work of his has not?

His two smaller pieces are charming. "A Jewish Wedding at Tangiers," is brilliant with light and merriment; a particular sort of merriment, that is, that makes you gloomy in the very midst of the heyday: and his "Boat" is awful. A score of shipwrecked men are in this boat, on a great, wide, swollen, interminable sea, — no hope, no speck of sail, — and they are drawing lots which shall be killed and eaten. A burly seaman, with a red beard, has just put his hand into the hat, and is touching his own to the officer. One fellow sits with his hands clasped, and gazing, — gazing into the great void before him. By Jupiter, his eyes are unfathomable! he is looking at miles and miles of lead-colored, bitter, pitiless brine! Indeed one can't bear to look at him long; nor at that poor woman, so sickly and so beautiful, whom they may as well kill at once, or she will save them the trouble of drawing straws; and give up to their maws that poor, white, faded, delicate, shrivelled carcass. Ah, what a thing it is to be hungry! O, Eugenius Delacroix! how can you manage, with a few paint-bladders, and a dirty brush, and a careless hand, to dash down such savage histories as these, and fill people's minds with thoughts so dreadful? Ay, there it is; whenever I go through that part of the gallery where M. Delacroix's picture is, I always turn away now, and look at a fat woman with a paroquet opposite. For what's the use of being uncomfortable?

Another great picture is one of about four inches square, — "The Chess-players," by M. Meissonnier, — truly an astonishing piece of workmanship. No silly tricks of effect, and abrupt startling shadow and light, but a picture painted with the minuteness and accuracy of a daguerrotype, and as near as possible perfect in its kind. Two men are playing at chess, and the chess-men are no bigger than pin-heads; every one of them an accurate portrait, with all the light, shadow, roundness, character, and color belonging to it.

Of the landscapes it is very hard indeed to speak, for professors of landscapes almost all execute their art well; but few so well as to strike one with especial attention, or to produce much remark. Constable has been a great friend to the new landscape-school in France, who have laid aside the slimy, weak manner formerly in vogue, and, perhaps, have adopted in its place a method equally reprehensible, — that of plastering their pictures excessively. When you wish to represent a piece of old timber, or a crumbling wall, or the ruts and stones in a road, this impasting method is very successful, but here the skies are trowelled on; the light vaporing distances are as thick as plum-pudding, the cool clear shadows are mashed-down masses of sienna and indigo. But it is undeniable that by these violent means a certain power is had, and noon-day effects of strong sunshine are often dashingly rendered.

How much pleasanter is it to see a little quiet gray waste of David Cox than the very best and smartest of such works! Some men from Düsseldorf have sent very fine, scientific, faithful pictures, that are a little heavy, but still you see that they are portraits drawn respectfully from the great, beautiful, various, divine face of Nature.

In the statue-gallery there is nothing worth talking about; and so let us make an end of the Louvre, and politely wish a good-morning to everybody.

JEROME PATUROT:

WITH CONSIDERATIONS ON NOVELS IN GENERAL,—IN A LETTER FROM M. A. TITMARSH.

PARIS, July 20th, 1843.

If I had been his Majesty Louis Philippe, and the caricaturist had made fun of me ever so, I would, for the sake of the country, have put up with the insult — aye, perhaps have gone a little farther and encouraged it. I would be a good king, and give a premium to any fellow who, for a certain number of hours, could make a certain number of my subjects laugh. I would take the Salle des Pas perdus, and have an exhibition of caricature-cartoons, with a dozen of handsome prizes for the artists who should invent the dozen ugliest likenesses of me. But, wise as the French King proverbially is, he has not attained this degree of wisdom. Let a poor devil but draw the royal face like a pear now, or in the similitude of a *brioche*, and he, his printer, and publisher, are clapped into prison for months, severe fines are imposed upon them, their wives languish in their absence, their children are deprived of their bread, and, pressing round the female author of their days, say sadly, "*mama, où et notre père?*"

It ought not to be so. Laughing never did harm to any one yet; or if laughing does harm, and kings' majesties suffer from the exhibition of caricatures, let them suffer. Mon Dieu! it is the lesser evil of the two. Majesties are to be had any day; but many a day passes without a good joke. Let us cherish those that come.

Indeed, I am inclined to believe that the opinion commonly held about the *gaieté Française* is no more than a mystification, a vulgar practical joke of the sort which the benevolent mind abhors. For it is a shame to promise us something pleasant, and then disappoint us. Men and children feel in this matter alike. To give a child an egg-shell, under pretence that it is an egg, is a joke; but the child roars in reply, and from such joking the gentle spirit turns away abashed, disgusted.

So about the *gaieté Française*. We are told that it still exists, and are invited by persons to sit down and make a meal of it. But it is almost all gone. Somebody has scooped out all the inside and swallowed it, and left only the shell behind. I declare, for my part, I know few countries where there is less joking than in France; it is of a piece with the boasted amenity and politeness of the Gauls. Really and truly, there is more real and true politeness in Wapping than in the Champs Elysées. People whom the stranger addresses give him civil answers, and they are leaving off this in France. Men in Wapping do not jostle ladies off the street, and this they do in France, where the charcoal man, drinking at the corner of the wine-shop, will let a lady's muslin slip into the gutter rather than step aside an inch to allow her to pass.

In the matter of novels especially, the national jocularity has certainly passed away. Paul de Kock writes now in such a way as not to make you laugh, but to make you blush for the intolerable vulgarity of the man. His last book is so little humorous that even the English must give him up — the English, whose island is said after dinner to be "the home of the world," and who certainly gave Monsieur Paul a very hearty wel-

come. In his own country this prophet has never been much honored. People sneer at his simple tricks for exciting laughter, and detest a vulgarity of style which the foreigner is not so ready to understand. And as one has seen many a vulgar fellow who dropped his h's, and came from Hislington, received with respect by foreigners, and esteemed as a person of fashion, so we are on our side slow in distinguishing the real and sham foreign gentleman.

Beside Paul de Kock, there is another humorous writer of a very different sort, and whose works have of late found a considerable popularity among us — Monsieur de Bernard. He was first discovered by one Michael Angelo Titmarsh, who wrote a critique on one of his works, and pilfered one of his stories. Mrs. Gore followed him by "editing" Bernard's novel of "Gerfeuil," which was badly translated, and pronounced by the press to be immoral. It may be so in certain details, but it is not immoral in tendency. It is full of fine observation and gentle feeling; it has a gallant sense of the absurd, and is written — rare quality for a French romance — in a gentlemanlike style.

Few celebrated modern French romance-writers can say as much for themselves. Monsieur Sac has tried almost always, and in "Mathilde," very nearly succeeded in attaining a tone of "Bonne Compagnie." But his respect for lackeys, furniture, carpets, titles, *bouquets*, and such aristocratic appendages, is too great. He slips quietly over the carpet, and peers at the silk hangings, and looks at Laflour handing about the tea-tray with too much awe for a gentleman. He is in a flutter in the midst of his marquesses and princes — happy, clever, smiling, but uneasy. As for De Balzac, he is not fit for the *salon*. In point of gentility, Dumas is about as genteel as a courier; and Frédéric Soulié as elegant as a *huissier*.

These are hard words. But a hundred years hence (when, of course, the frequenters of the circulating library will be as eager to read the works of Soulié, Dumas, and the rest, as now), a hundred years hence what a strange opinion the world will have of the French society of to-day! Did all married people, we may imagine they will ask, break a certain commandment? — They all do in the novels. Was French society composed of murderers, of forgers, of children without parents, of men consequently running the daily risk of marrying their grandmothers by mistake; of disguised princes who lived in the society of amiable cut-throats and spotless prostitutes; who gave up the sceptre for the *savate*, and the stars and pigtails of the court for the chains and wooden shoes of the galleys? All these characters are quite common in French novels, and France in the nineteenth century was the politest country in the world. What must the rest of the world have been?

Indeed, in respect to the reading of novels of the present day, I would be glad to suggest to the lovers of these instructive works the simple plan of always looking at the end of a romance, to see what becomes of the personages, before they venture on the whole work, and become interested in the characters described in it. Why interest one's self in a personage who you know must, at the end of the third volume, die a miserable death? What is the use of making one's self unhappy needlessly, watching the consumptive symptoms of Lenora as they manifest themselves, or tracing Antonio to his inevitable assassination?

Formerly, whenever I came to one of these fatally virtuous characters in a romance (ladies are very fond of inventing such suffering angels in their novels, pale, pious, pulmonary, crossed in love, of course; hence I do not care to read ladies' novels, except those of Mesdames Gore and Trollope) — whenever I came to one of those predestined creatures and saw from the complexion of the story that

the personage in question was about to occupy a good deal of the reader's attention, I always closed the book at once, and in disgust, for my feelings are much too precious to be agitated at threepence per volume. Even then it was often too late. One may have got through half a volume before the ultimate fate of Miss Trevanion was made clear to one. In that half volume, one may have grown to be exceedingly interested in Miss Trevanion; and hence one has all the pangs of parting with her, which were not worth incurring for the brief pleasure of her acquaintance. *Le feu ne valait pas la chardelle.* It is well to say, I never loved a young gazelle to glad me with his dark blue eye, but when he came to know me well he was sure to die; and to add, that I never loved a tree or flower, but 'twas the first to fade away. Is it not better, instead of making yourself unhappy, as you inevitably must be, to spare yourself the trouble of this bootless affection? Do not let us give up our affections rashly to young gazelles, or trees or flowers; and confine our tenderness to creatures that are more long-lived.

Therefore, I say, it is much better to look at the end of a novel; and when I read, "There is a fresh green mound in Brentford churchyard, and a humble stone, on which is inscribed the name of 'Anna Maria;'" or "Le jour après on voyait sur les dalles humides de la terrible Morgue le corps virginal et ruisselant de Bathilde;" or a sentence to that effect, I shut the book at once, declining to agitate my feelings needlessly; for at that stage I do not care a fig for Anna Maria's consumption or Bathilde's suicide: I have not the honor of their acquaintance, nor will I make it. If you had the gift of prophecy, and people proposed to introduce you to a man who you knew would borrow money of you, or would be inevitably hanged, or would subject you to some other annoyance, would you not decline the proposed introduction? So with novels. The Book of Fate of the heroes and heroines is to be found at the end of Volume III. One has but to turn to it to know whether one shall make their acquaintance or not. For my part I heartily pardon the man who brought Cordelia to life (was it Cibber, or Sternhold and Hopkins?) I would have the stomach-pump brought for Romeo at the fifth act; for Mrs. Macbeth I am not in the least sorry; but, as for the general, I would have him destroy that swaggering Macduff (who always looks as if he had just slipped off a snuff-shop) or, if not cut him in pieces, disarm him, pink him certainly; and then I would have Mrs. Macduff and all her little ones come in from the slips, stating that the account of their murder was a shameful fabrication of the newspapers, and that they were all of them perfectly well and hearty. The entirely wicked you may massacre without pity; and I have always admired the German Red Riding-Hood on this score, which is a thousand times more agreeable than the ferocious English tale, because, when the wolf has gobbled up Red Riding-Hood and her grandmother, in come two foresters, who cut open the wolf, and out step the old lady and the young one, quite happy.

So I recommend all people to act with regard to lugubrious novels and eschew them. I have never read the *Nelly* part of "The Old Curiosity Shop" more than once; whereas I have Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness by heart; and, in like manner, with regard to "Oliver Twist," it did very well to frighten one in numbers; but I am not going to look on at Sikes's murder, and to writhe and twist under the Jew's nightmare again. No! no! give me Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick for a continuance. Which are read most, "The Pirate" and "The Bride of Lammermoor," or "Ivanhoe" and "Quentin Durward"? — The former may be pre-

ferred by scowling Frenchmen, who pretend to admire Lord Byron. But, if we get upon the subject of Lord Byron, Heaven knows how far we may go. Let us return to the Frenchmen and ask pardon for the above digression.

The taste for horrors in France is so general, that one can really get scarcely any novels to read in the country (and so much the better, no doubt say you; the less of their immoralities any man reads, the better); hence (perfectly disregarding the interruption of the reader), when a good, cheerful, clear, kind-hearted, merry, smart, bitter, sparkling romance falls in the way, it is a great mercy, and of such a sort is "The Life of Jerome Paturot." It will give any reader who is familiar with Frenchmen a couple of long familiar evenings' laughter, and any person who does not know the country a curious insight into some of the social and political humbugs of the great nation.

Like many an idle honest fellow who is good for nothing else, honest Paturot commences life as a literary man. And here, but that a man must not abuse his own trade, would be a fair opportunity for a tirade on the subject of literary characters — those doomed poor fellows of this world whose pockets Fate has ordained shall be perpetually empty. Pray, all parents and guardians, that your darlings may not be born with literary tastes! If so endowed, make up your minds that they will be idle at school and useless at college; if they have a profession, they will be sure to neglect it; if they have a fortune, they will be sure to spend it. How much money has all the literature of England in the three per cents? That is the question; and any bank-clerk could calculate accurately the advantage of any other calling over that of the pen. Is there any professional penman who has laid by five thousand pounds of his own earnings? Lawyers, doctors, and all other learned persons, save money; tradesmen and warriors save money; the Jew-boy who sells oranges at the coach-door, the burnt-umber Malay who sweeps crossings, save money: there is but Vates in the world who does not seem to know the art of growing rich, and, as a rule, leaves the world with as little coin about him as he had when he entered it.

So, when it is said that honest Paturot begins life by publishing certain volumes of poems, the rest is understood. You are sure he will come to the parish at the end of the third volume; that he will fail in all he undertakes; that he will not be more honest than his neighbors; but more idle and weak; that he will be a thriftless, vain, kind-hearted, irresolute, devil-may-care fellow, whose place is marked in this world; whom bankers sneer at, and tradesmen hold in utter discredit.

Jerome spends his patrimony, then, first, in eating, drinking, and making merry: secondly, in publishing four volumes of poems, four copies of which were sold; and he wonders to this day who bought them: and so, having got to the end of his paternal inheritance, he has to cast about for means of making a livelihood. There is his uncle Paturot, the old hosier, who has sold flannel and cotton night-caps with credit for this half-century past. "Come and be my heir, and sell flannels, Jerome," says this excellent uncle (alas! it is only in novels that these uncles are found, — living literary characters have no such lucky relationships). But Jerome's soul is above night-caps. How can you expect a man of genius to be any thing but an idiot!

The events of his remarkable history are supposed to take place just after the late glorious Revolution. In the days of his *bombance*, Jerome had formed a connection with one of those interesting young females with whom the romances of Paul de Kock have probably made some readers acquainted, — a connection sanc-

tified by every thing except the magistrate and the clergyman, — a marriage to all intents and purposes, the ceremony only being omitted.

The lovely Malvina, the typification of the grisette, as warm an admirer of Paul de Kock as any in the three kingdoms, comes to Jerome's aid, after he has spent his money and pawned his plate, and, while (with the energy peculiar to the character of persons who publish poems in four volumes) he sits with his hands in his pockets bemoaning his fate, Malvina has bethought herself of a means of livelihood, and says, "My Jerome, let us turn St. Simonians."

So St. Simonians they become. For some time, strange as it may seem, St. Simonianism was a flourishing trade in this strange country; and the two new disciples were admitted into the community *chacun selon sa capacité*.

"As a poet of the romantic school," says Jerome, "you know what a figure I made. My name had taken its place on the list of the long-haired bards, and I flatter myself that in our set I had enjoyed no inconsiderable reputation. When it became necessary to assign me a grade among the St. Simonians, I brought with me my former titles to reputation, a face and figure which I believe to be tolerably agreeable, and further personal advantages which my modesty prevents me from mentioning. I flattered myself that the St. Simonian *dons* — the fathers, or *pères*, as they were called — would receive in a distinguished manner a person as literary as I was. They examined me, and, would you believe it? they placed me in the fourth class of disciples — the last class. As a literary man, they offered me the sub-editorship of the addresses of the journal which they published at that time. I leave you to fancy my indignation and disgust!

"While I, sir, was thus degraded, the *débuts* of Malvina were, on the contrary, most brilliant. Fancy, sir, a young woman, whose literary capabilities did not go beyond Paul de Kock, throwing all of a sudden a shining light and vessel in the new church! She hath a certain energy and gift of tongue which the fathers prized highly, and the value of which was pretty soon shown in their service.

"It was, you know, the custom of the religion at that time to have conferences illuminated by wax-candles, and held in a large room in the Rue Taithout. To these meetings all sort of personages used to flock, grisettes and workmen, artists, idlers and men of the world. The company was rather mixed, and exceedingly original. The St. Simonian chiefs used here to deliver orations, and, being endowed with great facilities of speech, spoke on all sorts of subjects, and vied with each other in oratory. Here it was that conversions used to take place, and new believers came forward and uttered their profession of faith. Then would follow tremendous applause, shouts, tears, and embraces, all, of course, under the protection of the police, who attended to keep order in the meeting. If a stranger had a mind to speak, he was allowed to do so; and thus would commence an oratorical passage of arms between the unbeliever and the fathers of the doctrine. Hisses would come from one side of the house, and loud clapping of hands from the other; hard words would be bandied about, and at last the police would interpose, clear the room, and assert the dignity of the law. I have passed in that room six nights of which I shall never again see the like.

"On the first occasion in which Malvina and I appeared at one of these meetings, a discussion arose with regard to the rights and emancipation of women. A stranger in the company rose and made a speech to establish the superiority of our own sex, which he proposed to prove by historical documents, differences of organization, and the laws of nature. Malvina had shown symptoms of intense impatience during the discourse, until, able to refrain no longer, she jumped up and said, 'Father, I feel called upon to answer this impertence, and beg your permission to speak.'

"'Sister, you may speak,' said the president.

"'Here goes,' said she. 'What song is it that this here bird's a-piping here? Our sex inferior to his? They're all in the same tune, these men. They superior to us! To this my reply is, *gammon*.'

"A great laugh arose on all sides. The grisettes were in a majority in the room, and applauded their sister with vehemence. Malvina was delighted, and continued: —

"'You pretend to be superior to us, do you? You give yourselves high and mighty airs in public; but who's missis at home I'd like to know? You shall soon see that. Don't be alarmed, gents, the show costs nothing. Jerome, here!'

"'Jerome, here!' was applied to me. She pointed to me, sir, with her finger, and there was no mistake as to the person meant. I wished myself a hundred feet under ground. They were going to make an exhibition of me! For a moment, I thought of refusing; but Malvina's air

was so imperious, — she seemed to be so sure of my submission, that I thought it best not to exert my authority. Besides, the St. Simonian fathers seemed to be delighted with the scene; it was a living demonstration of their doctrine, and everybody round us encouraged me to devote myself. Accordingly, I obeyed Malvina's call, and came to her. When she had me within reach, she put her hand on my shoulder, and, turning round to the company, said, —

"'There! didn't I tell you so? Here's a man of *my* bringing up! He wanted to be a poet, but I wouldn't have it, and made a Simonian of him, and will make any thing else of him I choose. So much for that. And now which of us two, pray, is it that wears the breeches? That's enough, Jerome; now go and sit down.'

"Tremendous cheers followed this little speech of Malvina's. All the washerwomen, all the embroideresses, glovéresses, capmakeresses, shoebinderesses in the room rose in a body, and talked of carrying off Malvina in triumph. No father of the doctrine had ever had such success, and at that very sitting fifty-three workwomen confessed the faith. The conversions continued and entirely through Malvina's agency. She was, therefore, instantly appointed priestess of the first class."

The funds of the religion, as history has informed us, soon began to fail; and the high priestess, little relishing the meagre diet on which the society was now forced to subsist, and likewise not approving of the extreme devotion which some of the priests manifested for her, quitted the St. Simonians, and established herself once more very contentedly in her garret, and resumed her flower-making. As for Paturot, he supported the falling cause as long as strength was left him, and for a while blacked the boots of the fraternity very meekly. But he was put upon a diet of sour grapes, which by no means strengthened his constitution, and at last, by the solicitation of his Malvina, was induced to recant and come back again into common life.

Now begin new plans of advancement. Malvina makes him the treasurer of the Imperial Morocco Bitumen Company, which ends in the disappearance of the treasury with its manager, the despair and illness of the luckless treasurer. He is thrown on the world yet again, and resumes his literary labors. He becomes editor of that famous literary journal, "The Aspick," which, in order to gather customers round it, proposes to subscribers a journal and a pair of boots, a journal and a great coat, a journal and a leg of mutton, according to the taste of the individual. Then we have him as a dramatic critic, then a writer of romances, then the editor of a government paper; and all these numerous adventures of his are told with capital satire and hearty fun. The book is, in fact, a course of French humbug, commercial, legal, literary, political; and if there be any writer in England who has knowledge and wit sufficient, he would do well to borrow the Frenchman's idea, and give a similar satire in our own country.

The novel in numbers is known with us, but the daily "Feuilleton" has not yet been tried by our newspapers, the proprietors of some of which, would do well, perhaps, to consider the matter. Here is Jerome's theory on the subject, offered for the consideration of all falling journals, as a means whereby they may rise once more into estimation: —

"You must recollect, sir, that the newspaper, and, in consequence, the 'Feuilleton,' is a family affair. The father and mother read the story first, from their hands it passes to the children, from the children to the servants, from the servants to the house porter, and becomes at once a part of the family. They cannot do without the story, sir, and, in consequence, must have the journal which contains it. Suppose, out of economy, the father stops the journal; mamma is sulky, the children angry, the whole house is in a rage; in order to restore peace to his family, the father must take in the newspaper again. It becomes as necessary as their coffee in a morning, or as their soup for dinner.

"Well, granting that the 'Feuilleton' is a necessity now-a-days, what sort of a 'Feuilleton' must one write in order to please all these various people?

"My dear sir, nothing easier. After you have written a number or two, you will see that you can write seventy or a hundred at your will. For example, you take

a young woman, beautiful, persecuted, unhappy. You add, of course, a brutal tyrant of a husband or father, you give the lady a perfidious friend, and introduce a lover, the pink of virtue, valor, and manly beauty. What is more simple? You mix up your characters well, and can serve them out hot in a dozen or fourscore numbers, as you please.

"And it is the manner of cutting your story into portions to which you must look especially. One portion must be bound to the other, as one of the Siamese twins to his brother, and at the end of each number there must be a mysterious word or an awful situation, and the hero perpetually before your public. They never tire of the hero, sir, they get acquainted with him, and the more they do so, the more they like him, and you may keep up the interest for years. For instance, I will show you a specimen of the interesting in number-writing, made by a young man, whom I educated and formed myself, and whose success has been prodigious. It is a story of a mysterious castle.

. . . . . .

"'Ethelgida was undressed for the night. Her attendant had retired, and the maiden was left in her vast chamber alone. She sat before the dressing-glass revolving the events of the day, and particularly thinking over the strange and mysterious words which Alfred had uttered to her in the shrubbery. Other thoughts succeeded and chased through her agitated brain. The darkness of the apartment filled with tremor the sensitive and romantic soul of the young girl. Dusky old tapestries waved on the wall, against which a huge crucifix of ivory and ebony presented its image of woe and gloom. It seemed to her as if, in the night silence, groans passed through the chamber, and a noise, as of chains clanking in the distance, jarred on her frightened ear. The tapers flickered and seemed to burn blue. Ethelgida retired to bed with a shudder, and, drawing the curtains round her, sought to shut out the ghostly scene. But what was the maiden's terror, when, from the wall by her bedside, she saw thrust forward a naked hand and arm; the hand was clasping by its clotted hair a living, bloody head! What was that hand!!!!—what was that head!!!!!!'"

(*To be continued in our next.*)

This delightful passage has been translated for the benefit of literary men in England, who may learn from it a profitable lesson. The terrible and mysterious style has been much neglected with us of late, and if, in the recess of parliament, some of our newspapers are at a loss to fill their double sheets, or inclined to treat for a story in this *genre*, an eminent English hand, with the aid of Dumas, or Frédéric Soulié, might be got to transcribe such a story as would put even Mr. O'Connell's Irish romances out of countenance.

The following is a specimen of graver satire. It gives us a curious idea of the state of French law and lawyers. Jerome had left his friend Valmont working hard at the bar, he finds him second clerk to a notary.

"'My dear Jerome,' said Valmont, 'we have among us a very foolish idea, on which families expend a vast deal of money, that the title of barrister is a profession for a man. My family thought so, and spent large sums of money to procure me the rank.

"'I was four years at the bar, and never got a single brief. I was not more idle or more proud than my neighbors. I have been round and solicited the attorneys who are the dispensers of business, and keep advocates in their pay, and so take the profits of both branches of the profession. I have been round to the presidents of the courts, in the hopes of getting a few government prosecutions, but they all have their *protegés*, or only take such as are recommended by high authority, or connected by birth with the magistracy. Then I tried the police courts, in hopes of finding some poor devil too poor to fee counsel, and so of getting myself heard and known. But here my luck was no better, the criminal barristers will let no stranger come near their clients. They know beforehand what cases are on the register, and go and seek for business in the prisons. Every thing was shut out to me at the bar; well, I turned notary, and why? because (I speak without affectation of modesty) I am a good-looking fellow.'

"'But how can good looks help you in such a calling?'

"'You shall hear. I am second clerk. The three last heads of this establishment were second clerks before me. The senior clerk counts for nothing; he is old, plain, vulgar, and fond of drink. Well, the notary sells his office usually, so as to return him five per cent. Say this office brings in 25,000 francs a year, the *patron* will dispose of it for 500,000. Now you may suppose that a man possessing 500,000 francs of his own would not be so foolish as to give them and his time for a life annuity at five per cent; the office, therefore, is sold to a young clerk who has nothing but the handsome person of which I spoke just now.'

"'I begin to understand.'

"'The notary knows very well that he sells his office to his clerk for more than its value, as the clerk knows very well that he pays it. Each man makes his own calculation. To be a notary at Paris is to hold a high position in the world. A notary's wife goes everywhere, even to court. Add to this that the man has an agreeable person, a good name, a gentlemanlike manner, he may marry whom he likes. He knows all the fortunes of all the clients of the office, and may take the largest. Never mind the woman, of course; *she* is sure to be handsome enough if the fortune is. The notary then attacks the father, the clerk attacks the young lady. The business is done in a month and the contract is signed; out of the wife's dowry the new notary pays his former master, and on his side prepares a clerk of his own, with whom the same arrangement will be repeated over again. I can show you a notary's office which has changed hands ten times in the course of twenty years.'

'Here Valmont stopped, for, the door of his cabinet opening, there came in an old gentleman, of a distinguished air, with a beautiful young lady on his arm. I saw that I was *de trop*, and took my hat, and made my bow.

"'She has 50,000 francs a year,' whispered he."

The book abounds in such sketches, which are drawn in perfect good faith and good humor. The latter is no bad quality in a satirist, and I think one may distrust the genius whose *indignatio facit versum*, and as a general rule set him down as no better than his neighbors. Swift was no better than the demoniacal libeller, nor Byron, that one knows of; and, be pretty sure on't, that foul-mouthed Juvenal could not have described what he did, had he been the delicate moralist he pretends to be. If the reader has a curiosity regarding Parisian life, let him get the book and read the lively sketches it contains. All the journalist scenes are very brilliant; the director of the Morocco Bitumen Company and his prospectus are admirable; then we have a quack doctor and some quack secretaries of a quack government office. Don't you know what I am about to say? one who is eating and drinking and laughing, and reading the newspaper all day, *Je conserves des Monumens*. It is a little manual of French quackery, against which the persons satirized themselves can hardly have the heart to be angry.

Having gone through all the phases of literary quackery, and succeeded in none, he has nothing for it at the end of the first volume of his adventures, but to try the last quackery of all, the charcoal-pan and suicide. But in this juncture the providential uncle (by means of Malvina, who is by no means disposed to quit this world, unsatisfactory as it is) the uncle of the cotton nightcap steps in, and saves the unlucky youth, who, cured henceforth of his literary turn, submits to take his place behind the counter, performs all the ceremonies which were necessary for making his union with Malvina perfectly legal, and settles down into the light of common day.

May, one cannot help repeating, may all literary characters, at the end of the first volume of their lives, find such an uncle! but, alas! this is the only improbable part of the book. There is no such blessed resort for the penny-a-liner in distress. All he has to do is to write more lines, and get more pence, and wait for grim Death, who will carry him off in the midst of a penny, and, lo! where is he? You read in the papers that yesterday at his lodgings in Grab Street, "died Thomas Smith, Esq., the ingenious and delightful author, whose novels have amused us all so much. This eccentric and kind-hearted writer has left a wife and ten children, who, we understand, are totally unprovided for, but we are sure that the country will never allow them to want." Smith is only heard of once or twice again. A publisher discovers a novel left by that lamented and talented author; on which another publisher discovers another novel by the same hand: and "Smith's last work," and "the last work of Smith," serve the bibliopolists' turn for a week, are found entirely stupid

by the public; and so Smith, and his genius, and his wants, and his works, pass away out of this world forever. The paragraph in the paper next to that which records Smith's death announces the excitement created by the forthcoming work of the admirable Jones; and so to the end of time. But these considerations are too profoundly melancholic, and we had better pass on to the second tome of Jerome Paturot's existence.

One might fancy, that, after Monsieur Paturot had settled down in his nightcap and hosiery shop, he would have calmly enveloped himself in lambswool stockings and yards of flannel, and, so protected, that Fortune would have had no more changes for him. Such, probably, is the existence of an English hosier; but in "the empire of the middle classes" matters are very differently arranged; and the *bonnetier de France peut espérer à tout.* The defunct Paturot whispered that secret to Jerome before he departed this world, and our honest tradesman begins presently to be touched by ambition, and to push forward towards the attainment of those dignities which the Revolution of July has put in his reach.

The first opportunity for elevation is offered him in the ranks of that cheap defence of nations, the National Guard. He is a warm man, as the saying is; he is looked up to in his quarter, he is a member of a company; why should he not be its captain too? A certain Oscar, painter in ordinary to his majesty, who paints spinach-colored landscapes, and has an orange-colored beard, has become the bosom friend of the race of Paturot, and is the chief agent of the gallant hosier in his attempts at acquiring the captain's epaulettes: —

"'Jerome, my friend,' said the painter one day, examining me with a profoundly ecstatic look, 'do you know you have a prodigious air of Napoleon?'

"'Nonsense, Oscar; no joking, if you please.'

"'Earnest, upon my honor. You have the very build and look of *l'autre.* I would wager that you have the bump of military genius, too; let me feel.' And he passed his hand over my skull, and there, sure enough, discovered the warlike protuberance in question. During this examination several voltigeurs of the company were standing round us, some laughing and some serious. Sergeant-major Oscar made them one by one feel the bump; he then analyzed the conformation of my countenance, and proved beyond a doubt, that I had a great deal of Napoleon in the eyes, in the nose, and look. Having finished his demonstration, he turned round solemnly to the warriors assembled, and said, —

"'Comrades, our actual captain is what? An oyster-monger. Is this company to be commanded by an oyster-monger? I say no. We will suffer that molluscous degradation no more. Look at Paturot. He has the eyes of Napoleon; he alone should be our man. He who died at St. Helena will approve our choice; from the height of the column he will look down upon us and bless us. Long live Captain Paturot!'

"'Long live Captain Paturot!' cried the ten tradesmen who furnished my house. And it was thus that Oscar improvised me as a candidate for the captaincy.

"Oscar's position in the company was very firmly established. He had duties to do as sergeant-major, and services to render which had made him generally popular. He did not press poor fellows too hard about mounting guard, and brought them up before the council of discipline with reluctant moderation. He had, moreover, some social talents, which acquired for him the general esteem; he cultivated ventriloquism with success, and blackened the walls with the most laughable charcoal caricatures possible. In order utterly to destroy the oysterman, he made a series of pitiless caricatures in all our guard-rooms, and endowed him with a nose so monstrous that it lost the oysterman forty votes. Meanwhile he persisted in my likeness to Napoleon, he drew me with my arms folded, in a cocked-hat, in a gray coat, in a thousand Napoleonic ways and attitudes; and thus by degrees the star of the actual captain of our company began to grow pale before that of its future commander.

"This labor continued for at least a year, and at last the critical day arrived when the new elections took place. For ten months past, Malvina had been at work preparing our allies for the great occasion. Our tradesmen had never before had such customers as we were; if Paris had been menaced with a siege, our house could not have been more crammed with provisions, and it may be supposed

that the worthy merchants who supplied them redoubled their attentions to these most profitable of customers. The wine-merchant carried me ten voltigeurs, the porkman enlisted four, the tailor came over with three; but more than all these did Oscar. Every time he was on guard came a fresh prodigy. He imitated donkeys, cocks, dogs, and cats, with a fidelity that won the hearts of the company. He performed dialogues, polylogues, operas, comedies, and farces all to himself. A refractory upholsterer came over after seeing him dance the previous night, another voltigeur yielded to the portrait of his two darlings in oil, and a third deserted from the oystermonger in gratitude for a shop sign which Oscar painted for him, and on which that illustrious artist lavished all the spinach of his palette. This propaganda assumed such a character that I was menaced with a unanimous election. The oysterman was ruined: he had only to retire, and deplore his defeat upon a heap of shells.

"But he still desperately clung to his captaincy. He refused to be swallowed up by me, he opposed his to the different influences I had brought to bear. His audacity was monstrous; for three days the whole company was deluged with oysters, ostracised, smothered with shells. But my rival carried his liberality too far; the company grew sick of oysters, and, as they fell off from the feast of shells, came over to me. Oscar, too, did not allow my adversary's proceedings to pass without remark. He pursued what he called the Oysterites with sarcasms so pitiless, that no voltigeur dared openly to acknowledge himself to be of the party. Henceforth my antagonist's supporters were a shamed and feeble band, defeated before they had fought.

"On the day of election my painter was prodigious; he went from group to group exciting this by his praise, frightening that by his sneer, giving one a shake of the hand that made him mine forever, and that a withering frown that sent him back into his shell. My adversary sat demurely in a corner of the room, whither the sarcasms of Oscar had driven him.

"'Look at him there on his bench, the oyster-captain. Waiter, some pepper and vinegar, and sprinkle on this gentleman! Bah! I could swallow a dozen such captains, bread and butter included. How do you like your officers served up, gentlemen? scolloped, or in their shells? Silence in the ranks. Oysters to the left, and down they go!'

"It was with jokes of this nature that Oscar assailed the oysterman—jokes which were received on our side with immense cheers and laughter. The oyster-captain sat confounded in his corner, scarce knowing which way to look. His partisans did not dare to support him openly, and abandoned him to his solitude. At length we came to voting. Of the eighty voters I received forty-six suffrages; the rest were for my adversary. I was captain, and the painter plunged into my arms, shouting 'Long live Captain Paturot!'

"This cry passed through the ranks of the soldiery, which was infected by the enthusiasm of Oscar; and, the operations of the election being terminated, we had a collation of punch and cakes, whereof Oscar did the honors, and of which I paid the bill."

Thus happily elected, the mighty Paturot determines that the eyes of France are on his corps of voltigeurs, and that they shall be the model of all National Guardsmen. He becomes more and more like Napoleon. He pinches the sentinels with whom "he is content" by the ear; he swears every now and then with much energy; he invents a costume (it was in the early days when the fancy of the National Guardsman was allowed to luxuriate over his facings and pantaloons at will); and in a grand review before Marshal Soban, the Paturot company turns out in its splendid new uniform, yellow facings, yellow-striped trousers, brass buckles and gorgets — the most brilliant company ever seen. But though these clothes were strictly military and unanimously splendid, the wearers had not been bred up in those soldatesque habits which render much inferior men more effective on parade. They failed in some manœuvre which the old soldier of the empire ordered them to perform — the front and rear ranks were mingled in hopeless confusion. "Ho, porter!" shouted the old general to the guard of the Carrousel gate, "shut the gates, porter! these canaries will fly off if you don't."

Undismayed by this little check, and determined, like all noble spirits, to repair it, Captain Paturot now labored incessantly to bring his company into discipline, and brought them not only to march and to countermarch, but to fire with great pre-

cision, until on an unlucky day, the lieutenant being in advance of his men, a certain voltigeur, who had forgotten to withdraw his ramrod from his gun, discharged the rod into the fleshy part of the lieutenant's back, which accident caused the firing to abate somewhat afterwards.

Ambition, meanwhile, had seized upon the captain's wife, who too was determined to play her part in the world, and had chosen the world of fashion for her sphere of action. A certain Russian princess, of undoubted grandeur, had taken a great fancy to Madame Paturot, and, under the auspices of that illustrious hyperborean chaperone, she entered into the genteel world.

Among the fashionable public of Paris, we are led by Monsieur Paturot's memoirs to suppose that they mingle virtue with their pleasure, and, so that they can aid in a charitable work, are ready to sacrifice themselves and dance to any extent. It happened that a part of the Borysthenes in the neighborhood of the Princess Flibustikopfkoi's estate overflowed, and the Parisian public came forward as sympathizers, as they did for suffering Ireland and Prince O'Connell the other day. A grand *fête* was resolved on, and Madame de Paturot became one of the ladies' patronesses.

And at this *fête* we are presented to a great character, in whom the *habitué* of Paris will perhaps recognize a certain likeness to a certain celebrity of the present day by name Monsieur Hector Berlioz, the musician and critic.

"The great artist promised his assistance. All the wind-instruments in Paris were engaged in advance, and all the brass bands, and all the fiddles possible.

"'Princess,' said the artist, agitating his locks, 'for your sake I would find the hymn of the creation that has been lost since the days of the deluge.'

"The day of the festival arrived. The artist would allow none but himself to conduct his own *chef-d'œuvre*; he took his place at a desk five inches above the level of the waxes of the orchestra, and around him were placed the most hairy and romantic musicians of the day, who were judged worthy of applauding at the proper place. The artist himself, the utterer of the musical apocalypse, cast his eyes over the assembly, seeking to dominate the multitude by that glance, and also to keep in order a refractory lock of hair which would insist upon interrupting it. I had more than once heard of the plan of this great musical genius, which consists in setting public and private life to music. A thousand extraordinary anecdotes are recorded of the extraordinary power which he possessed for so doing; among others is the story of the circumstance which occurred to him in a tavern. Having a wish for a dish of fricandeau and sorrel, the genius took a flageolet out of his pocket, and modulated a few notes,—

'Tum-tiddle-di-tum-tiddle-de' &c.

The waiter knew at once what was meant, and brought the fricandeau and the sauce required. Genius always overcomes its detractors in this way.

"I am not able to give a description of the wonderful *morceau* of music now performed. With it the festival terminated. The hero of the evening sat alone in his desk, vanquished by his emotions, and half drowned in a lock of hair, which has previously been described. The music done, the hairy musicians round about rushed towards the maestro with the idea of carrying him in triumph to his coach, and of dragging him home in the same. But he, modestly retiring by a back door, called for his cloak and his clogs, and walked home, where he wrote a critique for the newspapers of the music which he had composed and directed previously. It is thus that modern genius is made; it is sufficient for all duties, and can swallow any glory you please."

Whether this little picture is a likeness or not, who shall say? but it is a good caricature of a race in France, where geniuses *poussent* as they do nowhere else, where poets are prophets; where romances have revelations. It was but yesterday I was reading in a Paris newspaper some account of the present state of things in Spain. "Battles in Spain are mighty well," says the genius; "but what does Europe care for them? *A single word* spoken in France has more influence than a pitched battle in Spain." So stupendous a genius is that of the country!

The nation considers, then, its beer the strongest that ever was brewed in

the world; and so with individuals. This has his artistical, that his musical, that his poetical beer, which frothy liquor is preferred before that of all other taps; and the musician above has a number of brethren in other callings.

Jerome's high fortune is yet to come. From being captain of his company he is raised to be lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, and as such has the honor to be invited to the palace of the Tuileries with Madame Paturot. This great event is described in the following eloquent manner: —

"The day of the ball arrived, and numberless misfortunes with it. At ten o'clock my wife's hairdresser had not made his appearance, and my pumps were still absent. Servant after servant was despatched after these indispensable and dilatory articles, and it was eleven o'clock before we were *en route*. Even then our troubles were not over; in order to arrive at the Carrousel it was necessary to follow the file of carriages from the Rue Rivoli. The heavens poured down cataracts on the pavement, the carriages entered slowly one by one, and I had all but given orders to return home, and to wait a more favorable opportunity to exhibit my court suit; but Oscar, who in his quality of painter in ordinary to his majesty found means to get a ticket to every court gala in the season, had no idea of dressing himself to no purpose, and he succeeded in calming my ill humor. The carriages began to move a little more quickly, and presently we saw the palace staircase and balcony, which was to be our port in the storm.

"The stair was as much crowded as the street had been previously, we could only ascend the steps with infinite pains and precaution. We had been practising at home the court manner of ascending the stair, and lo! all our studies had been in vain. Gentlemen's swords crossed together, ladies' trains grew rebellious and persisted in wandering under gentlemen's legs, and, by the time we arrived at the entry of the reception rooms, we were all crumpled, rumpled, trampled, and in disorder. At last, thanks to the *hussiers* and the servants in waiting, and thanks to a good deal of pushing and struggling forward, we arrived at the grand saloon where the king and queen were. I had studied at home a low bow of the most elegant kind, having perfected myself in it with infinite care, and, when I arrived near his majesty, executed it, I flatter myself not unsuccessfully.

"'Sire!' I added, with a loyal inflection of voice which I thought could not fail to produce some sensation in the bosom of his majesty; but fancy my surprise when I lifted up my head after the salute to perceive before me only the back of his majesty, who had turned round to speak to I don't know what ambassador of a northern court. Madame Paturot had likewise missed her entrée, which even cast upon her countenance a certain expression of ill humor. At last, and as well as we could, we struggled into a corner of the room, where, though tired, we were not able to sit down, as etiquette prevented us from being seated in their majesties' presence. To this regulation I was resigned, but I could not console myself for not having been able to captivate for a moment the regards of my sovereign. That royal back oppressed me. It poisoned my *fête*.

"However, as I looked, I began soon to perceive that his majesty might be *blasé* even in respect of bows as elegant as mine. The gracious monarch performed no less than three thousand bows in the course of the evening, his illustrious head bobbing up and down like the piston of a fire-pump. There must be certain state consolations for royalty, otherwise how could kings get through their duty? Far from envying kings, I pity them heartily. Few subjects would bear the duties which their station obliges sovereigns to go through. From the place where I stood, I could admire that gift of smiling, that elastic play of muscles with which Heaven has endowed monarchs, and which is a proof of the superiority of their rank as individually of the royal vocation. As I saw the old dowagers step up their fallalas, the respectable old peers in their powder, all those fat, meagre, wrinkled, toothless, sickly, vulgar faces which followed in an almost interminable file, I wondered how a human head could maintain its calm in the midst of such a whirlwind of such a suffocating heat, of such doubtful odors as filled the scented air, of all these flowers and ribbons, bare necks and epaulets, diamonds, bald heads, wigs, and powder. The uniforms especially fatigued the eye with their colors and embroideries, with their foreign stars and crosses, their grand cordons, and German eagles, their garters, iron crowns, golden fleeces, Cincinnatuses, and a chain of stars and what not, sparkling and twinkling in a thousand coats, civil and military, passing and crossing perpetually before my eyes. Heavens, what a scene of luxury it was, and what an overpowering suffocating enthusiasm I felt. There I stood, with my elbow in the side of a marshal of France, my heel on the corn of a foreign plenipotentiary, in the midst of all the great names of

Europe, and the finest diamonds in the world. It was an honor of which a man may acknowledge himself to be proud, an honor which no Paturot before me had ever enjoyed. And, when the factious rebels of the opposition pretend that the Revolution of July has miscarried, I answer no! it has carried hosiers to the Tuileries, and I have no doubt that it was the end of the institution.

"After the reception was over, their majesties retired according to custom, and dancing began. It was for this moment that Madame Paturot had been in waiting. She had indulged herself in a look so remarkably *décolletée* that she hoped at least to catch the eye of one of the princes; and, seated on a stool, she flung round her, for this important end, all the fascinations of her glance, and all the seductions of her fan. I saw clearly that my presence could in no wise aid my wife's manœuvres, and therefore disappeared in the direction of the *buffet*. Ah! you rascally pamphleteers, who are always sneering at the entertainments of the most generous of sovereigns, I wish I had you in that refreshment-room placed by the side of one of those tables always covered with dishes of the most delicious meats, though these were always disappearing down the throats of the gormandizers around. With every respect for the high society which frequents the Tuileries, their appetite, I must say, is prodigious. As I examined the dishes as they came and disappeared, it certainly seemed to me that their excellencies the ambassadors were in a state of famine, that the plenipotentiaries must have been starving, that the great cordons covered stomachs still greater than themselves. I must also admit that several peeresses and deputies' ladies were doing their duty round the tables, and that the three powers of our state were there represented by some of the stoutest jaws and most capacious abdomens in our country.

"To this spectacle, which filled my soul with admiration for the magnificence of my king, I devoted the greater part of my evening. As far as turkeys, patties, jellies, wines and plate went, it was, indeed, a noble sight, and perhaps I should never to this moment have been able to snatch myself away from these Capuan delights, had not Malvina come up rather abruptly to join me.

"'Let us go,' said she, with an air of extreme ill humor.

"'But,' said I.

"'No buts,' said she, 'let us be off.'

"And so we went to our carriage. During the drive home Madame Paturot maintained a profound silence, a precursor of a storm. I could not imagine what was the cause which rendered her so taciturn and so sombre.

"'What a splendid *fête!*' said I, by way of breaking the ice.

"'A pretty fête, indeed! it was good enough, though, for greedy creatures like you!'

"'Ah, Malvina!' I replied in a tender tone.

"'Not a single quadrille — not one!' said she, going off at once. 'Pretty princes they are — pretty calves they have, wadded an inch all round! Pretty dancers, pretty calves, as much fat on them as on the back of my hand! Pooh! it makes me yawn only to think, — only to think of them.'

"This sortie explained every thing to me. In spite of those incendiary glances of hers, Malvina had never been asked to dance."

If the respected reader, like the writer of this, has never had the honor of figuring at a ball at the Tuileries (at home, of course, we are as regular at Pimlico as Lord Melbourne used to be), here is surely in a couple of pages a description of the affair so accurate, that, after translating it, I for my part feel as if I were quite familiar with the palace of the French king. I can see Louis Philippe grinning endlessly, ceaselessly bobbing his august head up and down. I can see the footmen in red, the *officiers d'ordonnance* in stays, the spindle-shanked young princes, frisking round to the sound of the brass bands. The chandeliers, the ambassadors, the flaccid Germans with their finger-rings, the Spaniards looking like gilded old-clothesmen; here and there a deputy lieutenant, of course, and one or two hapless Britons in their national court-suits, that make the French mob, as the Briton descends from his carriage, exclaim, *Oh, ce marquis!* Fancy besides fifteen hundred women, of whom fourteen hundred and fifty are ugly — it is the proportion in France. And how much easier is it to enjoy this Barmecide dance in the description of honest Paturot than to dress at midnight, and pay a guinea for a carriage, and keep out of one's wholesome bed, in order to look at King Louis Philippe smiling! What a mercy it is not to be a gentleman! What a blessing it is not to be obliged

to drive a cab in white kid gloves, nor to sit behind a great floundering racing-tailed horse of Rotten-Row, expecting momentarily that he will jump you into the barouche full of ladies just ahead! What a mercy it is not to be obliged to wear tight lacquered boots, nor to dress for dinner, nor to go to balls at midnight, nor even to be a member of the House of Commons, nor to be prevented from smoking a cigar if you are so minded! All which privileges of poverty may Fortune long keep to us! Men do not know half their luck, that is the fact. If the real truth were known about things, we should have their Graces of Sutherland and Devonshire giving up their incomes to the national debt, and saying to the country, "Give me a mutton-chop, and a thousand a year!"

In the fortunes of honest Paturot this wholesome moral is indicated with much philosophic acumen, as those will allow who are inclined from the above specimen of their quality to make themselves acquainted with the further history of his fortunes. Such persons may read how Jerome, having become a colonel of the National Guards, becomes, of course, a member of the Legion of Honor, how he is tempted to aspire to still further dignities, how he becomes a deputy, and how his constituents are served by him; how being deputy, he has perhaps an inclination to become minister, but that one fine day he finds that his house cannot meet certain bills which are presented for payment, and so the poor fellow becomes a bankrupt.

He gets a little place, he retires with Malvina into a country town; she is exceedingly fond of canaries and dominoes, and Jerome cultivates cabbages and pinks with great energy and perfect contentment. He says he is quite happy. Ought he not to be so, who has made a thousand readers happy, and perhaps a little wiser?

I have just heard that "Jerome Paturot" is a political novel; one of "The Reviews" despatches this masterpiece in a few growling lines, and pronounces it to be a failure. Perhaps it *is* a political novel, perhaps there is a great deal of sound thinking in this careless, familiar, sparkling narrative, and a vast deal of reflection hidden under Jerome's ordinary cotton night-cap; certainly it is a most witty and entertaining story, and as such is humbly recommended by the undersigned to all lovers of the Pantagruelian philosophy. It is a great thing now-a-days to get a funny book which makes you laugh, to read three volumes of satire in which there is not a particle of bad blood, and to add to one's own knowledge of the world, too, as one can't help doing by the aid of this keen and good-humored wit. The author of "Jerome Paturot" is M. Reybaud, understood to be a grave man, dealing in political economy, in Fourierism, and other severe sciences. There is a valuable work by the late Mr. Henry Fielding the police-magistrate upon the precaution of thieving in the metropolis, and some political pamphlets of merit by the same author; but it hath been generally allowed that the history of Mr. Thomas Jones by the same Mr. Fielding is amongst the most valuable of the scientific works of this author. And in like manner, whatever may be the graver works of M. Reybaud, I heartily trust that he has some more of the Paturot kind in his brain or his portfolio, for the benefit of the lazy, novel-reading, unscientific world. M. A. Titmarsh.

A BOX OF NOVELS.

THE ARGUMENT. — Mr. Yorke having despatched to Mr. Titmarsh, in Switzerland, a box of novels (carriage paid), the latter returns to Oliver an essay upon the same, into which he introduces a variety of other interesting discourse. He treats of the severity of critics; of his resolutions to reform in that matter, and of the nature of poets; of Irishmen; of Harry Lorrequer, and that Harry is a sentimental writer; of Harry's critics; of Tom Burke; of Rory O'More; of the Young Pretender and the Duke of Bordeaux; of Irish Repeal and Repeal songs, concerning one of which he addresseth to Rory O'More words of tender reproach. He mentioneth other novels found in the box, viz., "The Miser's Son," and "The Burgomaster of Berlin." He bestoweth a parting benediction on Boz.

Some few — very few — years since, dear sir, in our hot youth, when Will the Fourth was King, it was the fashion of many young and ardent geniuses who contributed their share of high spirits to the columns of this Magazine, to belabor with unmerciful ridicule almost all the writers of this country of England, to sneer at their scholarship, to question their talents, to shout with fierce laughter over their faults, historical, poetical, grammatical, and sentimental; and thence to leave the reader to deduce our (the critics') own immense superiority in all the points which we questioned, in all the world beside. I say *our*, because the undersigned Michael Angelo has handled the tomahawk as well as another, and has a scalp or two drying in his lodge.

Those times, dear Yorke, are past. I found you, on visiting London last year, grown fat (pardon me for saying so) — fat and peaceful. Your children clambered smiling about your knee. You did not disdain to cut bread and butter for them; and as you poured out their milk and water at supper, I could not but see that you, too, had imbibed much of that sweet and wholesome milk of human kindness, at which in youth we are ready to sneer as a vapid and unprofitable potion; but whereof, as manhood advances, we are daily apt to recognize the healthful qualities. For of all diets good humor is the most easy of digestion; if it does not create that mad boisterous flow of spirits which greater excitement causes, it has yet a mirth of its own, pleasanter, truer, and more lasting than the intoxication of sparkling satire; above all, one rises the next morning without fever or headache, and without the dim and frightful consciousness of having broken somebody's undeserving bones in a frolic, while under the satirical frenzy. You are grown mild. We are all grown mild. I saw Morgan Rattler going home with a wooden horse for his little son. Men and fathers, we can assault men and fathers no more.

Besides, a truth dawns upon the mature mind, which may thus be put by interrogation. Because a critic, deeming A and B to be blockheads for whom utter destruction is requisite, forthwith set to work to destroy them, is it clear, that the public are interested in that work of demolition, and that they admire the critic hugely for his pains? At my present mature age, I am inclined to think that the nation does not much care for this sort of executiveness; and that it looks upon the press-Mo-

hawks (this is not the least personal) as it did upon the gallant young noblemen who used a few years since to break the heads of policemen, and paint apothecaries' shops pea-green — with amusement, perhaps, but with any thing but respect and liking. And as those young noblemen, recognizing the justice of public opinion, have retired to their estates, which they are now occupied peacefully in administering and improving, so have the young earls and marquises of the court of REGINA of Regent Street calmly subsided into the tillage of the pleasant fields of literature, and the cultivation of the fresh green crops of good-humored thought. My little work on the differential calculus, for instance, is in a most advanced state; and you will correct me if I break a confidence in saying, that your translation of the first hundred and ninety-six chapters of the Mahabarata will throw some extraordinary light upon a subject most intensely interesting to England, viz., the Sanscrit theosophy.

This introduction, then, will have prepared you for an exceedingly humane and laudatory notice of the packet of works which you were good enough to send me, and which, though they doubtless contain a great deal which the critic would not write (from the extreme delicacy of his taste, and the vast range of his learning), also contain, between ourselves, a great deal that the critic *could* not write if he would ever so; and this is a truth which critics are apt to forget in their judgments of works of fiction. As a rustical boy, hired at twopence a week, may fling stones at the blackbirds, and drive them off, and possibly hit one or two, yet if he get into the hedge and begin to sing, will he make a wretched business of the music, and Lubin and Colin and the dullest swains of the village will laugh egregiously at his folly; so the critic employed to assault the poet. . . . But the rest of the simile is obvious, and will be apprehended at once by a person of your experience.

The fact is, that the blackbirds of letters — the harmless, kind-singing creatures who line the hedge-sides and chirp and twitter as nature bade them (they can no more help singing, these poets, than a flower can help smelling sweet), — have been treated much too ruthlessly by the watch-boys of the press, who have a love for flinging stones at the little innocents, and pretend that it is their duty, and that every wren or sparrow is likely to destroy a whole field of wheat, or to turn out a monstrous bird of prey. Leave we these vain sports and savage pastimes of youth, and turn we to the benevolent philosophy of maturer age.

A characteristic of the Irish writers and people, which has not been at all appreciated by the English, is, I think, that of extreme melancholy. All Irish stories are sad, all humorous Irish songs are sad; there is never a burst of laughter excited by them but, as I fancy, tears are near at hand; and from "Castle Rackrent" downwards, every Hibernian tale that I have read is sure to leave a sort of woful, tender impression. Mr. Carleton's books — and he is by far the greatest *genius* who has written of Irish life — are pre-eminently melancholy. Griffin's best novel, "The Collegians," has the same painful character; and I have always been surprised, while the universal English critic has been laughing over the stirring stories of Harry Lorrequer, that he has not recognized the fund of sadness beneath. The most jovial song that I know of in the Irish language, is "The night before Larry was stretched;" but along with the joviality, you always carry the impression of the hanging the next morning. "The Groves of Blarney," is the richest nonsense that the world has known since the days of Rabelais; but is it not very pathetic nonsense? The folly is uttered with a sad look, and to the

most lamentable wailing music: it affects you like the jokes of Lear's fool. An Irish landscape conveys the same impression. You may walk all Ireland through, and hardly see a cheerful one; and whereas at five miles from the spot where this is published or read in England, you may be sure to light upon some prospect of English nature smiling in plenty, rich in comfort, and delightfully cheerful, however simple and homely, the finest and richest landscape in Ireland always appeared to me to be sad, and the people corresponded with the place. But we in England have adopted our idea of the Irishman; and, like the pig-imitator's audience in the fable (which simile is not to be construed into an opinion on the writer's part that the Irish resemble pigs, but simply that the Saxon is dull of comprehension), we *will* have the sham Irishman in preference to the real one, and will laugh at the poor wag, whatever his mood may be. The romance-writers and dramatists have wronged the Irish cruelly (and so has every Saxon among them, the O'Connellites will say) in misrepresenting him as they have done. What a number of false accounts, for instance, did poor Power, give to English playgoers about Ireland! He led Cockneys to suppose that all that Irish gayety was natural and constant; that Paddy was in a perpetual whirl of high spirits and whiskey; forever screeching and whooping mad songs and wild jokes; a being entirely devoid of artifice and calculation: it is only after an Englishman has seen the country that he learns how false these jokes are; how sad these high spirits, and how cunning and fitful that exuberant joviality, which we have been made to fancy are the Irishman's every day state of mind. There is, for example, the famous Sir Lucius O'Trigger of Sheridan, at whose humors we all laugh delightfully. He is the most real character, in all that strange company of profligates and swindlers who people Sheridan's plays; and I think the most profoundly dismal of all the poor Irish knight's jokes are only on the surface. He is a hypocrite all through the comedy, and his fun no more real than his Irish estate. He makes others laugh, but he does not laugh himself; as Falstaff does, and Sydney Smith, and a few other hearty humorists of the British sort.

So when he reads the "Opinions of the Press," how the provincial journalists are affected with Mr. Lever's books, how "The Doncaster Argus" declares, "We have literally roared with laughter over the last number of 'Our Mess;'" or "The Manx Mercury" vows it has absolutely burst with cachinnation over the *facetiæ* of friend Harry Lorrequer; or "The Bungay Beacon" has been obliged to call in two printer's devils to hold the editorial sides while perusing "Charles O'Malley's" funny stories; let the reader be assured that he has fallen upon critical opinions not worth the having. It is impossible to yell with laughter through thirty-two pages. Laughter, to be worth having, can only come by bits, and now and then. The main body of your laughter-inspiring book must be calm; and if we may be allowed to give an opinion about Lorrequer after all that has been said for and against him, after the characteristics of boundless merriment which the English critic has found in him, and the abuse which the Irish writers have hurled at him for presenting degrading pictures of the national character, it would be to enter a calm protest against both opinions, and to say that the author's characteristic is *not* humor, but sentiment, — neither more nor less than sentiment, in spite of all the rollicking and bawling, and the songs of Micky Free, and the horse-racing, and punch-making, and charging, and steeple-chasing, — the quality of the "Lorrequer" stories seems to me extreme delicacy, sweetness and kindliness of heart. The

spirits are for the most part artificial, the *fond* is sadness, as appears to me to be that of most Irish writing and people.

Certain Irish critics will rise up in arms against this dictum, and will fall foul of the author of the paradox and of the subject of these present remarks too. For while we have been almost universal in our praise of Lorrequer in England, no man has been more fiercely buffeted in his own country, Mr. O'Connell himself taking the lead to attack this kindly and gentle writer, and thundering out abuse at him from his *cathedra* in the Corn Exchange. A strange occupation this for a statesman! Fancy Sir Robert Peel taking occasion to bring "Martin Chuzzlewit" before the House of Commons; or the American President rapping "Sam Slick" over the knuckles in the thirty-fourth column of his speech; or Lord Brougham attacking Mr. Albert Smith in the privy council!

The great Corn-Exchange critic says that Lorrequer has sent abroad an unjust opinion of the Irish character, which he (the Corn-Exchange critic) is upholding by words and example. On this signal, the Irish Liberal journals fall foul of poor Harry with a ferocity which few can appreciate in this country, where the labors of our Hibernian brethren of the press are little read. But you would fancy from "The Nation" that the man is a stark traitor and incendiary; that he has written a libel against Ireland, such as merits cord and fire! O patriotic critic! what Brutus-like sacrifices will the literary man not commit! what a noble professional independence he has! how free from envy he is! how pleased with his neighbor's success! and yet how ready (on public grounds—of course, only on public grounds) to attack his nearest friend and closest acquaintance. Although he knows that the success of one man of letters is the success of all, that with every man who rises a score of others rise too, that to make what has hitherto been a struggling and uncertain calling an assured and respectable one, it is necessary that some should succeed greatly, and that every man who lives by his pen, should, therefore, back the efforts and applaud the advancement of his brother; yet the virtues of professional literature are so obstinately republican, that it will acknowledge no honors, help no friend, have all on a level; and so the Irish press is at present martyrizing the most successful member of its body. His books appeared; they are very pleasant. Tory and Liberal applauded alike the good-humored and kind-hearted writer, who quarrelled with none, and amused all. But his publishers sold twenty thousand of his books. He was a monster from that moment, a doomed man; if a man can die of articles, Harry Lorrequer ought to have yielded up the ghost long ago.

Lorrequer's military propensities have been objected to strongly by his squeamish Hibernian brethren. I freely confess, for my part, that there is a great deal too much fighting in the Lorrequerian romances for my taste, an endless clashing of sabres, unbounded alarums, "chambers" let off (as in the old Shakspeare stage-directions), the warriors drive one another on and off the stage until the quiet citizen is puzzled by their interminable evolutions, and gets a headache with the smell of the powder. But is Lorrequer the only man in Ireland who is fond of military spectacles? Why do ten thousand people go to the Phaynix Park twice a week? Why does "The Nation" newspaper publish those edifying and Christian war-songs? And who is it that prates about the Irish at Waterloo, and the Irish at Seringapatam, and the Irish at Timbuctoo? If Mr. O'Connell, like a wise rhetorician, chooses, and very properly, to flatter the national military passion, why should not Harry Lorrequer? There is a bad blood, bitter, brutal, unchristian hatred in every line of every sin-

gle ballad of "The Nation;" there is none in the harmless war-pageants of honest Harry Lorrequer. And as for the Irish brigade, has not Mr. O'Connell bragged more about that than any other author of fiction in or out of his country?

The persons who take exceptions to numerous hunting and steeple-chasing descriptions which abound in these volumes, have, perhaps, some reason on their side. Those quiet people who never leaped across any thing wider than a gutter in Pall Mall, or have learned the chivalric art in Mr. Foyard's riding-school, are not apt to be extremely interested in hunting stories, and many find themselves morally thrown out in the midst of a long fox-chase, which gallops through ever so many pages of close type. But these descriptions are not written for such. Go and ask a "fast man" at college what he thinks of them. Go, dine at Lord Cardigan's mess-table, and as the black bottle passes round ask the young cornets and captains whether they have read the last number of "Tom Burke," and you will see what the answer will be. At this minute those pink-bound volumes are to be found in every garrison, in every one of the towns, colonies, islands, continents, isthmuses, and promontories, where her Majesty's flag floats; they are the pleasure of country folk, high and low; they are not scientific treatises, certainly, but are they intended as such? They are not, perhaps, taken in by Dissenting clergymen and doctors of divinity (though for my part I have seen, in the hall of a certain college in Dublin, a score of the latter, in gowns and bands, crowding round Harry Lorrequer and listening to his talk with all their might); but does the author aim especially at instructing their reverences? No. Though it is a favorite method with many critics — viz., to find fault with a book for what it does not give, as thus, — "Lady Smigsmag's new novel is amusing, but lamentably deficient in geological information." "Dr. Swishtail's 'Elucidations of the Digamma' show much sound scholarship, but infer a total absence of humor." And "Mr. Lever's tales are trashy and worthless, for his facts are not borne out by any authority, and he gives us no information upon the political state of Ireland. O our country! our green and beloved, our beautiful and oppressed! accursed be the tongue that should now speak of aught but thy wrong, withered the dastard hand that should strike upon thy desolate harp another string!" &c. &c. &c.

And now, having taken exception to the pugnacious and horse-raceous parts of the Lorrequer novels (whereof an admirable parody appeared some months since in "Tait's Magazine") let us proceed to state further characteristics of Lorrequer. His stories show no art of construction; it is the good old plan of virtue triumphant at the end of the chapter, vice being wofully demolished some few pages previously. As Scott's heroes were, for the most part, canny, gallant, prudent, modest, young North Britons, Lorrequer's are gallant young Irishmen, a little more dandified and dashing, perhaps, than such heroes as novelists create on this side of the water; wonderfully like each other in personal qualities and beauty; but, withal, modest and scrupulously pure-minded. And there is no reader of Mr. Lever's tales but must admire the extreme, almost woman-like, delicacy of the author, who, amidst all the wild scenes through which he carries his characters, and with all his outbreaks of spirits and fun, never writes a sentence that is not entirely pure. Nor is he singular in this excellent chastity of thought and expression; it is almost a national virtue with the Irish, as any person will acknowledge who has lived any time in their country or society.

The present hero of the "Lorrequerian" cyclus of romances resembles the other young gentlemen whose history

they record in his great admiration for the military profession, in the which, after some adventurous half dozen numbers of civil life, we find him launched. Drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, guns, and thunder, form the subject of the whole set, and are emblazoned on the back of every one of the volumes. The present volume is bound in a rich blood-colored calico, and has a most truculent and ferocious look. The illustrations, from the hand of the famous Phiz, show to great advantage the merits of that dashing designer. He draws a horse admirably, a landscape beautifully, a female figure with extreme grace and tenderness; but as for his humor it is stark nought; ay, worse! the humorous faces are bad caricatures, without, as I fancy, the slightest provocation to laughter. If one were to meet these monsters expanded from two inches to six feet, people would be frightened by them, not amused, so cruel are their grimaces, so unearthly their ugliness. And a study of the admirable sketches of Raffet and Charlet would have given the designer a better notion of the costume of the soldiery of the Consulate than that which he has adopted. Indeed, one could point out sundry errors in costume which the author himself has committed, were the critic inclined to be severely accurate, and not actuated by that overflowing benevolence which is so delightful to feel.

"Tom Burke of 'Ours'" is so called because he enters the French service at an early age; but his opening adventures occur at the close of the rebellion, before the union of Ireland and England, and before the empire of Napoleon. The opening chapters are the best because they are the most real. The author is more at home in Ireland than in the French camp or capital, the scenes and landscapes he describes there are much more naturally depicted, and the characters to whom he introduces us more striking and lifelike. The novel opens gloomily and picturesquely. Old Burke is dying alone in his dismal old tumbledown house, somewhere near the famous town of Athlone (who can describe with sufficient desolation the ride from that city to Ballinasloe?). Old Burke is dying, and this is young Tom's description of the appearance of

AN OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

"I mounted the long flight of stone steps that led to what once had been a terrace, but the balustrades were broken many a year ago, and even the heavy granite stone had been smashed in several places. The hall-door lay wide open, and the hall itself had no other light save such as the flickering of a wood fire afforded, as its uncertain flashes fell upon the dark wainscot and the floor.

"I had just recognized the grim, old-fashioned portraits that covered the walls, when my eye was attracted by a figure near the fire. I approached, and beheld an old man doubled with age, his bleared eyes were bent upon the wood embers, which he was trying to rake together with a stick. His clothes bespoke the most miserable poverty, and afforded no protection against the cold and cutting blast. He was croning some old song to himself as I drew near, and paid no attention to me. I moved round so as to let the light fall on his face, and then perceived that it was old Lanty, as he was called. Poor fellow! age and neglect had changed him sadly since I had seen him last. He had been the huntsman of the family for two generations; but, having somehow displeased my father one day at the cover, he rode at him and struck him on the head with his loaded whip. The man fell senseless from his horse, and was carried home. A few days, however, enabled him to rally and be about again, but his senses had left him forever. All recollection of the unlucky circumstance had faded from his mind, and his rambling thoughts dwelt on his old pursuits, so that he passed his days about the stables, looking after the horses, and giving directions about them. Latterly he had become too infirm for this, and never left his own cabin; but now, from some strange cause, he had come up to 'the house,' and was sitting by the fire as I found him.

"They who know Ireland will acknowledge the strange impulse which, at the approach of death, seems to excite the people to congregate about the house of mourning. The passion for deep and powerful excitement, the most remarkable feature in their complex nature, seems to revel in the details of sorrow and suffering. Not content even with the tragedy before

them, they call in the aid of superstition to heighten the awfulness of the scene, and every story of ghost and banshee is conned over in tones that need not the occasion to make them thrill upon the heart. At such a time the deepest workings of their wild spirits are revealed. Their grief is low and sorrow-struck, or it is loud and passionate; now breaking into some plaintive wail over the virtues of the departed; now bursting into a frenzied appeal to the Father of Mercies, as to the justice of recalling those from earth who were its blessing; while, stranger than all, a dash of reckless merriment will break in upon the gloom, but it is like the blue lightning through the storm, that, as it rends the cloud, only displays the havoc and desolation around, and at its parting leaves even a blacker darkness behind it.

"From my infancy I had been familiar with scenes of this kind; and my habit of stealing away unobserved from home to witness a country wake had endeared me much to the country people, who felt this no small kindness from the 'master's son.' Somehow the ready welcome and attention I always met with, had worked on my young heart, and I learned to feel all the interest of these scenes fully as much as those about me. It was, then, with a sense of desolation that I looked upon the one solitary mourner who now sat at the hearth—the poor old idiot man, who gazed on vacancy, or muttered with parched lips some few words to himself; that he alone should be found to join his sorrows to ours, seemed to me like utter destitution; and as I leaned against the chimney I burst into tears.

"'Don't cry, alanna, don't cry,' said the old man; 'it's the worst way at all. Get up again and ride him at it bould. Oh, vo, look at where the thief is taking now—along the stone wall there.' Here he broke out into a low wailing ditty—

"'And the fox set him down and looked about
And many were feared to follow;
"Maybe I'm wrong," says he, "but I doubt
That you'll be as gay to-morrow.
For loud as you cry, and high as you ride,
And little you feel my sorrow,
I'll be free on the mountain side,
While you lie low to-morrow."
Oh, Moddiderоо, aroo, aroo.'

Ay, just so; they'll run to earth in the cowld churchyard—whist—hark there—soho, soho, that's Badger I hear'—

"I turned away with a bursting heart, and felt my way up the broad oak stair, which was left in complete darkness."

I don't know whether "The Nation" and the Irish journals call the above description libellous; but the truth is, the traveller in Ireland sees many such a tenement in a day's journey, and many such a wretched figure as that of poor old Lanty the huntsman peering at the coach as it stops, and asking for wayfarer's charity.

Darby the Blast, with his fine words and sham humility, his savage fidelity and his admirably affected loyalty, is an excellent, though not a flattering Irish portrait. His eulogium on tobacco will be pronounced a masterpiece. It is illustrated by a delightful design of Phiz, most delicately and charmingly etched, and full of grace and fancy.

THE PIPER ON PIPES.

"'Do you ever take a shaugh of the pipe, Master Tom?'

"'No,' said I laughing; 'I never learned to smoke yet.'

"'Well,' replied he, a little piqued by the tone of my answer, ''tis worse you might be doin' than that same. Tobacco's a fine thing for the heart! Many's the time when I'm alone, if I hadn't the pipe, I'd be low and sorrowful—thinking over the hard times, and the like; but when I've filled my dudeen, and do be watching the smoke curling up, I begin dhreaming about sitting around the fire with pleasant companions chatting away, and discoorsing, and telling stories; and then I invint the stories to myself about quare devils of pipers travelling over the country, making love here and there, and playing dhroll tunes out of their own heads; and then I make the tunes to them; and after that, maybe, I make words, and sometimes lay down the pipe and begin singing to myself; and often I take up the bagpipes and play away with all my might, till I think I see the darlingest little fairies ever you seen, dancing before me, setting to one another and turning round, and capering away—down the middle and up again: small chaps with three-cornered hats, and wigs, and little red-coats, all slashed with goold; and beautiful little craytures houlding their petticoats this way, to show a nate leg and foot; and I do be calling out to them, "Hands round—that's your sowl"—"look at the green fellow, 'tis himself can do it"—"rise the jig, boo!" and, faix, 'tis sorry enough I'm when they go, and lave me all alone by myself.'

"'And how does all that come into your head, Darby?'

"'Troth 'tis hard to tell,' said Darby with a sigh, 'but my notion is, that the poor man that has neither fine houses nor fine clothes, nor horses, nor servants to amuse him, that Providence is kind to him in another way, and fills his mind with all manner of dhroll thoughts, and quare

stories, and bits of songs, and the like; and lets him into many a secret about fairies, and the good people, that the rich has no time for; and sure you must have often remarked it, that the quality has never a bit of fun in them at all, but does be always coming to us for something to make them laugh. Did you never lave the parlor, when the company was sitting with lashings of wine and fruit, and every convaniency, and go down stairs to the kitchen, where maybe there was nothing but a salt herrin' and a jug of punch; and if you did, where was the most fun, I wondher? Arrah, when they play a tune for them, and I look at their sorrowful, pale faces, and their dim eyes, and the stiff way they sit upon their chairs, I never put heart in it; but when I rise "Dirty James," or "The Little Bould Fox," or "Kiss my Lady," for the boys and girls, sure, 'tis my whole sowl does be in the bag, and I squeeze the notes out of it with all my might.'"

Darby echoes the latter sentiment in poetry as follows:—

"DARBY THE BLAST.

"Oh! my name it is Darby the Blast,
My country is Ireland all over;
My religion is never to fast,
But live, as I wander, in clover;
To make fun for myself every day,
The ladies to plase when I'm able,
The boys to amuse, as I play,
And make the jug dance on the table.
Oh! success to the chanter, my dear.

"Your eyes on each side you may cast,
But there isn't a house that is near you
But they're glad to have Darby the Blast,
And they'll tell ye 'tis he that can cheer ye.
Oh! 'tis he can put life in a feast;
What music lies under his knuckle.
As he plays 'Will I send for the Priest?'
Or a jig they call 'Cover the Buckle.'
Oh! good luck to the chanter, your soul.

"But give me an audience in rags,
They're illegant people for list'ning;
'Tis they that can humor the bags,
As I rise a fine tune at a christ'ning.
There's many a weddin' I make
Where they never get further nor sighing;
And when I perform at a wake,
The corpse looked delighted at dying.
Oh! success to the chanter, your soul."

In the company of this worthy, whose patriotic sentiments he unwarily adopts, the youthful Thomas makes his escape from the paternal attorney to whom he was to be bound apprentice, and takes to the country-side, where various adventures befall the couple. A cottage is burnt down over his ears (the scene, the farmer with his bravery and cunning, the terrible rebel-hunter, Major Barton, with his brutal, undaunted resolution, and the accidents of the fight and explosion, are most capitally described), and presently we find young Tom in Dublin, in front of that celebrated building which is the Bank of Ireland now, but which sounded of old to the voices of Flood and Grattan. The picture of Irish life and an Irish mob is excellently lively.

"Nothing struck me so much in the scene, as the real or apparent knowledge possessed by the mob of all the circumstances of each individual's personal and political career; and thus the price for which they had been purchased either in rank, place, or pounds sterling, was cried aloud amid shouts of derision and laughter, or the more vindictive yells of an infuriated populace.

"'Ha! Ben, what are you to get for Baltinglass? Boroughs is up in the market. Well, Dick, you won't take the place—nothing but hard cash. Don't be hiding, Jemmy. Look at the Prince of Orange, boys. A groan for the Prince of Orange;' here a fearful groan from the mob echoed through the streets. 'There's Luke Fox—ha! stole away,'—here followed another yell.

"With difficulty I elbowed my way through the densely packed crowd, and at last reached the corner of George's-street, where a strong police force was stationed, not permitting the passage of any one either up or down that great thoroughfare. Finding it impossible to penetrate by this way, I continued along Dame Street, where I found the crowd to thicken as I advanced. Not only were the pathways, but the entire streets filled with people—through whom the dragoons could with difficulty force a passage for the carriages, which continued, at intervals, to pass down. Around the statue of King William the mob was in its greatest force: not merely the railing around the statue, but the figure itself was surmounted by persons, who, taking advantage of their elevated and secure position, hurled their abuse upon the police and military with double bitterness; these sallies of invective were always accompanied by some humorous allusion, which created a laugh among the crowd beneath,

to which, as the objects of ridicule were by no means insensible, the usual reply was by charging on the people, and a demand to keep back—a difficult precept when pressed forward by some hundreds behind them. As I made my way slowly through the moving mass, I could see that a powerful body of horse patrolled between the mob and the front of the college; the space before which and the iron railings being crammed with students of the University, for so their caps and gowns bespoke them. Between this party and the others a constant exchange of abuse and insult was maintained, which even occasionally came to blows whenever any chance opportunity of coming in contact, unobserved by the soldiery, presented itself.

"In the interval between these rival parties each member's carriage was obliged to pass, and here each candidate, for the honors of one and the execrations of the other, met his bane and antidote.

"'Ha! broken beak, there you go! bad luck to you. Ha! old vulture Flood.'

"'Three cheers for Flood, lads,' shouted a voice from the college, and in the loud cry the yells of their opponents were silenced, but only to break forth the next moment into further license.

"'Here he comes, here he comes,' said the mob; 'make way there, or he'll take you flying. It's himself can do it. God bless your honor, and may ye never want a good baste under ye.'

This civil speech was directed to a smart, handsome-looking young man of about five-and-forty, who came dashing along on a roan thoroughbred, perfectly careless of the crowd, through which he rode with a smiling face and a merry look. His leathers and tops were all in perfect jockey style, and even to his long lashed whip, he was in every thing a sportsman-like figure.

"'That's George Ponsonby,' said a man beside me, in answer to my question; 'and I suppose you know who that is?'

A perfect yell from the crowd drowned my reply, and amid the mingled curses and execrations of the mass, a dark-colored carriage moved slowly on, the coachman evidently fearful at every step lest his horses should strike against some of the crowd, and thus license the outbreak that seemed only waiting an opportunity to burst forth.

"'Ha! Bladderchops, Bloody Jack, are you there?' shouted the savage ringleaders, as they pressed up to the very glasses of the carriage, and stared at the occupant.

"'Who is it?' said I, again.

"'John Toler, the attorney-general'

"Amid deafening cries of vengeance against him, the carriage moved on, and then rose the wild cheers of the college men to welcome their partisan. A hurrah from the distant end of Dame Street now broke on the ear, which, taken up by those nearer, swelled into a regular thunder, and at the same moment the dragoons cried out to keep back: a lane was formed in a second, and down it came six smoking thoroughbreds; the postilions in white and silver, cutting and spurring with all their might. Never did I hear such a cheer as now burst forth; a yellow chariot, its panels covered with emblazonry, came flying past; a hand waved in return from the window to the salutation of the crowd; and the name of Tom Conolly of Castletown rent the very air; two outriders in their rich liveries followed, unable to keep their place through the thick mass that wedged in after the retiring equipage.

"Scarcely had the last echo of the voices subsided, when a cheer burst from the opposite side, and a waving of caps and handkerchiefs proclaimed that some redoubted champion of Protestant ascendancy was approaching. The crowd rocked to and fro as question after question poured in.

"'Who is it? who is coming?' but none could tell, for as yet the carriage, whose horses were heard at a smart trot, had not turned the corner of Grafton Street; in a few moments the doubts seemed resolved, for scarcely did the horses appear in sight, when a perfect yell arose from the crowd and drowned the cheers of their opponents. I cannot convey any thing like the outbreak of vindictive passion that seemed to convulse the mob, as a splendidly-appointed carriage drove rapidly past and made towards the colonnade of the parliament-house. A rush of the people was made at the moment, in which, as a wave, I was borne along in spite of me. The dragoons with drawn sabres pressed down upon the crowd, and a scene of frightful confusion followed: many were sorely wounded by the soldiers, some were trampled under foot, and one poor wretch, in an effort to recover himself from stumbling, was supposed to be stooping for a stone, and cut through the skull without mercy. He lay there insensible for some time, but at last a party of the crowd, braving every thing, rushed forward and carried him away to a hospital; during this, I had established myself on the top of a lamp-post, which gave me a full view, not only of all the proceedings of the mob, but of the different arrivals, as they drew up at the door of the house. The carriage whose approach had been signalized by all these disasters had now reached the colonnade. The steps were lowered, and a young man of the very handsomest and most elegant appearance descended slowly from the chariot; his dress was in the height of the

reigning fashion, but, withal, had a certain negligence that bespoke one who paid less attention to toilette than that his costume was a thing of course, which could not but be, like all about him, in the most perfect taste. In his hand he held a white handkerchief, which as he carelessly shook, the perfume floated over the savage-looking, half-naked crowd around; he turned to give some directions to his coachman, and at the same moment a dead cat was hurled by some one in the crowd, and struck him on the breast, a cry of exultation rending the very air in welcome of this ruffian act: as for him, he slowly moved his face round towards the mob, and as he brushed the dirt from his coat with his kerchief, he bestowed on them one look, so full of immeasurable, heartfelt contempt, that they actually quailed beneath it; the cry grew fainter and fainter, and it was only as he turned to enter the house that they recovered self-possession enough to renew their insulting shout. I did not need to ask the name, for the yell of Bloody Castlereagh shook the very air."

How Tom Burke further fared, — how he escaped the dragoon's sabre and the executioner's rope, — how he became the *protégé* of the facetious Bubbleton (a most unnatural character, certainly, but who is drawn exactly from a great living model,) — how Captain de Mendon, the French cuirassier, took a liking to the lad, and died in a uniform sparkling with crosses (which crosses were not yet invented in France,) leaving Tom a sum of money, and a recommendation to the Ecole Polytechnique (where, by the way, students are not admitted with any such recommendations) — how Tom escaped to France, and beheld the great First Consul, and was tried for the infernal-machine affair, and was present at the glorious field of Austerlitz, and made war, and blunders, and love — are not all these things written in the blood-colored volume embroidered with blunderbusses aforesaid? and can the reader do better than recreate himself therewith? Indeed, as the critic lays down the lively, sparkling, stirring volume, and thinks of its tens of thousands of readers; and that it is lying in the little huckster's window at Dunleary, and upon the artillery mess-table at Danchun; and that it is, beyond the shadow of a doubt, taken in at Hong Kong, where poor, dear Commissioner Lin has gazed, delighted, at the picture of "Peeping Tom;" or that it is to be had at the Library, Cape Town, where the Dutch boors and the Hottentot princes are longing for the reading of it, the critic, I say, considering the matter merely in a geographical point of view, finds himself overcome by an amazing and blushing modesty, timidly apologizes to the reader for discoursing to him about a book which the universal public peruses, and politely takes his leave of the writer by wishing him all health and prosperity.

By the way, one solemn protest ought to be made regarding the volume. The monster of the latter part is a certain truculent captain (who is very properly done for,) and who goes by the name of *Amédée Pichot*. Why this name above all others? Why not Jules Janin, or Alexander Dumas, or Eugene Sue? Amédée Pichot is a friend to England in a country where friends to England are rare, and worth having. Amédée Pichot is the author of the excellent life of Charles Edward, the friend of Scott, and the editor of the "Revue Brittanique," in which he inserts more translations from "Fraser's Magazine" than from any other periodical produced in this empire. His translations of the works of a certain gentleman with a remarkably good memory have been quoted by scores of French newspapers; his version of other articles (which, perhaps, modesty forbids the present writer to name,) has given the French people a most exalted idea of English lighter literature; he is such a friend to English literature, that he will not review a late work called "Paris and the Parisians," lest France should have a contemptible opinion of our tourists; it is a sin and a shame that Harry Lorrequer should have slaughtered Amédée Pichot in this wanton and cruel manner.

And now having said our little say regarding "Tom Burke," we come to the work of an equally famous Irish novelist, the ingenious, the various author of "L. S. D.," latterly called, though we know not for what very good reason, "Treasure Trove."* It is true that something concerning a treasure is to be discovered at the latter end of the novel, but L. S. D. or D. C. L., or what you will, is quite as good a title as another. It is the rose smells sweet, and not the name of it, — at least I take it it is only a publisher who would assert the contrary. For instance, everybody quarrels with the title of "Martin Chuzzlewit," and all that incomprehensible manifesto about the silver spoons and the family which followed; but did we read it the less? No. The British public is of that order of gormandizers which would like a cabinet pudding, even though you called it hard-dumpling, and is not to be taken in by titles in the main. L. S. D. is a good name; may all persons concerned have plenty of it!

The present tale of Mr. Lover's contains more action and incident than are to be found in his former works. It is an historical romance in due form — a romance of war, and love, and fun, and sentiment, and intrigue, and escape, and rebellion. I have but the dozen first numbers, and the thirteenth of the series is to complete the tale, but the question is, how on earth is it to be finished? It is true the wicked rival has been done for — that circumstances look prosperous enough for the hero — that he has saved the heroine from a proper number of dangers, and made himself agreeable to her father; all this is very well. But the hero's name is "Corkery Bon Dieu!" can the lovely Ellen Lynch of Galway, the admired of a Brady, a Bodkin, a Marshal Saxe; the affianced of a Kirnan (name equally illustrious, as Hardeman's Galway relates), — can Ellen Lynch marry a fellow by the name of Corkery? I won't believe it. It is against all the rules of romance. They must both die miserably in No. XIII., or young Ned Corkery be found to be somebody else's son than his father's, the old grocer of Galway. But this matter has been settled long ere this; and, if Ellen and Edward are married and happy (though indeed some people are married and unhappy, and some happy and unmarried, for the matter of that,) if they have taken the matrimonial line, Ellen, I would lay a wager, is not Mrs. Corkery.*

The novel carries us back to the year 1743, when the respected Mr. Edward Waverley distinguished himself in the service of his late Royal Highness the Pretender, and when men, instead of bandying compliments and *congées* in Belgrave Square, flying thither in hack-cabs, with white kid gloves on, and comfortable passports in their pockets, turned out on the hill-side, sword in hand, and faced Cumberland's thundering dragoons, and saw the backs of Johnny Cope's grenadiers. The contrast between the times is not a bad one, in the warriors of Perth and Falkirk yonder, with tartan and claymore, and the young French dandies, with oiled beards, and huge, gold-topped canes, grinning over a *fricandeau* at Very's! We have seen them, these warriors of the latter days: we have seen Belgrave Square, — we have seen the chivalry of France (in cabs) collected round the royal door, and battling about eight-penny fares at the sacred threshold, — we have seen the cads shouting, "This way, my lord! this

* If the respected critic had read the preface of Mr. Lover's work, he would have perceived that L.S.D. is the general name of a series of works, of which "Treasure Trove" is only the first. Those who know Ireland must be aware that the title L.S.D. is singularly applicable to that country, the quantity of specie there being immense — only a good deal of it is yet undiscovered. — O. Y.

* Private to the editor. — Please to add here in a short note the catastrophe of the novel, which I don't know.

way, mounseer!" — we have seen Gunter's cart driving up with *orgeat* and *lemonade* for the faithful warriors of *Henri!* He was there — there, in the one-pair front, smiling royally upon them as they came; and there was *eau sucrée* in the dining-room if the stalwart descendants of Du Guesclin were athirst. *O vanitas!* O woful change of times! The play is played up. Who dies for kings now? If Henri was to say to one of these martyrs in white *paletots* and lackered boots, "*Seigneur compte, coupez-moi cette barbe, que vous paiaessez tant chérir,*" would the count do it? Ah! do not ask! do not let us cut too deep into this dubious fidelity! let us have our opinions, but do not speak them too loudly. At any rate, it was better for Mr. Lover to choose 1740 for a romance in place of 1840, which is the sole moral of the above sentence.

The book is written with ability, and inspires great interest. The incidents are almost too many. We go from Galway to Hamburg, — from Hamburg to Bruges, — from Bruges, *viâ* London, to Paris, — from Paris to Scotland, and thence to Ireland, with war's alarms ringing in the ear the whole way, and are plunged into sea-fights, and land-fights, and shipwrecks, and chases, and conspiracies, without end. Our first battle is no less than the battle of Fontenoy, and it is described in a lively and a brilliant manner. Voltaire, out of that defeat, has managed to make such a compliment to the English nation, that a thrashing really becomes a pleasure, and Mr. Lover does not neglect a certain little opportunity:—

"'Dillon!' said Marshal Saxe, 'let the whole Irish brigade charge! to you I recommend its conduct. Where Dillon's regiment leads, the rest will follow. The cavalry has made no impression yet; let the Irish brigade show an example!'

"'It shall be done, marshal!' said Dillon, touching his hat, and turning his horse.

"'To victory!' cried Saxe, emphatically.

"'Or death!' cried Dillon solemnly, kissing the cross of his sword, and plunging the rowels in his horse's side, that swiftly he might do his bidding, and that the Irish brigade might first have the honor of changing the fortune of the day.

"Galloping along the front of their line, where the brigade stood impatient of the order to advance, Dillon gave a word that made every man clinch his teeth, firmly plunge his foot deep in the stirrup, and grip his sword for vengeance; for the word that Dillon gave was talismanic as others that have been memorable; he shouted, as he rode along, '*Remember Limerick!*' and then, wheeling around, and placing himself at the head of his own regiment, to whom the honor of leading was given, he gave the word to charge; and down swept the whole brigade, terrible as a thunderbolt, for the hitherto unbroken column of Cumberland was crushed under the fearful charge, the very earth trembled beneath that horrible rush of horse. Dillon was amongst the first to fall; he received a mortal wound from the steady, and well-directed fire of the English column, and as he was struck he knew his presentiment was fulfilled; but he lived long enough to know, also, he completed his prophecy of a glorious charge; plunging his spurs into his fiery horse, he jumped into the forest of bayonets, and, laying about him gallantly, he saw the English column broken, and fell, fighting, amidst a heap of slain. The day was won, the column could no longer resist; but with the indomitable spirit of Englishmen, they still turned their faces to the foe, and retired without confusion; *they lost the field with honor*, and, in the midst of defeat, it was some satisfaction to know it was the bold islanders of their own seas, who carried the victory against them. It was no *foreigner* before whom they yielded. The thought *was* bitter that they themselves had disbanded a strength so mighty; but they took consolation in a strange land in the thought that it was only their *own right arm* could deal a blow so heavy. Thanks be to God, these unnatural days are passed, and the unholy laws that made them so are expunged. In a little more than sixty years after, and not fifty miles from that very spot, Irish valor helped to win victory on the side of England; for, at Waterloo, Erin gave to Albion, not only her fiery columns, but her unconquered chieftain."

That Irish brigade is the deuce, certainly. When it once appears, the consequences are obvious. No mortal can stand against it. Why does not some military liberal write the history of this redoubtable legion?

There is something touching in these legends of the prowess of the

exile in his banishment, and no doubt it could be shown that where the French did not happen to have the uppermost in their contest with the Saxon, it was because their allies were engaged elsewhere, and not present in the field to *Fag an Bealach*, as Mr. Lover writes it, to "clear the way;" on which subject he writes a song, which, he says, "At least all Ireland will heartily digest."

"FAG AN BEALACH.

Fill the cup, my brothers,
To pledge a toast,
Which, beyond all others,
We prize the most:
As yet 'tis but a notion
We dare not name;
But soon o'er land or ocean
'Twill fly with fame!
Then give the game before us
One view holla,
Hip! hurra! in chorus.
Fag an Bealach!

We out hearts can fling, boys,
O'er this notion,
As the sea-bird's wing, boys,
Dips the ocean.
'Tis too deep for words, boys,
We touch and go:
For dangers deep surrounding,
Our hopes might swallow;
So through the tempest bounding,
Fag an Bealach!

This thought with glory rife, boys,
Did brooding dwell,
Till time did give it life, boys,
To break the shell;
'Tis in our hearts yet lying,
An unfledged thing;
But soon, an eaglet flying,
'Twill take the wing!
For 'tis no timeling frail, boys—
No summer swallow—
'Twill live through winter's gale, boys.
Fag an Bealach.

Lawyers may indite us
By crooked laws,
Soldiers strive to fright us
From country's cause;
But we will sustain it
Living—dying—
Point of law or bay'net
Still defying!
Let their parchment rattle—
Drums are hollow,
So is lawyer's prattle—
Fag an Bealach!

Better early graves, boys,
Dark locks gory,
Than bow the heads, as slaves, boys,
When they are hoary.
Fight it out we must, boys,
Hit or miss it;
Better *bite* the dust, boys,
Than to *kiss* it!
For dust to dust at last, boys,
Death *will* swallow—
Hark! the trumpet's blast, boys,
Fag an Bealach!"

Hurra! clear the course! Here comes Rory O'More thundering down with his big alpeen; his blood is up, and woe to the Saxon skull that comes in contact with the terrible fellow's oak-stick. He is in the immortal fury, that's a fact. He talks of dying as easy as of supping buttermilk; he rattles out rhymes for bayonet and cartouche-box as if they were his ordinary weapons; he is a sea-bird, and then an eagle breaking his shell, and previously a huntsman—any thing for his country! "Your sowl!" how I see the Saxons flying before Rory and his wild huntsmen, as the other foul animals did before St. Patrick.

It is a good rattling lyric, to be sure. But is it well sung by *you*, O Samuel Lover? Are *you*, too, turning rebel, and shouting out songs of hatred against the Saxon? You, whose gentle and kindly muse never breathed any thing but peace and good will as yet; you, whose name did seem to indicate your nature; the happy discoverer of the four-leaf shamrock, and of that blessed island "where not a tear or aching heart should be found!" Leave the brawling to the politicians and the newspaper ballad-mongers. They live by it. You need not. The lies which they tell, and the foul hatred which they excite, and the fierce lust of blood which they preach,—leave to them. Don't let poets and men of genius join in the brutal chorus, and lead on starving savages to murder. Or do you, after maturely deliberating the matter, mean to say, you think a rebellion a just, feasible, and useful thing for your country,—the

only feasible thing the inevitable slaughter which it would occasion, excusable on account of the good it would do? "A song," say you, ushering this incendiary lyric into print, "is the spawn of a poet, and when healthy, of a thing of life and feeling that should increase and multiply, and become food for the world." And so, with this conviction of the greatness of your calling, and this knowledge of the fact, that every line you write is food for mankind to profit by, you sit down calmly and laboriously in your study in London, and string together rhymes for Faug a Bolla, and reasons for treason! "All Ireland," forsooth is heartily to digest the song! A pretty moral, truly, for all Ireland, — a comfortable dinner! Blood, arsenic, blue vitriol, Prussic acid, to wash down pikes, cannon-balls, and red hot shot!

Murder is the meaning of this song, or what is it? Let a Saxon beseech you to hold your hand before you begin this terrible sport. Can you say, on your honor and conscience, and after living in England, that you ever met an Englishman with a heart in his Saxony cloth surtout that was not touched by the wrongs and miseries of your country? How are these frantic denunciations of defiance and hatred, these boasts of strength and hints of murder, received in England? Do the English answer you with a hundredth part of the ferocity with which you appeal to them? Do they fling back hatred for your hatred? Do they not forget your anger in regard for your misery, and receive your mad curses and outcries with an almost curious pitying forbearance? *Now*, at least, the wrong is not on our side, whatever in former days it may have been. And I think a poet shames his great calling, and has no more right to preach this wicked, foolish, worn-out, unchristian doctrine from *his* altar than a priest from his pulpit. No good ever came of it. *This* will never "be food for the world," be sure of that. Loving, honest men and women were never made to live on such accursed meat. Poets least of all should recommend it; for are they not priests too, in their way? do they not occupy a happy neutral ground, apart from the quarrels and hatred of the world, — a ground to which they should make all welcome, and where there should be only kindness and peace? . . . I see Rory O'More relents. He drops his terrific club of battle; he will spare the Sassenach this time, and leave him whole bones. Betty, take down the gentleman's stick, and make a fire with it in the kitchen, and we'll have a roaring pot of twankay.

While discussing the feast in perfect good humor and benevolence, let us say that the novel of "Treasure Trove" is exceedingly pleasant and lively. It has not been written without care, and a great deal of historical reading. Bating the abominable Faug a Bolla, it contains a number of pleasant, kindly, and sweet lyrics, such as the author has the secret of inventing, and of singing, and of setting to the most beautiful music; and is illustrated by a number of graceful and delicate etchings, far better than any before designed by the author.

Let us give another of his songs, which, albeit of the military sort, has the real natural, *Lover*-like feeling about it.

"THE SOLDIER.

'Twas glorious day, worth a warrior's telling,
Two kings had fought, and the fight was done,
When 'midst the shout of victory swelling,
A soldier fell on the field he won.
He thought of kings, and royal quarrels,
And thought of glory without a smile;
For what had he to do with laurels?
He was only one of the rank and file.
But he pulled out his little *cruiskeen*,
And drank to his pretty *colleen!*
'Oh! darling!' says he, 'when I die
You won't be a widow — for why?—
Ah! you never would have me *your-neen.*'

A raven tress from his bosom taking,
That now was stained with his life-stream shed;
A fervent prayer o'er that ringlet making,
He blessings sought on the loved one's head.
And visions fair of his native mountains
Arose, enchanting his fading sight;
Their emerald valleys, and crystal fountains,
Were never shining more green and bright;
And grasping his little *cruiskeen*,
He pledged the dear island *of* green;—
'Though far from thy valleys I die,
Dearest isle, to my heart thou art nigh,
As though absent I never had been.'

A tear now fell, for as life was sinking,
The pride that guarded his manly eye
Was weaker grown, and his last fond thinking
Brought heaven and home and his true love nigh.
But, with the fire of his gallant nation,
He scorned surrender without a blow!
He made with death capitulation,
And with warlike honors he still would go;
For draining his little *cruiskeen*,
He drank to his cruel colleen,
To the emerald land of his birth—
And lifeless he sank to the earth,
Brave a soldier as ever was seen!"

Here is the commencement of another lyric:—

"Oh remember this life is but dark and brief;
There are sorrows, and tears, and despair for all,
And hope and joy are as leaves that fall.
Then pluck the beauteous and fragrant leaf
Before the autumn of pain and grief!

There are hopes and smiles with their starry rays,—
O press them tenderly to thy heart!
They will not return when they once are depart!
Rejoice in the radiant and joyous days
Though the light, though the glee, but a moment stays!"

But these pretty, wild, fantastical lines are not from "Treasure Trove." They come from another volume bound in yellow; another monthly tale, from another bard who "lisps in numbers," and has produced a story called "The Miser's Son."

"The Miser's Son" (no relation to "The Miser's Daughter") is evidently the work of a very young hand. It, too, is a stirring story of love and war; and the Pretender is once more in the field of fiction. The writer aims, too, at sentiment and thoughtfulness, and writes sometimes wisely, sometimes poetically, and often (must it be said?) bombastically and absurdly. But it is good to find a writer now-a-days (whether it be profitable for himself is another question) who takes the trouble to think at all. Reflection is not the ordinary quality of novels, whereof it seems to be the writer's maxim to give the reader and himself no trouble of thinking at all, but rather to lull the mind into a genial doze and forgetfulness. For this wholesome and complete vacuity, I would recommend —*

And now we come to "The Burgomaster of Berlin," from the German of Willebald Alexis, which has been admirably translated by W. A. G. It is a somewhat hard matter to peruse these three great volumes, above all, the commencement is difficult: the type is close; the German names very outlandish and hard to pronounce; the action of the novel rather confused and dilatory. But as soon as the reader grows accustomed to the names and the style, he will find much to interest him in the volumes, and a most curious and careful picture of German life in the fifteenth century exhibited to him. German burghers, with their quarrels and carouses; German princes, for whom the author has a very German respect; German junkers and knights gallantly robbing on the highway. The whole of that strange, wild, forgotten German life of the middle ages is here resuscitated for him with true German industry, and no small share of humor. There are proverbs enough in the book to stock a dozen High-Dutch Sanchos with wisdom; and you feel, after reading through the volumes, glad to have perused them, and not a little glad that the work is

* Here our correspondent's manuscript is quite illegible.

done. It is like a heavy book of travels; but it carries the reader into quite a new country, and familiarizes him with new images, personages, ideas.

Here is a striking specimen of the style: —

THE FEAST IN THE FOREST.

"On the spot where Hans Makeprang's cart stood, there was afterwards a great feast. No human eye saw it: it was a sight that would not have suited the human eye. The sky was gray enough before; but now it became black. The red pine-branches shook their boughs, and from every one the crows sprang up, and circled in the air, croaking. Then they descended like night upon the stones; and as flies blacken a spot where there is a drop of something sweet, so they covered the dead body of the horse with their black wings.

"But then came another rushing through the air, and on the highest branches sat other birds, with crooked bills, rocking themselves. They were hawks and kites, and they flew down upon the lumps of stone; and the crows were restless, and fluttered backwards and forwards.

"But whilst they were contending, and the crows which had flown away kept coming again, scarce giving the hawks time for their dainty meal, there might be seen two dark spots in the highest clouds; nearer they drew with immense circles, and as they came nearer each circle became less. The crows fluttered anxiously, and the hawks looked up and screamed, still unwilling to quit their food; but down came, with outspread wings wide enough to wrap round a lamb, with glistening eyes, and powerful-hooked beaks, two mighty eagles. It was as if a hot stone had fallen from the clouds hissing and glowing, raising dust, and smoke, and vapor where it fell. Just in such a manner they pounced upon the carrion, beating their wings so, that the grass moved, and the loose snow was blown about; and they dug their claws into the body, so that it seemed as if the dead animal was moving again, and making efforts to get up.

"The crows flew croaking away, and the other birds screamed and flew here and there, ever coming again, but not venturing to approach. There was a sound and a warring in the air, and all for the carrion. But as night approached, and the birds began to seek their nests in the hollow trunks, and the eagles, sated, flew away, bearing pieces with them to their distant nests, then out crept the foxes, and plundered what the eagles had left. But not for long; for out of the depths of the woods came a distant howling. All that had life was silent; nothing was heard save the sound of long leaps in the crackling brushwood; the foxes stole away; for the wolves were there, and they tore, with frightful howlings, what the kites, and eagles, and foxes had left. When the morning came, all that was left of Makeprang's horse was a few picked and broken bones; it was gone here and gone there."

And now there is but one book left in the box, the smallest one, but oh! how much the best of all! It is the work of the master of all the English humorists now alive; the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and kept it. Think of all we owe Mr. Dickens since those half dozen years, the store of happy hours that he has made us pass, the kindly and pleasant companions whom he has introduced to us; the harmless laughter, the generous wit, the frank, manly, human love which he has taught us to feel! Every month of those years has taught us some kind token from the delightful genius. His books may have lost in art, perhaps, but could we afford to wait? Since the days when "The Spectator" was produced by a man of kindred mind and temper, what books have appeared that have taken so affectionate a hold upon the public as these? They have made millions of rich and poor happy; they might have been locked up for nine years, doubtless, and pruned here and there, and improved (which I doubt), but where would have been the reader's benefit all this time, while the author was elaborating his performance? Would the communion between the writer and the public have been what it is now, — something continual, confidential, something like personal affection? I do not know whether these stories are written for future ages; many sage critics doubt on this head. There are always such conjurers to tell literary fortunes; and to my certain knowledge, Boz, according to them, has been sinking regularly these six

years. I doubt about that mysterious writing for futurity which certain big wigs describe. Snarl has a chance, certainly. His works, which have not been read in this age, *may* be read in the future; but the receipt for that sort of writing has never as yet been clearly ascertained. Shakspeare did not write for futurity; he wrote his plays for the same purpose which inspires the pen of Alfred Bunn, Esquire, viz., to fill his Theatre Royal. And yet we read Shakspeare now. Le Sage and Fielding wrote for their public; and through the great Dr. Johnson put his peevish protest against the fame of the latter, and voted him "a dull dog, sir, — a low fellow," yet somehow Harry Fielding has survived in spite of the critic, and Parson Adams is at this minute as real a character, as much loved by us, as the old doctor himself. What a noble, divine power this of genius is, which, passing from the poet into his reader's soul, mingles with it, and there engenders, as it were, real creatures, which is strong, as history, which creates beings that take their place by nature's own. All that we know of Don Quixote or Louis XIV. we got to know in the same way out of a book. I declare I love Sir Roger de Coverley quite as much as Isaac Walton, and have just as clear a consciousness of the looks, voice, habit, and manner of being, of the one as of the other.

And so with regard to this question of futurity; if any benevolent being of the present age is imbued with a yearning desire to know what his great-great grandchild will think of this or that author — of Mr. Dickens especially, whose claims to fame have raised the question — the only way to settle it is by the ordinary historic method. Did not your great-great-grandfather love and delight in Don Quixote and Sancho Panza? Have they lost their vitality by their age? Don't they move laughter and awaken affection now as three hundred years ago? And so with Don Pickwick and Sancho Weller, if their gentle humors, and kindly wit, and hearty benevolent natures, touch us and convince us, as it were, now, why should they not exist for our children as well as for us, and make the twenty-fifth century happy, as they have the nineteenth? Let Snarl console himself, then, as to the future.

As for "The Christmas Carol," or any other book of a like nature which the public takes upon itself to criticise, the individual critic had quite best hold his peace. One remembers what Bonaparte replied to some Austrian critics, of much correctness and acumen, who doubted about acknowledging the French republic. I do not mean that "The Christmas Carol" is quite as brilliant or self-evident as the sun at noonday; but it is so spread over England by this time, that no sceptic, no "Fraser's Magazine"—no, not even the godlike and ancient "Quarterly" itself (venerable, Saturnian, bigwigged dynasty!) could review it down. "Unhappy people! deluded race!" one hears the cauliflowered god exclaim, mournfully shaking the powder out of his ambrosial curls, "What strange new folly is this? What new deity do you worship? Know ye what ye do? Know ye that your new idol hath little Latin and less Greek? Know ye that he has never tasted the birch of Eton, nor trodden the flags of Carfax, nor paced the academic flats of Trumpington? Know ye that in mathematics, or logics, this wretched ignoramus is not fit to hold a candle to a wooden spoon? See ye not how, from describing low humors, he now, forsooth, will attempt the sublime? Discern ye not his faults of taste, his deplorable propensity of writing blank verse? Come back to your ancient, venerable, and natural instructors. Leave the new, low, and intoxicating draught at which ye rush, and let us lead you back to the old wells of classic lore. Come and repose with us there. We are your gods; we are the ancient oracles, and no mistake. Come listen to us once

more, and we will sing to you the mystic numbers of *as in presenti* under the arches of the Pons Asinorum." But the children of the present generation hear not; for they reply, "Rush to the Strand and purchase five thousand more copies of 'The Christmas Carol.'"

In fact, one might as well detail the plot of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," or "Robinson Crusoe," as recapitulate here the adventures of Scrooge the miser, and his Christmas conversion. I am not sure that the allegory is a very complete one, and protest, with the classics, against the use of blank verse in prose; but here all objections stop. Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness. The last two people I heard speak of it were women; neither knew the other, or the author, and both said, by way of criticism, "God bless him!" A Scotch philosopher, who nationally does not keep Christmas Day, on reading the book, sent out for a turkey, and asked two friends to dine—this is a fact! Many men were known to sit down after perusing it, and write off letters to their friends, not about business, but out of their fulness of heart, and to wish old acquaintances a happy Christmas. Had the book appeared a fortnight earlier, all the prize cattle would have been gobbled up in pure love and friendship, Epping denuded of sausages, and not a turkey left in Norfolk. His royal highness's fat stock would have fetched unheard of prices, and Alderman Bannister would have been tired of slaying. But there is a Christmas for 1844, too; the book will be as early then as now, and so let speculators look out.

As for TINY TIM, there is a certain passage in the book regarding that young gentleman, about which a man should hardly venture to speak in print or in public, any more than he would any other affections of his private heart. There is not a reader in England but that little creature will be a bond of union between the author and him, and he will say of Charles Dickens, as the women just now, "GOD BLESS HIM!" What a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire, and what a reward to reap!

M. A. T.

MAY GAMBOLS;

OR, TITMARSH IN THE PICTURE-GALLERIES.

THE readers of this miscellany may, perhaps, have remarked that always, at the May season and the period of the exhibitions, our eccentric correspondent Titmarsh seems to be seized with a double fit of eccentricity, and to break out into such violent fantastical gambols as might cause us to be alarmed did we not know him to be harmless, and induce us to doubt of his reason but that the fit is generally brief, and passes off after the first excitement occasioned by visiting the picture-galleries. It was in one of these fits, some years since, that he announced in this Magazine his own suicide, which we know to be absurd, for he has drawn many hundred guineas from us since:—on the same occasion he described his debts and sojourn at a respectable hotel, in which it seems he has never set his foot. But these hallucinations pass away with May, and next month he will, no doubt, be

calmer, or, at least, not more absurd than usual. Some disappointments occurring to himself, and the refusal of his great picture of "Heliogabalus" in the year 1803 (which caused his retirement from practice as a painter), may account for his extreme bitterness against some of the chief artists in this, or any other school or country. Thus we have him in these pages abusing Raffaelle; in the very last month he fell foul of Rubens, and in the present paper he actually pooh-poohs Sir Martin Shee and some of the Royal Academy. This is too much. "*Cœlum ipsum*," as Horace says, "*petimus stultitiâ*." But we will quote no more the well-known words of the Epicurean bard.

We only add that we do not feel in the least bound by any one of the opinions here brought forward, from most of which, except where the writer contradicts himself and so saves us the trouble, we cordially dissent; and perhaps the reader had best pass on to the next article, omitting all perusal of this, excepting, of course, the editorial notice of — O. Y.

Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead, May 25, 1844.

THIS is written in the midst of general desolation and discouragement of the honest practitioners who dwell in the dingy first-floors about Middlesex Hospital and Soho. The long-haired ones are tearing their lanky locks; the velvet-coated sons of genius are plunged in despair; the law has ordered the suppression of Art Unions, and the wheel of Fortune has suddenly and cruelly been made to stand still. When the dreadful news came that the kindly, harmless Art-lottery was to be put an end to, although Derby lotteries are advertised in every gin-shop in London, and every ruffian in the city may gamble at his leisure, the men of the brush and palette convoked a tumultuous meeting, where, amidst tears, shrieks, and wrath, the cruelty of their case was debated. Wyse of Waterford calmly presided over the stormy bladder-squeezers, the insulted wielders of the knife and maulstick. Wyse soothed their angry spirits with words of wisdom and hope. He stood up in the assembly of the legislators of the land and pointed out their wrongs. The painters' friend, the kind old Lansdowne, lifted up his cordial voice among the peers of England, and asked for protection for the children of Raffaelle and Apelles. No one said nay. All pitied the misfortune of the painters; even Lord Brougham was stilled into compassion, and the voice of Vaux was only heard in sobs.

These are days of darkness, but there is hope in the vista; the lottery subscription lies in limbo, but it shall be released therefrom and flourish, exuberantly revivified, in future years. Had the ruin been consummated, this hand should have withered rather than have attempted to inscribe jokes concerning it. No. "Fraser" is the artists' friend, their mild parent. While his Royal Highness Prince Albert dines with the Academicians, the rest of painters, less fortunate, are patronized by her majesty REGINA.

Yes, in spite of the Art-Union accident, there is hope for the painters. Sir Martin Archer Shee thinks that the prince's condescension in dining with the Academy will do incalculable benefit to the art. Henceforth its position is assured in the world. This august patronage, the president says, evincing the sympathy of the higher classes, must awaken the interest of the low; and the public (the ignorant rogues!) will thus learn to appreciate what they have not cared for hitherto. Interested! of course they will be. O Academicians! ask the public to dinner, and you will see how much interested they will be. We are authorized to state that next year any person who will send in his name will have a cover provided; Trafalgar Square is to be awned in, plates are

to be laid for 250,000, one of the new basins is to be filled with turtle, and the other with cold punch. The president and the *élite* are to sit upon Nelson's pillar, while rows of benches, stretching as far as the Union Club, Northumberland House, and St. Martin's Church, will accommodate the vulgar. Mr. Toole is to have a speaking-trumpet; and a twenty-four pounder to be discharged at each toast.

There are other symptoms of awakening interest in the public mind. The readers of newspapers will remark this year that the leaders of public opinion have devoted an unusually large space and print to reviews of the fine arts. They have been employing critics, who, though they contradict each other a good deal, are yet evidently better acquainted with the subject than critics of old used to be when gentlemen of the profession were instructed to report on a fire, or an Old Bailey trial, or a Greek play, or an opera, or a boxing-match, or a picture-gallery, as their turn came. Read now "The Times," "The Chronicle," "The Post" (especially "The Post," of which the painting critiques have been very good), and it will be seen that the critic knows his business, and from the length of his articles it may be conjectured that the public is interested in knowing what he has to say. This is all, probably, from the prince having dined at the Academy. The nation did not care for pictures until then — until the nobility taught us; gracious nobility! Above all, what a compliment to the public!

As one looks round the rooms of the Royal Academy, one cannot but deplore the fate of the poor fellows who have been speculating upon the Art-Unions; and yet in the act of grief there is a lurking satisfaction. The poor fellows can't sell their pieces; that is a pity. But why did the poor fellows paint such fiddle-faddle pictures? They catered for the *bourgeois*, the sly rogues! they know honest John Bull's taste, and simple admiration of namby-pamby, and so they supplied him with an article that was just likely to suit him. In like manner, savages are supplied with glass beads; children are accommodated with toys and trash, by dexterous speculators who know their market. Well, I am sorry that the painting speculators have had a stop put to their little venture, and that the ugly law against lotteries has stepped in and seized upon the twelve thousand pounds, which was to furnish many a hungry British Raffaelle with a coat and a beefsteak. Many a Mrs. Raffaelle, who was looking out for a new dress, or a trip to Margate or Boulogne for the summer, must forego the pleasure, and remain in dingy Newman Street. Many little ones will go back to Turnham Green academies and not carry the amount of last half-year's bill in the trunk; many a landlord will bully about the non-payment of the rent; and a vast number of frame-makers will look wistfully at their carving and gilding as it returns after the exhibition to Mr. Tinto, Charlotte Street, along with poor Tinto's picture from "The Vicar of Wakefield," that he made sure of selling to an Art-Union prizeman. This is the pathetic side of the question. My heart is tender, and I weep for the honest painters peering dismally at the twelve thousand pounds like hungry boys do at a tart-shop.

But — here stern justice interposes, and the MAN having relented the CRITIC raises his inexorable voice — but, I say, the enemies of Art-Unions have had some reason for their complaints, and I fear it is too true that the effect of those institutions, as far as they have gone hitherto, has not been mightily favorable to the cause of art. One day, by custom, no doubt, the public taste will grow better, and as the man who begins by intoxicating himself with a glass of gin finishes sometimes by easily absorbing a bottle; as the law-student, who at first is tired with a chapter of Black-

stone, will presently swallow you down with pleasure a whole volume of Chitty; as EDUCATION, in a word, advances, it is humbly to be hoped that the great and generous British public will not be so easily satisfied as at present, and will ask for a better article for its money.

Meanwhile, their taste being pitiable, the artists supply them with poor stuff — pretty cheap tawdry toys and gimcracks in place of august and beautiful objects of art. It is always the case. I do not mean to say that the literary men are a bit better. Poor fellows of the pen and pencil! we must live. The public likes light literature, and we write it. Here am I writing magazine jokes and follies, and why? Because the public like such, will purchase no other. Otherwise, as Mr. Nickisson, and all who are acquainted with M. A. Titmarsh in private know, my real inclinations would lead me to write works upon mathematics, geology, and chemistry, varying them in my lighter hours with little playful treatises on questions of political economy, epic poems, and essays on the Æolic digamma. So, in fact, these severe rebukes with which I am about to belabor my neighbor must be taken, as they are given, in a humble and friendly spirit; they are not actuated by pride, but by deep sympathy. Just as we read in holy Mr. Newman's life of Saint Stephen Harding, that it was the custom among the godly Cistercian monks (in the good old times, which holy Newman would restore) to assemble every morning in full chapter; and there, after each monk had made his confession, it was free to — nay, it was strictly enjoined on — any other brother to rise and say, "Brother So-and-so hath not told all his sins; our dear brother has forgotten that yesterday he ate his split-peas with too much gormandize;" or, "This morning he did indecently rejoice over his water-gruel," or what not. These real Christians were called upon to inform, not only of themselves, but to be informers over each other; and, the information being given, the brother informed against thanked his brother the informer, and laid himself down on the desk, and was flagellated with gratitude. Sweet friends! be you like the Cistercians! Brother Michael Angelo is going to inform against you. Get ready your garments and prepare for flagellation. Brother Michael Angelo is about to lay on and spare not.

Brother Michael lifts up his voice against the young painters collectively in the first place, afterwards individually, when he will also take leave to tickle them with the wholesome stripes of the flagellum. In the first place, then (and my heart is so tender, that, rather than begin the operation, I have been beating about the bush for more than a page, of which page the reader is cordially requested to omit the perusal, as it is not the least to the purpose), I say that the young painters of England, whose uprise this Magazine and this critic were the first to hail, asserting loudly their superiority over the pompous old sham-classical big-wigs of the Academy — the young painters of England *are not doing their duty*. They are going backwards, or rather, they are flinging themselves under the wheels of that great golden Juggernaut of an Art-Union. The thought of the money is leading them astray; they are poets no longer, but money-hunters. They paint down to the level of the public intelligence, rather than seek to elevate the public to them. Why do these great geniuses fail in their duty of instruction? Why, knowing better things, do they serve out such awful twaddle as we have from them? Alas! it is not for art they paint, but for the Art-Union.

The first dear brother I shall take the liberty to request to get ready for operation is brother Charles Landseer. Brother Charles has sinned. He has grievously sinned. And we will begin with this miserable sinner,

and administer to him admonition in a friendly, though most fierce and cutting manner.

The subject of brother Charles Landseer's crime is this. The sinner has said to himself, "The British public likes domestic pieces. They will have nothing *but* domestic pieces. I will give them one, and of a new sort. Suppose I paint a picture that must make a hit. My picture will have every sort of interest. It shall interest the religious public; it shall interest the domestic public; it shall interest the amateur for the cleverness of its painting; it shall interest little boys and girls, for I will introduce no end of animals, camels, monkeys, elephants, and cockatoos; it shall interest sentimental young ladies, for I will take care to have a pretty little episode for them. I will take the town by storm, in a word." This is what I conceive was passing in brother Charles Landseer's sinful soul when he conceived and executed his NOAH'S ARK IN A DOMESTIC POINT OF VIEW.

Noah and his family (with some supplemental young children, very sweetly painted) are seated in the ark, and a port-hole is opened, out of which one of the sons is looking at the now peaceful waters. The sunshine enters the huge repository of the life of the world, and the dove has just flown in with an olive-branch and nestles in the bosom of one of the daughters of Noah; the patriarch and his aged partner are lifting up their venerable eyes in thankfulness; the children stand around, the peaceful laborer and the brown huntsman each testifying his devotion after his fashion. The animals round about participate in the joyful nature of the scene, their instinct seems to tell them that the hour of their deliverance is near.

There, the picture is described romantically and in the best of language. Now let us proceed to examine the poetry critically, and to see what its claims are. Well, the ark is a great subject. The history from which we have our account of it, from a poet surely demands a reverend treatment; a blacksmith roaring from the desk of a conventicle may treat it familiarly, but an educated artist ought surely to approach such a theme with respect. The point here is only urged æsthetically. As a matter of *taste*, then (and the present humble writer has no business to speak on any other), such a manner of treating the subject is certainly reprehensible. The ark is vulgarized here, and reduced to the proportions of a Calais steamer. The passengers are rejoicing: they are glad to get away. Their live animals are about them no more nor less sublime than so many cattle or horses in loose boxes. The parrots perched on the hoop yonder have as little signification as a set of birds in a cage at the Zoölogical Gardens; the very dove becomes neither more nor less than the *pet* of the pretty girl represented in the centre of the picture. All the greatness of the subject is lost; and, putting the historical nature of the personages out of the question, they have little more interest than a group of any emigrants in the hold of a ship, who rouse and rally at the sound of "Land ho!"

Why, if all great themes of poetry are to be treated in this way, the art would be easy. We might have Hector shaving himself before going out to fight Achilles, as, undoubtedly, the Trojan hero did; Priam in a cotton nightcap asleep in a four-poster on the night of the sack of Troy, Hecuba, of course, by his side, with curl-papers, and her *tour de tête* on the toilet-glass. We might have Dido's maid coming after her mistress in the shower with pattens and an umbrella; or Cleopatra's page guttling the figs in the basket which had brought the asp that killed the mistress of Antony. Absurd trivialities, or pretty trivialities, are nothing to the question; those I have adduced here are absurd, but they are just as

poetical as prettiness, not a whit less degrading and commonplace. No painter has a right to treat great historical subjects in such a fashion; and though the public are sure to admire, and young ladies, in raptures, look on at the darling of a dove, and little boys in delight cry, "Look, papa, at the parroquets!"—"Law, ma, what big trunks the elephants have!" it yet behooves the critic to say this is an unpoetical piece, and severely to reprehend the unhappy perpetrator thereof.

I know brother Charles will appeal. I know it will be pleaded in his favor that the picture is capitally painted, some of the figures very pretty; two, that of the old woman and the boy looking out, quite grand in drawing and color; the picture charming for its silvery tone and agreeable pleasantry of color. All this is true. But he has sinned, he has greatly sinned; let him acknowledge his fault in the presence of the chapter, and receive the customary and wholesome reward thereof.

Frater Redgrave is the next malefactor whose sins deserve a reprobation. In the namby-pamby line his errors are very sad. Has he not been already warned in this very miscellany of his propensity to small sentiment? Has he corrected himself of that grievous tendency? No: his weakness grows more and more upon him, and he is now more sinful than ever. One of his pictures is taken from the most startling lyric in our language, "The Song of the Shirt," a song as bitter and manly as it is exquisitely soft and tender, a song of which the humor draws tears. *

Mr. Redgrave has illustrated every thing except the humor, the manliness, and the bitterness of the song. He has only depicted the tender, good-natured part of it. It is impossible to quarrel with the philanthropy of the painter. His shirt-maker sits by her little neat bed, work, working away. You may see how late it is, for the candle is nearly burnt out, the clock (capital poetic notion!) says what o'clock it is, the gray-streaked dawn is rising over the opposite house seen through the cheerless casement, and where (from a light which it has in its window) you may imagine that another poor shirt-maker is toiling too. The one before us is pretty, pale, and wan; she turns up the whites of her fine, fatigued eyes to the little ceiling. She is ill, as the artist has shown us by a fine stroke of genius — a parcel of medicine-bottles on the mantel-piece! The picture is carefully and cleverly painted — extremely popular — gazed at with vast interest by most spectators. Is it, however, a poetical subject? Yes, Hood has shown that it can be made one, but by surprising turns of thought brought to bear upon it, strange, terrible, unexpected lights of humor which he has flung upon it. And, to "trump" this tremendous card, Mr. Redgrave gives us this picture; his points being the clock, which tells the time of day, the vials which show the poor girl takes physic, and such other vast labors of intellect!

Mr. Redgrave's other picture, "The Marriage Morning," is also inspired by that milk and water of human kindness, the flavor of which is so insipid to the roast-beef intellect. This is a scene of a marriage morning, the bride is taking leave of her mamma after the ceremony, and that amiable lady, reclining in an easy-chair, is invoking benedictions upon the parting couple, and has a hand of her daughter and her son-in-law clasped in each of hers. She is smiling sadly, restraining her natural sorrow, which will break out so soon as the post-chaise you see through the window, and on which the footman is piling the nuptial luggage, shall have driven off to Salt

* How is it that none of the papers have noticed the astonishing poem by Mr. Hood, in the May number of his magazine, to which our language contains no parallel? — M. A. T.

Hill, or Rose Cottage, Richmond, which I recommend. The bride's father, a venerable, bald-headed gentleman, with a most benignant, though slow-coachish look, is trying to console poor Anna Maria, the unmarried sister, who is losing the companion of her youth. Never mind, Anna Maria, my dear, your turn will come too; there is a young gentleman making a speech in the parlor to the health of the new-married pair, who, I lay a wager, will be struck by your fine eyes, and be for serving you as your sister has been treated. This small fable is worked out with great care in a picture in which there is much clever and conscientious painting, from which, however, I must confess I derive little pleasure. The sentiment and color of the picture somehow coincide; the eye rests upon a variety of neat tints of pale drab, pale green, pale brown, pale puce color, of a sickly warmth, not pleasant to the eye. The drawing is feeble, the expression of the faces pretty, but lackadaisical. The penance I would order Mr. Redgrave should be a pint of port wine to be taken daily, and a devilled kidney every morning for breakfast before beginning to paint.

A little of the devil, too, would do Mr. Frank Stone no harm. He, too, is growing dangerously sentimental. His picture, with a quotation from Horace, "Mæcenas atavis edite regibus," represents a sort of game of tender cross-purposes, very difficult to describe in print. Suppose two lads, Jocky and Tommy, and two lasses, Jenny and Jessamy. They are placed thus:—

		Tommy.
Jessamy.	Jenny.	Jocky.
	A dog.	

Now Jocky is making love to Jenny in an easy, off-hand sort of way, and though, or, perhaps, *because* he doesn't care for her much, is evidently delighting the young woman. She looks round, with a pleased smile on her fresh, plump cheeks, and turns slightly towards heaven a sweet little *retroussé* nose, and twiddles her fingers (most exquisitely these hands are drawn and painted, by the way) in the most contented way. But, ah! how little does she heed Tommy, who, standing behind Jocky, reclining against a porch, is looking and longing for this light-hearted Jenny. And, oh! why does Tommy cast such sheep's eyes upon Jenny, when by her side sits *Jessamy*, the tender and romantic, the dark-eyed and raven-haired being, whose treasures of affection are flung at heedless Tommy's feet? All the world is interested in Jessamy; her face is beautiful, her look of despairing love is so exquisitely tender, that it touches every spectator; and the ladies are unanimous in wondering how Tommy can throw himself away upon that simpering Jenny, when such a superior creature as Jessamy is to be had for the asking. But such is the way of the world, and Tommy will marry, simply because everybody tells him not.

Thus far for the sentiment of the picture. The details are very good; there is too much stippling and show of finish, perhaps, in the handling, and the painting might have been more substantial, and lost nothing. But the color is good, the group very well composed, the variety of expression excellent. There is great passion, as well as charming delicacy, in the disappointed maiden's face; much fine appreciation of character in the easy, smiling triumph of the rival; and, although this sentence was commenced with the express determination of rating Mr. Stone soundly, lo! it is finished without a word of blame. Well, let's vent our anger on the dog. That *is* very bad, and seems to have no more bones than an apple-dumpling. It is only because the artist has been painting

disappointed lovers a great deal of late, that one is disposed to grumble, not at the work, but the want of variety of subject.

As a sentimental picture, the best and truest, to my taste, is that by Mr. Webster, the "Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Webster," painted to celebrate their fiftieth wedding-day. Such a charming old couple were never seen. There is delightful grace, sentiment, and purity, in these two gentle, kindly heads; much more sentiment and grace than even in Mr. Eastlake's "Heloise," a face which the artist has painted over and over again; a beautiful woman, but tiresome, unearthly, unsubstantial, and no more like Heloise than like the Duke of Wellington. If the late Mr. Pope's epistle be correct, Eloisa was a most unmistakable woman; this is a substanceless, passionless, solemn, mystical apparition; but I doubt if a woman be not the more poetical being of the two.

Being on the subject of sentimental pictures, Mr. Delaroche's great "Holy Family" must be mentioned here; and, if there is reason to quarrel with the unsatisfactory nature of English sentiment, in truth it appears that the French are not much better provided with the high poetical quality. This picture has all the outside of poetry, all the costume of religion, all the prettiness and primness of the new German dandy-pietistical school. It is an agreeable compound of Correggio and Raffaelle, with a strong dash of Overbeck; it is painted as clean and pretty as a tulip on a dessert-plate, the lines made out so neatly that none can mistake them. The drawing good, the female face as pretty and demure as can be, her drapery of spotless blue, and the man's of approved red, the infant as pink as strawberries and cream, every leaf of the tree sweetly drawn, and the trunk of the most delicate dove-colored gray. All these merits the picture has; it is a well-appointed picture. But is that all? Is that enough to make a poet? There are lines in the Oxford prize poems that are smooth as Pope's; and it is notorious that, for coloring, there is no painting like the Chinese. But I hope the French artists have better men springing up among them than the president of the French Academy at Rome.

Biard, the Hogarthian painter, whose slave-trade picture was so noble, has sent us a couple of pieces, which both, in their way, deserve merit. The one is an Arabian caravan moving over a brickdust-colored desert, under a red, arid sky. The picture is lifelike, and so far poetical that it seems to tell the truth. Then there is a steamboat disaster, with every variety of sea-sickness, laughably painted. Shuddering soldiery, sprawling dandies, Englishmen, Savoyards, guitars, lovers, monkeys, — a dreadful confusion of qualmish people, whose agonies will put the most philanthropic observer into good humor. Biard's "Havre Packet" is much more praiseworthy in my mind than Delaroche's "Holy Family;" for I deny the merit of failing greatly in pictures, the great merit is to succeed. There is no greater error, surely, than that received dictum of the ambitious, to aim at high things; it is best to do what you mean to do; better to kill a crow than to miss an eagle.

As the French artists are sending in their works from across the water, why, for the honor of England, will not some of our painters let the Parisians know that here, too, are men whose genius is worthy of appreciation? They may be the best draughtsmen in the world, but they have no draughtsman like Maclise, they have no colorist like Etty, they have no painter like MULREADY, above all, whose name I beg the printer to place in the largest capitals, and to surround with a wreath of laurels. Mr. Mulready was crowned in this Magazine once before. Here again he is proclaimed. It looks like

extravagance, or flattery, for the blushing critic to tell his real mind about the "Whistonian Controversy."

And yet, as the truth must be told, why not say it now at once? I believe this to be one of the finest cabinet pictures in the world. It seems to me to possess an assemblage of excellences so rare, to be in drawing so admirable, in expression so fine, in finish so exquisite, in composition so beautiful, in humor and beauty of expression so delightful, that I can't but ask where is a good picture if this be not one. And, in enumerating all the above perfections, I find I have forgotten the greatest of all, the color; it is quite original this, — brilliant, rich, astonishingly luminous, and intense. The pictures of Van Eyck are not more brilliant in tone than this magnificent combination of blazing reds, browns, and purples. I know of no scheme of color like it, and heartily trust that time will preserve it; when this little picture, and some of its fellows, will be purchased as eagerly as a Hemlinck or a Gerard Douw is bought now-a-days. If Mr. Mulready has a mind to the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, he has but to send this picture to Paris next year, and, with the recommendation of "Fraser's Magazine," the affair is settled. Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that the artist (although his work will fetch ten times as much money a hundred years hence) has not been ill rewarded, as times go, for his trouble and genius.

We have another great and original colorist among us, as luscious as Rubens, as rich almost as Titian, Mr. Etty; and every year the exhibition sparkles with magnificent little canvases, the works of this indefatigable strenuous admirer of rude Beauty. The form is not quite so sublime as the color in this artist's paintings; the female figure is often rather too expansively treated, it swells here and there to the proportions of the Caffrarian, rather than the Medicean, Venus; but, in color, little can be conceived that is more voluptuously beautiful. This year introduces us to one of the artist's noblest compositions, a classical and pictorial *orgy*, as it were, — a magnificent vision of rich colors and beautiful forms, — a grand feast of sensual poetry. The verses from "Comus" which the painter has taken to illustrate, have the same character: —

"All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree,
Along the crisped shades and bowers,
Revels the spruce and jocund spring.
Beds of hyacinths and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound,
In slumber soft and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen;
But far above in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced."

It is a dream rather than a reality, the words and images purposely indistinct and incoherent. In the same way the painter has made the beautiful figures sweep before us in a haze of golden sunshine. This picture is one of a series to be painted in fresco, and to decorate the walls of a summerhouse in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, for which edifice Mr. Maclise and Mr. Leslie have also made paintings.

That of Mr. Leslie's is too homely. He is a prose painter. His kind, buxom young lass has none of the look of Milton's lady, that charming compound of the saint and the fine lady — that sweet impersonation of the chivalric mythology — an angel, but with her sixteen quarterings — a countess descended from the skies. Leslie's lady has no such high breeding, the Comus above her looks as if he might revel on ale; a rustic seducer, with an air of rude, hobnailed health. Nor are the demons and fantastic figures introduced imaginative enough; they are fellows with masks from Covent Garden. Compare the two figures at the sides

of the picture with the two Cupids of Mr. Etty. In the former there is no fancy. The latter are two flowers of poetry; there are no words to characterize those two delicious little figures, no more than to describe a little air of Mozart, which, once heard, remains with you forever; or a new flower, or a phrase of Keats or Tennyson, which blooms out upon you suddenly, astonishing as much as it pleases. Well, in endeavoring to account for his admiration, the critic pumps for words in vain; if he uses such as he finds, he runs the risk of being considered intolerably pert and affected; silent pleasure, therefore, best beseems him; but this I know, that were my humble recommendations attended to at court, when the pictures are put in the pleasure-house, her sacred majesty, giving a splendid banquet to welcome them and the painters, should touch Mr. Etty on the left shoulder, and say, "Rise, my knight of the Bath, for painting the left-hand Cupid;" and the Emperor of Russia (being likewise present) should tap him on the right shoulder, exclaiming, "Rise my knight of the Eagle, for the left-hand Cupid."

Mr. Maclise's Comus picture is wonderful for the variety of its design, and has, too, a high poetry of its own. All the figures are here still and solemn as in a tableau; the lady still on her unearthly snaky chair, Sabrina still stooping over her. On one side the brothers, and opposite the solemn attendant spirit; round these interminable groups and vistas of fairy beings, twining in a thousand attitudes of grace, and sparkling white and bloodless against a leaden blue sky. It is the most poetical of the artist's pictures, the most extraordinary exhibition of his proper skill. Is it true that the artists are only to receive three hundred guineas apiece for these noble compositions? Why, a print-seller would give more, and artists should not be allowed to paint simply for the honor of decorating a royal summer-house.

Among the poetical pictures of the Exhibition should be mentioned with especial praise Mr. Cope's delightful "Charity," than the female figures in which Raffaelle scarce painted any thing more charmingly beautiful. And Mr. Cope has this merit, that his work is no prim imitation of the stiff old Cimabue and Giotto manner, no aping of the crisp draperies and hard outlines of the missal illuminations, without which the religious artist would have us believe religious expression is impossible. It is pleasant after seeing the wretched caricature of old-world usages which stare us in the face in every quarter of London now — little dumpy Saxon chapels built in raw brick, spick and span *bandbox* churches of the pointed Norman style for Cockneys in zephyr coats to assemble in, new old painted windows of the twelfth century, tessellated pavements of the Byzantine school, gimcrack imitations of the Golden Legend printed with red letters, and crosses, and quaint figures stolen out of Norman missals — to find artists aiming at the Beautiful and Pure without thinking it necessary to resort to these paltry archæological quackeries, which have no Faith, no Truth, no Life in them; but which give us ceremony in lieu of reality, and insist on forms as if they were the conditions of belief.

Lest the reader should misunderstand the cause of this anger, we beg him to take the trouble to cross Pall-Mall to St. James's Street, where objects of art are likewise exhibited; he will see the reason of our wrath. Here are all the ornamental artists of England sending in their works, and what are they? — All imitations. The Alhambra here; the Temple Church there; here a Gothic saint; yonder a Saxon altar-rail; farther on a sprawling rococo of Louis XV.; all worked neatly and cleverly enough, but with no originality, no honesty of thought. The twelfth century

revived in Mr. Crockford's bazaar, forsooth! with examples of every century except our own. It would be worth while for some one to write an essay, showing how astonishingly Sir Walter Scott* has influenced the world; how he changed the character of novelists, then of historians, whom he brought from their philosophy to the study of pageantry and costume; how the artists then began to fall back into the middle ages, and the architects to follow; until now behold we have Mr. Newman and his congregation of Littlemore marching out with taper and crosier, and falling down to worship St. Willibald, and St. Winnibald, and St. Walberga the Saxon virgin. But Mr. Cope's picture is leading the reader rather farther than a critique about exhibitions has any right to divert him, and let us walk soberly back to Trafalgar Square.

Remark the beautiful figures of the children in Mr Cope's picture (276), the fainting one, and the golden-haired infant at the gate. It is a noble and touching Scripture illustration. The artist's other picture, "Geneviève," is not so successful; the faces seem to have been painted from a dirty palette, the evening tints of the sky are smoky as a sunset in St. James's Park; the composition unpleasant, and not enough to fill the surface of canvas.

Mr. Herbert's picture of "The Trial of the Seven Bishops" is painted with better attention to costume than most English painters are disposed to pay. The characters in our artists' history-pieces, as indeed on our theatres, do not look commonly accustomed to the dresses which they assume; wear them awkwardly, take liberties of alteration and adjustment, and spoil thereby the truth of the delineation. The French artists, on the canvas or the boards, understand this branch of their art much better. Look at M. Biard's "Mecca Pilgrims," how carefully and accurately they are attired; or go to the French play and see Cartigny in a Hogarthian dress. He wears it as though he had been born a hundred years back — looks the old marquess to perfection. In this attention to dress, Mr. Herbert's picture is very praiseworthy; the men are quite at home in their quaint coats and periwigs of James the Second's time; the ladies at ease in their stiff, long-waisted gowns, their fans, and their queer caps and patches. And the picture is pleasing from the extreme brightness and cleanliness of the painting. All looks as neat and fresh as Sam Pepys when he turned out in his new suit, his lady in her satin and brocade. But here the praise must stop. The great concourse of people delineated, the bishops and the jury, the judges and the sheriffs, the halberdiers and the fine ladies, seem very little interested in the transaction in which they are engaged, and look as if they were assembled rather for show than business. Nor, indeed, is the artist much in fault. Painters have not fair play in these parade pictures. It is only with us that Reform-banquets, or views of the House of Lords at the passing of the Slopperton Railway-bill, or Coronation Processions, obtain favor; in which vast numbers of public characters are grouped unreally together, and politics are made to give an interest to art.

Mr. Herbert's picture of "Sir Thomas More and his Daughter watching from the prisoner's room in the Tower four Monks led away to Execution," is not the most elaborate, perhaps, but the very best of this painter's works. It is full of grace, and sentiment, and religious unction. You see that the painter's heart is in the scenes which he represents. The countenances of the two figures are finely conceived; the

* Or more properly Goethe. Goetz von Berlichingen was the father of the Scottish romances, and Scott remained constant to that mode, while the greater artist tried a thousand others.

sorrowful, anxious beauty of the daughter's face, the resigned humility of the martyr at her side, and the accessories or properties of the pious little drama are cleverly and poetically introduced; such as mystic sentences of hope and trust inscribed by former sufferers on the walls, the prisoner's rosary and book of prayers to the Virgin that lie on his bed. These types and emblems of the main story are not obtruded, but serve to increase the interest of the action; just as you hear in a concerted piece of music a single instrument playing its little plaintive part alone, and yet belonging to the whole.

If you want to see a picture where costume is *not* represented, behold Mr. Lauder's "Claverhouse ordering Morton to Execution." There sits Claverhouse in the centre in a Kean wig and ringlets, such as was never worn in any age of this world, except at the theatre in 1816, and he scowls with a true melo-dramatic ferocity; and he lifts a sign-post of a finger towards Morton, who forthwith begins to writhe and struggle into an attitude in the midst of a group of subordinate, cuirassed, buff-coated gentry. Morton is represented in tights, slippers, and a tunic; something after the fashion of Retzch's figures in "Faust" (which are refinements of costumes worn a century and a half before the days when Charles disported at Tillietudlem); and he, too, must proceed to scowl and frown "with a flashing eye and a distended nostril," as they say in the novels, — as Gomersal scowls at Widdicomb before the combat between those two chiefs begins; and while they are measuring each other according to the stage wont, from the toe of the yellow boot up to the tip of the stage-wig. There is a tragedy heroine in Mr. Lauder's picture, striking her attitude too, to complete the scene. It is entirely unnatural, theatrical, of the Davidgian, nay, Richardsonian drama, and all such attempts at effect must be reprehended by the stern critic. When such a cool practitioner as Claverhouse ordered a gentleman to be shot, he would not put himself into an attitude: when such a quiet gentleman as Morton received the unpleasant communication in the midst of a company of grenadiers who must overpower him, and of ladies to whom his resistance would be unpleasant, he would act like a man and go out quietly, not stop to rant and fume like a fellow in a booth. I believe it is in Mr. Henningsen's book that there is a story of Zumalacarreguy, Don Carlos's Dundee, who, sitting at table with a Christino prisoner, smoking cigars and playing picquet very quietly, received a communication which he handed over to the Christino. "Your people," says he, "have shot one of my officers, and I have promised reprisals; I am sorry to say, my dear general, that I must execute you in twenty minutes!" And so the two gentlemen finished their game at picquet, and parted company — the one to inspect his lines, the other for the court-yard hard by, where a file of grenadiers was waiting to receive his excellency — with mutual politeness and regret. It was the fortune of war. There was no help for it; no need of ranting and stamping, which would ill become any person of good breeding.

The Scotch artists have a tragic taste; and we should mention with especial praise Mr. Duncan's picture with the agreeable epigraph, "She set the bairn on the ground and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him with her plaid, and lay down and wept over him." The extract is from Walker's "Life of Peden;" the martyrdom was done on the body of a boy by one of those bloody troopers whom we have seen in Mr. Lauder's picture carrying off poor shrieking Morton. Mr. Duncan's picture is very fine, — dark, rich, and deep in sentiment; the woman is painted with some of Rubens's swelling lines (such as may be seen

in some of his best Magdalens), and with their rich tones of gray. If a certain extremely heavy Cupid poising in the air by a miracle be the other picture of Mr. Duncan's, it can be only said that his tragedy is better than his lightsome compositions — an arrow from yonder lad would bruise the recipient black and blue.

Another admirable picture of a Scotch artist is 427, "The Highland Lament," by Alexander Johnston. It is a shame to put such a picture in such a place. It hangs on the ground almost invisible, while dozens of tawdry portraits are staring at you on the line. Could Mr. Johnston's picture be but seen properly, its great beauty and merit would not fail to strike hundreds of visitors who pass it over now. A Highland piper comes running forward, playing some wild lament on his dismal instrument; the women follow after, wailing and sad; the mournful procession winds over a dismal moor. The picture is as clever for its fine treatment and color, for the grace and action of the figures, as it is curious as an illustration of national manners.

In speaking of the Scotch painters, the Wilkie-like pictures of Mr. Fraser, with their peculiar *smeary* manner, their richness of tone, and their pleasant effect and humor, should not be passed over; while those of Mr. Geddes and Sir William Allan may be omitted with perfect propriety. The latter represents her majesty and Prince Albert perched on a rock; the former has a figure from Walter Scott, of very little interest to any but the parties concerned.

Among the Irish painters we remark two portraits by Mr. Crowley, representing Mrs. Aikenhead, superioress of the Sisters of Charity in Ireland, who gives a very favorable picture of the Society — for it is impossible to conceive an abbess more comfortable, kind, and healthy-looking; and a portrait of Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic archbishop of Dublin, not a good picture of a fine, benevolent, and venerable head. We do not know whether the painter of 149, "An Irish Peasant awaiting her Husband's Return," Mr. Anthony, is an Irishman; but it is a pretty sad picture, which well characterizes the poverty, the affection, and the wretchedness of the poor Irish cabin, and tells sweetly and modestly a plaintive story. The largest work in the exhibition is from the pencil of an Irishman, Mr. Leahy, "Lady Jane Grey praying before Execution." One cannot but admire the courage of artists who paint great works upon these tragic subjects; great works quite unfitted for any private room, and scarcely suited to any public one. But, large as it is, it may be said (without any playing upon words) that the work grows upon estimation. The painting is hard, and incomplete; but the principal figure excellent: the face, especially, is finely painted, and full of great beauty. Also, in the Irish pictures may be included Mr. Solomon Hart's Persian gentleman smoking a *calahan*, — a sly hit at the learned sergeant, member for Cork, who has often done the same thing.

Mr. Maclise's little scene from "Undine" does not seem to us German in character, as some of the critics call it, because it is clear and hard in line. What German artist is there who can draw with this astonishing vigor, precision, and variety of attitude? The picture is one of admirable and delightful fancy. The swarms of solemn little fairies crowding round Undine and her somewhat theatrical lover may keep a spectator for hours employed in pleasure and wonder. They look to be the real portraits of the little people, sketched by the painter in some visit to their country. There is, especially, on a branch in the top corner of the picture, a conversation going on between a fairy and a squirrel (who is a fairy too), which must have been

taken from nature, or Mother Bunch's delightful super-nature. How awful their great glassy blue eyes are! How they peer out from under grass, and out of flowers, and from twigs and branches, and swing off over the tree-top, singing shrill little fairy choruses! We must have "The Fairy Tales" illustrated by this gentleman, that is clear; he is the only person, except Tieck, of Dresden, who knows any thing about them. Yes, there *is* some one else; and a word may be introduced here in welcome to the admirable young designer, whose hand has lately been employed to illustrate the columns of our facetious friend (and the friend of everybody) "Punch." This young artist (who has avowed his name, a very well-known one, that of DOYLE) has poured into "Punch's" columns a series of drawings quite extraordinary for their fancy, their variety, their beauty, and fun. It is the true genius of fairy-land, of burlesque which never loses sight of beauty. Friend "Punch's" very wrapper is quite a marvel in this way, at which we can never look without discovering some new little quip of humor or pleasant frolic of grace.

And if we have had reason to complain of Mr. Leslie's "Comus" as deficient in poetry, what person is there that will not welcome "Sancho," although we have seen him before almost in the same attitude, employed in the same way, recounting his adventures to the kind, smiling duchess, as she sits in state? There is only the sour old duenna, who refuses to be amused, and nothing has ever amused her these sixty years. But the ladies are all charmed, and tittering with one another; the black slave who leans against the pillar has gone off in an honest fit of downright laughter. Even the little dog, the wonderful little Blenheim, by the lady's side, would laugh if she could (but, alas! it is impossible), as the other little dog is said to have done on the singular occasion when "the cow jumped over the moon." * The glory of dulness is in Sancho's face. I don't believe there is a man in the world — no, not even in the House of Commons — so stupid as that. On the Whig side there is, certainly, — but no, it is best not to make comparisons which fall short of the mark. This is, indeed, the Sancho that Cervantes drew.

Although the editor of this Magazine had made a solemn condition with the writer of this notice that no pictures taken from "The Vicar of Wakefield" or "Gil Blas" should, by any favor or pretence, be noticed in the review; yet, as the great picture of Mr. Mulready compelled the infraction of the rule, rushing through our resolve by the indomitable force of genius, we must, as the line is broken, present other Vicars, Thornhills, and Olivias, to walk in and promenade themselves in our columns, in spite of the vain placards at the entrance, "VICARS OF WAKEFIELD NOT ADMITTED." In the first place, let the Rev. Dr. Primrose and Miss Primrose walk up in Mr. Hollins's company. The vicar is mildly expostulating with his daughter regarding the attentions of Squire Thornhill. He looks mildly, too mild; she looks ill-humored, very sulky. Is it about the scolding, or the squire? The figures are very nicely painted; but they do not look accustomed (the lady especially) to the dresses they wear. After them come Mrs. Primrose, the Misses, and the young Masters Primrose, presented by Mr. Frith in his pretty picture (491). Squire Thornhill sits at his ease, and recounts his town adventures to the ladies; the beautiful Olivia is quite lost in love with the slim red-coated dandy; her sister is listening with respect; but, above all, the old lady and children hearken with wonder. These latter are charming figures, as,

* "Qualia prospiciens Catulus ferit æthera risu
Ipsaque trans lunæ cornua Vacca salit." — LUCRETIUS.

indeed, are all in the picture. As for Gil Blas, — but we shall be resolute about *him*. Certain Gil Blas there are in the exhibition eating ollapodridas, and what not. Not a word, however, shall be said regarding any one of them.

Among the figure-pieces, Mr. Ward's Lafleur must not be forgotten, which is pleasant, lively, and smartly drawn and painted; nor Mr. Gilbert's "Pear-tree Well," which contains three graceful classical figures, which are rich in effect and color; nor Mr. MacInnes's good picture of Luther listening to the sacred ballad (the reformer is shut up in the octagon-room), nor a picture of Oliver Goldsmith on his rambles, playing the flute at a peasant's door, in which the color is very pretty, the character of the French peasants not French at all, and the poet's figure easy, correct, and well drawn.

Among more serious subjects may be mentioned with praise Mr. Dyce's two fierce figures, representing King Joash shooting the arrow of deliverance, which, if the critics call "French," because they are well and carefully drawn, Mr. Dyce may be proud of being a Frenchman. Mr. Lauder's "Wise and Foolish Virgins" is a fine composition; the color sombre and mysterious; some of the figures extremely graceful, and the sentiment of the picture excellent. This is a picture which would infallibly have had a chance of a prize, if the poor, dear Art-Union were free to act.

Mr. Elmore's "Rienzi addressing the People" is one of the very best pictures in the gallery. It is well and agreeably colored, bright, pleasing, and airy. A group of people are gathered round the tribune, who addresses them among Roman ruins under a clear blue sky. The grouping is very good; the figures rich and picturesque in attitude and costume. There is a group in front of a mother and child, who are thinking of any thing but Rienzi and liberty; who, perhaps, ought not to be so prominent as they take away from the purpose of the picture, but who are beautiful wherever they are. And the picture is further to be remarked for the clear, steady, and honest painting which distinguishes it.

What is to be said of Mr. Poole's "Moors beleaguered in Valencia"? A clever hideous picture in the very worst taste; disease and desperation characteristically illustrated. The Spaniards beleaguer the town, and everybody is starving. Mothers with dry breasts unable to nourish infants; old men, with lean ribs and blood-shot eyes, moaning on the pavement; brown young skeletons pacing up and down the rampart, some raving, all desperate. Such is the agreeable theme which the painter has taken up. It is worse than last year, when the artist only painted the plague of London. Some *did* recover from that. All these Moors will be dead before another day, and the vultures will fatten on their lean carcasses, and pick out their red-hot eyeballs. Why do young men indulge in these horrors? Young poets and romancers often do so, and fancy they are exhibiting "power;" whereas nothing is so easy. Any man with mere instinct can succeed in the brutal in art. The coarse fury of Zurbaran and Morales is as far below the sweet and beneficent calm of Murillo as a butcher is beneath a hero. Don't let us have any more of these hideous exhibitions — these Ghoul festivals. It may be remembered that Amina in "The Arabian Nights," who liked churchyard suppers, could only eat a grain of rice when she came to natural food. There is a good deal of sly satire in the apologue, which might be applied to many (especially French) literary and pictorial artists of the convulsionary school.

We must not take leave of the compositions without mentioning Mr. Landseer's wonderful "Shoeing" and "Stag;" the latter the most poetical,

the former the most dexterous, perhaps, of the works of this accomplished painter. The latter picture, at a little distance, expands almost into the size of nature. The enormous stag by the side of a great blue northern lake stalks over the snow down to the shore, whither his mate is coming through the water to join him. Snowy mountains bend round the lonely landscape, the stars are shining out keenly in the deep icy blue over head; in a word, your teeth begin to chatter as you look at the picture, and it can't properly be seen without a great-coat. The donkey and the horse in the shoeing picture are prodigious imitations of nature; the blacksmith only becomes impalpable. There is a charming portrait in the great room by the same artist, in which the same defect may be remarked. A lady is represented with two dogs in her lap; the dogs look real; the lady a thin unsubstantial vision of a beautiful woman. You ought to see the landscape through her.

Amongst the landscape-painters, Mr. Stanfield has really painted this year better than any former year — a difficult matter. The pictures are admirable, the drawing of the water wonderful, the look of freshness, and breeze, and motion conveyed with delightful skill. All Mr. Creswick's pictures will be seen with pleasure, especially the delicious "Summer Evening;" the most airy and clear, and also the most poetical of his landscapes. The fine "Evening Scene" of Danby, also seems to have the extent and splendor, and to suggest the solemn feelings of a vast mountain-scene at sunset. The admirers of Sir Augustus Callcott's soft, golden landscapes will here find some of his most delightful pieces. Mr. Roberts has painted his best in his Nile scene, and his French architectural pieces are of scarce inferior merit. Mr. Lee, Mr. Witherington, and Mr. Leitch, have contributed works, showing all their well-known qualities and skill. And as for Mr. Turner, he has out-prodigied almost all former prodigies. He has made a picture with real rain, behind which is real sunshine, and you expect a rainbow every minute. Meanwhile, there comes a train down upon you, really moving at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and which the reader had best make haste to see, lest it should dash out of the picture, and be away up Charing Cross through the wall opposite. All these wonders are performed with means not less wonderful than the effects are. The rain, in the astounding picture called "Rain — Steam — Speed," is composed of dabs of dirty putty *slapped* on to the canvas with a trowel; the sunshine scintillates out of very thick, smeary lumps of chrome yellow. The shadows are produced by cool tones of crimson lake, and quiet glazings of vermilion. Although the fire in the steam-engine *looks* as if it were red, I am not prepared to say that it is not painted with cobalt and pea-green. And as for the manner in which the "*Speed*" is done, of that the less said the better, — only it is a positive fact that there is a steam-coach going fifty miles an hour. The world has never seen any thing like this picture.

In respect of the portraits of the Exhibition, if Royal Academicians will take the word of "The Morning Post," "The Morning Chronicle," "The Spectator," and, far above all, of "Fraser's Magazine," they will pause a little before they hang such a noble portrait as that of W. Conyngham, Esq., by Samuel Lawrence, away out of sight, while some of their own paltry canvases meet the spectator nose to nose. The man with the glove of Titian in the Louvre has evidently inspired Mr. Lawrence, and his picture is so far an imitation; but what then? it is better to imitate great things well, than to imitate a simpering barber's dummy, like No. 10,000, let us say, or to perpetrate yonder horror, — weak, but, oh! how

heavy, smeared, flat, pink and red, grinning, ill-drawn portraits (such as Nos, 99,999, and 99,999[4]) which the old Academicians perpetrate. You are right to keep the best picture in the room out of the way, to be sure; it would sternly frown your simpering unfortunates out of countenance; but let us have at least a chance of seeing the good pictures. Have one room, say, for the Academicians, and another for the clever artists. Diminish your number of exhibited pictures to six, if you like, but give the young men a chance. It is pitiful to see their works pushed out of sight, and to be offered what you give us in exchange.

This does not apply to all the esquires who paint portraits; but, with regard to the names of the delinquents, it is best to be silent, lest a showing-up of them should have a terrible effect on the otherwise worthy men, and drive them to an untimely desperation. So I shall say little about the portraits, mentioning merely that Mr. Grant has one or two, a small one especially, of great beauty and lady-like grace; and one very bad one, such as that of Lord Forrester. Mr. Pickersgill has some good heads; the little portrait of Mr. Ainsworth by Mr. Maclise is as clever and like as the artist knows how to make it. Mr. Middleton has some female heads especially beautiful. Mrs. Carpenter is one of the most manly painters in the Exhibition; and if you walk into the miniature-room, you may look at the delicious little gems from the pencil of Sir William Ross, those still more graceful and poetical by Mr. Thorburn, and the delightful coxcombries of Mr. Chalon. I have found out a proper task for that gentleman, and hereby propose that he should illustrate "Coningsby."

In the statue-room, Mr. Gibson's classic group attracts attention and deserves praise; and the busts of Parker, Macdonald, Behnes, and other well-known portrait sculptors, have all their usual finish, skill, and charm.

At the Water-Color Gallery the pleased spectator lingers as usual delighted, surrounded by the pleasantest drawings and the most genteel company. It requires no small courage to walk through that avenue of plush breeches with which the lobby is lined, and to pass two files of whiskered men in canes and huge calves, who contemptuously regard us poor fellows with Bluchers and gingham umbrellas. But these passed, you are in the best society. Bishops, I have remarked, frequent this Gallery in venerable numbers; likewise dignified clergymen with rosettes; Quakeresses, also, in dove-colored silks meekly changing color; squires and their families from the country; and it is a fact, that you never can enter the Gallery without seeing a wonderfully pretty girl. This fact merits to be generally known, and is alone worth the price of the article.

I suspect that there are some people from the country who admire Mr. Prout still; those fresh, honest, unalloyed country appetites! There are the Prout Nurembergs and Venices still; the awnings, the water-posts, and the red-capped bargemen drawn with a reed pen; but we *blasés* young *roués* about London get tired of these simple dishes, and must have more excitement. There, too, are Mr. Hill's stags with pink stomachs, his spinach pastures and mottled farmhouses; also innumerable windy downs and heaths by Mr. Copley Fielding; — in the which breezy flats I have so often wandered before with burnt-sienna ploughboys, that the walk is no longer tempting.

Not so, however, the marine pieces of Mr. Bentley. That gentleman, to our thinking, has never painted so well. Witness his "Indiaman towed up the Thames" (53), his "Signalling the Pilot" (161), and his admirable view of "Mount St. Michel" (127), in which the vessel quite dances and

falls on the water. He deserves to divide the prize with Mr. Stanfield at the Academy.

All the works of a clever young landscape-painter, Mr. G. A. Fripp, may be looked at with pleasure; they show great talent, no small dexterity, and genuine enthusiastic love of nature. Mr. Alfred Fripp, a figure-painter, merits likewise very much praise; his works are not complete as yet, but his style is thoughtful, dramatic, and original.

Mr. Hunt's dramas of one or two characters are as entertaining and curious as ever. His "Outcast" is amazingly fine, and tragic in character. His "Sick Cigar-Boy," a wonderful delineation of nausea. Look at the picture of the toilet, in which, with the parlor-tongs, Betty, the housemaid, is curling little miss's hair; there is a dish of yellow soap in that drawing and an old comb and brush, the fidelity of which make the delicate beholder shudder. On one of the screens there are some "birds'-nests," out of which I am surprised no spectator has yet stolen any of the eggs — you have but to stoop down and take them.

Mr. Taylor's delightful drawings are even more than ordinarily clever. His "Houseless Wanderers" is worthy of Hogarth in humor; most deliciously colored and treated. "The Gleaner" is full of sunshine; the larder quite a curiosity, as showing the ease, truth, and dexterity, with which the artist washes in his flowing delineations from nature. In his dogs, you don't know which most to admire, the fidelity with which the animals are painted, or the ease with which they are done.

This gift of facility Mr. Cattermole also possesses to an amazing extent. As pieces of effect, his "Porch" and "Rook-Shooting" are as wonderful as they are pleasing. His large picture of "Monks in a Refectory" is very fine; rich, original, and sober in color; excellent in sentiment and general grouping; in individual attitude and drawing not sufficiently correct. As the figures are much smaller than those in the refectory, these faults are less visible in the magnificent "Battle for the Bridge," a composition, perhaps, the most complete that the artist has yet produced. The landscape is painted as grandly as Salvator; the sky wonderfully airy, the sunshine shining through the glades of the wood, the huge trees rocking and swaying as the breeze rushes by them; the battling figures are full of hurry, fire, and tumult. All these things are rather indicated by the painter than defined by him; but such hints are enough from such a genius. The charmed and captivated imagination is quite ready to supply what else is wanting.

Mr. Frederick Nash has some unpretending, homely, exquisitely faithful scenes in the Rhine country, "Boppart," "Bacharach," &c., of which a sojourner in those charming districts will always be glad to have a reminiscence. Mr. Joseph Nash has not some of the cleverest of his mannerisms, nor Mr. Lake Price the best of his smart, dandified, utterly unnatural exteriors. By far the best designs of this kind are the Windsor and Buckingham Palace sketches of Mr. Douglas Morison, executed with curious fidelity and skill. There is the dining hall in Buckingham Palace, with all the portraits, all the candles in all the chandeliers; the China gimcracks over the mantel-piece, the dinner-table set out, the napkins folded mitrewise, the round water-glasses, the sherry-glasses, the champagne ditto, and all in a space not so big as two pages of this Magazine. There is the Queen's own chamber at Windsor, her Majesty's piano, her royal writing-table, an escritoire with pigeon-holes, where the august papers are probably kept; and very curious, clever, and ugly all these pictures of furniture are too, and will be a model for the avoidance of upholsterers in coming ages.

Mr. John William Wright's sweet

female figures must not be passed over; nor the pleasant Stothard-like drawings of his veteran namesake. "The Gypsies" of Mr. Oakley will also be looked at with pleasure; and this gentleman may be complimented as likely to rival the Richmonds and the Chalons "in another place," where may be seen a very good full-length portrait drawn by him.

The exhibition of the New Society of Water-color Painters has grown to be quite as handsome and agreeable as that of its mamma, the old society in Pall Mall East. Those who remember the first ventures of this little band of painters, to whom the gates of the elder gallery were hopelessly shut, must be glad to see the progress the younger branch has made; and we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that instead of one pleasant exhibition annually, the amateur can recreate himself now with two. Many of the pictures here are of very great merit.

Mr. Warren's Egyptian pictures are clever, and only need to be agreeable. Where he takes a pretty subject, such as that of "The Egyptian Lady" (150), his work is pretty sure to be followed by that welcome little ticket of emerald green in the corner, which announces that a purchaser has made his appearance; but the eye is little interested by views of yellow deserts and sheiks, and woolly-headed warriors with ugly wooden swords.

And yet mere taste, grace, and beauty, won't always succeed; witness Mr. Absolon's drawings, of which few — far too few — boast the green seal, and which are one and all of them charming. There is one in the first room from the "V-c-r of W-kef-ld" (we are determined not to write that name again), which is delightfully composed, and a fresh, happy picture of a country fête. "The Dartmoor Turf-gatherers" (87) is still better; the picture is full of air, grace, pretty drawing, and brilliant color, and yet no green seal. "A Little Sulky;" "The Devonshire Cottage-door;" "The Widow on the Style;" "The Stocking-knitter;" are all, too, excellent in their way, and bear the artist's *cachet* of gentle and amiable grace. But the drawings, in point of execution, do not go far enough; they are not sufficiently bright to attract the eyes of that great and respectable body of amateurs who love no end of cobalt, carmine, stippling, and plenty of emerald-green, and vermilion; they are not made out sufficiently in line to rank as pictures.

Behold how Mr. Corbould can work when he likes — how *he* can work you off the carmine stippling! In his large piece, "The Britons Deploring the Departure of the Romans," there is much very fine and extraordinary cleverness of pencil. Witness the draperies of the two women, which are painted with so much cleverness and beauty, that, indeed, one regrets that one of them has not got a little drapery more. The same tender regret pervades the bosom while looking at that of Joan of Arc, "while engaged in the servile offices of her situation as a menial at an inn, ruminating upon the distressing state of France." Her "servile situation" seems to be that of an hostler at the establishment in question, for she is leading down a couple of animals to drink; and, as for "the distressing state of France," it ought not, surely, to affect such a fat little comfortable simple-looking undressed body. Bating the figure of Joan, who looks as pretty as a young lady out of the last novel, bating, I say, bating Joan, who never rode horses, depend on't, in that genteel way, the picture is exceedingly skilful, and much better in color than Mr. Corbould's former works.

Mr. Wehnert's great drawing is a failure, but an honorable defeat. It shows great power and mastery over the material with which he works. He has two pretty German figures in the fore-room: "The Innkeeper's

Daughter" (38), and "Perdita and Florizel" (316). Perhaps he is the author of the pretty arabesques with which the Society have this year ornamented their list of pictures; he has a German name, and *English* artists can have no need to be copying from the Dusseldorf's embellishments to decorate their catalogues.

Mr. Haghe's great drawing of "The Death of Zurbaran," is not interesting from any peculiar fineness of expression in the faces of the actors who figure in this gloomy scene; but it is largely and boldly painted, in deep sombre washes of colors, with none of the niggling prettinesses to which artists in water-colors seemed forced to resort in order to bring their pictures to a high state of finish. Here the figures and the draperies look as if they were laid down at once with a bold yet careful certainty of hand. The effect of the piece is very fine, the figures grandly grouped. Among all the water-color painters we know of none who can wield the brush like Mr. Haghe, with his skill, his breadth, and his certainty.

Mr. Jenkins's beautiful female figure in the drawing called "Love" (123), must be mentioned with especial praise; it is charming in design, color, and sentiment. Another female figure, "The Girl at the Stile," by the same artist, has not equal finish, roundness, and completeness, but the same sentiment of tender grace and beauty.

Mr. Bright's landscape-drawings are exceedingly clever, but there is too much of the drawing-master in the handling, too much dash, skurry, sharp cleverness of execution. Him Mr. Jutsum follows with cleverness not quite equal, and mannerism still greater. After the performance of which the eye reposes gracefully upon some pleasant evening scenes by Mr. Duncan (3, 10), and the delightful "Shady Lane" of Mr. Youngman. Mr. Boys's pictures will be always looked at and admired for the skill and correctness of a hand, which, in drawing, is not inferior to that of Canaletti.

As for Suffolk Street, that delicious retreat may or may not be still open. I have been there, but was frightened from the place by the sight of Haydon's Napoleon, with his vast head, his large body, and his little legs, staring out upon the Indigo sea, in a grass-green coat. Nervous people avoid that sight, and the Emperor remains in Suffolk Street as lonely as at St. Helena.

PICTURE GOSSIP:

IN A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ALL ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNOR, IL MIO SIGNOR COLENDISSIMO AUGUSTO HARVE, PITTORE IN ROMA.

I AM going to fulfil the promise, my dear Augusto, which I uttered with a faltering voice and streaming eyes, before I stepped into the jingling old courier's vehicle, which was to bear me from Rome to Florence. Can I forget that night, — that parting? Gaunter stood by so affected, that for the last quarter of an hour he did not swear once; Flake's emotion exhibited itself in audible sobs; Jellyson said naught, but thrust a bundle of Torlonia's four-baiocchi cigars into the hand of the departing friend; and you yourself were so deeply agitated by the event, that you

took four glasses of absinthe to string up your nerves for the fatal moment. Strange vision of past days! — for vision it seems to me now. And have I been in Rome really and truly? Have I seen the great works of my Christian namesake of the Buonarotti family, and the light arcades of the Vatican? Have I seen the glorious Apollo, and that other divine fiddle-player whom Raffaelle painted? Yes, — and the English dandies swaggering on the Pincian Hill! Yes, — and have eaten woodcocks, and drank Orieto hard by the huge, broad-shouldered Pantheon Portico, in the comfortable parlors of the Falcone. Do you recollect that speech I made at Bertini's in proposing the health of the Pope of Rome on Christmas Day? — do you remember it? *I* don't. But his Holiness, no doubt, heard of the oration, and was flattered by the compliment of the illustrious English traveller.

I went to the exhibition of the Royal Academy lately, and all these reminiscences rushed back on a sudden with affecting volubility; not that there was any thing in or out of the gallery which put me specially in mind of sumptuous and liberal Rome; but in the great room was a picture of a fellow in a broad Roman hat, in a velvet Roman coat, and large yellow mustachios, and that prodigious scowl which young artists assume when sitting for their portraits, — he was one of our set at Rome; and the scenes of the winter came back pathetically to my mind, and all the friends of that season, — Orifice, and his sentimental songs; Father Giraldo, and his poodle, and MacBrick, the trump of bankers. Hence the determination to write this letter. But the hand is crabbed, and the postage is dear, and, instead of despatching it by the mail, I shall send it to you by means of the printer, knowing well that "Fraser's Magazine" is eagerly read at Rome, and not (on account of its morality) excluded in the *Index Expurgatorius*.

And it will be doubly agreeable to me to write to you regarding the fine arts in England, because I know, my dear Augusto, that you have a thorough contempt for my opinion, — indeed, for that of all persons, excepting, of course, one whose name is already written in this sentence. Such, however, is not the feeling respecting my critical powers in this country; *here* they know the merit of Michael Angelo Titmarsh better, and they say, "He paints so badly, that, hang it! he *must* be a good judge;" in the latter part of which opinion, of course, I agree.

You should have seen the consternation of the fellows at my arrival! — of our dear brethren who thought I was safe at Rome for the season, and that their works, exhibited in May, would be spared the dreadful ordeal of my ferocious eye. When I entered the club-room in St. Martin's Lane, and called for a glass of brandy and water like a bomb-shell, you should have seen the terror of some of the artists assembled! They knew that the frightful projectile just launched into their club-room must *burst* in the natural course of things. Who would be struck down by the explosion? was the thought of every one. Some of the hypocrites welcomed me meanly back, some of the timid trembled, some of the savage and guilty muttered curses at my arrival. You should have seen the ferocious looks of Daggerly, for example, as he scowled at me from the supper-table, and clutched the trenchant weapon with which he was dissevering his toasted cheese.

From the period of my arrival until that of the opening of the various galleries, I maintained with the artists every proper affability, but still was not too familiar. It is the custom of their friends, before their pictures are sent in to the exhibitions, to visit the painter's works at their private studios, and there encourage them by saying, "Bravo, Jones!" (I don't mean Jones, R. A., for I

defy any man to say bravo to *him*, but Jones in general,) "Tomkins, this is your greatest work!" "Smith, my boy, they must elect you an associate for this!"—and so forth. These harmless banalities of compliment pass between the painters and their friends on such occasions. I myself have uttered many such civil phrases in former years under like circumstances. But it is different now. Fame has its privations as well as its pleasures. The friend may see his companions in private, but the JUDGE must not pay visits to his clients. I staid away from the *ateliers* of all the artists (at least, I only visited one, kindly telling him that he didn't count as an artist at all), would only see their pictures in the public galleries, and judge them in the fair race with their neighbors. This announcement and conduct of mine filled all the Berners Street and Fitzroy Square district with terror.

As I am writing this after having had my fill of their works, so publicly exhibited in the country, at a distance from catalogues, my only book of reference being an orchard whereof the trees are now bursting into full blossom, — it is probable that my remarks will be rather general than particular, that I shall only discourse about those pictures which I especially remember, or, indeed, upon any other point suitable to my honor, and your delectation.

I went round the galleries with a young friend of mine, who, like yourself at present, has been a student of "High Art" at Rome. He had been a pupil of Monsieur Ingres, at Paris. He could draw rude figures of eight feet high to a nicety, and had produced many heroic compositions of that pleasing class and size, to the great profit of the paper-stretchers both in Paris and Rome. He came back from the latter place a year since, with his beard and mustachios, of course. He could find no room in all Newman Street and Soho big enough to hold him and his genius, and was turned out of a decent house, because, for the purposes of art, he wished to batter down the partition wall between the two drawing-rooms he had. His great cartoon last year (whether it was Caractacus before Claudius, or a scene from "The Vicar of Wakefield," I won't say) failed somehow. He was a good deal cut up by the defeat, and went into the country to his relations, from whom he returned after a while, with his mustachios shaved, clean linen, and other signs of depression. He said (with a hollow laugh) he should not commence on his great canvas this year, and so gave up the completion of his composition of "Boadicea addressing the Iceni:" quite a novel subject, which, with that ingenuity and profound reading which distinguishes his brethren, he had determined to take up.

Well, sir, this youth and I went to the exhibitions together, and I watched his behavior before the pictures. At the tragic, swaggering, theatrical, historical pictures, he yawned; before some of the grand, flashy landscapes, he stood without the least emotion; but before some quiet scenes of humor or pathos, or some easy little copy of nature, the youth stood in pleased contemplation, the nails of his high-lows seemed to be screwed into the floor there, and his face dimpled over with grins.

"These little pictures," said he, on being questioned, "are worth a hundred times more than the big ones. In the latter you see signs of ignorance of every kind, weakness of hand, poverty of invention, carelessness of drawing, lamentable imbecility of thought. Their heroism is borrowed from the theatre, their sentiment is so maudlin that it makes you sick. I see no symptoms of thought, or of minds strong and genuine enough to cope with elevated subjects. No individuality, no novelty, the decencies of costume (my friend did not mean that the figures we were looking at were naked, like Mr. Etty's, but that they were dressed out of all historical

propriety) are disregarded; the people are striking attitudes, as at the Coburg. There is something painful to me in this *naïve* exhibition of incompetency, this imbecility that is so unconscious of its own failure. If, however, the aspiring men don't succeed, the modest do; and what they have really seen or experienced, our artist can depict with successful accuracy and delightful skill. Hence," says he, "I would sooner have So-and-so's little sketch ('A Donkey on a Common') than What-d'ye-call-'em's enormous picture ('Sir Walter Manny and the Crusaders discovering Nova Scotia'), and prefer yonder unpretending sketch, 'Shrimp-Catchers, Morning,' (how exquisitely the long and level sands are touched off! how beautifully the morning light touches the countenances of the fishermen, and illumines the rosy features of the shrimps!) to yonder pretentious illustration from Spenser, 'Sir Botibol rescues Una from Sir Uglimore in the Cave of the Enchantress Ichthyosaura.'"

I am only mentioning another's opinion of these pictures, and would not of course, for my own part, wish to give pain by provoking comparisons that must be disagreeable to some persons. But I could not help agreeing with my young friend, and saying, "Well, then, in the name of goodness, my dear fellow, if you only like what is real, and natural, and unaffected, — if upon such works you gaze with delight, while from more pretentious performers you turn away with weariness, why the deuce must *you* be in the heroic vein? Why don't you *do* what you like?" The young man turned round on the iron-heel of his high-lows, and walked down stairs clinking them sulkily.

There are a variety of classes and divisions into which the works of our geniuses may be separated. There are the heroic pictures, the theatrical-heroic, the religious, the historical-sentimental, the historical-familiar, the namby-pamby, and so forth.

Among the heroic pictures of course Mr. Haydon's ranks the first, its size and pretensions call for that place. It roars out to you as it were with a Titanic voice from among all the competition to public favor, "Come and look at me." A broad-shouldered, swaggering, hulking archangel, with those rolling eyes and distending nostrils which belong to the species of sublime caricature, stands scowling on a sphere from which the Devil is just descending, bound earthwards. Planets, comets, and other astronomical phenomena, roll and blaze round the pair and flame in the new blue sky. There is something burly and bold in this resolute genius which will attack only enormous subjects, which will deal with nothing but the epic, something respectable even in the defeats of such characters. I was looking the other day at Southampton at a stout gentleman in a green coat and white hat, who a year or two since fully believed that he could walk upon the water, and set off in the presence of a great concourse of people upon his supermarine journey. There is no need to tell you that the poor fellow got a wetting, and sank amidst the jeers of all his beholders. I think somehow they should not have laughed at that honest ducked gentleman, they should have respected the faith and simplicity which led him unhesitatingly to venture upon that watery experiment; and so, instead of laughing at Haydon, which you and I were just about to do, let us check our jocularity, and give him credit for his great earnestness of purpose. I begin to find the world growing more pathetic daily, and laugh less every year of my life. Why laugh at idle hopes, or vain purposes, or utter blundering self-confidence? Let us be gentle with them henceforth, — who knows whether there may not be something of the sort *chez nous*? But I am wandering from Haydon and his big picture. Let us hope somebody will buy. Who, I cannot tell; it will not do for a chapel;

it is too big for a house: I have it,— it might answer to hang up over a caravan at a fair, if a travelling orrery were exhibited inside.

This may be sheer impertinence and error, the picture may suit some tastes, it does "The Times" for instance, which pronounces it to be a noble work of the highest art; whereas "The Post" won't believe a bit, and passes it by with scorn. What a comfort it is that there are different tastes then, and that almost all artists have thus a chance of getting a livelihood somehow! There is Martin, for another instance, with his brace of pictures about Adam and Eve, which I would venture to place in the theatrical-heroic class. One looks at those strange pieces and wonders how people can be found to admire, and yet they do. Grave old people, with chains and seals, look dumb-foundered into those vast perspectives, and think the apex of the sublime is reached there. In one of Sir Bulwer Lytton's novels there is a passage to that effect. I forget where, but there is a new edition of them coming out in single volumes, and am positive you will find the sentiment somewhere. They come up to his conceptions of the sublime, they answer his ideas of beauty, of the Beautiful, as he writes with a large B. He is himself an artist and a man of genius. What right have we poor devils to question such an authority? Do you recollect how we used to laugh in the Capitol at the Domenichino Sibyl which this same author praises so enthusiastically? a wooden, pink-faced, goggle-eyed, ogling creature, we said it was, with no more beauty or sentiment than a wax doll. But this was our conceit, dear Augusto; on subjects of art, perhaps, there is no reasoning after all: or who can tell why children have a passion for lollypops, and this man worships beef while t'other adores mutton? To the child, lollypops may be the truthful and beautiful, and why should not some men find Martin's pictures as much to their taste as Milton?

Another instance of the blessed variety of tastes may be mentioned here advantageously; while, as you have seen, "The Times" awards the palm to Haydon, and Sir Lytton exalts Martin as the greatest painter of the English school, "The Chronicle," quite as well informed, no doubt, says that Mr. Eddis is the great genius of the present season, and that his picture of Moses's mother parting with him before leaving him in the bulrushes is a great and noble composition.

This critic must have a taste for the neat and agreeable, that is clear. Mr. Eddis's picture is nicely colored; the figures in fine clean draperies, the sky a bright clean color; Moses's mother is a handsome woman; and as she holds her child to her breast for the last time, and lifts up her fine eyes to heaven, the beholder may be reasonably moved by a decent *bourgeois* compassion, — a handsome woman parting from her child is always an object of proper sympathy, — but as for the greatness of the picture as a work of art, that is another question of tastes again. This picture seemed to me to be essentially a prose composition, not a poetical one. It tells you no more than you can see. It has no more wonder or poetry about it than a police report or a newspaper paragraph, and should be placed, as I take it, in the historic-sentimental school, which is pretty much followed in England, — nay, as close as possible to the namby-pamby quarter.

Of the latter sort there are some illustrious examples; and as it is the fashion for critics to award prizes, I would for my part cheerfully award the prize of a new silver teaspoon to Mr. Redgrave, that champion of suffering female innocence, for his "Governess." That picture is more decidedly *spooney* than, perhaps, any other of this present season; and the subject seems to be a favorite with the artist. We have had "The Governess" one year before, or a variation of her under the name of "The

Teacher," or *vice versâ*. The Teacher's young pupils are at play in the garden, she sits sadly in the schoolroom, there she sits, poor dear!—the piano is open beside her, and (O, harrowing thought!) "Home, sweet home!" is open in the music-book. She sits and thinks of that dear place, with a sheet of black-edged notepaper in her hand. They have brought her her tea and bread and butter on a tray. She has drunk the tea, *she has not tasted the bread and butter*. There is pathos for you! there is art! This is, indeed, a love for lollypops with a vengeance, a regular babyhood of taste, about which a man with a manly stomach may be allowed to protest a little peevishly, and implore the public to give up such puling food.

There is a gentleman in the Octagon Room, who, to be sure, runs Mr. Redgrave rather hard, and should have a silver pap-spoon at any rate, if the teaspoon is irrevocably awarded to his rival. The Octagon Room prize is a picture called "The Arrival of the Overland Mail." A lady is in her bedchamber, a portrait of her husband, Major Jones (cherished lord of that bridal apartment, with its drab-curtained bed), hangs on the wainscot in the distance, and you see his red coat and mustachios gleaming there between the wardrobe and the washhand-stand. But where is his lady? She is on her knees by the bedside, her face has sunk into the featherbed; her hands are clasped agonizingly together; a most tremendous black-edged letter has just arrived by the overland mail. It is all up with Jones. Well, let us hope she will marry again, and get over her grief for poor J.

Is not there something *naïve* and simple in this downright way of exciting compassion? I saw people looking at this pair of pictures evidently with yearning hearts. The great geniuses who invented them have not, you see, toiled in vain. They can command the sympathies of the public, — they have gained Art-Union prizes, let us hope, as well as those humble imaginary ones which I have just awarded, —and yet my heart is not naturally hard, though it refuses to be moved by such means as are here employed.

If the simple statement of a death is to harrow up the feelings, or to claim the tributary tear, *mon Dieu!* a man ought to howl every morning over the newspaper obituary. If we are to cry for every governess who leaves home, what a fund of pathos "The Times" advertisements would afford daily! we might weep down whole columns of close type. I have said before, I am growing more inclined to the pathetic daily, but let us in the name of goodness make a stand somewhere, or the namby-pamby of the world will become unendurable; and we shall melt away in a deluge of blubber. This drivelling, hysterical sentimentality, it is surely the critic's duty to grin down, to shake any man roughly by the shoulder who seems dangerously affected by it, and, not sparing his feelings in the least, tell him he is a fool for his pains, to have no more respect for those who invent it, but expose their error with all the downrightness that is necessary.

By far the prettiest of the mandlin pictures is Mr. Stone's "Premier Pas." It is that old, pretty, rococo, fantastic Jenny and Jessamy couple, whose loves the painter has been chronicling any time these five years, and whom he has spied out at various wells, porches, &c. The lad is making love with all his might, and the maiden is in a pretty confusion,—her heart flutters, and she only seems to spin. She drinks in the warm words of the young fellow with a pleasant conviction of the invincibility of her charms. He appeals nervously, and tugs at a pink which is growing up the porchside. It is that pink, somehow, which has saved the picture from being decidedly namby-pamby. There is something new, fresh, and delicate

about the little incident of the flower. It redeems Jenny, and renders that young prig, Jessamy, bearable. The picture is very nicely painted, according to the careful artist's wont. The neck and hands of the girl are especially pretty. The lad's face is effeminate and imbecile, but his velveteen breeches are painted with great vigor and strength.

This artist's picture of "The Queen and Ophelia" is in a much higher walk of art. There may be doubts about Ophelia. She is too pretty to my taste. Her dress (especially the black bands round her arms) too elaborately conspicuous and coquettish. The queen is a noble dramatic head and attitude. Ophelia seems to be looking at us, the audience, and in a pretty attitude expressly to captivate us. The queen is only thinking about the crazed girl, and Hamlet, and her own gloomy affairs, and has quite forgotten her own noble beauty and superb presence. The color of the picture struck me as quite new, — sedate, but bright and very agreeable. The checkered light and shadow is made cleverly to aid in forming the composition, — it is very picturesque and good. It is by far the best of Mr. Stone's works, and in the best line. Good-by, Jenny and Jessamy; we hope never to see you again, — no more rococo rustics, no more namby-pamby: the man who can paint the queen of Hamlet must forsake henceforth such fiddle-faddle company.

By the way, has any Shakspearian commentator ever remarked how fond the queen really was of her second husband, the excellent Claudius? How courteous and kind the latter always was towards her? So excellent a family-man ought to be pardoned a few errors in consideration of his admirable behavior to his wife. He *did* go a little far, certainly, but then it was to possess a jewel of a woman.

More pictures indicating a fine appreciation of the tragic sentiment are to be found in the Exhibition. Among them may be mentioned specially Mr. Johnson's picture of "Lord Russell taking the Communion in Prison before Execution." The story is finely told here, the group large and noble. The figure of the kneeling wife, who looks at her husband, meekly engaged in the last sacred office, is very good indeed; and the little episode of the jailer, who looks out into the yard indifferent, seems to me to give evidence of a true dramatic genius. In "Hamlet," how those indifferent remarks of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, at the end, bring out the main figures and deepen the surrounding gloom of the tragedy!

In Mr. Frith's admirable picture of "The Good Pastor," from Goldsmith, there is some sentiment of a very quiet, refined, Sir-Roger-de-Coverley-like sort, — not too much of it, — it is indicated rather than expressed. "Sentiment, sir," Walker of the "Original" used to say, — "sentiment, sir, is like garlic in made dishes: it should be felt everywhere and seen nowhere."

Now, I won't say that Mr. Frith's sentiment is like garlic, or provoke any other savory comparison regarding it; but say, in a word, this is one of the pictures I would like to have sent abroad to be exhibited at a European congress of painters, to show what an English artist can do. The young painter seems to me to have had a thorough comprehension of his subject and his own abilities. And what a rare quality is this, — to know what you can do! An ass will go and take the grand historic walk, while, with lowly wisdom, Mr. Frith prefers the lowly path where there are plenty of flowers growing, and children prattling along the walks. This is the sort of picture that is good to paint now-a-days, — kindly, beautiful, inspiring delicate sympathies, and awakening tender good-humor. It is a comfort to have such a companion as that in a study to look up at when your eyes are tired with work, and to refresh you with its gentle,

quiet good-fellowship. I can see it now, as I shut my own eyes, displayed faithfully on the camera-obscura of the brain, — the dear old parson, with his congregation of old and young clustered round him; the little ones plucking him by the gown, with wondering eyes, half roguery, half terror; the smoke is curling up from the cottage-chimneys, in a peaceful Sabbath-sort of way; the three village quidnuncs are chattering together at the churchyard stile; there's a poor girl seated there on a stone, who has been crossed in love evidently, and looks anxiously to the parson for a little doubtful consolation. That's the real sort of sentiment, — there's no need of a great, clumsy black-edged letter to placard her misery, as it were, after Mr. Redgrave's fashion. The sentiment is only the more sincere for being unobtrusive; and the spectator gives his compassion the more readily, because the unfortunate object makes no coarse demands upon his pity.

The painting of this picture is exceedingly clever and dexterous. One or two of the foremost figures are painted with the breadth and pearly delicacy of Greuze. The three village politicians, in the background, might have been touched by Teniers, so neat, brisk, and sharp is the execution of the artist's facile brush.

Mr. Frost (a new name, I think, in the Catalogue) has given us a picture of "Sabrina," which is so pretty that I heartily hope it has not been purchased for the collection from "Comus," which adorns the Buckingham Palace summer-house. It is worthy of a better place and price than our royal patrons appear to be disposed to give for the works of English artists. What victims have those poor fellows been of this awful patronage! Great has been the commotion in the pictorial world, dear Augusto, regarding the fate of those frescos which royalty was pleased to order, which it condescended to purchase at a price that no poor amateur would have the face to offer. Think of the greatest patronage in the world giving forty pounds for pictures worth four hundred, — condescending to buy works from humble men who could not refuse, and paying for them below their value! Think of august powers and principalities ordering the works of such a great man as Etty to be hacked out of the palace-wall! That was a slap in the face to every artist in England; and I can agree with the conclusion come to by an indignant poet of "Punch's," band, who says, for his part, —

> "I will not toil for queen and crown,
> If princely patrons spurn me down;
> I will not ask for royal job, —
> Let my Mæcenas be a SNOB!"

This is, however, a delicate, an awful subject, over which loyal subjects like you and I had best mourn in silence: but the fate of Etty's noble picture of last year made me tremble lest Frost should be similarly nipped; and I hope more genuine patronage for this promising young painter. His picture is like a mixture of very good Hilton and Howard, raised to a state of genius. There is sameness in the heads, but great grace and beauty, — a fine sweeping movement in the composition of the beautiful fairy figures, undulating gracefully through the stream, while the lilies lie gracefully overhead. There is another submarine picture of "Nymphs cajoling Young Hylas," which contains a great deal of very clever imitations of Boucher.

That youthful Goodall, whose early attempts promised so much, is not quite realizing those promises, I think, and is cajoled, like Hylas before mentioned, by dangerous beauty. His "Connemara Girls going to Market" are a vast deal too clean and pretty for such females. They laugh and simper in much too genteel a manner; they are washing such pretty white feet as I don't think are

common about Leenane or Ballynalinch, and would be better at ease in white satin slippers than trudging up Croaghpatrick. There is a luxury of geographical knowledge for you! I have not done with it yet. Stop till we come to Roberts's "View of Jerusalem," and Muller's pictures of "Rhodes," and "Xanthus," and "Telmessus." This artist's sketches are excellent, — like nature, and like Decamps, that best of painters of Oriental life and colors. In the pictures, the artist forgets the brilliancy of color which is so conspicuous in his sketches, and "Telmessus" looks as gray and heavy as Dover in March.

Mr. Pickersgill (not the Academician, by any means) deserves great praise for two very poetical pieces; one from Spenser, I think (Sir Botibol, let us say, as before, with somebody in some hag's cave); another called "The Four Ages," which has still better grace and sentiment. This artist, too, is evidently one of the disciples of Hilton; and another, who has, also, as it seems to me, studied with advantage that graceful and agreeable English painter, Mr. Hook, whose "Song of the Olden Time" is hung up in the Octagon Closet, and makes a sunshine in that exceedingly shady place. The female figure is faulty, but charming (many charmers have their little faults, it is said); the old bard who is singing the song of the olden time, a most venerable, agreeable, and handsome old minstrel. In Alnaschar-like moods a man fancies himself a noble patron, and munificent rewarder of artists; in which case I should like to possess myself of the works of these two young men, and give them four times as large a price as the —— gave for pictures five times as good as theirs.

I suppose Mr. Eastlake's composition from "Comus" is the contribution in which *he* has been mulcted, in company with his celebrated brother artists, for the famous Buckingham Palace pavilion. Working for nothing is very well; but to work for a good, honest, remunerating price is, perhaps, the best way, after all. I can't help thinking that the artist's courage has failed him over his "Comus" picture. Time and pains he has given, that is quite evident. The picture is prodigiously labored, and hatched, and tickled up with a Chinese minuteness; but there is a woful lack of *vis* in the work. That poor laborer has kept his promise, has worked the given number of hours; but he has had no food all the while, and has executed his job in a somewhat faint manner. This face of the lady is pure and beautiful; but we have seen it at any time these ten years, with its red transparent shadows, its mouth in which butter wouldn't melt, and its beautiful brown madder hair. She is getting rather tedious, that sweet, irreproachable creature, that is the fact. She may be an angel; but sky-blue, my wicked senses tell me, is a feeble sort of drink, and men require stronger nourishment.

Mr. Eastlake's picture is a prim, mystic, cruciform composition. The lady languishes in the middle; an angel is consoling her, and embracing her with an arm out of joint; little rows of cherubs stand on each side the angels and the lady, — wonderful little children, with blue or brown beady eyes, and sweet little flossy curly hair, and no muscles or bones, as becomes such supernatural beings, no doubt. I have seen similar little darlings in the toy-shops in the Lowther Arcade for a shilling, with just such pink cheeks and round eyes, their bodies formed out of cotton wool, and their extremities veiled in silver paper. Well; it is as well, perhaps, that Etty's jovial nymphs should not come into such a company. Good Lord! how they would astonish the weak nerves of Mr. Eastlake's *précieuse* young lady!

Quite unabashed by the squeamishness exhibited in the highest quarter (as the newspapers call it), Mr. Etty

goes on rejoicing in his old fashion. Perhaps he is worse than ever this year, and despises *nec dulces amores nec chorœas*, because certain great personages are offended. Perhaps, this year, his ladies and Cupids *are* a little *hazardés;* his Venuses expand more than ever in the line of Hottentot beauty; his drawing and coloring are still more audacious than they were; patches of red shine on the cheeks of his blowsy nymphs; his idea of form goes to the verge of monstrosity. If you look at the pictures closely (and, considering all things, it requires some courage to do so), the forms disappear; feet and hands are scumbled away, and distances appear to be dabs and blotches of lakes, and brown, and ultramarine. It must be confessed, that some of these pictures would *not* be suitable to hang up everywhere, — in a young ladies' school, for instance. But how rich and superb is the color! Did Titian paint better, or Rubens as well? There is a nymph and child in the left corner of the Great Room, sitting, without the slightest fear of catching cold, in a sort of moonlight, of which the color appears to me to be as rich and wonderful as Titian's best. — "Bacchus and Ariadne," for instance, — and better than Rubens's. There is a little head of a boy in a blue dress (for once in a way) which kills every picture in the room, out-stares all the red-coated generals, out-blazes Mrs. Thwaites and her diamonds (who has the place of honor); and has that unmistakable, inestimable, indescribable mark of the GREAT painter about it, which makes the soul of a man kindle up as he sees it, and own that there is Genius. How delightful it is to feel that shock! and how few are the works of art that can give it!

The author of that sibylline book of mystic rhymes, the unrevealed bard of "The Fallacies of Hope," is as great as usual, vibrating between the absurd and the sublime, until the eye grows dazzled in watching him, and can't really tell in what region he is. If Etty's color is wild and mysterious, looking here as if smeared with the finger, and there with the palette-knife, what can be said about Turner? Go up and look at one of his pictures, and you laugh at yourself and at him, and at the picture, and that wonderful amateur who is invariably found to give a thousand pounds for it, or more, — some sum wild, prodigious, unheard-of, monstrous, like the picture itself. All about the author of "The Fallacies of Hope" is a mysterious extravaganza; price, poem, purchaser, picture. Look at the latter for a little time, and it begins to affect you too, — to mesmerize you. It is revealed to you; and, as it is said in the East, the magicians make children see the sultauns, carpet-bearers, tents, &c., in a spot of ink in their hands; so the magician, Joseph Mallard, makes you see what he likes on a board, that to the first view is merely dabbed over with occasional streaks of yellow, and flecked here and there with vermilion. The vermilion blotches become little boats full of harpooners and gondolas, with a deal of music going on on board. That is not a smear of purple you see yonder, but a beautiful whale, whose tail has just slapped a half-dozen whale-boats into perdition; and as for what you fancied to be a few zigzag lines spattered on the canvas at hap-hazard, look! they turn out to be a ship with all her sails; the captain and his crew are clearly visible in the ship's bows; and you may distinctly see the oil-casks getting ready under the superintendence of that man with the red whiskers and the cast in his eye; who is, of course, the chief mate. In a word, I say that Turner is a great and awful mystery to me. I don't like to contemplate him too much, lest I should actually begin to believe in his poetry as well as his paintings, and fancy "The Fallacies of Hope" to be one of the finest poems in the world.

Now Stanfield has no mysticism or oracularity about him. You can see

what he means at once. His style is as simple and manly as a seaman's song. One of the most dexterous, he is also one of the most careful of painters. Every year his works are more elaborated, and you are surprised to find a progress in an artist who had seemed to reach his acmé before. His battle of frigates this year is a brilliant, sparkling pageant of naval war. His great picture of "The Mole of Ancona," fresh, healthy, and bright as breeze and sea can make it. There are better pieces still by this painter, to my mind; one in the first room, especially,—a Dutch landscape, with a warm, sunny tone upon it, worthy of Cuyp and Callcott. Who is G. Stanfield, an exhibitor and evidently a pupil of the Royal Academician? Can it be a son of that gent? If so, the father has a worthy heir to his name and honors. G. Stanfield's Dutch picture may be looked at by the side of his father's.

Roberts has also distinguished himself and advanced in skill, great as his care had been and powerful his effects before. "The Ruins of Karnac" is the most poetical of this painter's works, I think. A vast and awful scene of gloomy Egyptian ruin! The sun lights up tremendous lines of edifices, which were only parts formerly of the enormous city of the hundred gates; long lines of camels come over the reddening desert, and camps are set by the side of the glowing pools. This is a good picture to gaze at, and to fill your eyes and thoughts with grandiose ideas of Eastern life.

This gentleman's large picture of "Jerusalem" did not satisfy me so much. It is yet very faithful. Anybody who had visited this place must see the careful fidelity with which the artist has mapped the rocks and valleys, and laid down the lines of the buildings; but the picture has, to my eyes, too green and trim a look; the mosques and houses look fresh and new, instead of being mouldering, old, sun-baked edifices of glaring stone rising amidst wretchedness and ruin. There is not, to my mind, that sad, fatal aspect, which the city presents from whatever quarter you view it, and which haunts a man who has seen it ever after with an impression of terror. Perhaps in the spring for a little while, at which season the sketch for this picture was painted, the country round about may look very cheerful. When we saw it in autumn, the mountains that stand round about Jerusalem were not green, but ghastly piles of hot rock, patched here and there with yellow, weedy herbage. A cactus or a few bleak olive-trees made up the vegetation of the wretched, gloomy landscape; whereas, in Mr. Roberts's picture, the valley of Jehoshaphat looks like a glade in a park, and the hills, up to the gates, are carpeted with verdure.

Being on the subject of Jerusalem, here may be mentioned with praise Mr. Hart's picture of a Jewish ceremony, with a Hebrew name I have forgotten. This piece is exceedingly bright and pleasing in color, odd and novel as a representation of manners and costume, — a striking and agreeable picture. I don't think as much can be said for the same artist's "Sir Thomas More going to Execution." Miss More is crying on papa's neck, pa looks up to heaven, halberdiers look fierce, &c.: all the regular adjuncts and property of pictorial tragedy are here brought into play. But nobody cares, that is the fact; and one fancies the designer himself cannot have cared much for the orthodox historical group whose misfortunes he was depicting.

These pictures are like boys' hexameters at school. Every lad of decent parts in the sixth form has a knack of turning out great quantities of respectable verse, without blunders, and with scarce any mental labor; but these verses are not the least like poetry, any more than the great Academical paintings of the artists are like great painting. You want some-

thing more than a composition, and a set of costumes and figures decently posed and studied. If these were all, for instance, Mr. Charles Landseer's picture of "Charles I. before the Battle of Edge Hill," would be a good work of art. Charles stands at a tree before the inn door, officers are round about, the little princes are playing with a little dog, as becomes their youth and innocence, rows of soldiers appear in red coats, nobody seems to have any thing particular to do, except the royal martyr, who is looking at a bone of ham that a girl out of the inn has hold of.

Now this is all very well, but you want something more than this in an historic picture, which should have its parts, characters, varieties, and climax, like a drama. You don't want the *Deus intersit* for no other purpose than to look at a knuckle of ham; and here is a piece well composed, and (bating a little want of life in the figures) well drawn, brightly and pleasantly painted, as all this artist's works are, all the parts and accessories studied and executed with care and skill, and yet meaning nothing, — the part of Hamlet omitted. The king in this attitude (with the bâton in his hand, simpering at the bacon aforesaid) has no more of the heroic in him than the pork he contemplates, and he deserves to lose every battle he fights. I prefer the artist's other still-life pictures to this. He has a couple more, professedly so called, very cleverly executed, and capital cabinet pieces.

Strange to say, I have not one picture to remark upon taken from "The Vicar of Wakefield." Mr. Ward has a very good Hogarthian work, with some little extravagance and caricature, representing Johnson waiting in Lord Chesterfield's antechamber, among a crowd of hangers-on and petitioners, who are sulky, or yawning, or neglected, while a pretty Italian singer comes out, having evidently had a very satisfactory interview with his lordship, and who (to lose no time) is arranging another rendezvous with another admirer. This story is very well, coarsely, and humorously told, and is as racy as a chapter out of Smollett. There is a yawning chaplain, whose head is full of humor; and a pathetic episode of a widow and pretty child, in which the artist has not succeeded so well.

There is great delicacy and beauty in Mr. Herbert's picture of "Pope Gregory teaching Children to Sing." His Holiness lies on his sofa, languidly beating time over his book. He does not look strong enough to use the scourge in his hands, and with which the painter says he used to correct his little choristers. Two ghostly aides-de-camp, in the shape of worn, handsome, shaven ascetic friars, stand behind the pontiff demurely; and all the choristers are in full song, with their mouths as wide open as a nest of young birds when the mother comes. The painter seems to me to have acquired the true spirit of the Middle-Age devotion. All his works have unction; and the prim, subdued, ascetic grace, which forms the charm and mystery of the missal-illuminations, and which has operated to convert some imaginative minds from the new to the old faith.

And, by way of a wonder, behold a devotional picture from Mr. Edwin Landseer, "A Shepherd Praying at a Cross in the Fields." I suppose the Sabbath church-bells are ringing from the city far away in the plain. Do you remember the beautiful lines of Uhland?

"Es ist der tag des Herrn
Ich bin allein auf weitern Flur
Noch eine Morgen-glocke nur
Und stille nah und fern.

"Anbetend knie ich hier
O susses Graun geheimes Wehn
Als knieten viele Ungesehn
Und beteten mit mir."

Here is a noble and touching pictorial illustration of them, — of Sabbath repose and *recueillement*, — an almost endless flock of sheep lies

around the pious pastor; the sun shines peacefully over the vast fertile plain; blue mountains keep watch in the distance; and the sky above is serenely clear. I think this is the highest flight of poetry the painter has dared to take yet. The numbers and variety of attitude and expression in that flock of sheep quite startle the spectator as he examines them. The picture is a wonder of skill.

How richly the good pictures cluster at this end of the room! There is a little Mulready, of which the color blazes out like sapphires and rubies; a pair of Leslies, — one called "The Heiress," — one a scene from Molière, — both delightful: these are flanked by the magnificent nymphs of Etty, before mentioned. What school of art in Europe, or what age, can show better painters than these in their various lines? The young men do well, but the elders do best still. No wonder the English pictures are fetching their thousands of guineas at the sales. They deserve these great prices as well as the best work of the Hollanders.

I am sure that three such pictures as Mr. Webster's "Dame's School" ought to entitle the proprietor to pay the income-tax. There is a little caricature in some of the children's faces; but the schoolmistress is a perfect figure, most admirably natural, humorous, and sentimental. The picture is beautifully painted, — full of air, of delightful harmony and tone.

There are works by Creswick that can hardly be praised too much. One particularly, called "A Place to be Remembered," which no lover of pictures can see and forget. Danby's great "Evening Scene" has portions which are not surpassed by Cuyp or Claude; and a noble landscape of Lee's, among several others, — a height, with some trees and a great expanse of country beneath.

From the fine pictures you come to the class which are very nearly being fine pictures. In this I would enumerate a landscape or two by Collins. Mr. Leigh's "Polyphemus," of which the landscape part is very good, and only the figure questionable; and, let us say, Mr. Elmore's "Origin of the Guelf and Ghibelline Factions," which contains excellent passages, and admirable drawing and dexterity, but fails to strike as a whole somehow. There is not sufficient purpose in it, or the story is not enough to interest, or, though the parts are excellent, the whole is somewhere deficient.

There is very little comedy in the Exhibition, most of the young artists tending to the sentimental rather than the ludicrous. Leslie's scene from Molière is the best comedy. Collins's "Fetching the Doctor" is also delightful fun. The greatest farce, however, is Chalon's picture with an Italian title, "B. Virgine col," &c. Impudence never went beyond this. The infant's hair has been curled into ringlets, the mother sits on her chair with painted cheeks and a Haymarket leer. The picture might serve for the oratory of an opera girl.

Among the portraits, Knight's and Watson Gordon's are the best. A "Mr. Pigeon" by the former hangs in the place of honor usually devoted to our gracious Prince, and is a fine rich state picture. Even better are there by Mr. Watson Gordon: one representing a gentleman in black silk stockings, whose name has escaped the memory of your humble servant; another, a fine portrait of Mr. De Quincey, the opium eater. Mr. Lawrence's heads, solemn and solidly painted, look out at you from their frames, though they be ever so high placed, and push out of sight the works of more flimsy but successful practitioners. A portrait of great power and richness of color is that of Mr. Lopez, by Linnell. Mr. Grant is the favorite; but a very unsound painter, to my mind, — painting like a brilliant and graceful amateur rather than a serious artist. But there is a quiet refinement and beauty about his female heads, which no other painter

can perhaps give, and charms in spite of many errors. Is it Count D'Orsay, or is it Mr. Ainsworth, that the former has painted? Two peas are not more alike than these two illustrious characters.

In the miniature-room, Mr. Richmond's drawings are of so grand and noble a character, that they fill the eye as much as full-length canvases. Nothing can be finer than Mrs. Fry and the gray-haired lady in black velvet. There is a certain severe, respectable, Exeter-Hall look about most of this artist's pictures, that the observer may compare with the Catholic physiognomies of Mr. Herbert: see his picture of Mr. Pugin, for instance; it tells of chants and cathedrals, as Mr. Richmond's work somehow does of Clapham Common and the May meetings. The genius of May Fair fires the bosom of Chalon, the tea party, the quadrille, the hairdresser, the tailor, and the flunky. All Ross's miniatures sparkle with his wonderful and minute skill; Carrick's are excellent; Thorburn's almost take the rank of historical pictures. In this picture of two sisters, one has almost the most beautiful head in the world; and his picture of Prince Albert, clothed in red and leaning on a turquoise sabre, has ennobled that fine head, and given his royal highness's pale features an air of sunburnt and warlike vigor. Miss Corbaux, too, has painted one of the loveliest heads ever seen. Perhaps this is the pleasantest room of the whole, for you are sure to meet your friends here; kind faces smile at you from the ivory; and features of fair creatures, O, how . . .

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Here the eccentric author breaks into a rhapsody of thirteen pages regarding No. 2576, Mrs. Major Blogg, who was formerly Miss Poddy of Cheltenham, whom it appears that Michael Angelo knew and admired. The feelings of the Poddy family might be hurt, and the jealousy of Major Blogg aroused, were we to print Titmarsh's rapturous description of that lady; nor, indeed, can we give him any further space. He concludes by a withering denunciation of most of the statues, in the vault where they are buried; praising, however, the children, Paul and Virginia, the head of Bayly's nymph, and M'Dowall's boy. He remarks the honest character of the English countenance as exhibited in the busts, and contrasts it with Louis Philippe's head by Jones, on whom, both as a sculptor and a singer, he bestows great praise. He indignantly remonstrates with the committee for putting by far the finest female bust in the room, No. 1434, by Powers of Florence, in a situation where it cannot be seen; and, quitting the gallery finally, says he must go before he leaves town and give one more look at Hunt's "Boy at Prayers," in the Water-Color Exhibition, which he pronounces to be the finest serious work of the year.

ABOUT A CHRISTMAS BOOK.*

IN A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

The Deanery, Nov. 25, 1845.

At this season of approaching Christmas, when tender mothers are furbishing up the children's bedrooms, and airing the mattresses which those little darlings (now counting the days at Dr. Swishtail's Academy, or the Misses Backboard's Finishing Establishment), are to occupy for six happy weeks, we have often, dear Mr. Yorke, examined the beautiful store of gilt books with pretty pictures which begin to glitter on Mr. Nickisson's library-table, and selected therefrom a store of presents for our numerous young friends. It is a pleasant labor. I like the kindly produce which Paternoster Row sends forth at this season. I like Christmas books, Christmas pantomimes, mince-pies, snap-dragon, and all Christmas fruit; for though you and I can have no personal gratification in the two last-named deleterious enjoyments, — to eat that abominable compound of currants, preserves, and puff-paste, which infallibly results in a blue pill, or to dip in a dish of inflamed brandy for the purpose of fishing out scalding raisins which we don't like, — yet it gives us pleasure to see the young people so occupied — a melancholy and tender pleasure. We indulge in pleasant egotisms of youthful reminiscence. The days of our boyhood come back again. The holy holidays! How much better you remember those days than any other. How sacred their happiness is! how keen even at this minute their misery! I forget whether I have told elsewhere the story of my friend, Sir John C——. He came down to breakfast with rather a disturbed and pallid countenance. His lady affectionately asked the cause of his disquiet. "I have had an unpleasant dream. I dreamed I was at Charter-House, and that Raine flogged me!" He is sixty-five years old. A thousand great events may have happened to him since that period of youthful fustigation. Empires have waxed and waned since then. He has come into 20,000*l.* a year; Napoleon is dead since that period, and also the late Mr. Pitt. How many manly friends, hopes, cares, pleasures, have risen and died, and been forgotten! But not so the joys and pains of boyhood, the delights of the holidays are still as brilliant as ever to him, the buds of the school birch-rod still tickle bitterly the shrinking *os coccygis* of memory!

Do you not remember, my dear fellow, our own joy when the 12th came and we plunged out of school, not to see the face of Muzzle for six weeks? A good and illustrious boy were you, dear Oliver, and did your exercises, and mine too, with credit and satisfaction; but still it was a pleasure to turn your back upon Muzzle. Can you ever forget the glories of the beef-steak at the Bull and Mouth previous to going home; and the majestic way in which we ordered the port and pronounced it to be "ropy" or "fruity;" and criticised the steak as if we had been

* Poems and Pictures; a Collection of Ballads, Songs, and other Poems, Ancient and Modern, including both Originals and Selections. With Designs on Wood by the Principal Artists. London. James Burns.

Joseph Bregion, cook to Prince Ransmausky? At twenty-five minutes past four precisely, the grays were in the coach; and the guard comes in and says, "Now, gentlemen!" We lighted cigars magnanimously (since marriage — long, long before His Grace the Duke of Wellington's pathetic orders against smoking, we gave up the vile habit). We take up the insides at the office in the Quadrant; and go bowling down Piccadilly on the road to Hounslow, Snow, the guard, playing "Home, Sweet Home," on the bugle. How clear it twangs on the ear even now! Can you ever forget the cold veal-pies at Bagshot, and the stout waiter with black tights, on the look-out for the coach as it came in to a minute? Jim Ward used to drive. I wonder where Jim is now. Is he gone? Yes, probably. Why the whole road is a ghost since then. The coaches and horses have been whisked up, and are passed away into Hades. The gaunt inns are tenantless; the notes of the horn that we used to hear tootling over Salisbury Plain as the dawn rose and the wind was nipping cold, are reverberating in endless space. Where are the jolly turnpikemen who used to come out as the lamps lighted up the white bars of the gates, and the horses were in a halo of smoke? How they used to go over the six miles between Honiton and Escot Lodge! and there — there on Fair Mile Hill is the little carriage waiting, and HOME in it, looking out with sweet eyes, — eyes, oh, how steadfast, and loving, and tender!

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This sentimentalism may surprise my revered friend, and annoy the public, who are not called upon to be interested in their humble servant's juvenile biography; but it all comes very naturally out of the opening discussion about Christmas and Christmas books in general, and of this book in particular, just published by Mr. Burns, the very best of all Christmas books. Let us say this, dear YORKE, who, in other days, have pitilessly trampled on "Forget-me-nots," and massacred whole galleries of "Books of Beauty." By the way, what has happened to the beauties? Is May Fair used up? One does not wish to say any thing rude, but I would wager that any tea-party in Red Lion Square will turn out a dozen ladies to the full as handsome as the charmers with whose portraits we are favored this year. There are two in particular whom I really never — but let us not be too personal, and return to Mr. Burns's "Poems and Pictures."

The charming "Lieder und Bilder" of the Dusseldorf painters has, no doubt, given the idea of the work. The German manner has found favor among some of our artists — the Puseyites of art, they may be called, in this country, such as Messrs. Cope, Redgrave, Townsend, Horsley, &c.; who go back to the masters before Raffaelle, or to his own best time (that of his youth), for their models of grace and beauty. Their designs have a religious and ascetic, not a heathen and voluptuous tendency. There is with them no revelling in boisterous nudities like Rubens, no glowing contemplation of lovely forms as in Titian or Etty, but a meek, modest, and downcast demeanor. They appeal to tender sympathies, and deal with subjects of conjugal or maternal love, or charity, or devotion. In poetry, Goethe can't find favor in their eyes, but Uhland does. Milton is too vast for them, Shakspeare too earthy, but mystic Collins is a favorite; and gentle Cowper; and Alford sings pious hymns for them to the mild strains of his little organ.

The united work of these poets and artists is very well suited to the kind and gentle Christmas season. All the verses are not good, and some of the pictures are but feeble; yet the whole impression of the volume is an exceedingly pleasant one. The solemn and beautiful forms of the figures; the sweet, soothing cadences

and themes of the verse, affect one like music. Pictures and songs are surrounded by beautiful mystical arabesques, waving and twining round each page. Every now and then you light upon one which is so pretty, it looks as if you had put a flower between the leaves. You wander about and lose yourself amongst these pleasant labyrinths, and sit down to repose on the garden-bench of the fancy (this is a fine image,) smelling the springing blossoms, and listening to the chirping birds that shoot about amidst the flickering sunshine and the bending twigs and leaves. All this a man with the least imagination can do in the heart of winter, seated in the arm-chair by the fire, with "The Poems and Pictures" in his hand. What were life good for, dear YORKE, without that blessed gift of fancy? Let us be thankful to those kind spirits who minister to it by painting, or poetry, or music! When Mrs. Y. has sang a song of Haydn's to you, I have seen the tears of happiness twinkle in your eyes; and at certain airs of Mozart, have known the intrepid, the resolute, the stern OLIVER to be as much affected as that soft-hearted Molly of a milkmaid mentioned by Mr. Wordsworth, who, moved by the singing of a blackbird, beheld a vision of trees in Lothbury, and a beautiful, clear Cumberland stream dashing down in the neighborhood of St. Mary Axe.

And this is the queer power of Art; that when you wish to describe its effect upon you, you always fall to describing something else. I cannot answer for it that a picture is not a beautiful melody; that a grand sonnet by Tennyson is not in reality a landscape by Titian; that the last *pas* by Taglioni is not a bunch of roses or an ode of Horace; but I am sure that the enjoyment of the one has straightway brought the other to my mind, and *vice versâ*. Who knows that the blind man, who said that the sound of a trumpet was his idea of scarlet, was not perfectly right? Very likely the sound of a trumpet *is* scarlet. In the matter of this book of "Poems and Pictures," I have never read prettier pictures than many of these verses are, or seen handsomer poems hung up in any picture-gallery. Mrs. Cope's poem of "The Village Stile" is the first piece as you enter the gallery: —

"Age sat upon't when tired of straying,
And children that had been a-maying
There twined their garlands gay;
What tender partings, blissful meetings,
What faint denials, fond entreatings,
It witnessed in its day!

The milkmaid on its friendly rail
Would oftimes rest her brimful pail,
And lingering there awhile,
Some lucky chance (that tell-tale cheek
Doth something more than chance bespeak!) [The sly rogue!]
Brings Lubin to the stile.

But what he said or she replied,
Whether he asked her for his bride,
And she so sought was won,
There is no chronicle to tell;
For silent is the oracle,
The village stile is gone."

In the very midst of these verses, and from a hedge full of birds, and flowers, and creeping plants tangling round them, the village stile breaks out upon you. There is Age sitting upon it, returning home from market; on t'other side the children, who have been maying, are twining their garlands. The cottage-chimney is smoking comfortably; the birds in the arabesque are making a great chirping and twittering; the young folks go in, the old farmer hobbles over the stile and has gone to supper; the evening has come, it is page 3. The birds in the arabesque have gone to roost; the sun is going down; the milkmaid is sitting on the stile now — beautiful, sweet, down-eyed, tender milkmaid! — and has her hand in Lubin's, somehow. Lubin is a capital name for him; a very meek, soft, handsome young fellow; just such a sentimental-looking spooney as a perverse lass would choose; and at page 4, the village stile is gone. And what is it we have in its stead, alack-

aday? What means that broken lily? How comes that young lady in the flowing bed-gown to be lying on the floor, her head upon the cushion of her praying-stool? Alas, the lily is the emblem of the young lady! *Jeune fille et jeune fleur*, they are both done for. Woe is me, that two so young and beautiful should be nipped off thus suddenly, the Lady Lys and Fleur de Marie! *Sic jacent*, and Mr. Alford comes like a robin, and pipes a dirge over the pair:—

"Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun;
And fairer yet thou mightest be,
Thy youth was but begun.

Thine eye was soft and glancing,
Of the deep bright blue,
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou hadst been praying
At thy hour of rest.

The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek,
And the Morn of thy Nativity
Had just begun to break."

A sad Christmas this, indeed! but the friends of Lady Mary must be consoled by the delightful picture which Mr. Dyce has left of her. How tenderly she lies there with folded palms, the typical lily bending sadly over her! Pretty, prim, and beatified, it would almost be disrespectful to mourn over such an angel.

But when we get to a real character—a real woman—(though no great beauty, if Mr. Horsley's portrait of her be a true one)—where we have a poet speaking a genuine feeling—Cowper writing on the receipt of his mother's picture out of Norfolk—a man's heart is very differently moved:—

"O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,—
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long;
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she."

How tender and true the verses are! How naturally the thoughts rise as the poet looks at the calm portrait! and the sacred days of childhood come rising back again to his memory. The very trivialities in subsequent parts of the poem betoken its authenticity, and bear witness to the naturalness of the emotion:—

"Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap:
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,

Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes;—
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may!
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here."

Even that twaddling about biscuit and confectionery plum has a charm in it. You see the gentle lady busied in her offices of kindness for the timid, soft-hearted boy. "Wretch even then, life's journey just begun," conscience comes even there to disturb that delicate spirit, and imbitter the best and earliest memorials of life. Mr. Horsley follows the painter down the text with delightful commentaries; he has illustrated the lines which a certain chair-maker has rendered abominably common, and shows us the gardener Robin leading the boy to school in scarlet mantle, and warm velvet cap. The kind mother is peering from the garden-gate before the parsonage, and the old church in the quiet village.

A great charm in the verses has always been to me, that he does not grieve too much for her. The kind humble heart follows her up to heaven, and there meekly acknowledges her. "The son of parents passed into the skies," says the filial spirit, so humble that he doubted of himself only. The little churchyard sketch with which Mr. Horsley closes this sweet elegy is a delightful comment on it,— the poem in the shape of a picture as it seems to me. One may muse over both for hours; and get nothing but the sweetest and kindest thoughts from either.

Whether it is that where the verses fail, the artists are feeble, or that a poor poem makes a discord, as it were, and destroys the harmony which the concert of poet and painter ought to produce, I don't know: but if the verses are feeble, the pictures look somehow unsatisfactory by their side; and one *believes* in neither. Thus the next illustrated poem, "The Tale of the Coast Guard," is too fine and pompous, and the accompanying picture by Redgrave equally unreal. "Sir Roland Graeme," with illustrations by Selous, very clever and spirited, affects me no way. I do not care if I see those theatrical fellows plunging and fighting with harmless broadswords again. Whereas, at the next page, you come to some verses about a snowdrop, and a picture overhead of that small bulbous beauty — to look at both which causes the greatest pleasure? All the pages adorned with *natural* illustrations are pleasant; such as the holly which figures by the famous old song of "When this old cap was new;" some buttercups which illustrate a subject as innocent, &c. Where there is violent action requisite the artists seem to fail, except in one or a couple of instances. Mr. Tenniel has given a gallant illustration of the ballad of "War comes with Manhood, as Light comes with Day," in which drawing there is great fire and energy; and Mr. Corbould's "Wild Huntsman" has no little vigor and merit. His illustrations to the legend of Gilbert A Beckett are quite tame and conventional. Mr. Tenniel's "Prince and Outlaw" represent a prince and outlaw of Astley's — the valorous Widdicomb and the intrepid Gomersal. The truth is that the ballads to which the pictures are appended are of the theatrical sort, and quite devoid of genuineness and simplicity.

But set them to deal with a real sentiment, and the artists appreciate it excellently. Witness Cope's delightful drawings to "The Mourner," his sweet figures to the sweet and plaintive old ballad of "Cumnor Hall." Townshend's excellent compositions to the "Miner;" Dyce's charming illustration of the "Christ-Cross Rhyme," — in which page both poet and painter have perfectly reproduced the Catholic spirit: —

"Christ his cross shall be my speed!
Teach me, Father John, to read,
That in church on holy-day
I may chant the psalm, and pray.

Let me learn, that I may know
What the shining windows show,
With that bright Child in her hands,
Where the lovely Lady stands.

Teach me letters one, two, three,
Till that I shall able be
Signs to know, and words to frame,
And to spell sweet JESU's name.

Then, dear master, will I look
Day and night in that fair book,
Where the tales of saints are told,
With their pictures all in gold.

Teach me, Father John, to say
Vesper-verse and matin-lay;
So when I to God shall plead,
Christ his Cross will be my speed."

A pretty imitation indeed. Copes and censers, stained glass and choristers, — all the middle-age paraphernalia, produced with an accuracy that is curiously perfect and picturesque. But, O my dearly beloved OLIVER! what are these meek canticles and gentle nasal concerts compared to the full sound which issues from the generous lungs when A POET begins to sing: —

"And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, amang the knowes,
Hae passed atween us twa!
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa!"

Heaven bless the music! it is a warm, manly, kindly heart that speaks there, — a grateful, generous soul that looks at God's world with honest eyes, and trusts to them rather than to the blinking peepers of his neighbor. Such a man walking the fields and singing out of his full heart is pleasanter to hear, to my mind, than a whole organ-loft full of Puseyites, or an endless procession of quavering shavelings from Littlemore.

But every bird has its note, from the blackbird on the thorn to the demure pie that haunts cathedral yards, and, when caught, can be taught to imitate any thing. Here you have a whole aviary of them. Cowper that coos like a dove; Collins, that complains like a nightingale; with others who might be compared to the brisk bulfinch, the polite canary, or the benevolent cock-robin; — each sings, chirps, twitters, cock-a-doodledoos in his fashion — a pleasant chorus! And I recommend you, dear YORKE, and the candid reader, to purchase the cage.

ON SOME ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

(1846.)

THE character of Gruff-and-Tackleton, in Mr. Dickens's last Christmas story, has always appeared to me a great and painful blot upon that otherwise charming performance. Surely it is impossible that a man whose life is passed in the making of toys, hoops, whirligigs, theatres, dolls, jack-in-boxes, and ingenious knick-knacks for little children, should be a savage at heart, a child-hater by nature, and an ogre by disposition. How could such a fellow succeed in his trade? The practice of it would be sufficient to break that black heart of his outright. Invention to such a person would be impossible; and the continual exercise of his profession, the making of toys which he despised for little beings whom he hated, would, I should think, become so intolerable to a Gruff-and-Tackleton,

that he would be sure to fly for resource to the first skipping-rope at hand, or to run himself through his *dura ilia* with a tin sabre. The ruffian! the child-hating Herod! a squadron of rocking-horses ought to trample and crush such a fellow into smaller particles of flint. I declare for my part I hate Gruff-and-Tackleton worse than any ogre in "Mother Bunch." Ogres have been a good deal maligned. They eat children, it is true, but only occasionally,— children of a race which is hostile to their Titanic progeny; they are good enough to their own young. Witness the ogre in "Hopomythumb," who gave his seven daughters seven crowns, the which Hopomythumb stole for his brothers, and a thousand other instances in fairy history. This is parenthetic, however. The proposition is, that makers of children's toys may have their errors, it is true, but must be, in the main, honest and kindly-hearted persons.

I wish Mrs. Marcet, the Right Honorable T. B. Macaulay, or any other person possessing universal knowledge, would take a toy and child's emporium in hand, and explain to us all the geographical and historical wonders it contains. That Noah's ark, with its varied contents, —its leopards and lions, with glued pump-handled tails; its light-blue elephants and 4 footed ducks; that ark containing the cylindrical family of the patriarch was fashioned in Holland, most likely, by some kind pipe-smoking friends of youth by the side of a slimy canal. A peasant in a Danubian pine-wood carved that extraordinary nut-cracker, who was painted up at Nuremberg afterwards in the costume of a hideous hussar. That little fir lion, more like his roaring original than the lion at Barnet, or the lion of Northumberland House, was cut by a Swiss shepherd boy tending his goats on a mountain-side, where the chamois were jumping about in their untanned leather. I have seen a little Mahometan on the Etmeidan at Constantinople, twiddling about just such a whirligig as you may behold any day in the hands of a small Parisian in the Tuileries Gardens. And as with the toys so with the toy-books. They exist everywhere; there is no calculating the distance through which the stories come to us, the number of languages through which they have been filtered, or the centuries during which they have been told. Many of them have been narrated, almost in their present shape, for thousands of years since, to little copper-colored Sanscrit children, listening to their mother under the palm-trees by the banks of the yellow Jumna—their Brahmin mother, who softly narrated them through the ring in her nose. The very same tale has been heard by the Northmen Vikings as they lay on their shields on deck; and by the Arabs, couched under the stars on the Syrian plains when the flocks were gathered in, and the mares were picketed by the tents. With regard to the story of "Cinderella," I have heard the late Thomas Hill say that he remembered to have heard, two years before Richard Cœur de Lion came back from Palestine, a Norman jongleur—but, in a word, there is no end to the antiquity of these tales, a dissertation on which would be quite needless and impossible here.

One cannot help looking with a secret envy on the children of the present day, for whose use and entertainment a thousand ingenious and beautiful things are provided which were quite unknown some few score of years since, when the present writer and reader were very possibly in the nursery state. Abominable attempts were made in those days to make useful books for children, and cram science down their throats as calomel used to be administered under the pretence of a spoonful of currant-jelly. Such picture-books as we had were illustrated with the most shameful, hideous, old wood-cuts which

had lasted through a century, and some of which may be actually seen lingering about still as head-pieces to the Catnach ballads, in those rare corners of the town where the Catnach ballads continue to be visible. Some painted pictures there were in our time likewise, but almost all of the very worst kind; the hideous distortions of Rowlandson, who peopled the picture-books with bloated parsons in periwigs, tipsy aldermen and leering salacious nymphs, horrid to look at. "Tom and Jerry" followed, with choice scenes from the Cockpit, the Round House, and Drury Lane. Atkins's slang sporting subjects then ensued, of which the upsetting of Charleys' watch-boxes, leaping five-barred gates, fighting duels with amazing long pistols, and kissing short-waisted damsels in pink spencers, formed the chief fun. The first real, kindly agreeable, and infinitely amusing and charming illustrations for a child's book in England which I know, were those of the patriarch George Cruikshank, devised for the famous German popular stories. These were translated by a certain magistrate of Bow Street, whom "The Examiner" is continually abusing, but whose name ought always to be treated tenderly on account of that great service which he did to the nation. Beauty, fun, and fancy, were united, in these admirable designs. They have been copied all over Europe. From the day of their appearance, the happiness of children may be said to have increased immeasurably. After Cruikshank, the German artists, a kindly and good-natured race, with the organ of philoprogenitiveness strongly developed, began to exert their wits for children. Otto Speckter, Neureuther, the Dusseldorf school, the book-designers at Leipsig and Berlin, the mystical and tender-hearted Overbeck, and numberless others, have contributed to the pleasure and instruction of their little countrymen. In France the movement has not been so remarkable. The designers in the last twenty years have multiplied a hundred-fold: their talent is undeniable: but they have commonly such an unfortunate *penchant* for what is *wrong*, that the poor little children can hardly be admitted into their company. They cannot be benefited by voluptuous pictures illustrative of Balzac, Béranger, Manon-Lescaut, and the like. The admirable Charlet confined himself to war and battle, and *les gloires de la France* chiefly: the brilliant designs of Vernet and Raffet are likewise almost all military. Gavarni, the wittiest and cleverest designer that ever lived probably, depicts grisettes, Ste. Pélagie, bals-masqués, and other subjects of town-life and intrigue, quite unfit for children's edification. The caustic Granville, that Swift of the pencil, dealt in subjects scarcely more suited to children than the foul satires of the wicked old Cynic of St. Patrick's, whose jokes to my mind are like the fun of a demon, and whose best excuse is Swift's Hospital.

In England the race of designers is flourishing and increasing; and the art as applied to the nursery (and where, if you please, you who sneer, has our affectionate Mother Art a better place?) has plenty of practitioners and patronage. Perhaps there may be one or two of our readers who have heard of an obscure publication called "Punch," a hebdomadal miscellany, filled with drawings and jokes, good or bad. Of the artists engaged upon this unfortunate periodical, the chief are Messrs. Leech and Doyle, both persons, I would wager, remarkable for love of children, and daily giving proofs of this gentle disposition. Whenever Mr. Leech, "in the course of his professional career," has occasion to depict a child by the side of a bottle-nosed alderman, a bow-waistcoated John Bull, a policeman, a Brook-Green Volunteer, or the like, his rough, grotesque, rollicking pencil becomes gentle all of

a sudden, he at once falls into the softest and tenderest of moods, and daudles and caresses the infant under his hands, as I have seen a huge whiskered grenadier do in St. James's Park, when mayhap (but this observation goes for nothing), the nursemaid chances to be pretty. Look at the picture of the Eton-boy dining with his father, and saying, "Governor, one toast before we go — the ladies!" This picture is so pretty, and so like, that it is a positive fact, that every father of an Eton-boy declares it to be the portrait of his own particular offspring. In the great poem of "The Brook-Green Volunteer," cantos of which are issuing weekly from the "Punch" press; all the infantine episodes, without exception, are charming; and the volunteer's wife such a delightful hint of black-eyed smiling innocence and prettiness, as shows that beauty is always lying in the heart of this humorist, — this *good* humorist, as he assuredly must be. As for Mr. Doyle, his praises have been sung in this Magazine already: and his pencil every day gives far better proofs of his genuine relish for the grotesque and beautiful than any that can be produced by the pen of the present writer.

The real heroes of this article, however, who are at length introduced after the foregoing preliminary flourish, are, Mr. Joseph Cundall, of 12 Old Bond Street, in the city of Westminster, publisher; Mr. Felix Summerly, of "The Home Treasury" office; Mrs. Harriet Myrtle; Ambrose Merton, Gent., the editor of "Gammer Gurton's Story-Books;" the writer (or writers) of "The Good-natured Bear," "The Story-Book of Holyday Hours," &c., and the band of artists who have illustrated for the benefit of youth these delightful works of fiction. Their names are Webster, Townshend, Absolon, Cope, Horsley, Redgrave, H. Corbould, Franklin, and Frederick Tayler, — names all famous in art; nor surely could artists ever be more amiably employed than in exercising their genius in behalf of young people. Fielding, I think, mentions with praise the name of Mr. Newbery, of Saint Paul's Churchyard, as the provider of story-books and pictures for children in his day. As there is no person of the late Mr. Fielding's powers writing in this Magazine, let me be permitted, humbly, to move a vote of thanks to the meritorious Mr. Joseph Cundall.

The mere sight of the little books published by Mr. Cundall — of which some thirty now lie upon my table — is as good as a nosegay. Their actual covers are as brilliant as a bed of tulips, and blaze with emerald, and orange, and cobalt, and gold, and crimson. I envy the feelings of the young person for whom (after having undergone a previous critical examination) this collection of treasures is destined. Here are fairy tales, at last, with real pictures to them. What a library! — what a picture-gallery! Which to take up first is the puzzle. I can fancy that perplexity and terror seizing upon the small individual to whom all these books will go in a parcel, when the string is cut, and the brown paper is unfolded, and all these delights appear. Let us take out one at hazard: it is the

"HISTORY OF TOM HICKATHRIFT THE CONQUEROR."

He is bound in blue and gold: in the picture Mr. Frederick Tayler has represented Tom and a friend slaughtering wild beasts with prodigious ferocity. Who was Tom Hickathrift the Conqueror? Did you ever hear of him? Fielding mentions him somewhere, too; but his history has passed away out of the nursery annals, and this is the first time his deeds have ever come under my cognizance. Did Fielding himself write the book? The style is very like that of the author of

"Joseph Andrews." Tom lived in the Isle of Ely in Cambridgeshire, the story says, in the reign of William the Conqueror; his father, who was a laborer, being dead, "and his mother being tender of their son, maintained him by her own labor as well as she could; but all his delight was in the corner, and he ate as much at once as would serve six ordinary men. At ten years old he was six feet high and three feet thick; his hand was like a shoulder of mutton, and every other part proportionate; but his great strength was as yet unknown."

The idea of latent strength here is prodigious. How strong the words are, and vigorous the similes! *His hand was like a shoulder of mutton.* He was six feet high, *and three feet thick:* all his delight was in the corner, and he ate as much as six men. A man six feet high is nothing, but a fellow three feet *thick* is tremendous. All the images heap up and complete the idea of Thomas's strength. His gormandizing indicates, his indolence exaggerates, the Herculean form. Tom first showed his strength by innocently taking away from a farmer, who told him he might have as much straw as he could carry, a thousand weight of straw. Another offering him and telling him to choose a stick for his mother's fire, Thomas selected a large tree, and went off with it over his shoulder, while a cart and six horses were tugging at a smaller piece of timber behind. The great charm of his adventures is, that they are told with that gravity and simplicity which only belongs to real truth: —

"Tom's fame being spread, no one durst give him an angry word. At last a brewer at Lynn, who wanted a lusty man to carry beer to the Marsh and to Wisbeach, hearing of him, came to hire him; but he would not be hired, till his friends persuaded him, and his master promised him a new suit of clothes from top to toe, and that he should eat and drink of the best. At last Tom consented to be his man, and the master showed him which way he was to go; for there was a monstrous giant kept part of the Marsh, and none dared to go that way, for if the giant found them, he would either kill or make them his servants.

"But to come to Tom and his master. Tom did more in one day than all the rest of his men did in three; so that his master, seeing him so tractable and careful in his business, made him his head man, and trusted him to carry beer by himself, for he needed none to help him. Thus he went each day to Wisbeach, a journey of near twenty miles.

"But going this way so often, and finding the other road that the giant kept was nearer by the half, Tom having increased his strength by good living, and improved his courage by drinking so much strong ale, resolved one day, as he was going to Wisbeach, without saying any thing to his master, or to his fellow-servants, to take the nearest road or lose his life; to win the horse or lose the saddle; to kill or be killed, if he met with the giant.

"Thus resolved, he goes the nearest way with his cart, flinging open the gates in order to go through; but the giant soon espied him, and seeing him a daring fellow, vowed to stop his journey, and make a prize of his beer: but Tom cared not a fig for him; and the giant met him like a roaring lion, as though he would swallow him up.

"'Sirrah,' said he, 'who gave you authority to come this way? Do you not know, that I make all stand in fear of me? And you, like an impudent rogue, must come and fling open my gate at pleasure! Are you so careless of your life, that you do not care what you do? I will make you an example to all rogues under the sun. Dost thou not see how many heads of those that have offended my laws hang upon yonder tree? Thine shall hang above them all!'

"'None of your prating!' said Tom; 'you shall not find me like them.'

"'No!' said the giant.

"'Why, you are but a fool if you come to fight me, and bring no weapon to defend thyself!' cries Tom. 'I have got a weapon here shall make you know I am your master.'

"'Say you so, sirrah?' said the giant; and then ran to his cave to fetch his club, intending to dash his brains out at a blow.

"While the giant was gone for his club, Tom turned his cart upside down, and took the axletree and wheel for his sword and buckler; and excellent weapons they were, on such an emergency.

"The giant coming out again began to stare at Tom, to see him take the wheel in one of his hands, and the axletree in the other.

"'Oh, oh!' said the giant, 'you are like to do great things with those in-

struments; I have a twig here that will beat thee, thy axletree, and wheel to the ground!'

"Now that which the giant called a twig was as thick as a mill-post; and with this the giant made a blow at him with such force, as made his wheel crack. Tom, nothing daunted, gave him as brave a blow on the side of the head, which made him reel again.

"'What,' said Tom, 'have you got drunk with my small-beer already?'

"But the giant, recovering, made many hard blows at him, which Tom kept off with his wheel, so that he received but very little hurt.

"In the mean time, Tom plied the giant so well with blows, that the sweat and blood ran together down his face, who, being almost spent with fighting so long, begged Tom to let him drink, and then he would fight him again.

"'No, no,' said he, 'my mother did not teach me such wit;' and, finding the giant grow weak, he redoubled his blows, till he brought him to the ground.

"The giant, finding himself overcome, roared hideously, and begged Tom to spare his life, and he would perform any thing he should desire,—even yield himself unto him, and be his servant.

"But Tom, having no more mercy on him than a bear upon a dog, laid on him till he found him breathless, and then cut off his head; after which he went into his cave, and there found great store of gold and silver, which made his heart leap for joy."

This must surely be Fielding: the battle is quite like the Fielding-Homer. Tom "having increased his strength by good living, and *improved his courage by drinking strong ale*," is a phrase only to be written by a great man. It indicates a lazy strength, like that of Tom himself in the corner. "The giant roared hideously, but Tom had no more mercy on him than a bear upon a dog." If anybody but Harry Fielding can write of a battle in this way, it is a pity we had not more of the works of the author. He says that, for this action, Tom, who took possession of the giant's cave and all his gold and silver, "was no longer called plain Tom, but Mister Hickathrift."

With the aid of a valorous opponent, who was a tinker, and who being conquered by Tom in battle became his fast friend ever after, Tom overcame 10,000 disaffected, who had gathered in the Isle of Ely (they must have been 10,000 of the refugee Saxons, under Hereward the Saxon, who fled from the tyranny of the Conqueror, and are mentioned by Mr. Wright in his lately published, learned, and ingenious essays,—and, indeed, it was a shame that one of the German name of *Hickathrift* should attack those of his own flesh and blood); but for this anti-national feat Tom was knighted, and henceforth appeared only as Sir Thomas Hickathrift.

"News was brought to the king, by the commons of Kent, that a very dreadful giant was landed on one of the islands, and had brought with him a great number of bears, and also young lions, with a dreadful dragon, upon which he always rode; which said monster and other ravenous beasts had much frightened all the inhabitants of the island. And, moreover, they said, if speedy course was not taken to suppress them, they would destroy the country.

"The king, hearing of this relation, was a little startled; yet he persuaded them to return home, and make the best defence they could for the present, assuring them that he would not forget them, and so they departed.

"The king, hearing these dreadful tidings, immediately sat in council, to consider what was best to be done.

"At length, Tom Hickathrift was pitched upon, as being a bold, stout subject; for which reason it was judged necessary to make him governor of that island, which place of trust he readily accepted, and accordingly went down with his wife and family to take possession of the same, attended by an hundred and odd knights and gentlemen, at least.

"Sir Thomas had not been there many days, when, looking out of his own window, he espied this giant mounted on a dreadful dragon, and on his shoulder he bore a club of iron; he had but one eye, which was in the middle of his forehead, and was as large as a barber's basin, and seemed like flaming fire; the hair of his head hung down like snakes, and his beard like rusty wire.

"Lifting up his eye, he saw Sir Thomas, who was viewing him from one of the windows of the castle. The giant then began to knit his brow, and to breathe out some threatening word to the governor,—who, indeed, was a little surprised at the approach of such a monstrous and ill-favored brute.

"The giant finding that Tom did not

make much haste to get down to him, he alighted from his dragon, and chained him to an oak-tree; then marched to the castle, setting his broad shoulders against the corner of the wall, as if he intended to overthrow the whole bulk of the building at once. Tom perceiving it, said, —

"'Is this the game you would be at? faith, I will spoil your sport, for I have a delicate tool to pick your tooth with.' Then taking the two-handed sword which the king gave him, and flinging open the gate, he there found the giant, who, by an unfortunate slip in his thrusting, was fallen all along, and lay not able to help himself.

"'How now,' said Tom, 'do you come here to take up your lodging?' and with that, he ran his long sword between the giant's shoulders, which made the brute groan as loud as thunder.

"Then Sir Thomas pulled out his sword again, and at six or seven blows smote off his head; and then turning to the dragon, which was all this while chained to the tree, without any further words, but with four or five blows, cut off the head of that also."

Once and again this must be Harry Fielding. The words of the narrative are of immense strength and simplicity. When Tom runs his long sword through the giant, it only "makes the brute groan as loud as thunder." An inferior hand would have spoiled all by trying a dying speech. One recognizes Fielding's cudgel-style by the force and simplicity of the blow; and the greatness of Hickathrift is only increased by the conclusion of his history. He is left singing a song at a very noble and splendid feast, to which he invited all his friends and acquaintances, when he made them the following promise, —

"My friends, while I have strength to stand,
Most manfully I will pursue
All dangers till I clear the land
Of lions, bears, and tigers too."

And that is all. How fine the conclusion is! The enormous champion does not die, but lapses into silence. He may be alive yet somewhere in the fens, drinking mutely. A health to him! The day was a good day which brought the acquaintance of Tom Hickathrift.

Patient Grissell and the Babes in the Wood are dressed by Mr. Cundall in scarlet and gold — attired in glorious raiment after their death and sufferings as a reward for their martyrdom in life. As for Grissell, I have always had my opinion about her. She is so intolerably patient as to provoke any husband, and owed a great deal of her ill-treatment to the shameful meekness with which she bore it. But the Babes in the Wood must awaken the sympathy of any but an ogre, and every man, woman, or child who has a heart for poetry must feel himself stirred by the lines which tell their sad story: —

"He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him;
And look, they did not cry.
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain.
'Stay here,' quoth he, 'I'll bring you bread
When I come back again.'

These pretty babes, with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down,
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief.
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves."

Sweet little martyrs! Poetry contains nothing more touching than their legend. They have lain for hundreds of years embalmed in it. Time has not spoiled the smile of their sweet faces, nestling cheek by cheek under the yellow leaves. Robins have become sacred birds for the good deed they did. They will be allowed to sing in Paradise for that.

"Bevis of Hampton," that famous knight, is not a warrior much to the taste of the present times. He kills a great deal too much, and without any sense of humor, and without inspiring any awe; but "Guy of

Warwick" is a true knight. After the steward's son has done great deeds, and by his valor and virtue has won the hand of fair Felice, and with it her father's title of Earl of Warwick, the famous warrior is smitten with a sense of the vanity of all earthly things, even of married love and of fair Felice, who consents, like a pious soul as she is, that he should take the cross and go to Palestine.

"While Guy was in this repenting solitude," the legend says, "fair Felice, like a mourning widow, clothed herself in sable attire, and vowed chastity in the absence of her beloved husband. Her whole delight was in divine meditations and heavenly consolations, praying for the welfare of her beloved Lord Guy. And, to show her humility, she sold all her jewels and costly robes, and gave the money to the poor."

Years and years after her lord was gone, there used to come for alms to her castle-gate an old pilgrim, whom the fair Felice relieved with hundreds of other poor. At last, this old hermit, feeling his death drawing nigh, took a ring from his hand and sent it to fair Felice, and she knew by that token it was her lord and husband, and hastened to him. And Guy soon after died in the arms of his beloved Felice, who, having survived him only fifteen days, was buried in the same grave. So ends the story of Guy, the bold baron of price, and of the fair maid Felice. A worthy legend. His bones are dust, and his sword is rust, and his soul is with the saints, I trust. Mr. Tayler supplies two noble illustrations to Sir Bevis and Sir Guy.

We must pass over the rest of the Gammer Gurton library with a brief commendation. The ballads and stories are good, the pictures are good, the type is good, the covers are fine, and the price is small. The same may be said of "The Home Treasury," edited by the benevolent Felix Summerly. This "Home Treasury" contains a deal of pleasant reading and delightful pictures. The fairy-tales are skilfully recast, and charmingly illustrated with colored prints (perhaps all prints for children ought to have pretty colors, by the way) by some of the good-natured artists before mentioned. The delightful drawings for "Little Red Riding-Hood" are supplied by Mr. Webster. Mr. Townshend nobly illustrates "Jack and the Bean-Stalk;" while the pretty love-tale of "Beast and the Beauty" is delineated by Mr. Redgrave. In the book of "Fairy Tales and Ballads," Cope, Redgrave, and Tayler, vie with each other which shall most show skill and recreate youth. For the Story-books of the Seasons and the Mrs. Harriet-Myrtle Series, Mr. Absolon has supplied a profusion of designs, which are all, without exception, charming. The organ of love of children as developed on that gentleman's cranium must be something prodigious, and the bump of benevolence quite a mountain. Blessed is he whose hat is enlarged by them!

Let a word be said, in conclusion, regarding the admirable story of the "Good-natured Bear," one of the wittiest, pleasantest, and kindest of books that I have read for many a long day. Witness this extract, which contains the commencement of the bear's autobiography:—

"'I am a native of Poland, and was born in one of the largest and most comfortable caves in the forest of Towskipowski. My father and mother were greatly respected by all the inhabitants of the forest, and were, in fact, regarded, not only by all their own species, but by every other animal, as persons of some consequence. I do not mention this little circumstance from any pride, but only out of filial affection for their memory.

"'My father was a man of a proud and resentful—my father, I meant to say, was a *person*, of a proud and resentful disposition, though of the greatest courage and honor; but my mother was one in whom all the qualities of the fairer, or at least, the softer sex, were united. I shall never forget the patience, the gentleness, the skill, and the firmness with which she first taught me to walk alone. I mean to walk on all fours, of course; the upright manner of my present walking was only learned afterwards. As this infant effort, however, is one of my very earliest recollections, I have mentioned it before all the

rest, and if you please, I will give you a little account of it.'

"'Oh! *do*, Mr. Bear,' cried Gretchen; and no sooner had she uttered the words, than all the children cried out at the same time, 'Oh! please do, sir.' The bear took several long whiffs at his pipe, and thus continued,—

"'My mother took me to a retired part of the forest, where few animals ever came; and telling me that I must now stand alone, extended both paws, and slowly lowered me towards the earth. The height, as I looked down, seemed terrible, and I felt my legs kick in the air with fear of, I did not know what, till suddenly I felt four hard things, and no motion. It was the fixed earth beneath my four infant legs. "Now," said my mother, "you are what is called standing alone!" But what she said I heard as in a dream. With my back in the air, as though it rested on a wooden trussel, with my nose poking out straight, snuffing the fresh breeze, and the many scents of the woods, my ears pricking and shooting with all sorts of new sounds, to wonder at, to want to have, to love, or to tumble down at,—and my eyes staring before me full of light, and confused gold, and dancing things, I seemed to be in a condition over which I had no power to effect the least change, and in which I must remain fixed till some wonderful thing happened. But the firm voice of my mother came to my assistance, and I heard her tell me to look upon the earth beneath me, and see where I was. First I looked up among the boughs, then sideways at my shoulder, then I squinted at the tip of my nose—all by mistake and innocence—at last, I bent my nose in despair, and saw my fore paws standing, and this of course was right. The first thing that caught my attention, being the first thing I saw distinctly, was a little blue flower with a bright jewel in the middle, which I afterwards found was a drop of dew. Sometimes I thought this little blue darling was so close that it almost touched my eyes, and certainly the odor of it was up in my head; sometimes I thought it was deep down, a long way off. When I bent my face towards it to give it a kiss, it seemed just where it was, though I had not done what I had thought to do.

"'The next thing I saw upon the ground was a soft-looking little creature, that crawled along with a round ball upon the middle of its back, of a beautiful white color, with brown and red curling stripes. The creature moved very, very slowly, and appeared always to follow the opinion and advice of two long horns on its head, that went feeling about on all sides. Presently it slowly approached my right fore paw, and I wondered how I should feel, or smell, or hear it, as it went over my toes; but the instant one of the horns touched the hair of my paw both horns shrunk into nothing, and presently came out again, and the creature slowly moved away in another direction. While I was wondering at this strange proceeding—for I never thought of hurting the creature, not knowing how to hurt any thing, and what should have made the horn fancy otherwise?—while, then, I was wondering at this, my attention was suddenly drawn to a tuft of moss on my right near a hollow tree-trunk. Out of this green tuft looked a pair of very bright, round, small eyes, which were staring up at me.

"'If I had known how to walk, I should have stepped back a few steps when I saw those bright little eyes, but I never ventured to lift a paw from the earth, since my mother had first set me down, nor did I know how to do so, or what were the proper thoughts or motions to begin with. So I stood looking at the eyes; and presently I saw that the head was yellow, and all the face and throat yellow, and that it had a large mouth. "What you have just seen," said my mother, "we call a snail; and what you now see is a frog." The names, however, did not help me at all to understand. Why the first should have turned from my paw so suddenly, and why this creature should continue to stare up at me in such a manner, I could not conceive. I expected, however, that it would soon come slowly crawling forth, and then I should see whether it would also avoid me in the same manner. I now observed that its body and breast were double somehow, and that its paws were very large for its size, but had no hair upon them, which I thought was probably occasioned by its slow crawling having rubbed it all off. I had scarcely made these observations and reflections, when a beam of bright light breaking through the trees, the creature suddenly gave a great hop right up under my nose, and I, thinking the world was at an end, instantly fell flat down on one side, and lay there waiting!'"

Those who wish to know more about him, and to see Mr. Tayler's admirable likenesses of him, must buy the book for themselves. For it must be kept away from its right owners no longer, and must be consigned to brown paper and bound up with twine along with its beautiful comrades, never to see the light again until the packet opens under the astonished eyes of A. H. T.

M. A. TITMARSH.

A GRUMBLE ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

(1847.)

My dear Mr. Yorke, — When, in an unguarded moment, I complied with your request to look through the Christmas-books of the season and report progress upon that new branch of English literature, we had both the idea that the occupation would be exceedingly easy, jovial, and pleasant; that we should be able to make an agreeable lecture upon an amusing subject; that critics, authors, and readers would be brought together in the most enticing and amiable manner possible; and that we should finish off an article with kind hearts, friendly greetings, merry Christmas, and that sort of thing, — a perfect prize-paper, streaky with benevolence, and larded with the most unctuous human kindness, with an appropriate bit of holly placed in its hinder quarter.

Sir, we have both of us made a most dismal mistake. Had it been strong meat which you set before me for a Christmas feast, the above metaphor (which I took from Mr. Slater's shop at Kensington) might have applied. Beef might have invigorated the critic; but, ah, sir! what is that wretch to do who finds himself surfeited with mince-pies? I have read Christmas-books until I have reached a state of mind the most deplorable. "Curses on all fairies!" I gasp out; "I will never swallow another one as long as I live! Perdition seize all Benevolence! Be hanged to the Good and the True! Fling me every drop of the milk of human kindness out of window! — horrible, curdling slops, away with them! Kick old Father Christmas out of doors, the abominable old impostor! Next year I'll go to the Turks, the Scotch, or other Heathens who don't keep Christmas. Is all the street to come for a Christmas-box? Are the waits to be invading us by millions, and yelling all night? By my soul, if anybody offers me plum-pudding again this season, I'll fling it in his face!

The fair writer of one of these volumes, "A Christmas in the Seventeenth Century" (I may have read something very like this tale in Vandevelde's novels, but it is a pretty story, and just as good for little dears as if it were quite new), mentions in the preface the rueful appearance of a Parisian friend of hers at Christmas, who was buying *bonbons* as if he was doing penance, and cursed the odious custom of the *jour de l'an* which compelled him to spend a great part of his quarter's allowance in sugar-plums, to be presented to his acquaintance. The French gentleman was right: the sugar-plum system in France has become a nuisance, and in Protestant England the Christmas-book system is bidding fair to be another. Sir, it was wisely regulated that Christmas should come only once a year, but that does not mean that it is to stay all the year round. Do you suppose that any man could read through all these books, and retain his senses? I have swallowed eight or nine out of the five and twenty or thirty volumes. I am in a pitiable condition. I speak with difficulty out of my fulness.

"Miss Smith, my love, what is our first Christmas-pie? That in the green and gold dish, if you please."

Miss Smith. — "The dish is Mrs. Gore's, the *plates* are Mr. Cruikshank's, and very pretty plates they are. He, he, he!"

M. A. T.—"No trifling, madam, if you please. Read on."

Miss Smith reads as follows: —

"'Can you read, my boy? and are you sharp enough to undertake an errand?' said a young officer of the Guards, on whose well-fitting uniform little George had fixed a wistful eye, one summer morning at the corner of St. James's Street, as he was lounging near Same's shop, on pretence of looking at the engravings of a fashionable annual.

"'I can read, sir,' replied the boy, longing to add, 'and if you will employ me for a message, I will do my best to give you satisfaction,' for the handsome countenance of the young officer captivated his fancy. But the often-repeated injunction of his grandmother, that, betide what might, he was never to derogate from the habits of life of a gentleman's son, forbade his endeavoring to earn a shilling, a coin that rarely found its way into the palm of his hand.

"'You have an honest face of your own,' added the officer, after casting a hasty glance around, to ascertain that no one was at hand to overhear or notice their colloquy. Do you think you could make out Belgrave Street, Belgrave Square?'

"'To be sure I could, sir.'

"'In that case, my lad, here's half a crown for you, to make the best of your way to number seven, where you will leave this letter,' continued he, placing one in his hand; 'and remember, should any questions be asked by the servants, you are to say that it was given you by a lady you never saw before, and of whom you don't know the name.'

"'If I'm to say *that*, sir, I'm afraid I can't oblige you,' replied the child, returning the money and the letter; 'and, at all events, I should not have accepted the half-crown. I am not an errand-boy, sir; I am a gentleman's son!'

"'You are a confounded little ass, I suspect!' returned the officer, nettled and surprised. 'What on earth can it signify whether you receive the letter from a gentleman or lady?'

"'Not the least, sir. It signifies only that I should not say the one, when the other is the case. But I will undertake to carry your letter safe and speedily, and give no explanation at all, however much questioned, if that would suit you.'

"'I fancy I can trust you, my lad,' replied the officer, more and more surprised by the tone and bearing of the child. 'But I should be glad to learn, on your return, how you have prospered in your errand.'

"'You are on guard, I think, sir!' said George, glancing at his gay accoutrements. 'I shall be in Belgrave Street and back, in less than twenty minutes. You can manage, perhaps, to remain hereabouts till then?'

"And the appointment once made, George did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. Fresh from a first perusal of 'Paul and Virginia,' he seemed to understand (on perceiving that the letter about which the young captain appeared so anxious was addressed to a 'Miss Hallet') *why* he was so anxious concerning the delivery.

"'I left it safe, sir, at number seven. No questions were asked,' said he, a little out of breath, as soon as he came within hail of the scarlet coat.

"'So far, so good,' observed the young man, turning towards a friend on whose arm he was leaning. 'I think I may be sure, *this* time, that it will reach her hand.'

"And as George had now fully discharged his commission, he was making off towards home, when the officer suddenly called him back.

"'Hillo, my lad! we mustn't part in this way,' said he. 'You've done me better service than you think for; and though you don't choose to be paid for it, you must have something to keep in remembrance of my gratitude.'

"The whole party were now opposite the shop of Palmer the cutler, into which the apparently overjoyed letter-sender ordered his prompt messenger to follow him; and, in a moment, a tray of many-bladed knives—knives after a boy's own heart—glittered before the eyes of George.

"'Make your choice, youngster!' said the officer, who, by the obsequiousness of the shopman, was apparently well known and highly considered. 'You seem steady enough to be trusted with sharp implements.'

"'Recollect, my dear Wroxton,' interrupted his companion, good-humoredly, 'that a knife is the most unlucky keepsake in the world!'

"'Ay, between lovers!' retorted the young guardsman, pointing out to his *protégé* a handsome four-bladed knife with a mother-of-pearl handle, which he seemed to recommend. 'But in this case, all I want is to remind this trusty Pacolet of mine that I am in existence; and that he will often find me on the same spot, waiting to engage him for the same service he executed so well just now.'

"Scarcely knowing in what words to express his gratitude for the generous manner in which his trifling assistance was requited, poor George thankfully acquiesced in the shopman's suggestion that his initials should be engraved on the silver escutcheon ornamenting the handle of the knife. It could be finished in a few hours. On the morrow, George was to call for it at Palmer's.

"'And mind you don't disappoint the little fellow!' said his new friend, preparing to leave the shop. 'It is impossible for me to send my own servants to Sir Jasper's,' continued he, addressing his companion, as they proceeded down the steps to resume their lounge in St. James's Street; 'and this boy is precisely the sort of messenger not to excite suspicion.'"

What an agreeable vivacity there is about this description! Sparkling, easy, stylish, and so like nature. I think that incident of the knife — a four-bladed knife with a mother-of-pearl handle — from Palmer's, in St. James's Street, is *impayable*. You fancy the scene; the young bucks in scarlet — Palmer himself — the Conservative Club opposite, with the splendid dandies in the bow-window — the red-jackets who hold the horses — the cab-stand — St. James's Gate and clock. *Que sçais-je?* How deftly in a few strokes a real artist can bring out a picture!

The picture is taken from "New Year's Day," by Mrs. Gore. This book has nothing earthly in it about New Year's Day. The plot and mystery are as follows: —

There was once a hectoring young Turk of a captain of foot, who married a young woman of inferior rank, and, singular to state, ill-used her. By this lady, Captain Hallet had a little son: he bullied and ill-used this little son too, in such a manner that the lad threatened to drown himself; and his coat and cap were all that were found of the young fellow by the side of the poluphloisboio thalasses, into the deep bosom of which he had committed himself.

The mother's heart broke in twain at the calamity; so did John Talbot's, the captain's man (as far as male heart can be said to break, but this sort mends again almost as good as new commonly): the captain became an altered man too, and no wonder. A couple of murders on his conscience could not make a captain of foot very cheerful.

The Peninsular war breaking out at this juncture, Captain Jasper Hallet joined the heroic Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, at present F. M. the Duke of Wellington, K. G. &c. Assaults, scaladoes, ambuscadoes, hurrah, cut-and-thrust, fire away, run-you-through-the-body, Give it 'em, boys! became the captain's chief delight; and forlorn hopes were his principal diversions. Wounded he was a great deal, as men will be in this sort of sport; and we picture him to ourselves as devilled and scarred like the leg of that turkey which has stood the assault of Christmas-day. But no friendly ball laid low the capting — as how should it? otherwise Mrs. Gore's story could never have been written — on the contrary, he rose to be a major — a colonel — to clasps and ribbons innumerable — to command a brigade in the unlucky campaigns of New Orleans, and a division at the attack of Bhurtpore. And I leave you to imagine that his portion of the swag (as the Hindostan phrase is for plunder) must have been considerable, when I state that it amounted to 400,000*l*. Mrs. Gore is a noble creature, and makes the money fly about, that is the truth.

And don't you see when a man has 400,000*l*., how we get to like him, in spite of a murder or two? Our author yields with charming *naïveté* to the general impression. He is a good fellow after all; but he has four hundred thousand; he has repented of his early brutalities; his claret is famous, &c., &c. Lieutenant-General Sir Jasper Hallet, K.C.B., lived last year in Belgrave Street, Belgrave Square, with his niece, the lovely Mira, to whom it was known he had given 20,000*l*., and on whom many of the old fogies at the United Service Club were looking as eligible partners for their own sons. The United Service — *que dis-je?* — the Guards' Club had an eye on her too; and no less a young fellow than my Lord Wroxton (the rogue!) was smitten by her.

One day, as Miss Hallet was driv-

ing in her uncle's elegant chariot with the grays, the Johns behind, and Robert the coachman in the silver wig on the dickey: — as Robert was cutting in and out among the carriages like — blazes, I was going to say, but why use an expression so familiar? — it chanced that he cut over a child — a poor boy — a fair-haired, delicate boy — a bright-eyed thing — cut him over, and very nearly sent the wheels over him. The little cherub was rescued from the chariot-wheel; but before the lovely but naturally flustered Mira had found out his name, he was gone.

Now, my dears, do you begin to be on the scent? Who can that fair-haired, blue-eyed, bright-eyed thing be? Is it a baker's boy, is it a charity boy, a doctor's boy, or any other ditto? My heart tells me that that child is not *what he seems*. But of that anon.

In a court off St. James's Street — for if we can't be always genteel we'll be always near it — in a dreary room, having spent her money, pawned her spoons, exhausted the little store which misfortune had left her, lives a grumbling old woman, by the name of Mrs. Lawrie. She is an American, and as such the grandmother of the bright-eyed child whose acquaintance we have just had the honor to make.

Yes, but who was his *father*? His father was Colonel *Jasper* Foreman (mark the Jasper, S.V.P.!). Coming to this country, his own native place, with ingots of gold packed in chests, on board the Antelope packet, at only three days from shore, and just when the captain, after some conversations with him, had begun to treat Colonel "Jasper Foreman" with much more respect than a mere Yankee colonel could expect — at three days off port, the ship went down, with the captain, with Colonel Foreman, all his money, all his papers — every thing except the boy, and his grandmother, and her dozen silver spoons and forks. It's a mercy the old lady was in the habit of carrying them about with her, or what would the pair have done on reaching Albion's shore?

They went to live in the court off St. James's Street, melting away the spoons one by one, and such other valuables as had escaped the shipwreck. The old lady's health was impaired, and her temper abominable. How like a little angel did young George tend that crabbed old grandmother! George had a little bird — a poor little bird, and loved the little warbler as boyhood will love. The old hunx grumbled at the little bird, and said it ate them out of house and home. He took it into St. James's Park (the keepers let him pass, for George, though poor, mended his clothes most elegantly, and always managed to look genteel, bless him!), and he let loose the little bird in the Park: there's a picture of it, with the towers of Westminster Abbey, and the bird, and a lady and gent walking in the distance. He parted from his darling bird, and went home to his grandmamma. He went home and made her gruel. "*Bitterly did the old lady complain of the over-sugaring of the gruel.*" There is a picture of that too. George is bringing her the gruel in a basin; there's a cow on the chimneypiece, a saucepan in the fender, a cup and a parcel (of Embden groats, probably) on the table. Tears — sweet, gushing tears, sobs of heart-breaking yet heart-soothing affection, break from one over this ravishing scene. I am crying so, I can hardly write. The printers will never sure decipher this blotted page. So she complained of the over-sugaring of the gruel, did she? Dear child! The scene, I feel, is growing too tender.*

. . . . . .

As I describe this harrowing tale of innocence and woe, I protest I get

* Our contributor's MS. is here almost washed out with tears; and two printers have been carried off in hysterics, who were merely setting up the types! — O.Y.

so bewildered with grief as to lose the power of coherently continuing the narrative. This little George — this little diddle-iddle-darling, walking in St. James's Street, was accosted by Lord Wroxton, who gave him a letter to carry — a letter to Belgrave Street, to no other than Miss Mira Hallet. The name of the owner of the house, Sir Jasper Hallet, excited in the boy a thousand tumultuously mysterious emotions. Jasper! his papa's name was Jasper! Were the two Jaspers related anyhow? The scoffing menials thrust away the child who asked the question; but still he was hovering about the place — still watching Miss Hallet, and following her carriage, and one day, in a chase after it, he received the upset which opens the story.

Well, well, a little boy knocked down in the very first page of a story of course gets up again — of course he finds his parents — of course his grandfather makes him a present of at least half the four hundred thousand? No such thing: the little boy sickens all through the volume. Grandpapa goes abroad. Comic business takes place — such dreary comic business! — about the lovers of Miss Mira. In the midst of the comic business at Emms, grandpapa receives a letter, — his boy is found. It is Jasper's son, who, instead of drowning himself *then* (the cheerful catastrophe arriving later), only went to sea. Old John Talbot, the faithful servant, has found him starving in a garret. Away, away! — post haste, treble drink gelt, vite postillon! Sir Jasper arrives, and Mira, *essoufflée*, to find the little boy — just dead. There's a picture of him. A white sheet covers him over — old John Talbot is sobbing at the bedside — enter the general, as from his post-chaise. Horror, horror!. Send for the undertaker! It is all up with poor little Georgy!

And I declare I have not the slightest compunction for his demise. The book ought to be bound in crape, and printed on black-edged paper. *This* a Christmas-book! Where's merry Christmas going? Of all, all deadly liveliness — of all maudlin ululations — of all such grandmothers, grandsons, and watergruel, let us be delivered! — My love, hand me, if you please, the sky-blue-covered book, "January Eve," by George Soane, B.A.

I have my doubts whether anybody has a right to compose a story, certainly no one is authorized to write a Christmas story, whereof the end is not perfectly comfortable to all parties — to the readers first, to the heroes and heroines subsequently, and all the minor characters according to their deserts or beyond them. Why, poor rogues in her majesty's very jails are served with beef and pudding, and mercifulness and hospitality, at this season of the year; and wherefore are you and I, my dear Miss Smith — not ill-natured persons in the main; good-natured, at any rate, when we are pleased — to be made miserable at the conclusion of a history, by being called upon to sympathize with the sickness, the premature demise, or otherwise undeserved misfortune, of certain honest personages with whose adventures we are made acquainted? That is why, madam, I was so wroth anon with Mrs. Gore. I won't show mercy unto her. Why should I to a lady who has just been so unmerciful to poor little Whatdyecallem — the General Thingumgig's grandson, I mean — who died most miserably just as he was coming into his estate? Mrs. Gore had the fate of the little fellow perfectly in her hands: there is no earthly reason why he should not have got well of the carriage running over him. Why should not Mr. M'Cann of Parliament Street, for instance, have been passing by, as he always is in the newspapers, and set the little chap's shoulder in a twinkling? or why was not my friend Doctor Quintin, of Arlington Street, driving down St. James's Street at the period of the accident?

He would have stepped out of his carriage, popped in the little lad, carried him to his grandmother, cured that abominable old woman of her lumbago and her ill-humor, without ever so much as thinking of a fee, and made all straight and pleasant by the time Sir Gasper Whatisit had arrived from Wiesbaden. It was just as easy for Mrs. Gore to save that child and make it perfectly well and hearty, as to throttle it, and go off to the undertaker's with a religious reflection. None of your Herodian stories for me. No, no! I am not jolly at a funeral. I confess it does not amuse me. I have no taste for murders, or measles, or poison, or black jobs of any sort. We will have a word or two with Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton, Bart., presently, by the way, who, for his infamous and murderous propensities, as lately shown in his most appalling and arsenical novel of "Lucretia," deserves to be brought up with a tight hand. But of this anon.

We spake but now of Mrs. Gore going to the undertaker's. When the excellent Mrs. Hubbard went to the undertaker's and got a coffin, what was the upshot of that funereal transaction? Why, as we all know, when she came back her favorite was laughing. As, of course, he should be.

That's your proper sort of pantomime-business — that's the right way in Christmas-books. Haven't you seen Clown in the play; his head cut off by the butcher and left on the block before all beholders; his limbs severally mangled and made into polonies, and yet, in two minutes, he says, "How are you?" (the droll dog!) as lively as ever? Haven't we seen Pantaloon killed before our very eyes, put pitilessly into his mother's mangle, brought from that instrument utterly dead, and stretched eighteen feet in length — and are we hurt, are our feelings outraged? No; we know Harlequin will have him alive again in two minutes by a quiver of his stick, and the old rascal will be kittling Columbine under the chin, while that spangled maniac, her lover, is waggling his head in his frill (as if it were a pudding in a dish), and dancing the most absurd, clumsy hornpipe in the back scene. And as in pantomimes so I say in Christmas stories, those fire-side Christmas pantomimes, which are no more natural than "Mother Goose" or "Harlequin Gulliver." Kill your people off as much as you like; but always bring 'em to life again. Belabor your villains as you please. As they are more hideous than mortals, pummel them more severely than mortals can bear. But they must always amend, and you must be reconciled to them in the last scene, when the spangled fairy comes out of the revolving star, and, uttering the magic octosyllabic incantations of reconcilement, vanishes into an elysium of blue fire. Sweet, kindly, eight-syllabled incantations, pleasant fantastic fairy-follies, charming mystery, wherein the soul is plunged, as the gentle curtain descends, and covers those scenes of beloved and absurd glory! Do you suppose the people who invented such were fools, and wanted to imitate great blundering realities to inculcate great, stupid, moral apothegms? — anybody can do that — anybody can say that "Evil communications corrupt good manners," or that "Procrastination is the thief of time," or what not: but a poet does not take his inspirations from the copy-book or his pictures from the police-office. Is there any moralizing in "Titania," "Ariosto," or Undine"?

All this is *àpropos* of the sky-blue story-book by George Soane, B.A. Now this sky-blue story-book (whereof the flavor somewhat perhaps resembles the beverage of academic youth) has great merits. First, it is improbable; secondly, it is pretty and graceful; thirdly, it has many pleasant pastoral descriptions, and kindly ballet groups and dances; fourthly, the

criminals are reformed, the dead come to life again, and the devil is not the devil — to which, by the way, I take objection.

The rich uncle from India is the key of the story — (*mon Dieu*, how I wish I had one coming from that quarter!) — the conduct of a beggar on horseback the theme of satire. Tom Starlight, the poacher, drinking with his club at the Black Lion, and inveighing against the tyranny of a scoundrelly aristocracy, finds himself all of a sudden converted into Squire Starlight, of Taunton Hall. The squire gives up the doctrines of the poacher: he is the strictest of game preservers in all the county, the most severe of landlords and arrogant of men. Honest Jack Lint, the surgeon, was going to marry Tom's sister when he was in low life; but, become a nobleman, Tom says she shall marry old Lord Rheumatix; and so the poor girl all but breaks her heart. Stella breaks hers outright. She is the blind old schoolmaster's daughter, old Elias Birch — a dear, impossible old gentleman, with pink cheeks, red stockings, and cotton hair, such as you see come out of the canvas cottage in the ballet, and bless the lasses and lads (with their shirt-sleeves tied up with ribbon) before the ballet begins.

"At this critical moment, when the question was on his lips, which, if spoken, might perhaps have averted no common calamity, he was interrupted by a chorus of boyish voices, so close and so unexpected as almost to startle him.

> 'Te, magister, salutamus;
> Te, magister, nunc laudamus;
> Semper, semper, sis beatus,
> Felix dies quo tu natus.'
> Hurrah!

"'Why, it's the boys from the free-school!' exclaimed the old man; 'I did not know it was a holiday.'

"No, dear Elias — nor was it a holiday, according to the school-rubric; but it is good sometimes to be merry, even though it is not so set down in the calendar; and this was your birthday — the first since blindness had compelled you to give up the ferula, which you had wielded so gently over the urchins, and in many instances over their fathers and even grandfathers before them. Here they were, grateful little fellows, with full hands, and fuller hearts, come to say, 'We do love you so, kind old master!' And, to use a common phrase, though not in a common sense, there was no love lost between them, for Elias could scarcely have taken a livelier interest in their welfare had they really been his own children.

"In they tumbled, thronging, talking, laughing, till as many had crowded into the cottage-parlor as it would well hold, when the younger and weaker fry, who were thus ousted by their seniors, clambered up to the window-sill, where they clustered like a swarm of bees. The new schoolmaster, quite astounded at such a jubilee, would fain have re-established order among them. Order! silly fellow! what are you thinking of? is order better than those merry faces, all hope and sunshine? is order better than all that mass of happiness, which laughs, and shouts, and climbs, and hustles, and is not to be purchased at any price? leave them alone, for goodness' sake. And he did leave them alone, for he was not a bad fellow, that new master, though he was far from being an Elias Fairfield. Somehow, too, he was beginning to laugh, and be exceedingly merry himself, without exactly knowing why — perhaps it was for company's sake.

"But the head-boy had a grand Latin speech to deliver, a thing of his own concoction, and made expressly for the occasion. Of course he was in a hurry to begin — most orators are — and his influence, assisted by a hint from Stella that the noise was almost too much for her grandfather, effected a temporary lull. A proud moment was it for the young Cicero, and with infinite complacency did the sightless old man listen to his harangue, only throwing in an occasional correction — he could not entirely forget former habits — when the orator blundered in his grammar, as would now and then happen.

"Then came the presentation of gifts, in which each young holiday-maker acted for himself, and in a few minutes the cottage table was covered with nosegays, for as early as the season was — primroses, crocuses, both yellow and purple, polyanthuses, pansies, and I know not what beside. One little fellow, having nothing better within his means, had tied together a bunch of daisies, which he presented amidst the jeers of his schoolmates — 'a pretty gift for any one! on a birthday, too!' and again the laugh went round. But the old man caught the child to his bosom, and kissing him tenderly, while the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks, bade Stella take especial care of the daisies.

"'Put them in water directly, love, and don't fling them away, either, when they die — mind *that*. You can lay them between the leaves of my great Bible, and then I shall always have them near me.'

"What next? the orator again steps forward. No more Latin speeches, I hope — oh, no! not the least fear of that. He is supported, as they say of other deputations, by a dozen of the eldest boys, who for the last two months have clubbed together their weekly allowance to buy a silver goblet for their dear old master. It was second-hand, but just as good as new; the dents and bruises had been carefully hammered out, and it had been polished up both inside and outside, as only a silversmith can do these things. Indeed, their own funds had not sufficed for so magnificent an undertaking, and so they had been helped out by fathers, or brothers, or uncles, who in their day had been scholars of Elias, and now were grown up into substantial yeomen, or thriving shopkeepers.

"What next? — a deputation of young girls from the neighboring villages, with fowls, and eggs, and bacon. Why, surely, they must fancy the cottage in a state of siege, and badly off for provisions!

"What next? — Sir Edward's gamekeeper with a hare, and his kind remembrance to his old master — will call himself before the day's over."

This is as it should be: your proper, pleasant, rouged, grinning, junketing, pantomimic business. It is not intended to be natural — only pretty and kind-hearted — pleasing to the eye — cheerfully ticklesome to the senses — mildly festive, benevolent, and brisk. I doubt, after all, if there is any need for an artist to make his portraits like. What you want is not to be struck by the resemblance, but to be impregnated with the idea. For instance, when the thunder-storm comes, as in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, you don't think of putting up your umbrella: when you read young Mr. S. Rogers's pretty verses —

"Mine be a cot beside a hill,
A beehive's hum salute my," &c.,

you are not led to suppose that they contain a real picture of rural life and felicity; but they fill the mind with sweet, pleasant, countrified, hay-smelling, hawthorn-flowering, tree-whispering, river-babbling, breeze-blowing, rural perceptions, wherein lie the reader's delight and the poet's charm and mystery. As the mesmerists' giving a glass of cold water to their lucky patients can make the liquor assume any taste, from Johannisberg to ginger-beer — it is water still, but it has the effect of wine: so a poet mesmerizes you with his magical tap, and — but for the tenth time we are straying from the point at hand, which is, Why Stella Birch broke her heart?

She broke her heart, then, because Tom Starlight broke it — that is, he ill-used her — that is, he promised her. Well, well, she jumped into the mill-stream with a shriek and a plunge; and that brute Tom, not contented with the ruin of one poor girl, must endeavor to perpetrate the destruction of another, his sister, by marrying her to the before-mentioned Lord Lumbago. Fancy the fury of poor Jack Pills — Fanny perishing away — the bells actually ringing for her marriage with Lord Sciatica — the trembling victim led to the altar, and Bob Sawyer about to poison himself with the most excruciating black doses in his establishment. When, *presto!* the fairy in the revolving car appears. The old gentleman is not the devil who gave Tom the estate, but Tom's uncle from India, who wishes to try him. Tom is not Squire Starlight of Taunton Hall, but a dumb, penniless, detected young scapegrace, to be handed over to the castigators. Viscount Chalkstones shall not marry poor dear little Fanny, who, on the contrary, shall bless Tom Tourniquet with her hand and twenty thousand pounds administered by the uncle in India. Stella is not dead any more than you are. She jumped into the water, I own; but the miller heard the plop and fished her out, and kept her safe, and now she comes back, and of course Tom Starlight makes an honest woman of her. The only person who dies is old Elias Rodwell, the schoolmaster; but then he is so old, so very old, and his hair so very cottony, that his death is

rather a pleasure than otherwise; and you fancy his life was only a sort of make-believe. And so everybody is happy, and the light-blue entertainment of Mr. Soane closes. It is a good, cheap, easy, and profitable Christmas pastime.

I take the brothers Mayhew to be a couple of good-natured hermits, living out of the world in practices of asceticism, and yet having a kindly recollection of that scene of strife and struggle which they have left behind them. They write from their monastery, a work of prodigious benevolence, stupendous moralization, frequent wisdom, and rather a clumsy and doubtful fancy and humor.* To say of a "good genius" that he "turns every thing into gold," is, perhaps, an undeserved, though not an unprecedented compliment to bullion. It is a homage to specie. The proposition stands thus: a good genius turns every thing into gold; therefore gold is a good genius. And the fable is wrought in the following manner: —

Silvio, a forester in a goat-skin jacket, having lost his paternal hut by a sudden inundation, finds himself in his native wood with no resource but his hatchet and a piece of bread, his last refreshment. In the wood, Silvio finds a hive of honey. The houseless and penniless youth is about to give a relish to his last piece of bread with the honey so discovered, when a sentimental objection suddenly makes him pause. "No," says he (but in the finest language), "I will not deprive these innocent bees of the produce of their labor; that which they have gathered, as they roamed from flower to flower, let them enjoy in dignified otiosity; I will dip my crust into the stream, content myself with that wholesome repast, and not rob them of the results of their industry.

This unexampled benevolence touches the Queen Bee, who is a fairy in disguise. She suddenly appears before Silvio in her character of Fairy Bee-queen — bids him to state in what manner she can be serviceable to him — and, in fact, fulfils every possible wish that the young Silvio can form. "Only come out in that goat-skin jacket," says she, "so that I may know you, and any thing you like shall be yours."

First, he wishes to have his cottage restored to him; the Good Genius instantly reinstates him in that tenement. The Princess of the Country calls upon him, and is dissatisfied with the accommodation. Silvio, of course, finds out that it is no longer convenient. He demands a neat little villa, whither the Princess, too, follows him. Encouraged by her visit, the audacious young man proposes marriage to her. "What! *you*," says she, "a mere country householder, wish to marry the likes of *me*?" And she leaves him in a huff. "Make me a prince," says Silvio to his fairy patroness, "so that I may be her equal;" and immediately the Queen Bee erects a principality and city for him. Silvio marries the princess, and — they live happy ever after, you would imagine?

Not so. Prince Silvio plunges into idleness and debaucheries: he is driven out of his capital by his indignant subjects. He loses his goat-skin jacket, the great talisman of his fortune. He is plunged into misfortunes, which he bears with great philosophy and most eloquent benevolence; but finally finding his goat-skin again, his kingdom is restored, his prosperity returns, and he and his princess and daughter are doubtless happy to this very day.

The history is interspersed with some comic-business. Silvio's barber, in fact, gets hold of the goat-skin jacket when the prince makes his precipitate flight from his dominions

* The Good Genius that turned Every Thing into Gold; or, the Queen Bee and the Magic Dress. A Christmas Fairy Tale. By the Brothers Mayhew. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. London, Bogue.

— enjoys unintelligible property whilst wearing this article; and goes mad upon losing it when Silvio comes back to his own again. I protest against the whole affair — against the fable — against the jacket — against the bee — against Silvio — against his bad fortune and his good — against the fairy turning every thing into money, &c., &c.

If a man wants to make a mere fantastic tale, nobody calls upon him to be tight and close in his logic. If he wants to moralize, his proposition should be neat and clear, as his argument is correct. I am reconciled now to the wolf eating up Red Riding Hood (though I was sceptical in my childhood on this point), because I have given up believing that this is a moral tale altogether, and am content to receive it as a wild, odd, surprising, and not unkindly fairy story. But if gentlemen set out professing a laborious moral, inculcating the beauties of industry, and how it turns every thing into gold or pinchbeck, as the matter may be, I and other little children have a right to demand a pure fable along with all this didactic solemnity. "Brothers Mayhew," I exclaim, "if you are going to amuse me, do so. Awaken my wonder — my laughter — my sense of pleasure; excite me by sweet rural pictures, or brilliant fairy colors, or jovial grotesque perplexities: but if you would instruct, in the name of Justice let us have the real sort of morals. Sermons and snapdragon do not go well together. Plum-pudding is good in its way; but a dose of brandy is better with it than a brimming ladlefull of virtue. If there were really your sort of good geniuses in the world, Socrates ought to have driven off from his trial in a coach-and-six to Xantippe, the loveliest and best-natured of women; and yet we know to the contrary. She was a shrew, and her husband was hanged. A banker's account is a fine thing when properly organized, and the balance agreeably preponderating upon your side; but there are other accounts we have to settle, and if they look at this sublunary sphere, *mes frères*, and the misfortunes of the good and the prosperity of their opposites — at Genius and Virtue in neglect and penury, and Dulness blundering into success, and Knavery filching Reputation, how can sublime moralists talk about goodness and gold together? Whatever we may do privately as individuals, let us sublime moralists never publicly worship twopence-halfpenny. I, for my part (as one of the aforesaid), will always make an uproar when I meet with any apologue conveying such a foolish signification; and I wish that some Christmas-storytellers would make us a few tales, in which all the rogues should prosper, and all the honest men go to jail, just to correct the present odious tendency of the guides of public taste."

The truth is, that the book of the Brothers Mayhew has so much merit, and is written often with so much brilliancy, and frequently with such dulness, — is so wise at times, and so unsatisfactory in the main, that it seems to me to be the critical office to abuse and deny it altogether,— the which I cordially do; and I warn the public, firstly, that under pretence of giving him a fairy story, the authors of "The Good Genius that Turned Every Thing into," &c., inveigle the reader into a sermon, — that the sermon is quite unsatisfactory, but that the preachers have a plenty of brains to supply their abundance of doctrine.

A very able and complimentary review of this book appeared under the title of "Fairy Politics;" for be it known that Silvio and the fairy discuss a prodigious deal of political ethics together. If any fairy presumes to talk any such nonsense to me, I will do my best from my place in the pit to hiss him off the stage. Had it been any the best known and dearest author — had it been Dickens himself, we would assume the privi-

lege of replying to him with the cat-call, or other Protestant instrument, until the policeman ordered us off the premises.

"To see the faults of a great master, look at his imitators," Reynolds says in his "Discourses;" and the sins of Mr. Dickens's followers must frighten that gentleman not a little. Almost every one of the Christmas carollers are exaggerating the master's own exaggerations, and caricaturing the face of Nature most shamelessly. Every object in the world is brought to life, and invested with a vulgar knowingness and outrageous jocularity. Winds used to whistle in former days, and oaks to toss their arms in the storm. Winds are now made to laugh, to howl, to scream, to triumph, to sing choruses; trees to squint, to shiver, to leer, to grin, to smoke pipes, dance hornpipes, and smoke those of tobacco. When the Brothers Mayhew wish to be funny and in the fashion, they say,—

"The bright eye of day was now fast getting bloodshot with the coming cold of night." "A bee goes singing past him, merry as though he had taken a flower-cup too much." "Aurora had just begun to light her fire in the grate of the East, and the old Sun was still snug under the blankets of the horizon." "The king thanked his stars that he was not always called upon to leave his bed until the sun had passed his bright copper warming-pan over the damp clouds, and properly aired the atmosphere for his reception."

What clumsy joking this is! what dreary buffooning! by men who can write, too, as well as this! It must be premised that the Princess Amaranth, Silvio's wife, is longing to see her father, the old king, and she breaks her wish to her husband in the Eastern manner by an allegory:—

"It is related that the Sea-shell was the favorite daughter of the Wave; and that he watched over her with love, shielding her from injury! and folded her in his bosom, and cherished her as his best beloved, ever whispering the music of affection in her ear. Now the Sea-shell loved the noble Rock upon the shore; but the Wave and the Rock were enemies, battling with each other; so that when the haughty Wave found out the love of his rosy-lipped child, he spoke in a voice of rage to her thus: 'If thou sighest to wed with yonder Rock, I will cast thee from my bosom, and turn from thee. Go where thou wilt, my anger shall haunt thee, and ever ring in thy ear!' But the Shell loved on, and the swelling Wave dashed her from him. And though the steadfast Rock cherished his ocean Bride with every kindness, and kept her always by his side, still the Shell pined in sorrow; for, as her white-headed sire had said, the anger of the Wave kept ever haunting her, and ringing in her ear."

A fairy lecturer:—

"And so saying, the fairy hummed the following charm:—

'Quick! let him read the Rocks! and see
In them the Earth's Biography!
Discover Stars beyond the sight!
Weigh them! and time the speed of Light!
Within the dew-drop's tiny sphere
Let Animalcule Worlds appear!
Each puny Monster let him scan,
Then mark the Animalcule Man!
And tracing use in great and small,
See Good in each, and God in all!'

"Then Silvio was lifted up in the air, and carried by winged spirits far into the realms of space, until the world beneath him dwindled into a star, and the stars above him swelled into worlds. And as he flew past them, and they past him, he saw systems rise after systems, and suns upon suns, whose light had never yet reached the eyes of man. And still, as he looked before him, the stars lay thick as sands in the blue sea of the heavens; while, as he travelled on, that which in the distance appeared only one brilliant mass of confusion, separated as he advanced, into new worlds, threading with wondrous order the glittering maze, and spinning in their lightning course, until the air vibrated again, and the universe was melodious with the hum of their motion.

"Suddenly Silvio was on the earth again, with the fairy bee at his side. Then, waving her wand, she showed him a little universe in every atom—a busy world in every drop; and how each grain of the earth was itself a globe teeming with life, and peopled with a minikin race, whose structure was as wonderful and as perfect as his own.

"Then she took him down with her deep into the earth, and turning over with her wand the layers of rocks, as though they were the leaves of a mighty volume, Silvio read within them the Wondrous Tale of Creation. And instantly he lived in the time when man was yet unborn, and monster beasts roamed through the

giant forests, the undisputed monarchs of a desert world

"And again ascending to the surface, the fairy opened to him the affinities of things, showing him how the air he breathed made metals moulder, and fires burn; and how the black charcoal was the parent of the glittering diamond; and how the water he drank sprang from the burning of gases that he could neither feel, taste, smell, nor see; and how the atmosphere around him consisted of the self-same ingredients as the acid, which scarcely any metal could withstand.

"Then she disclosed to him all the mysteries of herbs and minerals, showing him their good and evil powers, and how a little flower or a few small crystals might save or take a life.

"And, lastly, laying bare to him the mechanism of his own mysterious frame, she showed Silvio how the bread he ate became the blood of his arteries and veins; and how the sanguine stream meandered through his body like a ruby river, giving life and vigor to all within its course; and how thin nerves, like threads, worked his puppet limbs, and, running to his brain, became the conduits of his will and feelings, and the cords which linked his immortal spirit to the world without.

"Bewildered with wonder, and with his brain aching with the knowledge he had learnt, Silvio returned home."

Honest and fine as this writing is, surely it is out of place, and little to be understood by children. I protest neither against pantomimes nor against Walker's Orrery, but I protest against Walker's Orrery in a pantomime. And this is my ground for grumbling against this wise, this ingenious, this clever, but this clumsy and ponderous allegory of the Brothers Mayhew.

But the personification-mania of the Mayhew brothers is as nothing compared to the same malady in the author of "The Yule Log," Mr. A. Chamerovzow, who has summoned the admirable George Cruikshank to his aid, and produced *his* Christmas legend with gilt leaves and cover; in which there is the usual commodity of fairies, and a prize rustic, who, impelled by the demon of avarice, neglects his friends, knocks down his blessed angel of a wife, turns his seduced daughter out of doors, and is on the point of being murdered by his eldest son; but just at the critical moment of throttling he wakes up and finds it all a dream! Isn't this a novelty? Isn't this a piece of ingenuity? Take your rustic, your fairies, your nightmare, finish off with a plum-pudding and a dance under the holly-bush, and a benign invocation to Christmas, kind hearts, and what not. Are we to have this sort of business for ever? *Mon Dieu!* will people never get tired of reading what they know, and authors weary of inventing what everybody has been going on inventing for ages past?

Read the following specimen of the style of Mr. Chamerovzow, and say, Is not the animated landscape nuisance becoming most intolerable, and no longer to be endured?—

"Still the years rolled on, and still the sturdy Beech mocked and braved the Tempest as boldly as ever! In the dingle it stood, unmolested and respected; almost venerated: for now it was known to be haunted, nobody durst expose himself to the fury of the Spirits by attempting to fell it. Nevertheless, some half-dozen times it was tried; but, invariably, the Woodman renounced the task in despair, after he had blunted his best axes, without cutting even through the bark.

"At length, Time beat the tree hollow: it was a long race, notwithstanding, and the gallant old Beech stood it out bravely, and proved itself game to the last; for though its inside was growing weaker and weaker, it still kept up a good appearance: so that one might have taken odds it would never give in, for all that its leaves showed later than they used, and fell earlier. Then its giant foot, which covered no end of ground, grew gouty; and large wooden corns and bunions spread all over it; its trunk, lately so solid and hale, began to crack, and peal, and to come out in broad, unhealthy looking blotches; let alone that it wheezed asthmatically when the Wind blew; its massive limbs, too, betrayed rheumatic symptoms, and creaked and groaned at every puff.

"And now it was the Wind's turn to laugh at and buffet the Beech, that had for so many years mocked its power, and set its rage at defiance: every time it got a chance, away it swept with a branch, amputating it at one blow, and flinging the disabled member back into its teeth with savage malignity; then it would catch hold of its noble head, and tear, and tug, and pull, and twist it, until obliged to give over from sheer exhaustion; and all to loosen its roots, that it might enjoy the satisfaction of knocking the tree down and

trampling upon it: still the old fellow fought hard, and did his best to roar and laugh at his ancient enemy as he used of yore; though anybody might have perceived the difference with only half an eye."

See in the second paragraph what happens to the beech: —

1. He is running a race with Time, who beats him.
2. He is brave and game.
3. His inside is getting weak.
4. His feet are gouty.
5. He has corns and bunions.
6. His body comes out in blotches.
7. He wheezes asthmatically.
8. He has the rheumatism.

There's a collection of cheerful ideas for you! There's a jolly, rollicking, buniony, wheezy, gouty, rheumatic, blotchy Christmas metaphor! Is this the way a gentleman takes to make himself pleasant? Is it ingenious? Is it poetical, or merely foolish, in a word? I believe it to be the easiest and silliest kind of composition in which any poetaster can indulge. I will engage to vivify my tailor's bill; to make a romance of the heart out of my bootjack; to get up a tender interest for mashed turnips and boiled mutton; to invest my breeches with pathos; to communicate an air of mystery to my coat (dash its buttons!); to make my waistcoat split its sides with jocularity; or so to treat and degrade, with clumsy joking, any thing natural or supernatural; to make a farce of a thunder-storm, or a tragedy of a teapot: but shall we do so? No! in the name of honest humor, no! Suppose Leslie (I take him as the finest humorous artist in England) were to make the chairs and tables in his pictures to squint at you, and set the tongs and pokers grinning, would Sancho and Don Quixote be rendered more funny by these foolish tricks? Suppose when Mr. and Mrs. Keeley want to make you laugh in a comedy, they were to order all the supernumeraries to rush on to the stage and squint and grin; to have all the scenes painted with goggle-eyed caricatures; and all the fiddlers imitating the squeaking of pigs, the braying of donkeys, or what not, on their instruments, would the story and the fun of the play be more comprehensible for this insane interruption? A comic artist, as I take it, has almost the entire range of thought to play upon; the maddest foolery at times becomes him perfectly as the deepest pathos; but this systematic fooling, this dreary cut-and-dry fancy, this grinning without fun, makes my gorge rise, my dear Mr. YORKE; and I protest, for the honor of the trade. Mr. Merryman in the ring is not a humorist, but a poor half-witted impostor: I have my own opinion of a fellow who deliberately cuts sham jokes. They should come from a humorist's heart, or they are but acts of dishonesty on his part, and forgeries on the public.

In respect of "The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book." As the seaman in real life and Cooper's novels knows, by the peculiar gaff in her binnacle, the luff in her topsail-halyards, or what not, his old ship, "The Lively Sally," though "The Mary Anne" is now painted on her stern, so old critical hands, in taking up Mr. Fisher's book, recognize old friends with new titles among the prints — old pictures with wonderful subjects marvellously gathered together from all quarters. Pictorially, "The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book" is a sea-pie, made up of scraps that have been served at many tables before. Her majesty, in company with Richard Cobden and Charles Villiers; the Chinese necromancers; Lord Hardinge welcoming in the spring; Sir Robert Sale at a Spanish bull-fight in the Mocenigo Palace. A rich and wonderful hash indeed!

The fair editor, Mrs. Norton, has been painted by two artists in the present volume; by Mr. Carrick on

ivory, and by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton in a kind of verses, against which we put a strenuous protest. Sir Bulwer calls her a radiant Stranger — a spirit of the Star, and a daughter of the Beam, with a large B, meaning that there is something quite unearthly in the appearance of the fair editor of "The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book;" that it is clear to Sir Lytton's perception that she belongs to another orb, in which he, Sir Edward (being possibly likewise of an angelical supernaturality himself), has made her acquaintance. He states, that while mere mortals have changes of comfort and care in life, to supernatural beings, like the Honorable Mrs. Norton, our very air is silent pain — a heavy pain; in fact, that they are doomed to a perpetual sadness, under the never-ending domination of the Old Blue Devil.

Let us hope that the statement is erroneous, and the pedigree not also correct. Over the very verses in which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton makes the above extraordinary assertions, some downright prose writer says the Hon. Mrs. Norton is "Second daughter of Thomas Sheridan, Esq. (son of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan and his first wife, the celebrated Miss Lindley) and Caroline Henrietta Callander, daughter of Colonel Callander, of Craigforth, and Lady Elizabeth Mac Donnell." How can a man, in the face of such a genealogy, declare that Mrs. Norton's parent was a Beam, with a large B? Isn't the prose-tree a sufficient pedigree? Had Genius ever a directer descent? "No human beauty," says the baronet, —

"No human beauty ever bore
An aspect thus divine:
The crown the brows of seraphs wear,
Hath left its mark on thine;
The unconscious glories round thee bear
The stamp divine,
Of One divine,
Who trod the spheres of yore."

Come, come, Sir Bulwer, how can you talk to a lady so to her face? Whereabouts have you seen seraphs and their crowns? When made acquaintance with ones divine? What are all these attitudes, platitudes, beatitudes? Isn't a woman good enough for you that inherits Sheridan's genius and sweet Cecilia's eyes and voice, but you must assume an inspired air, and declare she is a stray angel? In the picture of the lady, she has a black velvet band round her forehead, and buttons on her dress. Fancy an angel in buttons! No! no! There's some error in the Bard's (or, to speak more correctly, the Bart's) description. This sort of writing, this flimsy, mystical, nambypamby, we hold to be dangerous to men and reprehensible in Barts. When Irreverence puts on a sanctified look, when Mayfair begins to have revelations, when — but let us restrain our beautiful and outraged feelings, and return to the matter in hand.

The fact is, then (while strenuously denying the Beam in Mrs. Norton's family-tree — indeed it is the big B buzzing about that roused the critical peevishness), that though we fearlessly assert Mrs. Norton to be only a woman, and always a woman, Mr. Carrick's picture no more represents her magnificent beauty than Mr. Joseph Hume resembles Apollo. To have seen it is to have seen something in history. Would you not like to have seen Helen or Cleopatra, Marie Antoinette (about whose beauty we doubt whether the late Mr. Burke did not make exaggerated statements), Fair Rosamond, or the Queen of Prussia, or Fox's Duchess of Devonshire, or that sweet ancestor of Mrs. Norton's own, who smiles on Reynolds's canvas with such ravishing, delicious purity — the charming, charming Lindley? As good as this a man may haply see, this very season, at the French play. There these eyes beheld it; not a daughter of a Beam — not a spirit of a Star, but a woman in black, with buttons — those very buttons probably — only a woman. Is it not

enough, Sir Lytton? Stars and Beams! — buttons and buttonhooks! *Quando invenies parem?* In our presence no man shall call such a woman a Spirit without a word in his ear.

And now to speak of the moral part, the soul *above* those buttons. Of all the genuine poets I ever — but perhaps we had best not. When he has a mind to pick a hole in a man's coat, who so active and mischievous as your humble servant?

When he wishes to address a person in terms of unbounded laudation and respect, this present critic stutters and bungles most awkwardly — makes a dash for his hat, and a rush out of the room, perfectly overpowered by modesty. What a charming characteristic and confession! But did we prate and criticise, dear Miss S. in early days, when we went to hear Pasta sing? Hearken to this sad tale of false love and broken vows: —

"He remembers the light of her smile, — of that smile, in itself a caress,
So warmly and softly it fell, on the heart it was willing to bless;
He remembers the touch of her hand, as it lay gently clasped in his own,
And he crushes the flowers which she gave, and bows down his head with a groan.
How oft in the twilight of eve, — how oft in the glory of day, —
Hath she leaned on his bosom and vowed — the vows she has lived to betray.
Oh! lovely as angels above, — oh! false as the devils below,
Oh! hope that seemed more than divine, — oh! fountain of fathomless woe,
How *couldst* thou forsake me! — Return, — return, still beloved as thou art:
Wide open yet standeth the door of thy home in this desolate heart:
Return! We will bury the past, — and the light on my eyelids shall beam
With the rapture of one who at dawn breaks the spell of a terrible dream!
In vain: even now, while I reel, — blind, helpless, and faint with despair —
Thou bendest with triumph to hear, the *new* voice that whispers thee fair.
Oh! fickle, and shallow, and cold — in all but thy fever of blood —
Unfit, from thy nature, to cling to aught that was earnest and good,
Thy love was an instinct of sex; it palled, when thy passion was o'er,
Like a wild bird that answers in spring the mate it remembers no more.
I shame that a creature so light should bid me thus quiver and bleed, —
I shame to have leaned and been pierced by my trust in so brittle a reed, —
I scorn thee! Go forth to the world, a parade of thy beauty to make;
Thrill, fever, and madden more hearts; — let them pine, — let them die, — for thy sake!
Let them yield up their manhood of soul, and adore their ideal in thee.
I laugh, as thou breathest false vows, — to break them again, as with me;
I laugh, as they anchor their hopes, where the quicksand forbids them to live:
Will they glean from the dregs of thy heart what the fresh faith of youth could not give?
Let them sink, let them perish, — like me, — of thy smiles and thy glances bereft, —
Yet, if *thou* wert in sorrow and pain, — would I leave thee, — as I have been left?"

Did we prate and criticise when we heard Pasta sing? Didn't you, on the contrary, come closer and closer, and sit quite silent, and listen with all your soul? And I'm not sure that we applauded much when the song was over. A great clapping of hands is but a coarse sort of sympathy. We applaud in that way when a musical mountebank spins down the scale, or leaps astonishingly over a bravura. But before a great artist we are silent. And is not this a true poet? What a mournful, artless beauty is here! What a brooding, tender woman's heart!

What has struck myself and Miss Smith with especial admiration in these songs of Mrs. Norton and her accomplished sister, Lady Dufferin, is the spontaneity of them. They sing without labor, like birds: as if it were their nature —

"Pouring out the full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art!"

There is something surprising in the faculty; and one listens with charmed astonishment to the song, sometimes gay, often sad, always tender and musical.

I have, I trust, been tolerably ill-humored hitherto; but what man can go on grumbling in the presence

of such an angelical spirit as Hans Christian Andersen? Seeing him praised in "The Athenæum Journal," I was straight put away from reading a word of Hans's other works: and it was only last night, when going to bed, perfectly bored with the beef-fed English fairies, their hob-nailed gambols, and elephantine friskiness, his "Shoes of Fortune" and his "Wonderful Stories" came under the eyes of your humble servant. Heaven bless Hans Christian! Here *are* fairies! Here *is* fancy, and graceful wit, and delicate humor, and sweet, *naïve* kindness, flowing from the heart! Here is frolic without any labor! Here is admirable fooling without any consciousness or degradation! Though we have no sort of respect for a great, hulking, whiskered, red-faced, middle-aged man, who dresses himself in a pinafore and affects to frolic like a baby, may we not be charmed by the play and prattle of a child? And Hans Christian Andersen so affects me.

Every page of the volumes sparkles with delightful grace and genial fancy. Hans and you are friends for life after an hour's talk with him. I shake thy hands, Hans Christian, thou kindly prattler and warbler! A happy Christmas to thee, thou happy-minded Christian! You smile, dear Miss Smith! When we become acquainted with so delicate and charming a genius, have we no right to be thankful? Yes: let us respect every one of those friends whom Heaven has sent us — those sweet, Christian messengers of peace and goodwill.

Do you remember the dainty description of the Prioress in Chaucer? It has lately been quoted in Leigh Hunt's charming volume of "Wit and Humor," and concludes with an account of a certain talisman this delicate creature wore: —

"About hire arm a broche of golde ful shene,
On which was first ywritten a cronned A,
And after *Amor vincit omnia.*"

The works of the real humorist always have this sacred press-mark, I think. Try Shakspeare, first of all: Cervantes, Addison, poor Dick Steele, and dear Harry Fielding: the tender and delightful Jean Paul, Sterne, and Scott, — and Love is the humorist's best characteristic, and gives that charming ring to their laughter in which all the good-natured world joins in chorus. Foremost of all, at present, I think Mr. Dickens may assume the Amor and Crown for his badge and cognizance. His humanity has mastered the sympathy of almost all: of wise men, of dullards, of all sorts of honest people. He makes good jokes, bad jokes, the best and the worst jokes indeed possible. The critics fasten on the latter and sneer: the public sympathy kicks the flimsy barriers away, and pours on. The kindly spirit melts all critical doubts. Can he be worthless, or a sceptic, in whom all the world is putting faith — who has the ear of all England — who has done as much to make the poor known to the rich, and reconcile each to the other, as much as Hansard, ay, or Exeter Hall? Is this a man to be railed at by his literary brethren? In the American war (this is an historical allegory), the man who sneered at Washington most was that brave officer, and spotless patriot, General Arnold.

If I judge Mr. Dickens's present volume rightly, it has been the author's aim, not to produce a prose tale of mingled fun and sadness, and a close imitation of life, but a prose poem, designed to awaken emotions tender, mirthful, pastoral, wonderful. As in some of Mr. Maclise's charming designs to the book, the costume of the figures is rather a hint of the costume of the last century than a portrait of it, so the writer's characters seem to me modified — prettified, so to speak. The action of the piece you see clearly enough, but the actors speak and move to measure and music. The drolls are more violently

funny; the serious heroes and heroines more gracefully and faultlessly beautiful. Such figures are never seen among real country people. No more are Tityrus and Meliboeus like, or Hermann and Dorothea like, or Taglioni, bounding through air in gauze, like a Scotch peasant girl. "Tityre tu patule" is a ballet in hexameters; "The Sylphide," a poem performed on the toes; these charming little books of Mr. Dickens's are chorals for Christmas executed in prose.

Last year the critics were specially outraged by the famous clock-and kettle overture of the Christmas-piece. "Is this truth? is this nature?" cries the Cynic, growling from his tub. You might say, Is it the multiplication-table? or is it the *pons asinorum*? It is not intended to be true or natural, as I hold; it is intended to be a brisk, dashing, startling caricature. The poet does not want you to believe him, he wants to provoke your mirth and wonder. He is appealing, not to your reason and feelings as in a prose narrative, but to your fancy and feelings. He peoples the familiar hearth with sprites, and the church-tower with goblins: all the commonest objects swarm with preternatural life. The haymaker has convulsions, the warming-pan is vivified, the chairs are ambulatory, and the poker writhes with life. In the midst of these wonders goes on a little, common, kind-hearted, tender, every-day story of poverty averted, true hearts rewarded, the poor loving one another, a tyrant grotesquely punished. It is not much. But in these performances the music is every thing. "The Zauberflöte" or "The Barbiere" are not like life; *mais!* —

That is why we lose patience or affect to have no respect for minor performers. Numbers of unknown fiddlers, hearing of the success of Mr. Dickens's opera, rush forward fiddle in hand, of the very same shape by the very same maker. "Come and hear *our* partition," they say; "see how we have set the Barber to music, and what tunes *we* make Papageno sing!" Away with your miserable fiddlesticks, misguided people! *You* play after such a master! You take a bad moment. We may have heard some indifferent music from this composer, and some very weak and bad music from him too; but we have had, likewise, strains so delightful and noble, specimens of skill so unapproachable by others, that we protest against all followers. The grumbling fit seizes on me again as I think of them, and I long for some one to devour.

Ha! what have we here? *M. A. Titmarsh's Christmas-Book* — MRS. PERKINS'S BALL. Dedicated to the Mulligan of Ballymulligan. Ballymulligan! Ballyfiddlestick! What *you*, too, Mr. Titmarsh? You, you sneering wretch, setting up a Christmas-book of your own? This, then, is the meaning of your savage feelings towards "the minor fiddlers!" Is your kit, sirrah, any bigger than theirs? You, who in the columns of this very Magazine have sneered at the works of so many painters, look at your own performances! Some of your folks have scarcely more legs than Miss Biffin; they have fins instead of hands — they squint almost every one of them!

. . . . . .

All this is quite true. But see where we have come to! — to the very last page of the very last sheet; and the writer is called upon to stop just at the very moment he was going to cut his own head off.

So have I seen Mr. Clown (in that Christmas drama which has been foremost in my thoughts during all the above meditations) set up the gallows, adjust the rope, try the noose curiously, and — tumble head over heels.

FRASER MISCELLANIES.

FASHNABLE FAX AND POLITE ANNYGOATS.

By Charles Yellowplush, Esq.

No. — Grosvenor Square.
10th October, 1837.
(N.B. — Hairy Bell.)

My dear Y., — Your dellixy in sending me "My Book" does you honor; for the subjick on which it treats cannot, like politix, metafizzix, or other silly sciences, be criticised by the common writin creaturs who do your and other Magazines at so much a yard. I am a chap of a different sort. I have lived with some of the first families in Europe, and I say it, without fear of contradistinction, that, since the death of George the IV., and Mr. Simpson of Voxall Gardens, there doesn't, p'r'aps, live a more genlmnly man than myself. As to figger, I beat Simpson all to shivers; and know more of the world than the late George. He did things in a handsome style enough, but he lived always in one set, and got narrow in his notions. How could he be otherwise? Had he my opportunities, I say he would have been a better dressed man, a better dined man (*poor angsy deer*, as the French say), and a better furnitured man. These qualities an't got by indolence, but by acute hobservation and foring travel, as I have had. But a truce to heggotism, and let us proceed with biniss.

Skelton's "Anatomy" (or Skeleton's, which, I presume, is his real name) is a work which has been long wanted in the littery world. A reglar, slap-up, no-mistake, out-an'-out account of the manners and usitches of gentele society, will be appriciated in every family from Buckly Square to Whitechapel Market. Ever since you sent me the volum, I have read it to the gals in our hall, who are quite delighted of it, and every day grows genteeler and genteeler. So is Jeames, coachman; so is Sam and George, and little Halfred, the sugar-loafed page: — all 'xcept old Huffy, the fat, veezy porter, who sits all day in his hall-chair, and never reads a word of any think but that ojus "Hage" newspaper. "Huffy," I often say to him, "why continue to read that blaggerd print? Want of decency, Huffy, becomes no man in your high situation: a gentleman without morallity, is like a liv'ry-coat without a shoulder-knot." But the old-fashioned beast reads on, and don't care for a syllable of what I say. As for "The Sat'rist," that's different; I read it myself, reg'lar; for it's of uncompromising Raddicle principils, and lashes the vices of the arristoxy. But again I am diverging from Skeleton.

What I like about him so pertiklerly is his moddisty. Before you come to the book, there is, fust, a Deddication; then a Preface; and nex', a Prolygomeny. The fust is about hisself; the second about hisself, too; and cuss me! if the Prolygolygomeny an't about hisself again,

and his schoolmaster, the Rev. John Finlay, late of Streatham Academy. I shall give a few extrax from them:

"Graceful manners are not intuitive: so he, who, through industry or the smiles of fortune, *would emulate a polite carriage*, must be *taught* not to outrage propriety. Many topics herein considered have been discussed, more or less gravely or jocosely, according as the subject-matter admitted the varying treatment. I would that with propriety much might be expunged, but that I felt it is all required from the nature of the work. The public is the tribunal to which I appeal: not friendship, but public attestation, must affix the signet to 'My Book's' approval or condemnation. Sheridan, when manager of Drury, was known to say, he had solicited and received the patronage of friends, but from the public only had he found support. So may it be with me!"

There's a sentence for you, Mr. Yorke. We disputed about it for three-quarters of an hour in the servants'-hall. Miss Simkins, my lady's *feel de chamber*, says it's complete ungramatticle, as so it is. "I would that," &c., "but that," and so forth: what can be the earthly meaning of it? "Graceful manners," says Skeliton, "is not intuitive." No more an't grammar, Skelton; sooner than make a fault in which, I'd knife my fish or malt after my cheese.

As for "emulating a genteel carriage," not knowing what that might mean, we at once asked Jim Coachman; but neither he nor his helpers could help us. Jim thinks it was a baroosh; cook says, a brisky; Sam, the stable-boy (who, from living chiefly among the hosses and things, has got a sad low way of talking) said it was all dicky, and bid us drive on to the nex' page.

"For years, when I have observed any thing in false taste, I have remarked that, when 'My Book' makes its appearance, such an anomaly will be discontinued; and, instead of an angry reply, it has ever been, 'What! are *you* writing such a work?' till at length, in several societies, 'My Book' has been referred to whenever *une méprise* has taken place. As thus: '"My Book" is, indeed, wanted;' or, 'If "My Book" were here;' or, 'We shall never be right without "My Book;"' which led me to take minutes of the barbarisms I observed. I now give them to the world, from a conviction that a rule of conduct should be studied, and impressed upon the mind. Other studies come occasionally into play; but the conduct, the deportment, and the manner are ever in view, and should be a primary consideration, and by no means left to chance (as at present), 'whether it be good, or whether it be evil.'

"Most books that have appeared on this vital subject have generally been of a trashy nature; intended, one would imagine,—if you took the trouble to read them,—as advertisements to this trade, or for that man, this draper, or that dentist, instead of attempting to form the mind, and leaving the judgment to act.

"To Lord Chesterfield other remarks apply; but Dr. Johnson has so truly and wittily characterized, in few words, that heartless libertine's advice to his son, that, without danger of corrupting the mind, you cannot place his works in the hands of youth.

"It should ever be kept in our recollection, that a graceful carriage—a noble bearing, and a generous disposition to sit with ease and grace, must be enthroned 'in the mind's eye' on every virtuous sentiment."

There it is, the carriage again! But never mind that—to the nex' sentence it's nothink: "to sit with ease and grace must be enthroned 'in the mind's eye' on every virtuous sentiment!" Heaven bless your bones, Mr. Skeleton! where are you driving us? I say, this sentence would puzzle the very Spinx himself. How *can* a man sit in his eye? If the late Mr. Finlay of Streatham Academy, taught John Henry Anatomy Skeleton to do this, he's a very wonderful pupil, and no mistake! as well as a finominy in natural history, quite exceeding Miss Mackavoy. Sich *peculiar* opportunities for hobservation must make his remarks really valuable.*

* I cannot refrain from quottin, in a note, the following extract.

"To be done with propriety, every thing must be done quietly. When the cards are dealt round, do not sort them in all possible haste, and having performed it in a most hurried manner, clap your cards on the table, looking proudly round, conscious of your own superiority. I speak

Well, he observes on every think that is at all observable, and can make a gen'l'man fit for gen'l'manly society. His behayvior at dinner and brexfast, at bawls and swarries, at chuch, at vist, at skittles, at drivin' cabs, at gettin' in an' out of a carriage, at his death and burill—givin', on every one of these subjicks, a plenty of ex'lent maxums; as we shall very soon see. Let's begin about dinner—its always a pleasant thing to hear talk of. Skeleton (who is a slap-up heppy cure) says,—

"Earn the reputation of being a good carver; it is a weakness to pretend superiority to an art in such constant requisition, and on which so much enjoyment depends. You must not crowd the plate—send only a moderate quantity, with fat and gravy; in short, whatever you may be carving, serve others as if you were helping yourself: this may be done with rapidity, if the carver takes pleasure in his province, and endeavors to excel. It is cruel and disgusting to send a *lump* of meat to any one; if at the table of a friend, it is offensive; if at your own, unpardonable. No refined appetite can survive it."

Taken in general, I say this remark is admirable. I saw an instance, only last wick, at our table. There was, first, Sir James and my lady, in course, at the head of their own table; then there was Lord and Lady Smigsmag, right and left of my lady; Capt. Flupp, of the huzzas (huzza he may be; but he looks to my thinkin, much more like a bravo); and the Bishop of Biffeter, with his lady; Haldermin Snodgrass, and me,—that is, I waited.

Well, the haldermin, who was helpin the tuttle, puts on Biffeter's plate a wad of green fat, which might way a pound and three-quarters. His ludship goes at it very hearty; but not likin to seprate it, tries to swallow the lump at one go. I recklect Lady Smigsmag saying gayly, "What, my lord, are you goin that whole hog, at once?" The bishop looked at her, rowled his eyes, and tried to spick; but between the spickin and swallerin, and the green fat, the consquinsies were fatle! He sunk back on his chair, his spoon dropt, his face became of a blew color, and down he fell as dead as a nit. He recovered, to be sure, nex day; but not till after a precious deal of bleedin and dosin, which Dr. Drencher described for him.

This would never have happened, had not the haldermin given him such a plate-full; and to Skeleton's maxim let me add mine.

Dinner was made for eatin, not for talkin: never pay compliments with your mouth full.

"The person carving must bear in mind that a knife is a saw, by which means it will never slip; and should it be blunt, or the meat be overdone, he will succeed neatly and expertly, while others are unequal to the task. For my part, I have been accustomed to think I could carve any meat, with any knife; but lately, in France, I have found my mistake,—for the meat was so overdone, and the knives so dull, that the little merit I thought I possessed completely failed me. Such was never the case with any knife I ever met with in England.

"Pity that there is not a greater reciprocity in the world! How much would France be benefited by the introduction of our cutlery and woollens; and we by much of its produce.

"When the finger-glass is placed before you, you must not drink the contents, or even rinse your mouth and spit it back; although this has been done by inconsiderate persons. Never, in short, do that of which on reflection, you would be ashamed; for instance, never help yourself to salt with your knife,—a thing which is not unfrequently done in *la belle France* in the 'perfumed chambers of the great.' We all have much to unlearn, we can learn much that we should. My effort is 'to gather up the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them,' and then 'to gather the wheat into the barn.'

to those in good society,—not to him who, making cards his trade, has his motives for thus hurrying,—that he may remark the countenances of those with whom he plays,—that he may make observations in *his mind's eye* from what passes around, and use those observations to *suit ulterior ends*."

This, now, is what I call a reg'lar parrylel passidge, and renders quite clear Mr. Skeltonses notion of the situation of the mind's eye.—CHAS. YLPLAH.

"When the rose-water is carried round after dinner, dip into it the corner of your napkin lightly; touch the tips of your fingers, and press the napkin on your lips. Forbear plunging into the liquid as into a bath."

This, to be sure, would be difficult, as well as ungentlemanly; and I have something to say on this head, too.

About them blue water bowls which are brought in after dinner, and in which the company makes such a bubblin and spirtin; people should be very careful in usin them, and mind how they hire short-sighted servants. Lady Smigsmag is a melancholy instance of this. Her ladyship wears two rows of false teeth (what the French call a *rattler*,) and is, everybody knows, one of the most absint of women. After dinner one day (at her own house), she whips out her teeth, and puts them into the blue bowl, as she always did, when the squirtin time came. Well, the conversation grew hanimated; and so much was Lady Smigsmag interested, that she clean forgot her teeth, and went to bed without them.

Nex morning was a dreadful disturbance in the house; somebody had stolen my lady's teeth out of her mouth! But this is a loss which a lady don't like positively to advertise; so the matter was hushed up, and my lady got a new set from Parkison's. But nobody ever knew who was the thief of the teeth.

A fortnight after, another dinner was given. Lady Smigsmag only kep a butler and one man, and this was a chap whom we used to call, professionally, Lazy Jim. He never did nothing but when he couldn't help it; he was as lazy as a dormus, and as blind as a howl. If the plate was dirty, Jim never touched it until the day it was wanted, and the same he did by the glas; you might go into his pantry, and see dozens on 'em with the water (he drunk up all the wine) which had been left in 'em since last dinner-party. How such things could be allowed in a house, I don't know; it only showed that Smigsmag was an easy master, and that Higgs, the butler, didn't know his bisniss.

Well, the day kem for the seck'nd party. Lazy Jim's plate was all as dutty as pos'bil, and his whole work to do; he cleaned up the plate, the glas, and every think else, as he thought, and set out the trays and things on the side-board. "Law, Jim, you jackass," cried out the butler, at half past seven, jist as the people was a comin down to dinner; "you've forgot the washand basins."

Jim spun down into his room,—for he'd forgotten 'em, sure enough; there they were, however, on his shelf, and full of water: so he brought 'em up and said nothink; but gev 'em a polishin wipe with the tail of his coat.

Down kem the company to dinner, and set to it like uns. The society was reg'lar *distangy* (as they say), there was the Duke of Haldersgit, Lord and Lady Barbikin, Sir Gregory Jewin, and Lady Suky Smithfield, asides a lot of commontators. The dinner was removed, and the bubble and squeakers (as I call 'em) put down, and all the people began a washin themselves, like any think. "Whrrrrr!" went Lady Smigsmag; "Cloocloocloocloophizz!" says Lady Barbikin; Goggleoggleoggleblrrawaw!" says Jewin (a very fat g'n'l'm'n) "Blobblobgob!" began his grace of Haldersgit, who has got the widest mouth in the peeridge, when all of a sudden he stopped, down went his washand basin, and he gev such a piercing shriek! such a bust of agony as I never saw, except when the prince sees the ghost in *Hamlick:* down went his basin, and up went his eyes; I really thought he was going to vomick!

I rushed up to his grace, squeeging him in the shoulders, and patting him on the bag. Everybody was in alarm; the duke as pale as hashes, grindin his teeth frowning, and makin the most frightful extortions: the

ladies were in astarrix; and I observed Lazy Jim leaning against the side-board, and looking as white as chock.

I looked into his grace's plate, and, on my honor as a gnlmn, among the amins and reasons, there was two rows of TEETH!

"Law!—Heavens!—what!—your grace!—is it possible," said Lady Smigsmag, puttin her hand into the duke's plate. "Dear Duke of Aldersgate! as I live, they are my lost teeth!"

Flesh and blud coodn't stand this, and I bust out laffin, till I thought I should split; a footman's a man, and as impregnable as hany other to the rediklous. *I* bust, and everybody bust after me—lords and ladies, duke and butler, and all — everybody excep Lazy Jim.

Would you believe it? *He hadn't cleaned out the glasses, and the company was a-washin' themselves in second-hand water, a fortnit old!*

I don't wish to insinuate that this kind of thing is general; only people had better take warnin' by me and Mr. Skeleton, and wash theirselves at home. Lazy Jeames was turned off the nex' morning, took to drinkin, and evil habits, and is now in consquints, a leftenant-general in the Axillary Legend. Let's now get on to what Skelton calls his "Derelictions." Here's some of 'em, and very funny ones they are too. What do you think of Number 1, by way of a dereliction?

"1. A knocker on the door of a lone house in the country.

"2. When on horseback, to be followed by a groom in a fine livery: or, when in your gig or cab, with a 'tiger' so adorned at your side. George IV., whose taste was never excelled, if ever equalled, always, excepting on state occasions, exhibited his retinue in plain liveries—a gray frock being the usual dress of his grocms.

"3. To elbow people as you walk is rude. For such uncouth beings, perhaps, a good thrashing would be the best monitor; only there might be disagreeables attending the correction, in the shape of legal functionaries.

"9. When riding with a companion, be not two or three horse-lengths before or behind.

"10. When walking with one friend, and you encounter another, although you may stop and speak, never introduce the strangers, unless each expresses a wish to that effect.

"13. Be careful to check vulgarities in children; for instance: 'Tom, did you get wet?'—'No; Bob did, but I cut away.' You should also affectionately rebuke an unbecoming tone and manner in children.

"18. To pass a glass, or any drinking vessel, by the brim, or to offer a lady a bumper, are things equally in bad taste.

"19. To look from the window to ascertain who has knocked, whilst the servant goes to the door, must not be done.

"26. Humming, drumming, or whistling, we must avoid, as disrespectful to our company.

"27. Never whisper in company, nor make confidants of mere acquaintance.

"28. Vulgar abbreviations, such as gent for gentleman, or buss for omnibus, &c., must be shunned.

"29. Make no noise in eating; as, when you masticate with the lips unclosed, the action of the jaw is heard. It is equally bad in drinking. Gulping loudly is abominable—it is but habit—unrestrained, no more; but enough to disgust.

"30. To do any thing that might be obnoxious to censure, or even bear animadversion from eccentricity, you must take care not to commit.

"31. Be especially cautious not to drink while your plate is sent to be replenished.

"32. A bright light in a dirty lamp* is not to be endured.

"33. The statue of the Achilles in Hyde Park is in bad taste. To erect a statue in honor of a hero in a defensive attitude, when his good sword has carved his renown—Ha, ha, ha!"

Ha, ha, ha! isn't that reg'lar ridiklous? Not the statute I mean, but the *dereliction*, as Skillyton calls it. Ha, ha, ha! indeed! *Defensive* hattitude! He may call that nasty naked figger *defensive*—I say it's *hoffensive*, and no mistake. But read the whole bunch of remarx, Mr. YORKE; an't they *rich*?—an't they

* If in the hall, or in your cab, this, if seen a second time, admits of no excuse; *turn away the man.*

what you may call a perfect gallixy of derelictions?

Take for instance, twenty-nine and thutty-one, — gulpins, mastigatin, and the haction of the jaw! Why, sich things a'nt done, not by the knife-boy, and the skillery-made, who dine in the back-kitchin after we've done! And nex appeal to thutty-one. *Why* shouldn't a man drink, when his plates taken away? Is it unnatral? is it ungen'l'm'n'ly? is it unbecomin? If he'd said that a chap shouldn't drink when his *glass* is taken away, that would be a reason, and a good one. Now let's read "hayteen." Pass a glass *by the brim!* Put your thum and fingers, I spose. The very notin makes me all over uncomfrble; and, in all my experience of society, I never saw no not a coal-heaver do such a thing. Nex comes:

"The most barbarous modern introduction is the habit of wearing the hat in the 'salon,' as now practised even in the presence of ladies.

"When, in making a morning call, you give your card at the door, the servant should be instructed to do his duty, and not to stand looking at the name on the card while you speak to him."

There's two rules for you! Who does wear a hat in the salong? Nobody, as I ever saw. And as for Number 40, I can only say, on my own part individiwidiwally, and on the part of the purfession, that if ever Mr. Skelton comes to a house where I am the gen'l'm'n to open the door, and instrux me about doing my duty, I'll instruct him about the head, I will. No man should instruct other people's servants. No man should bully or talk loud to a genl'm'n who, from his wery situation, is hincapable of defence or reply. I've known this cistim to be carried on by low swaggerin fellars in clubbs and privit houses, but never by reel gen'l'm'n. And now for the last maxum, or derelictions:

"The custom of putting the knife in the mouth is so repulsive to our feelings as men, is so entirely at variance with the manners of gentlemen, that I deem it unnecessary to inveigh against it here. The very appearance of the act is

'A monster of so hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen.'"

Oh, Heavens, the notion is overpowerin! I once see a genl'm'n cut his head off eatin peas that way. Knife in your mouth! — oh — faugh! — it makes me all over. Mrs. Cook, do have the kindness to git me a basin!

. . . . . .

In this abrupt way Mr. Yellowplush's article concludes. The notion conveyed in the last paragraph was too disgusting for his delicate spirit, and caused him emotions which are neither pleasant to experience nor to describe.

It may be objected to his communication, that it contains some orthographic eccentricities, and that his acuteness surpasses considerably his education. But a gentleman of his rank and talent was the exact person fitted to criticise the volume which forms the subject of his remarks. We at once saw that only Mr. Yellowplush was fit for Mr. Skelton, Mr. Skelton for Mr. Yellowplush.

There is a luxury of fashionable observation, a fund of apt illustration, an intimacy with the first leaders of the *ton*, and a richness of authentic anecdote, which is not to be found in any other writer of any other periodical. He who looketh from a tower sees more of the battle than the knights and captains engaged in it; and, in like manner, he who stands behind a fashionable table knows more of society than the guests who sit at the board. It is from this source that our great novel-writers have drawn their experience, retailing the truths which they learned.

It is not impossible that Mr. Yellowplush may continue his communications, when we shall be able to present the reader with *the only authentic picture of fashionable life* which has been given to the world in our time. All the rest are stolen and disfigured copies of that original piece, of which we are proud to be in possession.

After our contributor's able critique, it is needless for us to extend our remarks upon Mr. Skelton's book. We have to thank that gentleman for some hours' extraordinary amusement; and shall be delighted at any further productions of his pen. O. Y.

MEN AND COATS.

THERE is some peculiar influence, which no doubt the reader has remarked in his own case, for it has been sung by ten thousand poets, or versifying persons, whose ideas you adopt, if perchance, as is barely possible, you have none of your own, — there is, I say, a certain balmy influence in the spring-time, which brings a rush of fresh dancing blood into the veins of all nature, and causes it to wear a peculiarly festive and sporting look. Look at the old Sun, — how pale he was all the winter through! Some days he was so cold and wretched he would not come out at all, — he would not leave his bed till eight o'clock, and retired to rest, the old sluggard! at four; but, lo! comes May, and he is up at five, — he feels, like the rest of Us, the delicious vernal influence; he is always walking abroad in the fresh air, and his jolly face lights up anew! Remark the trees; they have dragged through the shivering winter time without so much as a rag to cover them, but about May they feel obligated to follow the mode, and come out in a new suit of green. The meadows, in like manner, appear invested with a variety of pretty spring fashions, not only covering their backs with a bran-new glossy suit, but sporting a world of little coquettish, ornamental gimcracks that are suited to the season. This one covers his robe with the most delicate twinkling white daisies; that tricks himself out with numberless golden cowslips, or decorates his bosom with a bunch of dusky violets. Birds sing and make love; bees wake and make honey; horses and men leave off their shaggy winter clothing and turn out in fresh coats. The only animal that does not feel the power of spring is that selfish, silent, and cold-blooded beast, the oyster, who shuts himself up for the best months of the year, and with whom the climate disagrees.

Some people have wondered how it is that what is called "the season" in London should not begin until spring. What an absurd subject for wondering at! How *could* the London season begin at any other time? How could the great, black, bilious, overgrown city, stifled by gas and fogs and politics, ever hope to have a season at all, unless nature with a violent effort came to its aid about Easter time, and infused into it a little spring blood? The town of London feels then the influences of the spring, and salutes it after its fashion. The parks are green for about a couple of months. Lady Smigsmag,

and other leaders of the *ton*, give their series of grand parties; Gunter and Grange come forward with iced-creams and champagnes; ducks and green-pease burst out; the River Thames blossoms with whitebait; and Alderman Birch announces the arrival of fresh, lively turtle. If there are no birds to sing and make love, as in country places, at least there are coveys of opera girls that frisk and hop about airily, and Rubini and Lablache to act as a couple of nightingales. "A lady of fashion remarked," says Dyson, in "The Morning Post," "that for all persons pretending to hold a position in genteel society," — I forget the exact words, but the sense of them remains indelibly engraven upon my mind, — "for any one pretending to take a place in genteel society, two things are *indispensable*. And what are these? — a BOUQUET AND AN EMBROIDERED POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF." This is a self-evident truth. Dyson does not furnish the bouquets, — he is not a market-gardener, — he is not the goddess Flora; but, a town-man, he knows what the season requires, and furnishes his contribution to it. The lilies of the field are not more white and graceful than his embroidered nose ornaments, and with a little *eau des centmilles fleurs*, not more fragrant. Dyson knows that pocket-handkerchiefs are necessary, and has "an express from Longchamps" to bring them over.

Whether they are picked from ladies' pockets by Dyson's couriers, who then hurry breathless across the Channel with them, no one need ask. But the gist of Dyson's advertisement, and of all the preceding remarks, is this great truth, which need not be carried out further by any illustrations from geography or natural history, — that in the spring-time all nature renews itself. There is not a country newspaper published in England that does not proclaim the same fact. Madame Hoggin informs the nobility and gentry of Penzance that her new and gigantic stock of Parisian fashions has just arrived from London. Mademoiselle M'Whirter begs to announce to the *haut-ton* in the environs of John-o'-Groats that she has this instant returned from Paris, with her dazzling and beautiful collection of spring fashions.

In common with the birds, the trees, the meadows, — in common with the Sun, with Dyson, with all nature, in fact, I yielded to the irresistible spring impulse, — *homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum*, &c., — I acknowledged the influence of the season, and ordered a new coat, waistcoat, and tr—— in short, a new suit. Now, having worn it for a few days, and studied the effect which it has upon the wearer, I thought that perhaps an essay upon new clothes and their influence might be attended with some profit both to the public and the writer.

One thing is certain. A man does not have a new suit of clothes every day; and another general proposition may be advanced, that a man in sporting a coat for the first time is either

agreeably affected, or
disagreeably affected, or
not affected at all, —

which latter case I don't believe. There is no man, however accustomed to new clothes, but must feel some sentiment of pride in assuming them, — no philosopher, however calm, but must remark the change of raiment. Men consent to wear old clothes forever, — nay, feel a pang at parting with them for new; but the first appearance of a new garment is always attended with exultation.

Even the feeling of shyness, which makes a man ashamed of his splendor, is a proof of his high sense of it. What causes an individual to sneak about in corners and shady places, to avoid going out in new clothes of a Sunday, lest he be mistaken for a snob? Sometimes even to go the lengths of ordering his servants to powder his new coat with sand, or to wear it for a

couple of days, and remove the gloss thereof? Are not these manœuvres proofs of the effects of new coats upon mankind in general?

As this notice will occupy at least ten pages (for a reason that may be afterwards mentioned), I intend, like the great philosophers who have always sacrificed themselves for the public good, imbibing diseases, poisons, and medicines, submitting to operations, inhaling asphyxifications, &c., in order that they might note in themselves the particular phenomena of the case, — in like manner, I say, I intend to write this essay in five several coats, viz.: —

1. My old single-breasted black frock-coat, with patches at the elbows, made to go into mourning for William IV.

2. My double-breasted green ditto, made last year but one, and still very good, but rather queer about the lining, and snowy in the seams.

3. My grand black dress-coat, made by Messrs. Sparding and Spohrer, of Conduit Street, in 1836. A little scouring and renovating have given it a stylish look even now; and it was always a splendid cut.

4. My worsted-net-jacket that my uncle Harry gave me on his departure for Italy. This jacket is wadded inside with a wool like that one makes Welsh wigs of; and, though not handsome, amazing comfortable, with pockets all over.

5. My new frock-coat.

Now, will the reader be able to perceive any difference in the style of writing of each chapter? I fancy I see it myself clearly; and am convinced that the new frock-coat chapter will be infinitely more genteel, spruce, and glossy, than the woollen-jacket chapter; which, again, shall be more comfortable than the poor, seedy, patched William-the-Fourth's black-frock chapter. The double-breasted green one will be dashing, manly, free-and-easy; and though not fashionable, yet with a well-bred look. The grand black-dress chapter will be solemn and grave, devilish tight about the waist, abounding in bows and shrugs, and small talk; it will have a great odor of bohea and pound-cake; perhaps there will be a faint whiff of negus; and the tails will whisk up in a quadrille at the end, or sink down, mayhap, on a supper-table bench before a quantity of trifles, lobster-salads, and champagnes, and near a lovely blushing white satin skirt, which is continually crying out, "O you ojous creature!" or, "O you naughty, satirical man, you!" "And do you really believe Miss Moffat dyes her hair?" "And have you read that sweet thing in 'The Keepsake' by Lord Diddle?" "Well, only one *leetle*, leetle drop, for mamma will scold;" and "O you horrid Mr. Titmarsh, you have filled my glass, I declare!" Dear white satin skirt, what pretty shoulders and eyes you have! what a nice white neck, and bluish-mottled, round, innocent arms! how fresh you are and candid! and ah, my dear, what a fool you are!

. . . . . .

I don't have so many coats now-a-days as in the days of hot youth, when the figure was more elegant, and credit, mayhap, more plenty; and, perhaps, this accounts for the feeling of unusual exultation that comes over me as I assume this one. Look at the skirts how they are shining in the sun, with a delicate gloss upon them, — that evanescent gloss that passes away with the first freshness of the coat, as the bloom does from the peach. A friend meets you, — he salutes you cordially, but looks puzzled for a moment at the change in your appearance. "I have it!" says Jones. "Hobson, my boy, I congratulate you, — a new coat, and very neat cut, — puce-colored frock, brown silk lining, brass buttons, and velvet collar, — quite novel, and quiet and genteel at the same time." You say, "Pooh, Jones! do you think so, though?" and at the same time turn round just to give him a view of the back, in which there is not a

single wrinkle. You find suddenly that you must buy a new stock; that your old Berlin gloves will never do; and that a pair of three-and-sixpenny kids are absolutely necessary. You find your boots are cruelly thick, and fancy that the attention of the world is accurately divided between the new frock-coat and the patch on your great toe. It is very odd that that patch did not annoy you yesterday in the least degree, — that you looked with a good-natured grin at the old sausage-fingered Berlin gloves, bulging out at the end, and concaved like spoons. But there *is* a change in the man, without any doubt. Notice Sir M—— O'D——; those who know that celebrated military man by sight are aware of one peculiarity in his appearance, — his hat is never brushed. I met him one day with the beaver brushed quite primly; and looking hard at the baronet to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, saw that he had a new coat. Even his great spirit was obliged to yield to the power of the coat, — he made a genteel effort, — he awoke up from his habitual Diogenic carelessness; and I have no doubt that had Alexander, before he visited the cynic, ordered some one to fling a new robe into his barrel, I have no doubt but that he would have found the fellow prating and boasting with all the airs of a man of fashion, and talking of tilburies, opera girls, and the last ball at Devonshire House, as if the brute had been used for all his life to no other company. Fie upon the swaggering, vulgar bully! I have always wondered how the Prince of Macedon, a gentleman by birth, with an excellent tutor to educate him, could have been imposed upon by the grovelling, obscene, envious tub-man, and could have uttered the speech we know of. It was a humbug, depend upon it, attributed to his majesty by some maladroit *bon mot* maker of the court, and passed subsequently for genuine Alexandrine.

It is hardly necessary for the moralist earnestly to point out to persons moving in a modest station of life the necessity of not having coats of too fashionable and rakish a cut. Coats have been and will be in the course of this disquisition, frequently compared to the flowers of the field: like them they bloom for a season, like them they grow seedy and they fade.

Can you afford always to renew your coat when this fatal hour arrives? Is your coat like the French monarchy, and does it never die? Have, then, clothes of the newest fashion, and pass on to the next article in the Magazine, — unless, always, you prefer the style of this one.

But while a shabby coat, worn in a manly way, is a bearable, nay, sometimes a pleasing object, reminding one of "a good man struggling with the storms of fate," whom Mr. Joseph Addison has represented in his tragedy of "Cato," — while a man of a certain character may look august and gentlemanlike in a coat of a certain cut, — it is quite impossible for a person who sports an ultra-fashionable costume to wear it with decency beyond a half-year say. *My* coats always last me two years, and any man who knows me knows how *I* look; but I defy Count d'Orsay thus publicly to wear a suit for seven hundred and thirty days consecutively, and look respectable at the end of that time. In like manner, I would defy, without any disrespect, the Marchioness of X——, or her Grace the Duchess of Z——, to sport a white satin gown constantly for six months and look decent. There is *propriety* in dress. Ah, my poor Noll Goldsmith, in your famous plum-colored velvet! I can see thee strutting down Fleet Street, and stout old Sam rolling behind as Maister Boswell pours some Caledonian jokes into his ear, and grins at the poor vain poet. In what a pretty condition will Goldy's puce-colored velvet be about two months hence, when it is covered with dust and grease, and he

comes in his slatternly finery to borrow a guinea of his friend!

A friend of the writer's once made him a present of two very handsome gold pins; and what did the author of this notice do? Why, with his usual sagacity, he instantly sold the pins for five and twenty shillings, the cost of the gold, knowing full well that he could not afford to live up to such fancy articles. If you sport handsome gold pins, you must have every thing about you to match. Nor do I in the least agree with my friend Bosk, who has a large amethyst brooch, and fancies that, because he sticks it in his shirt, his atrocious shabby stock and surtout may pass muster. No, no! let us be all peacock, if you please; but one peacock's feather in your tail is a very absurd ornament, and of course all moderate men will avoid it. I remember, when I travelled with Captain Cook in the South Sea Islands, to have seen Quashamaboo with nothing on him but a remarkably fine cocked hat, his queen sported a red coat, and one of the princesses went frisking about in a pair of leather-breeches, much to our astonishment.

This costume was not much more absurd than poor Goldsmith's, who might be very likely seen drawing forth from the gold-embroidered pocket of his plum-colored velvet, a pat of butter wrapped in a cabbage-leaf, a pair of farthing rushlights, an onion or two, and a bit of bacon.

I recollect meeting a great, clever, ruffianly boor of a man, who had made acquaintance with a certain set of very questionable aristocracy, and gave himself the air of a man of fashion. He had a coat made of the very pattern of Lord Toggery's, — a green frock, a green velvet collar, a green lining: a plate of spring-cabbage is not of a brisker, brighter hue. This man, who had been a shop-keeper's apprentice originally, now declared that every man who was a gentleman wore white kid gloves, and for a certain period sported a fresh pair every day.

One hot, clear, sunshiny, July day, walking down the Haymarket at two o'clock, I heard a great yelling and shouting of blackguard boys, and saw that they were hunting some object in their front.

The object approached us,— it was a green object,— a green coat, collar, and lining, and a pair of pseudo-white kid gloves. The gloves were dabbled with mud and blood, the man was bleeding at the nose, and slavering at the mouth, and yelling some unintelligible verses of a song, and swaying to and fro across the sunshiny street, with the blackguard boys in chase.

I turned round the corner of Vigo Lane with the velocity of a cannon-ball, and sprung panting into a baker's shop. It was Mr. Bludyer, our London Diogenes. Have a care, ye gay, dashing Alexanders! how ye influence such men by too much praise, or debauch them by too much intimacy. How much of that man's extravagance, and absurd, aristocratic airs, and subsequent *roueries*, and cutting of old acquaintance, is to be attributed to his imitation of Lord Toggery's coat!

Actors of the lower sort affect very much braiding and fur collars to their frock-coats; and a very curious and instructive sight it is to behold these personages with pale, lean faces, and hats cocked on one side, in a sort of pseudo-military trim. One sees many such sauntering under Drury Lane Colonnade, or about Bow Street, with sickly smiles on their faces. Poor fellows, poor fellows! how much of their character is embroidered in that seedy braiding of their coats! Near five o'clock, in the neighborhood of Rupert Street and the Haymarket, you may still occasionally see the old, shabby, manly, gentlemanly, half-pay frock: but the braid is now growing scarce in London; and your military man, with reason perhaps, dresses more like a civilian; and understanding life better, and the means of mak-

ing his half-crown go as far as five shillings in former days, has usually a club to dine at, and leaves Rupert Street eating-houses to persons of a different grade, — to some of those dubious dandies whom one sees swaggering in Regent Street in the afternoon, or to those gay, spruce gentlemen whom you encounter in St. Paul's Churchyard at ten minutes after five, on their way westward from the City. Look at the same hour at the Temple, and issuing thence and from Essex Street, you behold many scores of neat barristers, who are walking to the joint and half a pint of Marsala at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. They are generally tall, slim, proper, well-dressed men; but their coats are too prim and professionally cut. Indeed, I have generally remarked that their clerks, who leave chambers about the same time, have a far more rakish and fashionable air; and if, my dear madam, you will condescend to take a beefsteak at the Cock, or at some of the houses around Covent Garden, you will at once allow that this statement is perfectly correct.

I have always had rather a contempt for a man who, on arriving at home, deliberately takes his best coat from his back and adopts an old and shabby one. It is a mean precaution. Unless very low in the world indeed, one should be above a proceeding so petty. Once I knew a French lady very smartly dressed in a black velvet pelisse, a person whom I admired very much, — and indeed for the matter of that she was very fond of me, but that is neither here nor there, — I say I knew a French lady of some repute who used to wear a velvet pelisse, and how do you think the back of it was arranged?

Why, pelisses are worn as you know, very full behind; and Madame de Tournurouval had actually a strip of black satin let into the hinder part of her dress, over which the velvet used to close with a spring when she walked or stood, so that the satin was invisible. But when she sat on a chair, especially one of the cane-bottomed species, Euphemia gave a loose to her spring, the velvet divided on each side, and she sat down on the satin.

Was it an authorized stratagem of millinery? Is a woman under any circumstances permitted to indulge in such a manœuvre? I say, No. A woman with such a gown is of a mean, deceitful character. Of a woman who has a black satin patch behind her velvet gown, it is right that one should speak ill behind the back; and when I saw Euphemia Tournurouval spread out her wings (*non usitatæ pennæ*, but what else to call them?) — spread out her skirts and insure them from injury by means of this dastardly *ruse*, I quitted the room in disgust, and never was intimate with her as before. A widow I know she was; I am certain she looked sweet upon me; and she said she had a fortune, but I don't believe it. Away with parsimonious ostentation! That woman, had I married her, would either have turned out a swindler, or we should have had *bouilli* five times a week for dinner, — *bouilli* off silver, and hungry lackeys in lace looking on at the windy meal!

The old coat plan is not so base as the above female arrangement; but say what you will, it is not high-minded and honorable to go out in a good coat, to flaunt the streets in it with an easy, *dégagé* air, as if you always wore such, and, returning home, assume another under pretext of dressing for dinner. There is no harm in putting on your old coat of a morning, or in wearing one always. Common reason points out the former precaution, which is at once modest and manly. If your coat pinches you, there is no harm in changing it; if you are going out to dinner, there is no harm in changing it for a better. But I say the plan of habitual changing is a base one, and only fit for a man at last extremities; or for a clerk in the city, who hangs up his best garment

on a peg, both at the office and at home; or for a man who smokes, and has to keep his coat for tea-parties, — a paltry precaution, however, this. If you like smoking, why shouldn't you? If you *do* smell a little of tobacco, where's the harm? The smell is not pleasant, but it does not kill anybody. If the lady of the house do not like it she is quite at liberty not to invite you again. *Et puis?* Bah! Of what age are you and I? Have we lived? Have we seen men and cities? Have we their manners noted, and understood their idiosyncrasy? Without a doubt! And what is the truth at which we have arrived? This, — that a pipe of tobacco is many an hour in the day, and many a week in the month, a thousand times better and more agreeable society than the best Miss, the loveliest Mrs., the most beautiful Baroness, Countess, or what not. Go to tea-parties, those who will; talk fiddle-faddle, such as like; many men there are who do so, and are a little partial to music, and know how to twist the leaf of the song that Miss Jemima is singing exactly at the right moment. Very good. These are the enjoyments of dress-coats; but *men*, — are they to be put off with such fare forever? No! One goes out to dinner, because one likes eating and drinking; because the very act of eating and drinking opens the heart, and causes the tongue to wag. But evening parties! O milk and water, bread and butter! No, no, the age is wiser! The manly youth frequents his club for common society, has a small circle of amiable ladies for friendly intercourse, his book and his pipe always.

Do not be angry, ladies, that one of your most ardent and sincere admirers should seem to speak disparagingly of your merits, or recommend his fellows to shun the society in which you ordinarily assemble. No, Miss, I am the man who respects you truly, — the man who respects and loves you when you are most lovely and respectable, — in your families, my dears. A wife, a mother, a daughter, — has God made any thing more beautiful? A friend, — can one find a truer, kinder, a more generous and enthusiastic one, than a woman often will be? All that has to do with your hearts is beautiful, and in every thing with which they meddle, a man must be a brute not to love and honor you.

But Miss Rudge in blue crape, squeaking romances at a harp, or Miss Tobin dancing in a quadrille, or Miss Blogg twisting round the room in the arms of a lumbering Lifeguardsman; — what are these? — so many vanities. With the operations here described the heart has nothing to do. Has the intellect? O ye gods! think of Miss Rudge's intellect while singing, —

"Away, away to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving;
Away, away to the fountain's flow,
Where the streams are softly la-a-ving!"

These are the words of a real song that I have heard many times, and rapturously applauded too. Such a song, such a poem, — such a songster!

No, madam, if I want to hear a song sung I will pay eight and sixpence, and listen to Tamburini and Persiani. I will not pay, gloves, three-and-six; cab, there and back, four shillings; silk stockings every now and then, say a shilling a time; I will not pay to hear Miss Rudge screech such disgusting twaddle as the above. If I want to see dancing, there is Taglioni for my money; or across the water, Mrs. Serle and her forty pupils; or at Covent Garden, Madame Vedy, beautiful as an houri, dark-eyed and agile as a gazelle. I can see all these in comfort, and they dance a great deal better than Miss Blogg and Captain Haggerty, the great red-whiskered monster, who always wears nankeens because he thinks his legs are fine. If I want conversation, what has Miss Flock to say to me, forsooth,

between the figures of a cursed quadrille that we were all gravely dancing? By heavens, what an agony it is! Look at the he-dancers, they seem oppressed with dreadful care. Look at the cavalier seul! if the operation lasted long, the man's hair would turn white, — he would go mad! And is it for this that men and women assemble in multitudes, for this sorry pastime?

No! dance as you will, Miss Smith, and swim through the quadrille like a swan, or flutter through the gallop like a sylphide, and have the most elegant fresh toilets, the most brilliantly polished white shoulders, the blandest eyes, the reddest, simperingest mouth, the whitest neck, the — in fact, I say, be as charming as you will, *that* is not the place at which, if you are worth any thing, you are most charming. You are beautiful; you are very much *décolletée*; your eyes are always glancing down at a pretty pearl necklace, round a pearly neck, or on a fresh, fragrant bouquet, stuck — fiddlestick! What is it that the men admire in you? — the animal, Miss, — the white, plump, external Smith, which men with their eyeglasses, standing at various parts of the room, are scanning pertly and curiously, and of which they are speaking brutally. A pretty admiration, truly! But is it possible that these men can admire any thing else in you who have so much that is really admirable? Cracknell, in the course of the waltz, has just time to pant into your ear, "Were you at Ascot Races?" Kidwinter, who dances two sets of quadrilles with you, whispers to you, "Do you pwefer thtwawbewy ithe aw wathbewy ithe?" and asks the name of "that gweat enawmuth fat woman in wed thatin and bird of pawadithe?" to which you reply, "Law, sir, it's Mamma!" The rest of the evening passes away in conversation similarly edifying. What can any of the men admire in you, you little silly creature, but the animal? There is your mother, now, in red and a bird of paradise, as Kidwinter says. She has a large fan, which she flaps to and fro across a broad chest; and has one eye directed to her Amelia, dancing with Kidwinter before mentioned; another watching Jane, who is dancing *vis-à-vis* with Major Cutts; and a third complacently cast upon Edward, who is figuring with Miss Binx in the other quadrille. How the dear fellow has grown, to be sure; and how like his papa at his age — heigho! There is mamma, the best woman breathing; but fat, and even enormous, as has been said of her. Does anybody gaze on *her*? And yet she was once as slim and as fair as you, O simple Amelia!

Does anybody care for her? Yes, one. Your father cares for her; SMITH cares for her; and in his eyes she is still the finest woman of the room; and he remembers when he danced down seven and forty couples of a country-dance with her, two years before you were born or thought of. But it was all chance that Miss Hopkins turned out to be the excellent creature she was. Smith did not know any more than that she was gay, plump, good-looking, and had five thousand pounds. Hit or miss, he took her, and has had assuredly no cause to complain; but she might have been a Borgia or Joan of Naples, and have had the same smiling looks and red cheeks, and five thousand pounds, which won his heart in the year 1814.

The system of evening parties, then, is a false and absurd one. Ladies may frequent them professionally with an eye to a husband, but a man is an ass who takes a wife out of such assemblies, having no other means of judging of the object of his choice. You are not the same person in your white crape and satin slip as you are in your morning dress. A man is not the same in his tight coat and feverish glazed pumps, and stiff white waistcoat, as he is in his green double-breasted frock, his old black ditto, or

his woollen jacket. And a man is doubly an ass who is in the habit of frequenting evening parties, unless he is forced thither in search of a lady to whom he is attached, or unless he is compelled to go by his wife. A man who loves dancing may be set down to be an ass; and the fashion is greatly going out with the increasing good sense of the age. Do not say that he who lives at home, or frequents clubs in lieu of balls, is a brute, and has not a proper respect for the female sex; on the contrary, he may respect it most sincerely. He feels that a woman appears to most advantage, not among those whom she cannot care about, but among those whom she loves. He thinks her beautiful when she is at home making tea for her old father. He believes her to be charming when she is singing a simple song at her piano, but not when she is screeching at an evening party. He thinks by far the most valuable part of her is her heart; and a kind, simple heart, my dear, shines in conversation better than the best of wit. He admires her best in her intercourse with her family and her friends, and detests the miserable, twaddling slipslop that he is obliged to hear from and utter to her in the course of a ball; and avoids and despises such meetings.

He keeps his evening coat, then, for *dinners*. And if this friendly address to all the mothers who read this miscellany may somewhat be acted upon by them; if heads of families, instead of spending hundreds upon chalking floors, and Gunter, and cold suppers, and Weippert's band, will determine upon giving a series of plain, neat, nice dinners, of not too many courses, but well cooked, of not too many wines, but good of their sort, and according to the giver's degree, they will see that the young men will come to them fast enough; that they will marry their daughters quite as fast, without injuring their health, and that they will make a saving at the year's end. I say that young men, young women, and heads of families, should bless me for pointing out this obvious plan to them, so natural, so hearty, so hospitable, so different to the present artificial mode.

A grand ball in a palace is splendid, generous, and noble, — a sort of procession in which people may figure properly. A family dance is a pretty and pleasant amusement; and (especially after dinner) it does the philosopher's heart good to look upon merry young people who know each other, and are happy, natural, and familiar. But a Baker Street hop is a base invention, and as such let it be denounced and avoided.

A dressing-gown has great merits, certainly, but it is dangerous. A man who wears it of mornings generally takes the liberty of going without a neckcloth, or of not shaving, and is no better than a driveller. Sometimes, to be sure, it is necessary, in self-defence, not to shave, as a precaution against yourself that is to say; and I know no better means of insuring a man's remaining at home than neglecting the use of the lather and razor for a week, and encouraging a crop of bristles. When I wrote my tragedy, I shaved off for the last two acts my left eyebrow, and never stirred out of doors until it had grown to be a great deal thicker than its right-hand neighbor. But this was an extreme precaution, and unless a man has very strong reasons indeed for stopping at home, and a very violent propensity to gadding, his best plan is to shave every morning neatly, to put on his regular coat, and go regularly to work, and to avoid a dressing-gown as the father of all evil. Painters are the only persons who can decently appear in dressing-gowns; but these are none of your easy morning-gowns; they are commonly of splendid stuff, and put on by the artist in order to render himself remarkable and splendid in the eyes of his sitter. Your loose-wadded German schlafrock, imported of late

years into our country, is the laziest, filthiest invention; and I always augur as ill of a man whom I see appearing at breakfast in one, as of a woman who comes down stairs in curl-papers.

By the way, in the third act of *Macbeth*, Mr. Macready makes his appearance in the court-yard of Glamis Castle in an affair of brocade that has always struck me as absurd and un-Macbethlike. Mac in a dressing-gown (I mean 'Beth, not 'Ready), — Mac in list slippers, — Mac in a cotton nightcap, with a tassel bobbing up and down, — I say the thought is unworthy, and am sure the worthy thane would have come out, if suddenly called from bed, by any circumstance, however painful, in a *good stout jacket*. It is a more manly, simple, and majestic wear than the lazy dressing-gown; it more becomes a man of Macbeth's mountainous habits; it leaves his legs quite free to run whithersoever he pleases, — whether to the stables, to look at the animals, — to the farm, to see the pig that has been slaughtered that morning, — to the garden, to examine whether that scoundrel of a John Hoskins has dug up the potato-bed, — to the nursery, to have a romp with the little Macbeths that are spluttering and quarrelling over their porridge, — or whither you will. A man in a jacket is fit company for anybody; there is no shame about it as about being seen in a changed coat; it is simple, steady, and straightforward. It is, as I have stated, all over pockets, which contain every thing you want; in one, your buttons, hammer, small nails, thread, twine, and cloth-strips for the trees on the south wall; in another, your dog-whip and whistle, your knife, cigar-case, gingerbread for the children, paper of Epsom salts for John Hoskins's mother, who is mortal bad, — and so on: there is no end to the pockets, and to the things you put in them. Walk about in your jacket, and meet what person you will, you assume at once an independent air; and, thrusting your hands into the receptacle that flaps over each hip, look the visitor in the face, and talk to the ladies on a footing of perfect equality. Whereas, look at the sneaking way in which a man caught in a dressing-gown, in loose bagging trousers most likely (for the man who has a dressing-gown, has, two to one, no braces), and in shuffling slippers, — see how he whisks his dressing-gown over his legs, and looks ashamed and uneasy. His lanky hair hangs over his blowsy, fat, shining, unhealthy face; his bristly, dumpling-shaped double chin peers over a flaccid shirt collar; the sleeves of his gown are in rags, and you see underneath a pair of black wristbands, and the rim of a dingy flannel waistcoat.

A man who is not strictly neat in his person is not an honest man. I shall not enter into this very ticklish subject of personal purification and neatness, because this essay will be read by hundreds of thousands of ladies as well as men; and for the former I would wish to provide nothing but pleasure. Men may listen to stern truths; but for ladies one should only speak verities that are sparkling, rosy, brisk, and agreeable. A man who wears a dressing-gown is not neat in his person; his moral character takes invariably some of the slatternliness and looseness of his costume; he becomes enervated, lazy, incapable of great actions; A man IN A JACKET is a man. All great men wore jackets. Walter Scott wore a jacket, as everybody knows; Byron wore a jacket (not that I count a man who turns down his collars for much); I have a picture of Napoleon in a jacket, at St. Helena; Thomas Carlyle wears a jacket; Lord John Russell always mounts a jacket on arriving at the Colonial Office; and if I have a single fault to find with that popular writer, the author of —— never mind what, you know his name as well as I, — it is that he is in the habit of composing his works in a large, flow-

ered damask dressing-gown, and morocco slippers; whereas, in a jacket he would write you off something, not so flowery, if you please, but of honest texture, — something, not so long, but terse, modest, and comfortable, — no great, long, strealing tails of periods, — no staring peonies and hollyhocks of illustrations, — no flaring cords and tassels of episodes, — no great, dirty, wadded sleeves of sentiment, ragged at the elbows and cuffs, and mopping up every thing that comes in their way, — cigar-ashes, ink, candle-wax, cold brandy and water, coffee, or whatever aids to the brain he may employ as a literary man; not to mention the quantity of tooth-powder, whisker-dye, soapsuds, and pomatum, that the same garment receives in the course of the toilets at which it assists. Let all literary men, then, get jackets. I prefer them without tails; but do not let this interfere with another man's pleasure; he may have tails if he likes, and I for one will never say him nay.

Like all things, however, jackets are subject to abuse; and the pertness and conceit of those jackets cannot be sufficiently reprehended which one sees on the backs of men at watering-places, with a telescope poking out of one pocket, and a yellow bandanna flaunting from the other. Nothing is more contemptible than Tims in a jacket, with a blue bird's-eye neck-handkerchief tied sailor-fashion, puffing smoke like a steamer, with his great broad orbicular stern shining in the sun. I always long to give the wretch a smart smack upon that part where his coat-tails ought to be, and advise him to get into a more decent costume. There is an age and figure for jackets; those who are of a certain build should not wear them in public. Witness fat officers of the dragoon-guards that one has seen bumping up and down the Steyne, at Brighton, on their great chargers, with a laced and embroidered coat, a cartridge-box, or whatever you call it, of the size of a twopenny loaf, placed on the small of their backs, — if their backs may be said to have a small, — and two little twinkling abortions of tails pointing downwards to the enormity jolting in the saddle. Officers should be occasionally measured, and after passing a certain width, should be drafted into other regiments, or allowed, — nay ordered, to wear frock-coats.

The French tailors make frock-coats very well; but the people who wear them have the disgusting habit of wearing stays, than which nothing can be more unbecoming the dignity of man. Look what a waist the Apollo has, not above four inches less in the girth than the chest is. Look, ladies, at the waist of the Venus, and pray, — pray do not pinch in your dear little ribs in that odious and unseemly way. In a young man a slim waist is very well; and if he looks like the Eddystone lighthouse, it is as nature intended him to look. A man of certain age may be built like a tower, stalwart and straight. Then a man's middle may expand from the pure cylindrical to the barrel shape; well, let him be content. Nothing is so horrid as a fat man with a band; an hour-glass is a most mean and ungracious figure. Daniel Lambert is ungracious, but not mean. One meets with some men who look in their frock-coats perfectly sordid, sneaking, and ungentlemanlike, who if you see them dressed for an evening have a slim, easy, almost fashionable appearance. Set these persons down as fellows of poor spirit, and milksops. Stiff white ties and waistcoats, prim straight tails, and a gold chain, will give any man of moderate lankiness an air of factitious gentility; but if you want to understand the individual, look at him in the daytime; see him walking with his hat on. There is a deal in the build and wearing of hats, a great deal more than at first meets the eye. I know a man who in a particular hat looked so extraordinarily like a man of property, that no tradesman on earth could refuse to

give him credit. It was one of André's, and cost a guinea and a half ready money; but the person in question was frightened at the enormous charge, and afterwards purchased beavers in the city at the cost of seventeen and sixpence. And what was the consequence? He fell off in public estimation, and very soon after he came out in his city hat it began to be whispered abroad that he was a ruined man.

A blue coat is, after all, the best; but a gentleman of my acquaintance has made his fortune by an Oxford mixture, of all colors in the world, with a pair of white buckskin gloves. He looks as if he had just got off his horse, and as if he had three thousand a year in the country. There is a kind of proud humility in an Oxford mixture. Velvet collars and all such gimcracks had best be avoided by sober people. This paper is not written for drivelling dandies, but for honest men. There is a great deal of philosophy and forethought in Sir Robert Peel's dress; he does not wear those white waistcoats for nothing. I say that O'Connell's costume is likewise that of a profound rhetorician, slouching and careless as it seems. Lord Melbourne's air of reckless, good-humored, don't-care-a-damn-a-tiveness is not obtained without an effort. Look at the Duke as he passes along in that stern little straight frock and plaid breeches; look at him, and off with your hat! How much is there in that little gray coat of Napoleon's! A spice of claptrap and dandyism, no doubt; but we must remember the country which he had to govern. I never see a picture of George III. in his old stout Windsor uniform without feeling a respect; or of George IV., breeches and silk stockings, a wig, a sham smile, a frogged frock-coat and a fur collar, without that proper degree of reverence which such a costume should inspire. The coat is the expression of the man, — *οἵηπερ φυλλων* &c.; and as the peach-tree throws out peach-leaves, the pear-tree pear ditto, as old George appeared invested in the sober old garment of blue and red, so did young George in oiled wigs, fur collars, stays, and braided surtouts, according to his nature.

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Enough, — enough; and may these thoughts arising in the writer's mind from the possession of a new coat, which circumstance caused him to think not only of new coats but of old ones, and of coats neither old nor new, — and not of coats merely, but of men, — may these thoughts so inspired answer the purpose for which they have been set down on paper, and which is not a silly wish to instruct mankind, — no, no; but an honest desire to pay a deserving tradesman whose confidence supplied the garment in question.

PENTONVILLE, April 25, 1841.

MEMORIALS OF GORMANDIZING.

IN A LETTER TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ., BY M. A. TITMARSH.

PARIS, May, 1841.

SIR, — The man who makes the best salads in London, and whom, therefore, we have facetiously called Sultan Saladin, — a man who is conspicuous for his love and practice of all the polite arts, — music, to wit, architecture, painting, and cookery, — once took the humble personage who writes this into his library, and laid before me two or three volumes of manuscript year-books, such as, since he began to travel and to observe, he has been in the habit of keeping.

Every night, in the course of his rambles, his highness the Sultan (indeed, his port is sublime, as, for the matter of that, are all the wines in his cellar) sets down with an iron pen, and in the neatest handwriting in the world, the events and observations of the day: with the same iron pen he illuminates the leaf of his journal by the most faithful and delightful sketches of the scenery which he has witnessed in the course of the four and twenty hours; and if he has dined at an inn or restaurant, gasthaus, posada, albergo, or what not, invariably inserts into his log-book the bill of fare. The Sultan leads a jolly life, — a tall, stalwart man, who every day about six o'clock in London and Paris, at two in Italy, in Germany and Belgium at an hour after noon, feels the noble calls of hunger agitating his lordly bosom (or its neighborhood, that is), and replies to the call by a good dinner. Ah! it is wonderful to think how the healthy and philosophic mind can accommodate itself in all cases to the varying circumstances of the time, — how, in its travels through the world, the liberal and cosmopolite stomach recognizes the national dinner-hour! Depend upon it that, in all countries, nature has wisely ordained and suited to their exigencies THE DISHES OF A PEOPLE. I mean to say, that olla podrida is good in Spain (though a plateful of it, eaten in Paris, once made me so dreadfully ill that it is a mercy I was spared ever to eat another dinner), — I mean to say, and have proved it, that sauer-kraut is good in Germany; and I make no doubt that whale's blubber is a very tolerable dish in Kamtschatka, though I have never visited the country. Cannibalism in the South Seas, and sheepsheadism in Scotland, are the only practices that one cannot, perhaps, reconcile with this rule, — at least, whatever a man's private opinions may be, the decencies of society oblige him to eschew the expression of them, upon subjects which the national prejudice has precluded from free discussion.

Well, after looking through three or four of Saladin's volumes, I grew so charmed with them that I used to come back every day and study them

I declare there are bills of fare in those books over which I have cried; and the reading of them, especially about an hour before dinner, has made me so ferociously hungry, that, in the first place, the Sultan (a kind-hearted, generous man, as every man is who loves his meals) could not help inviting me to take potluck with him; and, secondly, I could eat twice as much as upon common occasions, though my appetite is always good.

Lying awake, then, of nights, or wandering solitary abroad on wide commons, or by the side of silent rivers, or at church when Dr. Snufflem was preaching his favorite sermon, or stretched on the flat of my back smoking a cigar at the club when X was talking of the corn-laws, or Y was describing that famous run they had with the Z hounds, — at all periods, I say, favorable to self-examination, those bills of fare have come into my mind, and often and often I have thought them over. "Titmarsh," I have said to myself, "if ever you travel again, do as the Sultan has done, and *keep your dinner-bills*. They are always pleasant to look over; they always will recall happy hours and actions, be you ever so hard pushed for a dinner, and fain to put up with an onion and a crust: of the past fate cannot deprive you. Yesterday is the philosopher's property; and by thinking of it, and using it to advantage, he may gayly go through to-morrow, doubtful and dismal though it be. Try this lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts; another handful of this pillau. Ho, you rascals! bring round the sherbet there, and never spare the jars of wine, — 'tis true Persian, on the honor of a Barmecide!" Is not that dinner in "The Arabian Nights" a right good dinner? Would you have had Bedreddin to refuse and turn sulky at the windy repast, or to sit down grinning in the face of his grave entertainer, and gayly take what came? Remember what came of the honest fellow's philosophy. He slapped the grim old prince in the face; and the grim old prince, who had invited him but to laugh at him, did presently order a real and substantial repast to be set before him, — great pyramids of smoking rice and pillau (a good pillau is one of the best dishes in the world), savory kids, snow-cooled sherbets, luscious wine of Schiraz; with an accompaniment of moon-faced beauties from the harem, no doubt, dancing, singing, and smiling in the most ravishing manner. Thus should we, my dear friends, laugh at Fate's beard, as we confront him, — thus should we, if the old monster be insolent, fall to and box his ears. He has a spice of humor in his composition; and be sure he will be tickled by such conduct.

Some months ago, when the expectation of war between England and France grew to be so strong, and there was such a talk of mobilising national guards, and arming three or four hundred thousand more French soldiers, — when such ferocious yells of hatred against perfidious Albion were uttered by the liberal French press, that I did really believe the rupture between the two countries was about immediately to take place; being seriously alarmed, I set off for Paris at once. My good sir, what could we do without our Paris? I came here first in 1815 (when the Duke and I were a good deal remarked by the inhabitants); I proposed but to stay a week: stopped three months, and have returned every year since. There is something fatal in the place, — a charm about it, — a wicked one very likely, — but it acts on us all; and perpetually the old Paris man comes hieing back to his quarters again, and is to be found, as usual, sunning himself in the Rue de la Paix. Painters, princes, gormands, officers on half-pay, — serious old ladies even acknowledge the attraction of the place, — are more at ease here than in any other place in Europe; and back they come, and are to be

found sooner or later occupying their old haunts.

My darling city improves, too, with each visit, and has some new palace, or church, or statue, or other gimcrack, to greet your eyes withal. A few years since, and, lo! on the column of the Place Vendôme, instead of the shabby tri-colored rag, shone the bronze statue of Napoleon. Then came the famous triumphal arch; a noble building indeed! — how stately and white and beautiful and strong it seems to dominate over the whole city! Next was the obelisk; a huge bustle and festival being made to welcome it to the city. Then came the fair asphaltum terraces round about the obelisk; then the fountains to decorate the terraces. I have scarcely been twelve months absent, and behold they have gilded all the Naiads and Tritons; they have clapped a huge fountain in the very midst of the Champs Elysées, — a great, glittering, frothing fountain, that to the poetic eye looks like an enormous shaving-brush; and all down the avenue they have placed hundreds of gilded, flaring gas-lamps, that make this gayest walk in the world look gayer still than ever. But a truce to such descriptions, which might carry one far, very far, from the object proposed in this paper.

I simply wish to introduce to public notice a brief dinner-journal. It has been written with the utmost honesty and simplicity of purpose; and exhibits a picture or table of the development of the human mind under a series of gastronomic experiments, diversified in their nature, and diversified, consequently, in their effects. A man in London has not, for the most part, the opportunity to make these experiments. You are a family man, let us presume, and you live in that metropolis for half a century. You have on Sunday say, a leg of mutton and potatoes for dinner. On Monday, you have cold mutton and potatoes. On Tuesday, hashed mutton and potatoes; the hashed mutton being flavored with little damp, triangular pieces of toast, which always surround that charming dish. Well, on Wednesday, the mutton ended, you have beef; the beef undergoes the same alternations of cookery, and disappears. Your life presents a succession of joints, varied every now and then by a bit of fish and some poultry. You drink three glasses of a brandyfied liquor called sherry at dinner; your excellent lady imbibes one. When she has had her glass of port after dinner, she goes up stairs with the children, and you fall asleep in your arm-chair. Some of the most pure and precious enjoyments of life are unknown to you. You eat and drink, but you do not know the *art* of eating and drinking; nay, most probably you despise those who do. "Give me a slice of meat," say you, very likely, "and a fig for your gormands." You fancy it is very virtuous and manly all this. Nonsense, my good sir; you are indifferent because you are ignorant, because your life is passed in a narrow circle of ideas, and because you are bigotedly blind and pompously callous to the beauties and excellences beyond you.

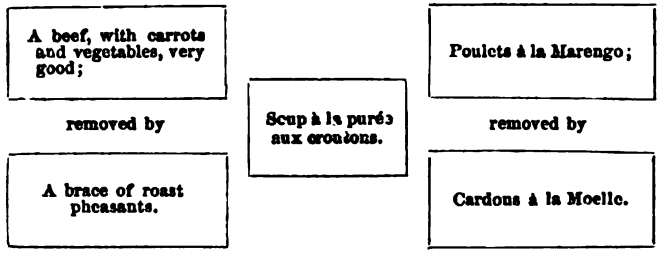
Sir, RESPECT YOUR DINNER; idolize it, enjoy it properly. You will be by many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life, the happier if you do.

Don't tell us that it is not worthy of a man. All a man's senses are worthy of employment, and should be cultivated as a duty. The senses are the arts. What glorious feasts does Nature prepare for your eye in animal form in landscape and painting! Are you to put out your eyes, and not see? What royal dishes of melody does her bounty provide for you in the shape of poetry, music, whether windy or wiry, notes of the human voice, or ravishing song of birds! Are you to stuff your ears with cotton, and vow that the sense of hearing is unmanly? — you obstinate dolt, you! No, surely; nor

must you be so absurd as to fancy that the art of eating is in any way less worthy than the other two. You like your dinner, man; never be ashamed to say so. If you don't like your victuals, pass on to the next article; but remember that every man who has been worth a fig in this world, as poet, painter, or musician, has had a good appetite and a good taste. Ah, what a poet Byron would have been had he taken his meals properly, and allowed himself to grow fat, — if nature intended him to grow fat, — and not have physicked his intellect with wretched opium pills and acrid vinegar, that sent his principle to sleep and turned his feelings sour! If that man had respected his dinner, he never would have written "Don Juan."

Allons donc! enough sermonizing; let us sit down and fall to at once.

I dined soon after my arrival at a very pleasant Paris club, where daily is provided a dinner for ten persons, that is universally reported to be excellent. Five men in England would have consumed the same amount of victuals, as you will see by the bills of fare: —



Desserts of cheese. Pears and Fontainebleau Grapes.
Bordeaux red, and excellent chablis at discretion.

This dinner was very nicely served. A venerable *maître d'hôtel* in black, cutting up neatly the dishes on a trencher at the side-table, and several waiters attending in green coats, red plush tights, and their hair curled. There was a great quantity of light in the room; some handsome pieces of plated ware; the pheasants came in with their tails to their backs; and the smart waiters, with their hair dressed and parted down the middle, gave a pleasant, lively, stylish appearance to the whole affair.

Now I certainly dined (by the way, I must not forget to mention that we had with the beef some boiled kidney potatoes, very neatly dished up in a napkin), — I certainly dined, I say; and half an hour afterwards felt, perhaps, more at my ease than I should have done had I consulted my own inclinations, and devoured twice the quantity that on this occasion came to my share. But I would rather, as a man not caring for appearances, dine, as a general rule, off a beefsteak for two at the Café Foy, than sit down to take a tenth part of such a meal every day. There was only one man at the table besides your humble servant who did not put water into his wine; and he — I mean the other — was observed by his friends, who exclaimed, "Comment vous buvez sec," as if to do so was a wonder. The consequence was, that half a dozen bottles of wine served for the whole ten of us; and the guests, having despatched their dinner in an hour, skipped lightly away from it, did not stay to ruminate and to feel uneasy, and to fiddle about the last and penultimate waistcoat button, as we do after a house-dinner at an English club. What was it that made

the charm of this dinner? — for pleasant it was. It was the neat and comfortable manner in which it was served; the pheasant-tails had a considerable effect; that snowy napkin coquettishly arranged round the kidneys gave them a *distingué* air; the light and the glittering service gave an appearance of plenty and hospitality that sent everybody away contented.

I put down this dinner just to show English and Scotch housekeepers what may be done, and for what price. Say, —

		s.	d.
Soup and fresh bread / Beef and carrots .	prime cost	2	6
Fowls and sauce		3	6
Pheasants (hens)		5	0
Grapes, pears, cheese, vegetables		3	0
		14	0

For fifteen pence *par tête*, a company of ten persons may have a dinner set before them, — nay, and be made to fancy that they dine well, provided the service is handsomely arranged, that you have a good stock of side-dishes, &c., in your plate-chest, and don't spare the spermaceti.

As for the wine, that depends on yourself. Always be crying out to your friends, "Mr. So-and-so, I don't drink myself, but pray pass the bottle. Tomkins, my boy, help your neighbor, and never mind me. What! Hopkins, are there two of us on the Doctor's list? Pass the wine; *Smith* I'm sure won't refuse it;" and so on. A very good plan is to have the butler (or the fellow in the white waistcoat, who "behaves as sich") pour out the wine when wanted (in half-glasses, of course), and to make a deuced great noise and shouting, "John, John, why the devil, sir, don't you help Mr. Simkins to another glass of wine?" If you point out Simkins once or twice in this way, depend upon it, *he* won't drink a great quantity of your liquor. You may thus keep your friends from being dangerous by a thousand innocent manœuvres; and, as I have said before, you may very probably make them believe that they have had a famous dinner. There was only one man in our company of ten the other day who ever thought that he had not dined; and what was he? A foreigner, — a man of a discontented, inquiring spirit, always carping at things, and never satisfied.

Well, next day I dined *au cinquième* with a family (of Irish extraction, by the way), and what do you think was our dinner for six persons? Why, simply, —

Nine dozen Ostend oysters;
Soup à la mulligatawny;
Boiled turkey, with celery sauce;
Saddle of mutton rôti.
Removes. Plompouding; croute de macaroni.
Vin Beaune ordinaire, Volnay, Bordeaux, Champagne, eau chaude, Cognac.

I forget the dessert. Alas! in moments of prosperity and plenty, one is often so forgetful: I remembered the dessert at the Cercle well enough.

A person whom they call in this country an *illustration littéraire*, — the editor of a newspaper, in fact, — with a very pretty wife, were of the party, and looked at the dinner with a great deal of good-humored superiority. I declare, upon my honor, that I helped both the illustration and his lady twice to saddle of mutton; and as for the turkey and celery sauce, you should have seen how our host dispensed it to them! They ate the oysters, they ate the soup (*"Diable! mais il est poivré!"* said the illustration, with tears in his eyes), they ate the turkey, they ate the mutton, they ate the pudding; and what did our hostess say? Why, casting down her eyes gently, and with the modestest air in the world, she said, "There is such a beautiful piece of cold beef in the larder; do somebody ask for a little slice of it."

Heaven bless her for that speech! I loved and respected her for it; it brought the tears to my eyes. A

man who could sneer at such a sentiment could have neither heart nor good-breeding. Don't you see that it shows

Simplicity,
Modesty,
Hospitality.

Put these against

Waiters with their hair curled,
Pheasants roasted with their tails on,
A dozen spermaceti candles.

Add them up, I say, O candid reader, and answer, in the sum of human happiness, which of the two accounts makes the better figure?

I declare, I know few things more affecting than that little question about the cold beef; and considering calmly our national characteristics, balancing in the scale of quiet thought our defects and our merits, am daily more inclined to believe that there is something in the race of Britons which renders them usually superior to the French family. This is but one of the traits of English character that has been occasioned by the use of roast beef.

It is an immense question, that of diet. Look at the two bills of fare just set down, — the relative consumption of ten animals and of six. What a profound physical and moral difference may we trace here! How distinct, from the cradle upwards, must have been the thoughts, feelings, education, of the parties who ordered those two dinners! It is a fact which does not admit of a question, that the French are beginning, since so many English have come among them, to use beef much more profusely. Everybody at the restaurateur's orders beefsteak and pommes. Will the national character slowly undergo a change under the influence of this dish? Will the French be more simple? broader in the shoulders? less inclined to brag about military glory and such humbug? All this in the dark vista of futurity the spectator may fancy is visible to him, and the philanthropist cannot but applaud the change. This brings me naturally to the consideration of the manner of dressing beefsteaks in this country, and of the merit of that manner.

I dined on a Saturday at the Café Foy, on the Boulevard, in a private room, with a friend. We had

Potage Julienne, with a little purée in it;
Two entrecotes aux épinards;
One perdreau truffé;
One fromage roquefort;
A bottle of nuits with the beef;
A bottle of Sauterne with the partridge.

And perhaps a glass of punch, with a cigar, afterwards; but that is neither here nor there. The insertion of the purée into the Julienne was not of my recommending; and if this junction is effected at all, the operation should be performed with the greatest care. If you put too much purée, both soups are infallibly spoiled. A much better plan it is to have your Julienne by itself, though I will not enlarge on this point, as the excellent friend with whom I dined may chance to see this notice, and may be hurt at the renewal in print of a dispute which caused a good deal of pain to both of us. By the way, we had half a dozen sardines while the dinner was getting ready, eating them with delicious bread and butter, for which this place is famous. Then followed the soup. Why the deuce *would* he have the pu—; but never mind. After the soup, we had what I do not hesitate to call the very best beefsteak I ever ate in my life. By the shade of Heliogabalus! as I write about it now, a week after I have eaten it, the old, rich, sweet, piquant, juicy taste comes smacking on my lips again; and I feel something of that exquisite sensation I then had. I am ashamed of the delight which the eating of that piece of meat caused me. G. and I had quarrelled about the soup (I said so, and don't wish to return to the subject); but when we began on the steak, we looked at each other, and loved each

other. We did not speak, — our hearts were too full for that; but we took a bit, and laid down our forks, and looked at one another, and understood each other. There were no two individuals on this wide earth, — no two lovers billing in the shade, — no mother clasping baby to her heart, more supremely happy than we. Every now and then we had a glass of honest, firm, generous Burgundy, that nobly supported the meat. As you may fancy, we did not leave a single morsel of the steak; but, when it was done, we put bits of bread into the silver dish, and wistfully sopped up the gravy. I suppose I shall never in this world taste any thing so good again. But what then? What if I *did* like it excessively? Was my liking unjust or unmanly? Is my regret now puling or unworthy? No. "*Laudo manentem!*" as Titmouse says. When it is eaten, I resign myself, and can eat a two-franc dinner at Richard's without ill humor and without a pang.

Any dispute about the relative excellence of the beefsteak cut from the fillet, as is usual in France, and of the *entrecote*, must henceforth be idle and absurd. Whenever, my dear young friend, you go to Paris, call at once for the *entrecote;* the fillet in comparison to it is a poor *fade* lady's meat. What folly, by the way, is that in England which induces us to attach an estimation to the part of the sirloin that is called the Sunday side, — poor, tender, stringy stuff, not comparable to the manly meat on the other side, handsomely garnished with crisp fat, and with a layer of horn! Give the Sunday side to misses and ladies' maids, for men be the Monday's side, or, better still, a thousand-fold more succulent and full of flavor, — the *ribs of beef.* This is the meat I would eat were I going to do battle with any mortal foe. Fancy a hundred thousand Englishmen, after a meal of stalwart beef ribs, encountering a hundred thousand Frenchmen, who had partaken of a trifling collation of soup, turnips, carrots, onions, and Gruyère cheese. Would it be manly to engage at such odds? I say no.

Passing by Vérey's one day, I saw a cadaverous cook with a spatula, thumping a poor beefsteak with all his might. This is not only a horrible cruelty, but an error. They not only beat the beef, moreover, but they soak it in oil. Absurd, disgusting barbarity! Beef so beaten loses its natural spirit: it is too noble for corporal punishment. You may by these tortures and artifices make it soft and greasy, but tender and juicy never.

The landlord of the Café de Foy (I have received no sort of consideration from him) knows this truth full well, and follows the simple honest plan; first to have good meat, and next to hang it a long time. I have instructed him how to do the steaks to a turn; not raw, horribly livid and blue in the midst, as I have seen great flaps of meat, (what a shame to think of our fine meat being so treated!) but *cooked* all the way through. Go to the Café Foy then, ask for a BEEFSTEAK A LA TITMARSH, and you will see what a dish will be set before you. I have dwelt upon this point at too much length, perhaps, for some of my readers; but it can't be helped. The truth is, beef is my weakness; and I do declare, that I derive more positive enjoyment from the simple viand than from any concoction whatever in the whole cook's cyclopædia.

Always drink red wine with beefsteaks; port, if possible; if not, Burgundy, of not too high a flavor, — good beaune say. This fact, which is very likely not known to many persons, who, forsooth, are too magnificent to care about their meat and drink, — this simple fact I take to be worth the whole price I shall get for this article.

But to return to dinner. We were left, I think, G. and I, sopping up the gravy with bits of bread, and declaring that no power on earth could in-

duce us to eat a morsel more that day. At one time we thought of countermanding the perdreau aux truffes, that to my certain knowledge had been betruffed five days before.

Poor blind mortals that we were! ungrateful to our appetites, needlessly mistrustful and cowardly. A man may do what he dares; nor does he know, until he tries, what the honest appetite will bear. We were kept waiting between the steak and the partridge some ten minutes or so. For the first two or three minutes, we lay back in our chairs quiet, exhausted indeed. Then we began to fiddle with a dish of toothpicks, for want of any thing more savory; then we looked out of the window; then G. got in a rage, rung the bell violently, and asked, "Pourquoi diable nous fait on attendre si long temps?" The waiter grinned. He is a nice, good-humored fellow, Auguste; and I heartily trust that some reader of this may give him a five-franc piece for my sake. Auguste grinned and disappeared.

Presently, we were aware of an odor gradually coming towards us, something musky, fiery, savory, mysterious, — a hot, drowsy smell, that lulls the senses, and yet inflames them, — the *truffes* were coming! Yonder they lie, caverned under the full bosom of the red-legged bird. My hand trembled as, after a little pause, I cut the animal in two. G. said I did not give him his share of the truffles; I don't believe I did. I spilled some salt into my plate, and a little cayenne pepper, — very little: we began, as far as I can remember, the following conversation: —

Gustavus. — "Chop, chop, chop."

Michael Angelo. — "Globloblobloblob."

G. — "Gobble."

M. A. — "Obble."

G. — "Here's a big one."

M. A. — "Hobgob. What wine shall we have? I should like some Champagne."

G. — "It's bad here. Have some Sauterne."

M. A. — "Very well. Hobgobglobglob," &c.

Auguste (opening the Sauterne). — "Cloo-oo-oo-oop!" The cork is out; he pours it into the glass, glock, glock, glock.

Nothing more took place in the way of talk. The poor little partridge was soon a heap of bones, — a very little heap. A trufflesque odor was left in the room, but only an odor. Presently the cheese was brought: the amber Sauterne flask had turned of a sickly green hue; nothing save half a glass of sediment at the bottom remained to tell of the light and social spirit that had but one half-hour before inhabited the flask. Darkness fell upon our little chamber; the men in the street began crying, "*Messager! Journal du Soir!*" The bright moon rose glittering over the tiles of the Rue Louis de Grande opposite, illuminating two glasses of punch that two gentlemen in a small room of the Café de Foy did ever and anon raise to their lips. Both were silent; both happy; both were smoking cigars, — for both knew that the soothing plant of Cuba is sweeter to the philosopher after dinner than the prattle of all the women in the world. Women, — pshaw! The man, who, after dinner, — after a good dinner, — can think about driving home, and shaving himself by candle-light, and enduing a damp shirt, and a pair of tight glazed pumps to show his cobweb stockings, and set his feet in a flame; and, having undergone all this, can get into a cold cab and drive off to No. 222 Harley Street, where Mrs. Mortimer Smith is at home; where you take off your cloak in a damp, dark back parlor, called Mr. Smith's study, and containing, when you arrive, twenty-four ladies' cloaks and tippets, fourteen hats, two pair of clogs (belonging to two gentlemen of the Middle Temple, who walk for economy, and think dancing at Mrs. Mortimer Smith's the height of enjoyment); — the man who can do all this, and walk, gracefully smiling,

into Mrs. Smith's drawing-rooms, where the brown Holland bags have been removed from the chandeliers; a man from Kirkman's is thumping on the piano, and Mrs. Smith is standing simpering in the middle of the room, dressed in red, with a bird of paradise in her turban, a tremulous fan in one hand, and the other clutching hold of her little fat gold watch and seals; — the man, who, after making his bow to Mrs. Smith, can advance to Miss Jones, in blue crape, and lead her to a place among six other pairs of solemn-looking persons, and whisper *fadaises* to her (at which she cries, "O fie, you naughty man! how can you?"), and look at Miss Smith's red shoulders struggling out of her gown, and her mottled elbows that a pair of crumpled kid gloves leave in a state of delicious nature; and, after having gone through certain mysterious quadrille figures with her, lead her back to her mamma, who has just seized a third glass of muddy negus from the black footman; — the man who can do all this may do it, and go hang, for me! And many such men there be, my Gustavus, in yonder dusky London city. Be it ours, my dear friend, when the day's labor and repast are done, to lie and ruminate calmly; to watch the bland cigar-smoke as it rises gently ceiling-wards; to be idle in body as well as mind; not to kick our heels madly in quadrilles, and puff and pant in senseless gallopades; let us appreciate the joys of idleness; let us give a loose to silence; and having enjoyed this, the best dessert after a goodly dinner, at close of eve, saunter slowly home.

. . . . . .

As the dinner above described drew no less than three franc-pieces out of my purse, I determined to economize for the next few days, and either to be invited out to dinner, or else to partake of some repast at a small charge, such as one may have here. I had on the day succeeding the trou-

fied partridge a dinner for a shilling, viz.: —

Bifsteck aux pommes (heu quantum mutatus ab illo!)
Galantine de volaille,
Fromage de Gruyère,
Demie-bouteille du vin très-vieux de mâcon ou chablis,
Pain à discrétion.

This dinner, my young friend, was taken about half-past two o'clock in the day, and was, in fact, a breakfast, — a breakfast taken at a two-franc house, in the Rue Heure Vivienne; it was certainly a sufficient dinner: I certainly was not hungry for all the rest of the day. Nay, the wine was decently good, as almost all wine is in the morning, if one had the courage or the power to drink it. You see many honest English families marching into these two-franc eating-houses at five o'clock, and fancying they dine in great luxury. Returning to England, however, they inform their friends that the meat in France is not good; that the fowls are very small, and black; the kidneys very tough; the partridges and fruit have no taste in them; and the soup is execrably thin. A dinner at Williams's, in the Old Bailey, is better than the best of these; and therefore had the English Cockney better remain at Williams's, than judge the great nation so falsely.

The worst of these two-franc establishments is a horrid air of shabby elegance which distinguishes them. At some of them they will go the length of changing your knife and fork with every dish; they have grand chimney glasses, and a fine lady at the counter, and fine arabesque paintings on the walls; they give you your soup in a battered dish of plated ware, which has served its best time, most likely, in a first-rate establishment, and comes here to *étaler* its second-hand splendor amongst amateurs of a lower grade. I fancy the very meat that is served to you has undergone the same degradation, and that some of the mouldy

cutlets that are offered to the two-franc epicures lay once plump and juicy in Vérey's larder. Much better is the sanded floor and the iron fork! Homely neatness is the charm of poverty: elegance should belong to wealth alone. There is a very decent place where you dine for thirty-two sous in the Passage Choiseuil. You get your soup in china bowls; they don't change your knife and fork, but they give you very fit portions of meat and potatoes, and mayhap a herring with mustard sauce, a dish of apple-fritters, a dessert of stewed prunes, and a pint of drinkable wine, as I have proved only yesterday.

After two such banyan days, I allowed myself a little feasting; and as nobody persisted in asking me to dinner, I went off to the Trois Frères by myself, and dined in that excellent company.

I would recommend a man who is going to dine by himself here, to reflect well before he orders soup for dinner.

My notion is, that you eat as much after soup as without it, but you *don't eat with the same appetite.*

Especially if you are a healthy man, as I am, — deuced hungry at five o'clock. My appetite runs away with me; and if I order soup (which is always enough for two), I invariably swallow the whole of it; and the greater portion of my *petit pain*, too, before my second dish arrives.

The best part of a pint of Julienne or purée à la Condé, is very well for a man who has only one dish besides to devour; but not for you and me, who like our fish and our *rôti* of game or meat as well.

Oysters you may eat. They do, for a fact, prepare one to go through the rest of a dinner properly. Lemon and Cayenne pepper is the word, depend on it; and a glass of white wine braces you up for what is to follow.

French restaurateur dinners are intended, however, for two people, at least; still better for three; and require a good deal of thought before you can arrange them for one.

Here, for instance, is a recent *menu*: —

Trois Frères Provençeaux.	f.	c.
Pain	0	25
Beaune première	3	0
Purée à la créci	0	75
Turbot aux capres	1	75
Quart poulet aux truffes	2	25
Champignons à la Provencale	1	25
Gélée aux pommes	1	25
Cognac	0	30
	10	80

A heavy bill for a single man; and a heavy dinner, too; for I have said before, I have a great appetite, and when a thing is put before me I eat it. At Brussels I once ate fourteen dishes; and have seen a lady, with whom I was in love, at the table of a German grand duke, eat seventeen dishes. This is a positive, though disgusting fact. Up to the first twelve dishes she had a very good chance of becoming Mrs. Titmarsh, but I have lost sight of her since.

Well, then, I say to you, if you have self-command enough to send away half your soup, order some; but you are a poor creature, if you do, after all. If you are a man, and have *not* that self-command, don't have any. The Frenchmen cannot live without it, but I say to you that you are better than a Frenchman. I would lay even money that you who are reading this are more than five feet seven in height, and weigh eleven stone; while a Frenchman is five feet four, and does not weigh nine. The Frenchman has after his soup a dish of vegetables, where you have one of meat. You are a different and superior animal, — a French-beating animal (the history of hundreds of years has shown you to be so; you must have to keep up that superior weight and sinew, which is the secret of your superiority, — as for public institutions, bah! — you must have, I say, simpler, stronger, succulenter food.

Eschew the soup, then, and have

the fish up at once. It is the best to begin with fish, if you like it, as every epicure and honest man should, simply boiled or fried in the English fashion, and not tortured and bullied with oil, onions, wine, and herbs, as in Paris it is frequently done.

Turbot with lobster sauce is too much; turbot à *la Hollandaise* vulgar; sliced potatoes swimming in melted butter are a mean concomitant for a noble, simple, liberal fish: turbot with capers is the thing. The brisk little capers relieve the dulness of the turbot; the melted butter is rich, bland, and calm,— it *should be*, that is to say; not that vapid, watery mixture that I see in London; not oiled butter, as the Hollanders have it, but melted with plenty of thickening matter: I don't know how to do it, but I know it when it is good.

They melt butter well at the Rocher de Caucale, and at the Frères.

Well, this turbot was very good; not so well, of course, as one gets it in London, and dried rather in the boiling; which can't be helped, unless you are a Lucullus or a Cambaçeres of a man, and can afford to order one for yourself. This *grandeur d'âme* is very rare; my friend, Tom Willows, is almost the only man I know who possessed it. Yes, ——, one of the wittiest men in London, I once knew to take the whole *intérieur* of a diligence (six places), because he was a little unwell. Ever since I have admired that man. He understands true economy; a mean, extravagant man would have contented himself with a single place, and been unwell in consequence. How I am rambling from my subject, however! The fish was good, and I ate up every single scrap of it, sucking the bones and fins curiously. That is the deuce of an appetite, it *must* be satisfied; and if you were to put a roast donkey before me, with the promise of a haunch of venison afterwards, I believe I should eat the greater part of the long-eared animal.

A pint of *purée à la créci*, a *pain de gruau*, a slice of turbot,— a man should think about ordering his bill, for he has had enough dinner; but no, we are creatures of superstition and habit, and must have one regular course of meat. Here comes the *poulet à la Marengo*: I hope they've given me the wing.

No such thing. The *poulet à la Marengo aux truffes* is bad,— too oily by far; the truffles are not of this year as they should be, for there are cart-loads in town: they are poor in flavor, and have only been cast into the dish a minute before it was brought to table, and what is the consequence? They do not flavor the meat in the least; some faint truffiesque savor you may get as you are crunching each individual root, but that is all, and that all not worth the having; for as nothing is finer than a good truffle, in like manner nothing is meaner than a bad one. It is merely pompous, windy, and pretentious, like those scraps of philosophy with which a certain eminent novelist decks out his meat.

A mushroom, thought I, is better a thousand times than these tough, flavorless roots. I finished every one of them, however, and the fine, fat capon's thigh, which they surrounded. It was a disappointment not to get a wing, to be sure. They *always* give me legs; but after all, with a little good-humor and philosophy, a leg of a fine Mans capon may be found very acceptable. How plump and tender the rogue's thigh is! his very drumstick is as fat as the calf of a London footman; and the sinews which puzzle one so over the lean, black hen-legs in London, are miraculously whisked away from the limb before me. Look at it now! Half a dozen cuts with the knife, and yonder lies the bone,— white, large, stark naked, without a morsel of flesh left upon it, solitary in the midst of a pool of melted butter.

How good the Burgundy smacks after it! I always drink Burgundy at this house, and that not of the

best. It is my firm opinion that a third-rate Burgundy, and a third-rate claret,—Beaune and Larose for instance, are *better* than the best. The Bordeaux enlivens, the Burgundy invigorates: stronger drink only inflames; and where a bottle of good Beaune only causes a man to feel a certain manly warmth of benevolence, —a glow something like that produced by sunshine and gentle exercise,—a bottle of Chambertin will set all your frame in a fever, swells the extremities, and causes the pulses to throb. Chambertin should *never* be handed round more than twice; and I recollect to this moment the headache I had after drinking a bottle and a half of Romanée-Gélée, for which this house is famous. Somebody else *paid* for the—(no other than you, O Gustavus! with whom I hope to have many a tall dinner on the same charges)—but 'twas in our hot youth, ere experience had taught us that moderation was happiness, and had shown us that it is absurd to be guzzling wine at fifteen francs a bottle.

By the way, I may here mention a story relating to some of Blackwood's men, who dined at this very house. Fancy the fellows trying claret, which they voted sour; then Burgundy, at which they made wry faces, and finished the evening with brandy and *lunel!* This is what men call eating a French dinner. Willows and I dined at the Rocher, and an English family there feeding ordered—mutton-chops and potatoes. Why not, in these cases, stay at home? Chops is better chops in England (the best chops in the world are to be had at the Reform Club) than in France. What would literary men mean by ordering lunel? I always rather liked the descriptions of eating in "The Noctes." They were gross in all cases, absurdly erroneous, in many; but there was a manliness about them, and strong evidence of a great though misdirected and uneducated genius for victuals.

Mushrooms, thought I, are better than these tasteless truffles, and so ordered a dish to try. You know what a *Provençale* sauce is, I have no doubt?—a rich, savory mixture, of garlic and oil; which, with a little cayenne pepper and salt, impart a pleasant taste to the plump little mushrooms, that can't be described, but may be thought of with pleasure.

The only point was, how will they agree with me to-morrow morning? for the fact is, I had eaten an immense quantity of them, and began to be afraid! Suppose we go and have a glass of punch and a cigar! O glorious garden of the Palais Royal! your trees are leafless now, but what matters? Your alleys are damp, but what of that? All the windows are blazing with light and merriment; at least two thousand happy people are pacing up and down the colonnades; cheerful sounds of money chinking are heard as you pass the changers' shops; bustling shouts of *garçon* and *V'là monsieur!* come from the swinging doors of the restaurateurs. Look at that group of soldiers gaping at Véfour's window, where lie lobsters, pine-apples, fat truffle-stuffed partridges which make me almost hungry again. I wonder whether those three fellows with mustachios and a toothpick apiece have had a dinner, or only a toothpick. When the Trois Frères used to be on the first floor, and had a door leading into the Rue de Valois, as well as one into the garden, I recollect seeing three men with toothpicks mount the stair from the street, descend the stair into the garden, and give themselves as great airs as if they had dined for a napoleon a head. The rogues are lucky if they have had a sixteen sous dinner; and the next time I dine abroad, I am resolved to have one myself. I never understood why Gil Blas grew so mighty squeamish in the affair of the cat and the hare. Hare is best, but why should not cat be good?

Being on the subject of bad dinners, I may as well ease my mind of one

that occurred to me some few days back. When walking in the Boulevard, I met my friend, Captain Hopkinson, of the half-pay, looking very hungry, and indeed going to dine. In most cases one respects the dictum of a half-pay officer regarding a dining-house. He knows as a general rule where the fat of the land lies, and how to take his share of that fat in the most economical manner.

"I tell you what I do," says Hopkinson; "I allow myself fifteen francs a week for dinner (I count upon being asked out twice a week), and so have a three-franc dinner at Richard's, where, for the extra franc, they give me an excellent bottle of wine, and make me comfortable."

"Why shouldn't they?" I thought. "Here is a man who has served his king and country, and no doubt knows a thing when he sees it." We made a party of four, therefore, and went to the captain's place to dine.

We had a private room *au second*; a very damp and dirty private room, with a faint odor of stale punch, and dingy glasses round the walls.

We had a soup of purée aux croutons; a very dingy, dubious soup, indeed; thickened, I fancy, with brown paper, and flavored with the same.

At the end of the soup, Monsieur Landlord came up stairs very kindly, and gave us each a pinch of snuff out of a gold snuff-box.

We had four portions of anguille à la tartare, very good and fresh (it is best in these places to eat fresh-water fish). Each portion was half the length of a man's finger. Dish one was despatched in no time, and we began drinking the famous wine that our guide recommended. I have cut him ever since. It was four-sous wine, — weak, vapid, watery stuff, of the most unsatisfactory nature.

We had four portions of gigot aux haricots, — four flaps of bleeding, tough meat, cut unnaturally (that is, with the grain: the French gash the meat in parallel lines with the bone). We ate these up as we might, and the landlord was so good as to come up again, and favor us with a pinch from his gold box.

With wonderful unanimity, as we were told the place was famous for civet de liévre, we ordered civet de liévre for four.

It came up, but we couldn't, — really we couldn't. We were obliged to have extra dishes, and pay extra. Gustavus had a mayonnaise of crayfish and half a fowl; I fell to work upon my cheese as usual, and availed myself of the discretionary bread. We went away disgusted, wretched, unhappy. We had had for our three francs bad bread, bad meat, bad wine. And there stood the landlord at the door (and be hanged to him!) grinning and offering his box.

We don't speak to Hopkinson any more now when we meet him. How can you trust or be friendly with a man who deceives you in this miserable way?

What is the moral to be drawn from this dinner? It is evident. Avoid pretence; mistrust shabby elegance; cut your coat according to your cloth; if you have but a few shillings in your pocket, aim only at those humble and honest meats which your small store will purchase. At the Café Foy, for the same money, I might have had

	f.	s.
A delicious entrecote and potatoes	1	5
A pint of excellent wine	0	15
A little bread (meaning a good deal)	0	5
A dish of stewed kidneys . . .	1	0
	3	0

Or at Paolo's.

A bread (as before)	0	5
A heap of macaroni, or ravioli . .	0	15
A Milanese cutlet	1	0
A pint of wine	0	10

And ten sous for any other luxury your imagination could suggest. The ravioli and the cutlets are admirably dressed at Paolo's. Does any healthy man need more?

These dinners, I am perfectly

aware, are by no means splendid; and I might, with the most perfect ease, write you out a dozen bills of fare, each more splendid and piquant than the other, in which all the luxuries of the season should figure. But the remarks here set down are the result of experience, not fancy, and intended only for persons in the middling classes of life. Very few men can afford to pay more than five francs daily for dinner. Let us calmly, then, consider what enjoyment may be had for those five francs; how, by economy on one day, we may venture upon luxury the next; how, by a little forethought and care, we may be happy on all days. Who knew and studied this cheap philosophy of life better than old Horace, before quoted? Sometimes (when in luck) he cherupped over cups that were fit for an archbishop's supper; sometimes he philosophized over his own *ordinaire* at his own farm. How affecting is the last ode of the first book! —

TO HIS SERVING-BOY.

Persicos odi,
Puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexæ
Philyrâ coronæ:
Mitte sectari
Rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto
Nihil allabores
Sedulus curæ:
Neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus,
Neque me sub arctâ
Vite bibentem.

AD MINISTRAM.

Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is, —
I hate all your Frenchified fuss:
Your silly entrées and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dangle behind my arm-chair;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I pr'ythee get ready at three:
Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
And tipple my ale in the shade.

Not that this is the truth entirely and forever. Horatius Flaccus was too wise to dislike a good thing; but it is possible that the Persian apparatus was on that day beyond his means, and so he contented himself with humble fare.

A gentleman, by the by, has just come to Paris, to whom I am very kind; and who will, in all human probability, between this and next month, ask me to a dinner at the Rocher de Cancale. If so, something may occur worth writing about; or if you are anxious to hear more on the subject, send me over a sum to my address, to be laid out for you exclusively in eating. I give you my honor I will do you justice, and account for every farthing of it.

One of the most absurd customs at present in use is that of giving your friend, — when some piece of good luck happens to him, such as an appointment as Chief Judge of Owhyhee or King's Advocate to Timbuctoo, — of giving your friend, because, forsooth, he may have been suddenly elevated from £200 a year to £2,000, an enormous dinner of congratulation.

Last year, for instance, when our friend Fred Jowling got his place of Commissioner at Quashumaboo, it was considered absolutely necessary to give the man a dinner, and some score of us had to pay about fifty shillings apiece for the purpose. I had, so help me, Moses! but three guineas in the world at that period; and out of this sum the *bienséances* compelled me to sacrifice five-sixths, to feast myself in company of a man gorged with wealth, rattling sovereigns in his pocket as if they had been so much dross, and capable of treating us all without missing the sum he might expend on us.

Jow himself allowed, as I represented the case to him, that the arrangement *was* very hard; but repre-

sented, fairly enough, that this was one of the sacrifices that a man of the world, from time to time, is called to make. "You, my dear Titmarsh," said he, "know very well that I don't care for these grand entertainments" (the rogue, he is a five-bottle man, and just the most finished *gourmet* of my acquaintance!); "you know that I am perfectly convinced of your friendship for me, though you join in the dinner or not, but,—it would look rather queer if you backed out,—*it would look rather queer.*" Jow said this in such an emphatic way, that I saw I must lay down my money; and accordingly Mr. Lovegrove of Blackwall, for a certain quantity of iced punch, Champagne, cider cup, fish, flesh, and fowl, received the last of my sovereigns.

At the beginning of the year, Bolter got a place too,—Judge-Advocate in the Topinambo Islands, of £3,000 a year, which he said was a poor remuneration in consideration of *the practics* which he gave up in town. He may have practised on his laundress, but for any thing else I believe the man never had a client in his life.

However, on his way to Topinambo—by Marseilles, Egypt, the Desert, the Persian Gulf, and so on—Bolter arrived in Paris; and I saw from his appearance, and the manner of shaking hands with me, and the peculiar way in which he talked about the Rocher de Caucale, that he expected we were to give him a dinner, as we had to Jowling.

There were four friends of Bolter's in the capital besides myself, and among us the dinner-question was mooted: we agreed that it should be a simple dinner of ten francs a head, and this was the bill of fare:—

1. Oysters (common), nice.
2. Oysters, green of Marenne (very good).
3. Potage, purée de gibier (very fair).

As we were English, they instantly then served us,—

4. Sole en matelotte Normande (comme ça).
5. Turbot à la crême au gratin (excellent).
6. Jardinière cutlets (particularly seedy).
7. Poulet à la Marengo. (Very fair, but why the deuce is one always to be pestered by it?)
8. } (Entrées of some kind, but a blank
9. } in my memory.)
10. A rôt of chevreuil.
11. Ditto of eperlans (very hot, crisp, and nice).
12. Ditto of partridges (quite good and plump).
13. Pointes d'asperges.
14. Champignons à la Provençale (the most delicious mushrooms I ever tasted).
15. Pine-apple jelly.
16. Blanc, or red mange.
17. Pancacks. Let everybody who goes to the Rocher order these pancakes; they are arranged with jelly inside, rolled up between various *couches* of vermicilli, flavored with a *leetle* wine; and, by every thing sacred, the most delightful meat possible.
18. Timballe of macaroni.

The jellies and sucreries should have been mentioned in the dessert, and there were numberless plates of trifles, which made the table look very pretty, but need not be mentioned here.

The dinner was not a fine one, as you see. No rarities, no truffles even, no mets de primeur, though there were peas and asparagus in the market at a pretty fair price. But with rarities no man has any business except he have a colossal fortune. Hothouse strawberries, asparagus, &c., are, as far as my experience goes, most *fade*, mean, and tasteless meats. Much better to have a simple dinner of twenty dishes, and content therewith, than to look for impossible splendors and Apician morsels.

In respect of wine. Let those who go to the Rocher take my advice and order Madeira. They have here some pale old East India very good. How they got it is a secret, for the Parisians do not know good Madeira when they see it. Some very fair strong young wine may be had at the Hôtel des Americains, in the Rue St. Honoré; as, indeed, all West India produce,—pine-apple rum, for instance. I may say, with confidence, that I never knew what rum was until I tasted this at Paris.

But to the Rocher. The Madeira was the best wine served; though some Burgundy, handed round in the course of dinner, and a bottle of Montrachet, similarly poured out to us, were very fair. The Champagne was decidedly not good, — poor, inflated, thin stuff. They say the drink we swallow in England is not genuine wine, but brandy-loaded and otherwise doctored for the English market; but, ah, what superior wine! *Au reste*, the French will not generally pay the money for the wine; and it therefore is carried from an ungrateful country to more generous climes, where it is better appreciated. We had claret and speeches after dinner; and very possibly some of the persons present made free with a jug of hot water, a few lumps of sugar, and the horrid addition of a glass of Cognac. There can be no worse practice than this. After a dinner of eighteen dishes, in which you have drunk at least thirty-six glasses of wine, — when the stomach is full, the brain heavy, the hands and feet inflamed, — when the claret begins to pall, — you, forsooth, must gorge yourself with brandy and water, and puff filthy cigars. For shame! Who ever does it? Does a gentleman drink brandy and water? Does a man who mixes in the society of the loveliest half of humanity befoul himself by tobacco smoke? Fie, fie! avoid the practice. I indulge in it always myself; but that is no reason why you, a young man entering into the world, should degrade yourself in any such way. No, no, my dear lad, never refuse an evening party, and avoid tobacco as you would the upas-plant.

By the way, not having my purse about me when the above dinner was given, I was constrained to borrow from Bolter, whom I knew more intimately than the rest; and nothing grieved me more than to find, on calling at his hotel four days afterwards, that he had set off by the mail post for Marseilles. Friend of my youth, dear, dear Bolter! if haply this trifling page should come before thine eyes, weary of perusing the sacred rolls of Themis in thy far-off island in the Indian Sea, thou wilt recall our little dinner in the little room of the Cancalian Coffee-House, and think for a while of thy friend!

Let us now mention one or two places that the Briton, on his arrival here, should frequent or avoid. As a quiet, dear house, where there are some of the best rooms in Paris — always the best meat, fowls, vegetables, &c. — we may specially recommend Monsieur Vosin's café, opposite the church of the Assumption. A very decent and lively house of restauration is that at the corner of the Rue du Faubourg, Montmartre, on the Boulevard. I never yet had a good dinner in my life at Véfour's; *something* is always *manqué* at the place. The Grand Vattel is worthy of note, as cheap, pretty, and quiet. All the English houses gentlemen may frequent who are so inclined; but though the writer of this has many times dined for sixteen sous at Catcomb's, cheek by jowl with a French chasseur or a laborer, he has, he confesses, an antipathy to enter into the confidence of a footman or groom of his own country.

A gentleman who purchases pictures in this town was lately waited upon by a lady, who said she had in her possession one of the greatest rarities in the world, — a picture, admirable, too, as a work of art, — no less than an original portrait of Shakspeare, by his comrade, the famous John Davis. The gentleman rushed off immediately to behold the wonder, and saw a head, rudely but vigorously painted on panel, about twice the size of life, with a couple of hooks drawn through the top part of the board, under which was written, —

THE WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
BY JOHN DAVIS.

"Voyez vous, Monsieur," said the lady; "il n'y a plus de doute. Le

portrait de Shakspeare du celèbre Davis, et signé même de lui!"

I remember it used to hang up in a silent little street in the Latin quarter, near an old convent, before a quaint old quiet tavern that I loved. It was pleasant to see the old name written up in a strange land, and the well-known friendly face greeting one. There was a quiet little garden at the back of the tavern, and famous good roast beef, clean rooms, and English beer. Where are you now, John Davis? Could not the image of thy august patron preserve thy house from ruin, or rally the faithful around it? Are you unfortunate, Davis? Are you a bankrupt? Let us hope not. I swear to thee, that when, one sunny afternoon, I first saw the ensign of thy tavern, I loved thee for the choice, and douced my cap on entering the porch, and looked around, and thought all friends were here.

In the queer old pleasant novel of "The Spiritual Quixote," honest Tugwell, the Sancho of the story, relates a Warwickshire legend, which at the time Graves wrote was not much more than a hundred years old; and by which it appears that the owner of New Place was a famous jesting gentleman, and used to sit at his gate of summer evenings, cutting the queerest, merriest jokes with all the passers-by. I have heard from a Warwickshire clergyman that the legend still exists in the country; and Ward's *Diary* says, that Master Shakspeare died of a surfeit, brought on by carousing with a literary friend who had come to visit him from London. And wherefore not? Better to die of good wine and good company than of slow disease and doctor's doses. Some geniuses live on sour misanthropy, and some on meek milk and water. Let us not deal too hardly with those that are of a jovial sort, and indulge in the decent practice of the cup and the platter.

A word or two, by way of conclusion, may be said about the numerous pleasant villages in the neighborhood of Paris, or rather of the eating and drinking to be found in the taverns of those suburban spots. At Versailles, Monsieur Duboux, at the Hôtel des Reservoirs, has a good cook and cellars, and will gratify you with a heavier bill than is paid at Vérey's and the Rocher. On the beautiful terrace of Saint Germain, looking over miles of river and vineyard, of fair villages basking in the meadows, and great tall trees stretching wide round about, you may sit in the open air of summer evenings and see the white spires of Saint Denis rising in the distance, and the gray arches of Marly to the right, and before you the city of Paris with innumerable domes and towers.

Watching these objects, and the setting sun gorgeously illumining the heavens and them, you may have an excellent dinner served to you by the *chef* of Messire Gallois, who at present owns the pavilion where Louis XVI. was born. The *maître d'hôtel* is from the Rocher, and told us that he came out to St. Germain for the sake of the air. The only drawback to the entertainment is, that the charges are as atrociously high in price as the dishes provided are small in quantity; and dining at this pavilion on the 15th of April, at a period when a *botte* of asparagus at Paris cost only three francs, the writer of this and a chosen associate had to pay seven francs for about the third part of a *botte* of asparagus, served up to them by Messire Gallois.

Facts like these ought not to go unnoticed. Therefore, let the readers of "Fraser's Magazine" who propose a visit to Paris, take warning by the unhappy fate of the person now addressing them, and avoid the place or not, as they think fit. A bad dinner does no harm to any human soul, and the philosopher partakes of such with easy resignation; but a bad and dear dinner is enough to raise the anger of any man, however naturally sweet-tempered, and he is bound to warn his acquaintance of it.

With one parting syllable in praise of the Marroniers at Bercy, where you get capital eels, fried gudgeons fresh from the Seine, and excellent wine of the ordinary kind, this discourse is here closed. "*En telze ou meilleure pensée, Beuueurs très illustres (car à vous non à aultres sont dédiés ces escriptz) reconfortez vostre malheur, et beuuez frais si faire se peult.*"

BLUEBEARD'S GHOST.

[1843.]

For some time after the fatal accident which deprived her of her husband, Mrs. Bluebeard was, as may be imagined, in a state of profound grief.

There was not a widow in all the country who went to such an expense for black bombazine. She had her beautiful hair confined in crimped caps, and her weepers came over her elbows. Of course, she saw no company except her sister Anne (whose company was any thing but pleasant to the widow); as for her brothers, their odious mess-table manners had always been disagreeable to her. What did she care for jokes about the major, or scandal concerning the Scotch surgeon of the regiment? If they drank their wine out of black bottles or crystal, what did it matter to her? Their stories of the stable, the parade, and the last run with the hounds, were perfectly odious to her; besides she could not bear their impertinent mustachios, and filthy habit of smoking cigars.

They were always wild, vulgar young men, at the best; but now — *now*, oh! their presence to her delicate soul was horror! How could she bear to look on them after what had occurred? She thought of the best of husbands ruthlessly cut down by their cruel, heavy, cavalry sabres; the kind friend, the generous landlord, the spotless justice of peace, in whose family differences these rude cornets of dragoons had dared to interfere, whose venerable blue hairs they had dragged down with sorrow to the grave.

She put up a most splendid monument to her departed lord over the family vault of the Bluebeards. The rector, Dr. Sly, who had been Mr. Bluebeard's tutor at college, wrote an epitaph in the most pompous yet pathetic Latin: "Siste, viator! mœrens conjux, heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse;" in a word, every thing that is usually said in epitaphs. A bust of the departed saint, with Virtue mourning over it, stood over the epitaph, surrounded by medallions of his wives, and one of these medallions had as yet no name in it, nor (the epitaph said) could the widow ever be consoled until her own name was inscribed there. "For then I shall be with him. In cœlo quies," she would say, throwing up her fine eyes to heaven, and quoting the enormous words of the hatchment which was put up in the church, and over Bluebeard's hall, where the butler, the house-keeper, the footman, the housemaid, and scullions, were all in the profoundest mourning. The keeper went out to shoot birds in a crape band; nay, the very scarecrows in the orchard and fruit garden were ordered to be dressed in black.

Sister Anne was the only person who refused to wear black. Mrs. Bluebeard would have parted with her, but she had no other female

relative. Her father, it may be remembered by readers of the former part of her Memoirs, had married again, and the mother-in-law and Mrs. Bluebeard, as usual, hated each other furiously. Mrs. Shacabac had come to the hall on a visit of condolence; but the widow was so rude to her on the second day of the visit that the step-mother quitted the house in a fury. As for the Bluebeards, of course *they* hated the widow. Had not Mr. Bluebeard settled every shilling upon her? and, having no children by his former marriage, her property, as I leave you to fancy, was pretty handsome. So sister Anne was the only female relative whom Mrs. Bluebeard would keep near her; and, as we all know, a woman *must* have a female relative under any circumstances of pain, or pleasure, or profit, — when she is married, or when she is widowed, or when she is in a delicate situation. But let us continue our story.

"I will never wear mourning for that odious wretch, sister!" Anne would cry.

"I will trouble you, Miss Anne, not to use such words in my presence regarding the best of husbands, or to quit the room at once!" the widow would answer.

"I'm sure it's no great pleasure to sit in it. I wonder you don't make use of the closet, sister, where the *other* Mrs. Bluebeards are."

"Impertinence! they were all embalmed by M. Gannal. How dare you report the monstrous calumnies regarding the best of men? Take down the family Bible, and read what my blessed saint says of his wives, — read it written in his own hand: —

"'*Friday, June* 20. — Married my beloved wife, Anna Maria Scrogginsia.

"'*Saturday, August* 1. — A bereaved husband has scarcely strength to write down in this chronicle that the dearest of wives, Anna Maria Scrogginsia, expired this day of sore throat.'

"There! can any thing be more convincing than that? Read again: —

"'*Tuesday, Sept.* 1. — This day I led to the hymeneal altar my soul's blessing, Louisa Matilda Hopkinson. May this angel supply the place of her I have lost!

"'*Wednesday, October* 5. — O, Heavens! pity the distraction of a wretch who is obliged to record the ruin of his dearest hopes and affections! This day my adored Louisa Matilda Hopkinson gave up the ghost! A complaint of the head and shoulders was the sudden cause of the event which has rendered the unhappy subscriber the most miserable of men.

"'BLUEBEARD.'

"Every one of the women are calendared in this delightful, this pathetic, this truly virtuous and tender way; and can you suppose that a man who wrote such sentiments could be a *murderer*, miss?"

"Do you mean to say that he did not *kill* them, then?" said Anne.

"Gracious, goodness, Anne, kill them! they died all as naturally as I hope you will. My blessed husband was an angel of goodness and kindness to them. Was it *his* fault that the doctors could not cure their maladies? No, that it wasn't! and when they died the inconsolable husband had their bodies embalmed in order that on this side of the grave he might never part from them."

"And why did he take you up in the tower, pray? and why did you send me in such a hurry to the leads? and why did he sharpen his long knife, and roar out to you to COME DOWN?"

"Merely to punish me for my curiosity, — the dear, good, kind, excellent creature!" sobbed the widow, overpowered with affectionate recollections of her lord's attentions to her.

"I wish," said sister Anne sulkily, "that I had not been in such a hurry in summoning my brothers."

"Ah!" screamed Mrs. Bluebeard, with a harrowing scream, "don't, — don't recall that horrid, fatal day, miss! If you had not misled your brothers, my poor, dear, darling Bluebeard would still be in life, still — still the soul's joy of his bereaved Fatima!"

Whether it is that all wives adore husbands when the latter are no more, or whether it is that Fatima's version of the story is really the correct one, and that the common impression against Bluebeard is an odious prejudice, and that he no more murdered his wives than you and I have, remains yet to be proved, and, indeed, does not much matter for the understanding of the rest of Mrs. B.'s adventures. And though people will say that Bluebeard's settlement of his whole fortune on his wife, in event of survivorship, was a mere act of absurd mystification, seeing that he was fully determined to cut her head off after the honeymoon, yet the best test of his real intentions is the profound grief which the widow manifested for his death, and the fact that he left her mighty well to do in the world.

If any one were to leave you or me a fortune, my dear friend, would we be too anxious to rake up the how and the why? Pooh! pooh! we would take it and make no bones about it, and Mrs. Bluebeard did likewise. Her husband's family, it is true, argued the point with her, and said, "Madam, you must perceive that Mr. Bluebeard never intended the fortune for you, as it was his fixed intention to chop off your head! It is clear that he meant to leave his money to his blood relations, therefore you ought in equity to hand it over. But she sent them all off with a flea in their ears, as the saying is, and said, "Your argument may be a very good one, but I will, if you please, keep the money." And she ordered the mourning as we have before shown, and indulged in grief, and exalted everywhere the character of the deceased. If any one would but leave me a fortune, what a funeral and what a character I would give him!

Bluebeard Hall is situated, as we all very well know, in a remote country district, and, although a fine residence, is remarkably gloomy and lonely. To the widow's susceptible mind, after the death of her darling husband, the place became intolerable. The walk, the lawn, the fountain, the green glades of park over which frisked the dappled deer, all, — all recalled the memory of her beloved. It was but yesterday that, as they roamed through the park in the calm summer evening, her Bluebeard pointed out to the keeper the fat buck he was to kill. "Ah!" said the widow, with tears in her fine eyes, "the artless stag was shot down, the haunch was cut and roasted, the jelly had been prepared from the currant-bushes in the garden that he loved, but my Bluebeard never ate of the venison! Look, Anne sweet, pass we the old oak hall; 'tis hung with trophies won by him in the chase, with pictures of the noble race of Bluebeard! Look! by the fireplace there is the gig-whip, his riding-whip, the spud with which you know he used to dig the weeds out of the terrace-walk; in that drawer are his spurs, his whistle, his visiting-cards, with his dear, dear name engraven upon them! There are the bits of string that he used to cut off the parcels and keep, because string was always useful; his button-hook, and there is the peg on which he used to hang his h — h — *hat!*"

Uncontrollable emotions, bursts of passionate tears, would follow these tender reminiscences of the widow; and the long and short of the matter was, that she was determined to give up Bluebeard Hall and live elsewhere; her love for the memory of the deceased, she said, rendered the place too wretched.

Of course, an envious and sneering world said that she was tired of the country, and wanted to marry again; but she little heeded its taunts: and Anne, who hated her step-mother and could not live at home, was fain to accompany her sister to the town where the Bluebeards have had for many years a very large, genteel, old-fashioned house. So she went to the town-house, where they lived and quarrelled pretty much as usual; and

though Anne often threatened to leave her, and go to a boarding-house, of which there were plenty in the place, yet after all to live with her sister, and drive out in the carriage with the footman and coachman in mourning, and the lozenge on the panels, with the Bluebeard and Shacabac arms quartered on it, was far more respectable, and so the lovely sisters continued to dwell together.

For a lady under Mrs. Bluebeard's circumstances, the town-house has other and peculiar advantages. Besides being an exceedingly spacious and dismal brick building, with a dismal iron railing in front, and long, dismal, thin windows, with little panes of glass, it looked out into the churchyard, where, time out of mind, between two yew-trees, one of which is cut into the form of a peacock, while the other represents a dumb-waiter, it looked into the churchyard where the monument of the late Bluebeard was placed over the family vault. It was the first thing the widow saw from her bedroom window in the morning, and 'twas sweet to watch at night, from the parlor, the pallid moonlight lighting up the bust of the departed, and Virtue throwing great black shadows athwart it. Polyanthuses, rhododendra, ranunculuses, and other flowers, with the largest names and of the most delightful odors, were planted within the little iron railing that enclosed the last resting-place of the Bluebeards; and the beadle was instructed to half kill any little boys who might be caught plucking these sweet testimonials of a wife's affection.

Over the sideboard in the dining-room hung a full-length of Mr. Bluebeard, by Ticklegill, R. A., in a militia uniform, frowning down upon the knives and forks and silver trays. Over the mantel-piece he was represented in a hunting costume, on his favorite horse; there was a sticking-plaster silhouette of him in the widow's bedroom, and a miniature in the drawing-room, where he was drawn in a gown of black and gold, holding a gold-tasselled trencher cap with one hand, and with the other pointing to a diagram of Pons Asinorum. This likeness was taken when he was a fellow-commoner at St. John's College, Cambridge, and before the growth of that blue beard which was the ornament of his manhood, and a part of which now formed a beautiful blue neck-chain for his bereaved wife.

Sister Anne said the town-house was even more dismal than the country-house, for there was pure air at the Hall, and it was pleasanter to look out on a park than on a churchyard, however fine the monuments might be. But the widow said she was a light-minded hussy, and persisted as usual in her lamentations and mourning. The only male whom she would admit within her doors was the parson of the parish, who read sermons to her; and, as his reverence was at least seventy years old, Anne, though she might be ever so much minded to fall in love, had no opportunity to indulge her inclination; and the town-people, scandalous as they might be, could not find a word to say against the *liaison* of the venerable man and the heart-stricken widow.

All other company she resolutely refused. When the players were in the town, the poor manager, who came to beg her to bespeak a comedy, was thrust out of the gates by the big butler. Though there were balls, card-parties, and assemblies, Widow Bluebeard would never subscribe to one of them; and even the officers, those all-conquering heroes who make such ravages in ladies' hearts, and to whom all ladies' doors are commonly open, could never get an entry into the widow's house. Captain Whiskerfield strutted for three weeks up and down before her house, and had not the least effect upon her. Captain O'Grady (of an Irish regiment) attempted to bribe the servants, and

one night actually scaled the garden wall; but all that he got was his foot in a man-trap, not to mention being dreadfully scarified by the broken glass; and so *he* never made love any more. Finally, Captain Blackbeard, whose whiskers vied in magnitude with those of the deceased Bluebeard himself, although he attended church regularly every week, — he who had not darkened the doors of a church for ten years before, — even Captain Blackbeard got nothing by his piety; and the widow never once took her eyes off her book to look at him. The barracks were in despair; and Captain Whiskerfield's tailor, who had supplied him with new clothes in order to win the widow's heart, ended by clapping the Captain into jail.

His reverence the parson highly applauded the widow's conduct to the officers; but, being himself rather of a social turn, and fond of a good dinner and a bottle, he represented to the lovely mourner that she should endeavor to divert her grief by a little respectable society, and recommended that she should from time to time entertain a few grave and sober persons whom he would present to her. As Dr. Sly had an unbounded influence over the fair mourner, she acceded to his desires; and accordingly he introduced to her house some of the most venerable and worthy of his acquaintance, — all married people, however, so that the widow should not take the least alarm.

It happened that the doctor had a nephew, who was a lawyer in London, and this gentleman came dutifully in the long vacation to pay a visit to his reverend uncle. "He is none of your roystering, dashing young fellows," said his reverence; "he is the delight of his mamma and sisters; he never drinks any thing stronger than tea; he never missed church thrice a Sunday for these twenty years; and I hope, my dear and amiable madam, that you will not object to receive this pattern of young men for the sake of your most devoted friend, his uncle."

The widow consented to receive Mr. Sly. He was not a handsome man certainly. "But what does that matter?" said the doctor: "he is *good*, and virtue is better than all the beauty of all the dragoons in the Queen's service."

Mr. Sly came there to dinner, and he came to tea; and he drove out with the widow in the carriage with the lozenge on it; and at church he handed the psalm-book; and, in short, he paid her every attention which could be expected from so polite a young gentleman.

At this the town began to talk, as people in towns will. "The doctor kept all bachelors out of the widow's house," said they, "in order that that ugly nephew of his may have the field entirely to himself." These speeches were of course heard by sister Anne, and the little minx was not a little glad to take advantage of them, in order to induce her sister to see some more cheerful company. The fact is, the young hussy loved a dance or a game at cards much more than a humdrum conversation over a tea-table; and so she plied her sister day and night with hints as to the propriety of opening her house, receiving the gentry of the county, and spending her fortune.

To this point the widow at length, though with many sighs and vast unwillingness, acceded; and she went so far as to order a very becoming half-mourning, in which all the world declared she looked charming. "I carry," said she, "my blessed Bluebeard in my heart, — *that* is in the deepest mourning for him, and when the heart grieves, there is no need of outward show."

So she issued cards for a little quiet tea and supper, and several of the best families in the town and neighborhood attended her entertainment. It was followed by another and another; and at last Captain Blackbeard was actually introduced,

though, of course, he came in plain clothes.

Dr. Sly and his nephew never could abide the captain. "They had heard some queer stories," they said, "about proceedings in barracks. Who was it that drank three bottles at a sitting? who had a mare that ran for the plate? and why was it that Dolly Coddlins left the town so suddenly?" Mr. Sly turned up the whites of his eyes as his uncle asked these questions, and sighed for the wickedness of the world. But for all that he was delighted, especially at the anger which the widow manifested when the Dolly Coddlins affair was hinted at. She was furious, and vowed she would never see the wretch again. The lawyer and his uncle were charmed. O shortsighted lawyer and parson, do you think Mrs. Bluebeard would have been so angry if she had not been jealous?—do you think she would have been jealous if she had not . . . had not what? She protested that she no more cared for the captain than she did for one of her footmen; but the next time he called she would not condescend to say a word to him.

"My dearest Miss Anne," said the captain, as he met her in Sir Roger de Coverley (she was herself dancing with Ensign Trippet), "what is the matter with your lovely sister?"

"Dolly Coddlins is the matter," said Miss Anne. "Mr. Sly has told all;" and she was down the middle in a twinkling.

The captain blushed so at this monstrous insinuation, that any one could see how incorrect it was. He made innumerable blunders in the dance, and was all the time casting such ferocious glances at Mr. Sly (who did not dance, but sat by the widow and ate ices), that his partner thought he was mad, and that Mr. Sly became very uneasy.

When the dance was over, he came to pay his respects to the widow, and, in so doing, somehow trod so violently on Mr. Sly's foot, that that gentleman screamed with pain, and presently went home. But though he was gone, the widow was not a whit more gracious to Captain Blackbeard. She requested Mr. Trippet to order her carriage that night, and went home without uttering one single word to Captain Blackbeard.

The next morning, and with a face of preternatural longitude, the Rev. Dr. Sly paid a visit to the widow. "The wickedness and bloodthirstiness of the world," said he, "increase every day. O my dear madam, what monsters do we meet in it,—what wretches, what assassins, are allowed to go abroad! Would you believe it, that this morning, as my nephew was taking his peaceful morning-meal, one of the ruffians from the barracks presented himself with a challenge from Captain Blackbeard?"

"Is he hurt?" screamed the widow.

"No, my dear friend, my dear Frederick is not hurt. And oh, what a joy it will be to him to think you have that tender solicitude for his welfare!"

"You know I have always had the highest respect for him," said the widow; who, when she screamed, was in truth thinking of somebody else. But the doctor did not choose to interpret her thoughts in that way, and gave all the benefit of them to his nephew.

"That anxiety, dearest madam, which you express for him emboldens me, encourages me, authorizes me, to press a point upon you which I am sure must have entered your thoughts ere now. The dear youth in whom you have shown such an interest lives but for you! Yes, fair lady, start not at hearing that his sole affections are yours; and with what pride shall I carry to him back the news that he is not indifferent to you!"

"And they going to fight?" continued the lady, in a breathless state of alarm. "For Heaven's sake, dearest doctor, prevent the horrid, horrid

meeting. Send for a magistrate's warrant; do any thing; but do not suffer those misguided young men to cut each other's throats!"

"Fairest lady, I fly!" said the doctor, and went back to lunch quite delighted with the evident partiality Mrs. Bluebeard showed for his nephew. And Mrs. Bluebeard, not content with exhorting him to prevent the duel, rushed to Mr. Pound, the magistrate, informed him of the facts, got out warrants against both Mr. Sly and the captain, and would have put them into execution; but it was discovered that the former gentleman had abruptly left town, so that the constable could not lay hold of him.

It somehow, however, became to be generally known that the widow Bluebeard had declared herself in favor of Mr. Sly, the lawyer; that she had fainted when told her lover was about to fight a duel; finally, that she had accepted him, and would marry him as soon as the quarrel between him and the captain was settled. Dr. Sly, when applied to, hummed and ha'd, and would give no direct answer; but he denied nothing, and looked so knowing, that all the world was certain of the fact; and the county paper next week stated:—

"We understand that the lovely and wealthy Mrs. Bl—b—rd is about once more to enter the bands of wedlock with our distinguished townsman, Frederick S—y, Esq., of the Middle Temple, London. The learned gentleman left town in consequence of a dispute with a gallant son of Mars, which was likely to have led to warlike results, had not a magistrate's warrant intervened, when the captain was bound over to keep the peace."

In fact, as soon as the captain was so bound over, Mr. Sly came back, stating that he had quitted the town not to avoid a duel, — far from it, but to keep out of the way of the magistrates, and give the captain every facility. *He* had taken out no warrant; *he* had been perfectly ready to meet the captain; if others had been more prudent, it was not his fault. So he held up his head, and cocked his hat with the most determined air; and all the lawyers' clerks in the place were quite proud of their hero.

As for Captain Blackbeard, his rage and indignation may be imagined; a wife robbed from him, his honor put in question by an odious, lanky, squinting lawyer! He fell ill of a fever incontinently; and the surgeon was obliged to take a quantity of blood from him, ten times the amount of which he swore he would have out of the veins of the atrocious Sly.

The announcement in "The Mercury," however, filled the widow with almost equal indignation. "The widow of the gallant Bluebeard," she said, "marry an odious wretch who lives in dingy chambers in the Middle Temple! Send for Dr. Sly." The doctor came; she rated him soundly, asked him how he dared set abroad such calumnies concerning her; ordered him to send his nephew back to London at once; and as he valued her esteem, as he valued the next presentation to a fat living which lay in her gift, to contradict everywhere, and in the fullest terms, the wicked report concerning her.

"My dearest madam," said the doctor, pulling his longest face, "you shall be obeyed. The poor lad shall be acquainted with the fatal change in your sentiments!"

"Change in my sentiments, Dr. Sly!"

"With the destruction of his hopes, rather let me say; and Heaven grant that the dear boy have strength to bear up against the misfortune which comes so suddenly upon him!"

The next day sister Anne came with a face full of care to Mrs. Bluebeard. "Oh that unhappy lover of yours!" said she.

"Is the captain unwell?" exclaimed the widow.

"No, it is the other," answered sister Annie. "Poor, poor Mr. Sly! He made a will leaving you all, except five pounds a year to his laundress: he made his will, locked his

door, took heart-rending leave of his uncle at night, and this morning was found hanging at his bedpost when Sambo, the black servant, took him up his water to shave. 'Let me be buried,' he said, 'with the pincushion she gave me and the locket containing her hair.' *Did* you give him a pincushion, sister? *did* you give him a locket with your hair?"

"It was only silver-gilt!" sobbed the widow; "and now, O Heavens! I have killed him!" The heart-rending nature of her sobs may be imagined; but they were abruptly interrupted by her sister.

"Killed him?—no such thing! Sambo cut him down when he was as black in the face as the honest negro himself. He came down to breakfast, and I leave you to fancy what a touching meeting took place between the nephew and the uncle."

"So much love!" thought the widow. "What a pity he squints so! If he would but get his eyes put straight, I might perhaps"— She did not finish the sentence: ladies often leave this sort of sentence in a sweet confusion.

But hearing some news regarding Captain Blackbeard, whose illness and blood-letting were described to her most pathetically, as well as accurately, by the Scotch surgeon of the regiment, her feelings of compassion towards the lawyer cooled somewhat; and when Dr. Sly called to know if she would condescend to meet the unhappy youth, she said in rather a *distrait* manner, that she wished him every happiness; that she had the highest regard and respect for him; that she besought him not to think any more of committing the dreadful crime which would have made her unhappy forever; *but* that she thought, for the sake of both parties, they had better not meet until Mr. Sly's feelings had grown somewhat more calm.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" said the doctor, "may he be enabled to bear his frightful calamity! I have taken away his razors from him, and Sambo my man, never lets him out of his sight."

The next day, Mrs. Bluebeard thought of sending a friendly message to Dr. Sly's, asking for news of the health of his nephew; but, as she was giving her orders on that subject to John Thomas the footman, it happened that the captain arrived, and so Thomas was sent down stairs again. And the captain looked so delightfully interesting with his arm in a sling, and his beautiful black whiskers curling round a face which was paler than usual, that, at the end of two hours, the widow forgot the message altogether, and, indeed, I believe, asked the captain whether he would not stop and dine. Ensign Trippet came, too, and the party was very pleasant; and the military gentlemen laughed hugely at the idea of the lawyer having been cut off the bedpost by the black servant, and were so witty on the subject, that the widow ended by half believing that the bedpost and hanging scheme on the part of Mr. Sly was only a feint,—a trick to win her heart. Though this, to be sure, was not agreed to by the lady without a pang, for, *entre nous*, to hang one's self for a lady is no small compliment to her attractions, and, perhaps, Mrs. Bluebeard was rather disappointed at the notion that the hanging was not a *bonâ fide* strangulation.

However, presently her nerves were excited again; and she was consoled or horrified, as the case may be (the reader must settle the point according to his ideas and knowledge of womankind),—she was at any rate dreadfully excited by the receipt of a billet in the well known clerk-like hand of Mr. Sly. It ran thus:—

"I saw you through your dining-room windows. You were hob-nobbing with Captain Blackbeard. You looked rosy and well. You smiled. You drank off the champagne at a single draught.

"I can bear it no more. Live on, smile on, and be happy. My ghost shall repine, perhaps, at your happiness with another, — but in life I should go mad were I to witness it.

"It is best that I should be gone.

"When you receive this, tell my uncle to drag the fish-pond at the end of Bachelor's Acre. His black servant Sambo accompanies me, it is true. But Sambo shall perish with me should his obstinacy venture to restrain me from my purpose. I know the poor fellow's honesty well, but I also know my own despair.

"Sambo will leave a wife and seven children. Be kind to those orphan mulattoes for the sake of

"FREDERICK."

The widow gave a dreadful shriek, and interrupted the two captains, who were each just in the act of swallowing a bumper of claret. "Fly—fly—save him," she screamed; "save him, monsters, ere it is too late! Drowned! — Frederick! — Bachelor's Wa" — Syncope took place, and the rest of the sentence was interrupted.

Deucedly disappointed at being obliged to give up their wine, the two heroes seized their cocked hats, and went towards the spot which the widow in her wild exclamations of despair had sufficiently designated.

Trippet was for running to the fish-pond at the rate of ten miles an hour.

"Take it easy, my good fellow," said Captain Blackbeard; "running is unwholesome after dinner. And, if that squinting scoundrel of a lawyer *does* drown himself, I sha'n't sleep any the worse." So the two gentlemen walked very leisurely on towards the Bachelor's Walk; and, indeed, seeing on their way thither Major Macabaw looking out of the window at his quarters and smoking a cigar, they went up stairs to consult the major, as also a bottle of Schiedam he had.

"They come not!" said the widow, when restored to herself. "O Heavens! grant that Frederick is safe! Sister Anne, go up to the leads and look if anybody is coming." And up, accordingly, to the garrets sister Anne mounted. "Do you see anybody coming, sister Anne?"

"I see Dr. Drench's little boy," said sister Anne: "he is leaving a pill and draught at Miss Molly Grub's."

"Dearest sister Anne, don't you see any one coming?" shouted the widow once again.

"I see a flock of dust, — no! a cloud of sheep. Pshaw! I see the London coach coming in. There are three outsides, and the guard has flung a parcel to Mrs. Jenkins's maid."

"Distraction! Look once more, sister Anne."

"I see a crowd, — a shutter, — a shutter with a man on it, — a beadle, — forty little boys, — Gracious goodness! what *can* it be?" and down stairs tumbled sister Anne, and was looking out of the parlor-window by her sister's side, when the crowd she had perceived from the garret passed close by them.

At the head walked the beadle, slashing about at the little boys.

Two scores of these followed and surrounded

A SHUTTER carried by four men.

On the shutter lay *Frederick!* He was ghastly pale; his hair was draggled over his face; his clothes stuck tight to him on account of the wet; streams of water gurgled down the shutter-sides. But he was not dead! He turned one eye round towards the window where Mrs. Bluebeard sat, and gave her a look which she never could forget.

Sambo brought up the rear of the procession. He was quite wet through; and, if any thing would have put his hair out of curl, his ducking would have done so. But, as he was not a gentleman, he was allowed to walk home on foot, and, as he passed the widow's window, he

gave her one dreadful glance with his goggling black eyes, and moved on, pointing with his hands to the shutter.

John Thomas the footman was instantly despatched to Dr. Sly's to have news of the patient. There was no shilly-shallying now. He came back in half an hour to say that Mr. Frederick flung himself into Bachelor's Acre fish-pond with Sambo, had been dragged out with difficulty, had been put to bed, and had a pint of white wine whey, and was pretty comfortable. "Thank Heaven!" said the widow, and gave John Thomas a seven-shilling piece, and sat down with a lightened heart to tea. "What a heart!" said she to sister Anne. "And oh, what a pity it is that he squints!"

Here the two captains arrived. They had not been to the Bachelor's Walk; they had remained at Major Macabaw's consulting the Schiedam. They had made up their minds what to say. "Hang the fellow! he will never have the pluck to drown himself," said Captain Blackbeard. "Let us argue on that, as we may safely."

"My sweet lady," said he, accordingly, "we have had the pond dragged. No Mr. Sly. And the fisherman who keeps the punt assures us that he has not been there all day."

"Audacious falsehood!" said the widow, her eyes flashing fire. "Go, heartless man! who dares to trifle thus with the feelings of a respectable and unprotected woman. Go, sir, you're only fit for the love of a — Dolly — Coddlins!" She pronounced the *Coddlins* with a withering sarcasm that struck the captain aghast; and sailing out of the room, she left her tea untasted, and did not wish either of the military gentlemen good-night.

But, gentles, an' ye know the delicate fibre of woman's heart, ye will not in very sooth believe that such events as those we have described — such tempests of passion — fierce winds of woe — blinding lightnings of tremendous joy and tremendous grief — could pass over one frail flower and leave it all unscathed. No! Grief kills as joy doth. Doth not the scorching sun nip the rosebud as well as the bitter wind? As Mrs. Sigourney sweetly sings: —

"Ah! the heart is a soft and a delicate thing;
Ah! the heart is a lute with a thrilling string;
A spirit that floats on a gossamer's wing!"

Such was Fatima's heart. In a word, the preceding events had a powerful effect upon her nervous system, and she was ordered much quiet and sal-volatile by her skilful medical attendant, Dr. Glauber.

To be so ardently, passionately loved as she was, to know that Frederick had twice plunged into death from attachment to her, was to awaken in her bosom "a thrilling string," indeed! Could she witness such attachment and not be touched by it? She *was* touched by it, — she was influenced by the virtues, by the passion, by the misfortunes, of Frederick; but then he was so abominably ugly that she could not — she could not, consent to become his bride!

She told Dr. Sly so. "I respect and esteem your nephew," said she; "but my resolve is made. I will continue faithful to that blessed saint whose monument is ever before my eyes" (she pointed to the churchyard as she spoke). "Leave this poor tortured heart in quiet. It has already suffered more than most hearts could bear. I will repose under the shadow of that tomb until I am called to rest within it, — to rest by the side of my Bluebeard!"

The ranunculuses, rhododendra, and polyanthuses, which ornamented that mausoleum, had somehow been suffered to run greatly to seed during the last few months, and it was with no slight self-accusation that she acknowledged this fact on visiting "the garden of the grave," as she called it; and she scolded the beadle soundly for neglecting his duty towards it

He promised obedience for the future, dug out all the weeds that were creeping round the family vault, and (having charge of the key) entered that awful place, and swept and dusted the melancholy contents of the tomb.

Next morning, the widow came down to breakfast looking very pale. She had passed a bad night; she had had awful dreams; she had heard a voice call her thrice at midnight. "Pooh! my dear, it's only nervousness," said sceptical sister Anne.

Here John Thomas, the footman, entered, and said the beadle was in the hall, looking in a very strange way. He had been about the house since daybreak, and insisted on seeing Mrs. Bluebeard. "Let him enter," said that lady, prepared for some great mystery. The beadle came; he was pale as death; his hair was dishevelled, and his cocked hat out of order. "What have you to say?" said the lady, trembling.

Before beginning, he fell down on his knees.

"Yesterday," said he, "according to your ladyship's orders, I dug up the flower-beds of the family-vault, dusted the vault and the — the coffins (added he, trembling) inside. Me and John Sexton did it together, and polished up the plate quite beautiful."

"For Heaven's sake, don't allude to it," cried the widow, turning pale.

"Well, my lady, I locked the door, came away, and found in my hurry — for I wanted to beat two little boys what was playing at marbles on Alderman Paunch's monyment — I found, my lady, I'd forgot my cane.

"I couldn't get John Sexton to go back with me till this morning, and I didn't like to go alone, and so we went this morning; and what do you think I found? I found his honor's coffin turned round, and the cane broke in two. Here's the cane!"

"Ah!" screamed the widow, "take it away, — take it away!"

"Well, what does this prove," said sister Anne, "but that somebody moved the coffin, and broke the cane?"

"Somebody! *who's somebody?*" said the beadle, staring round about him. And all of a sudden he started back with a tremendous roar, that made the ladies scream and all the glasses on the sideboard jingle, and cried, "*That's the man!*"

He pointed to the portrait of Bluebeard, which stood over the jingling glasses on the sideboard. "That's the man I saw last night walking round the vault, as I'm a living sinner. I saw him a-walking round and round, and, when I went up to speak to him, I'm blessed if he didn't go in at the iron gate, which opened afore him like — like winking, and then in at the vault door, which I'd double locked, my lady, and bolted inside, I'll take my oath on it!"

"Perhaps you had given him the key?" suggested sister Anne.

"It's never been out of my pocket. Here it is," cried the beadle; "I'll have no more to do with it:" and he flung down the ponderous key, amidst another scream from widow Bluebeard.

"At what hour did you see him?" gasped she.

"At twelve o'clock, of course."

"It must have been at that very hour," said she, "I heard the voice."

"What voice?" said Anne.

"A voice that called 'Fatima! Fatima! Fatima!' three times as plain as ever voice did."

"It didn't speak to me," said the beadle; "it only nodded its head, and wagged its head and beard."

"W — w — was it a *bl—ue beard?*" said the widow.

"Powder-blue, ma'am, as I've a soul to save!"

Doctor Drench was of course instantly sent for. But what are the medicaments of the apothecary in a case where the grave gives up its dead?" Dr. Sly arrived, and he offered ghostly — ah! too ghostly — consolation. He said he believed in them. His own grandmother had

appeared to his grandfather several times before he married again. He could not doubt that supernatural agencies were possible, even frequent.

"Suppose he were to appear to me alone," ejaculated the widow, "I should die of fright."

The doctor looked particularly arch. "The best way in these cases, my dear madam," said he, "the best way for unprotected ladies is to get a husband. I never heard of a first husband's ghost appearing to a woman and her second husband in my life. In all history there is no account of one."

"Ah! why should I be afraid of seeing my Bluebeard again?" said the widow; and the doctor retired quite pleased, for the lady was evidently thinking of a second husband.

"The captain would be a better protector for me certainly than Mr. Sly," thought the lady, with a sigh; "but Mr. Sly will certainly kill himself, and will the captain be a match for two ghosts? Sly will kill himself; but ah! the captain won't;" and the widow thought with pangs of bitter mortification of Dolly Coddlins. How — how should these distracting circumstances be brought to an end?

She retired to rest that night not without a tremor, — to bed, but not to sleep. At midnight a voice was heard in her room, crying, "Fatima! Fatima! Fatima!" in awful accents. The doors banged to and fro, the bells began to ring, the maids went up and down stairs skurrying and screaming, and gave warning in a body. John Thomas, as pale as death, declared that he found Bluebeard's yeomanry sword, that hung in the hall, drawn, and on the ground; and the sticking-plaster miniature in Mr. Bluebeard's bedroom was found turned topsy-turvy!

"It is some trick," said the obstinate and incredulous sister Anne. "To-night I will come and sleep with you, sister." And the night came, and the two sisters retired together.

'Twas a wild night. The wind howling without went crashing through the old trees of the old rookery round about the old church. The long bedroom windows went thump thumping; the moon could be seen through them lighting up the graves with their ghastly shadows; the yew-tree, cut into the shape of a bird, looked particularly dreadfully, and bent and swayed as if it would peck something off that other yew-tree which was of the shape of a dumb-waiter. The bells at midnight began to ring as usual, the doors clapped, jingle — jingle down came a suit of armor in the hall, and a voice came and cried, "Fatima! Fatima! Fatima! look, look, look; the tomb, the tomb, the tomb!"

She looked. The vault door was open, and there in the moonlight stood Bluebeard, exactly as he was represented in the picture, in his yeomanry dress, his face frightfully pale, and his great blue beard curling over his chest, as awful as Mr. Munns's.

Sister Anne saw the vision as well as Fatima. We shall spare the account of their terrors and screams. Strange to say, John Thomas, who slept in the attic above his mistress's bedroom, declared he was on the watch all night, and had seen nothing in the churchyard, and heard no sort of voices in the house.

And now the question came, What could the ghost want by appearing? "Is there any thing," exclaimed the unhappy and perplexed Fatima, "that he would have me do? It is well to say 'now, now, now,' and to show himself; but what is it that makes my blessed husband so uneasy in his grave?" And all parties consulted agreed that it was a very sensible question.

John Thomas, the footman, whose excessive terror at the appearance of the ghost had procured him his mistress's confidence, advised Mr. Screw, the butler, who communicated with

Mrs. Baggs, the housekeeper, who condescended to impart her observations to Mrs. Bustle, the lady's-maid, —John Thomas, I say, decidedly advised that my lady should consult a cunning man. There was such a man in town; he had prophesied who should marry his (John Thomas's) cousin; he had cured Farmer Horn's cattle, which were evidently bewitched; he could raise ghosts, and make them speak, and he therefore was the very person to be consulted in the present juncture.

"What nonsense is this you have been talking to the maids, John Thomas, about the conjurer who lives in — in"—

"In Hangman's Lane, ma'am, where the gibbet used to stand," replied John, who was bringing in the muffins. "It's no nonsense, my lady. Every word as that man says comes true, and he knows every thing."

"I desire you will not frighten the girls in the servants' hall with any of those silly stories," said the widow; and the meaning of this speech may, of course, at once be guessed. It was that the widow meant to consult the conjurer that very night. Sister Anne said that she would never, under such circumstances, desert her dear Fatima. John Thomas was summoned to attend the ladies with a dark lantern, and forth they set on their perilous visit to the conjurer at his dreadful abode in Hangman's Lane.

. . . . . .

What took place at that frightful interview has never been entirely known. But there was no disturbance in the house on the night after. The bells slept quite quietly, the doors did not bang in the least, twelve o'clock struck, and no ghost appeared in the churchyard, and the whole family had a quiet night. The widow attributed this to a sprig of rosemary which the wizard gave her, and a horseshoe which she flung into the garden round the family vault, and which would keep *any* ghost quiet.

It happened the next day, that, going to her milliner's, sister Anne met a gentleman who has been before mentioned in this story, Ensign Trippet by name; and, indeed, if the truth must be known, it somehow happened that she met the ensign somewhere every day of the week.

"What news of the ghost, my dearest Miss Shacabac?" said he (you may guess on what terms the two young people were by the manner in which Mr. Trippet addressed the lady); "has Bluebeard's ghost frightened your sister to any more fits, or set the bells a-ringing?"

Sister Anne, with a very grave air, told him that he must not joke on so awful a subject, that the ghost had been laid for a while, that a cunning man had told her sister things so wonderful that *any* man must believe in them; that among other things, he had shown to Fatima her future husband.

"Had," said the ensign, "he black whiskers and a red coat?"

"No," answered Anne, with a sigh, "he had red whiskers and a black coat?"

"It can't be that rascal Sly!" cried the ensign. But Anne only sighed more deeply, and would not answer yes or no. "You may tell the poor captain," she said, "there is no hope for him, and all he has left is to hang himself."

"He shall cut the throat of Sly first, though," replied Mr. Trippet, fiercely. But Anne said things were not decided as yet. Fatima was exceedingly restive, and unwilling to acquiesce in the idea of being married to Mr. Sly; she had asked for further authority. The wizard said he could bring her own husband from the grave to point out her second bridegroom, who shall be, can be, must be, no other than Frederick Sly.

"It is a trick," said the ensign; but Anne was too much frightened by the preceding evening's occurrences to say so. "To-night," she said, "the grave will tell all." And she left

Ensign Trippet in a very solemn and affecting way.

. . . . . .

At midnight, three figures were seen to issue from Widow Bluebeard's house, and pass through the churchyard turnstile, and so away among the graves.

"To call up a ghost is bad enough," said the wizard; "to make him speak is awful. I recommend you, ma'am, to beware, for such curiosity has been fatal to many. There was one Arabian necromancer of my acquaintance who tried to make a ghost speak, and was torn in pieces on the spot. There was another person who *did* hear a ghost speak certainly, but came away from the interview deaf and dumb. There was another" —

"Never mind," says Mrs. Bluebeard, all her old curiosity aroused, "see him and hear him I will. Haven't I seen him and heard him, too, already? When he's audible *and* visible, *then's* the time."

"But when you heard him," said the necromancer, "he was invisible, and when you saw him he was inaudible; so make up your mind what you will ask him, for ghosts will stand no shilly-shallying. I knew a stuttering man who was flung down by a ghost, and" —

"I *have* made up my mind," said Fatima, interrupting him.

"To ask him what husband you shall take," whispered Anne.

Fatima only turned red, and sister Anne squeezed her hand; they passed into the graveyard in silence.

There was no moon; the night was pitch dark. They threaded their way through the graves, stumbling over them here and there. An owl was toowhooing from the church tower, a dog was howling somewhere, a cock began to crow, as they will sometimes at twelve o'clock at night.

"Make haste," said the wizard. "Decide whether you will go on or not."

"Let us go back, sister," said Anne.

"I *will* go on," said Fatima. "I should die if I gave it up, I feel I should."

"Here's the gate; kneel down," said the wizard. The women knelt down.

"Will you see your first husband or your second husband?"

"I will see Bluebeard first," said the widow; "I shall know then whether this be a mockery, or you have the power you pretend to."

At this the wizard uttered an incantation, so frightful, and of such incomprehensible words, that it is impossible for any mortal man to repeat them. And at the end of what seemed to be a versicle of his chant he called Bluebeard. There was no noise but the moaning of the wind in the trees, and the toowhooing of the owl in the tower.

At the end of the second verse he paused again, and called *Bluebeard.* The cock began to crow, the dog began to howl, a watchman in the town began to cry out the hour, and there came from the vault within a hollow groan, and a dreadful voice said, "Who wants me?"

Kneeling in front of the tomb, the necromancer began the third verse. As he spoke, the former phenomena were still to be remarked. As he continued, a number of ghosts rose from their graves, and advanced round the kneeling figures in a circle. As he concluded, with a loud bang the door of the vault flew open, and there in blue light stood Bluebeard in his blue uniform, waving his blue sword, and flashing his blue eyes round about!

"Speak now, or you are lost," said the necromancer to Fatima. But, for the first time in her life, she had not a word to say. Sister Anne, too, was dumb with terror. And, as the awful figure advanced towards them as they were kneeling, the sister thought all was over with them, and Fatima once more had occasion to repent her fatal curiosity.

The figure advanced, saying, in dreadful accents, "Fatima! Fatima! Fatima! wherefore am I called from my grave?" when all of a sudden down dropped his sword, down the ghost of Bluebeard went on his knees, and, clasping his hands together, roared out, "Murder, mercy!" as loud as man could roar.

Six other ghosts stood round the kneeling group. "Why do you call me from the tomb?" said the first; "Who dares disturb my grave?" said the second; "Seize him and away with him!" cried the third. "Murder, mercy!" still roared the ghost of Bluebeard, as the white-robed spirits advanced and caught hold of him.

"It's only Tom Trippet," said a voice at Anne's ear.

"And your very humble servant," said a voice well known to Mrs. Bluebeard; and they helped the ladies to rise, while the other ghosts seized Bluebeard. The necromancer took to his heels and got off; he was found to be no other than Mr. Claptrap, the manager of the theatre.

It was some time before the ghost of Bluebeard could recover from the fainting fit into which he had been plunged when seized by the opposition ghosts in white; and while they were ducking him at the pump his blue beard came off, and he was discovered to be—who do you think? Why Mr. Sly, to be sure; and it appears that John Thomas, the footman, had lent him the uniform, and had clapped the doors, and rung the bells, and spoken down the chimney; and it was Mr. Claptrap who gave Mr. Sly the blue fire and the theatre gong; and he went to London next morning by the coach; and, as it was discovered that the story concerning Miss Coddlins was a shameful calumny, why, of course, the widow married Captain Blackbeard. Dr. Sly married them, and has always declared that he knew nothing of his nephew's doings, and wondered that he has not tried to commit suicide since his last disappointment.

Mr. and Mrs. Trippet are likewise living happily together, and this, I am given to understand, is the ultimate fate of a family in whom we were all very much interested in early life.

You will say that the story is not probable. Psha! Isn't it written in a book? and is it a whit less probable than the first part of the tale?

GRANT IN PARIS.

TRAVELLERS' CLUB, Nov. 24, 1843.

IT is needless to state to any gent in the upper circles of society, that the eyes of Europe have long been directed towards Grant. All the diplomatic gents at this haunt of the aristocracy have been on the look-out for his book. The question which Don Manuel Godoy addresses to Field Marshal Blucher (before they sit down to whist) is, in the Spanish language of course, when will it appear? "Prxckpfsky Grantowitz bubbxwky," exclaims his Excellency Count Pezzo di Borgo, before taking his daily glass of caviare and water, "that terrible fellow Grant is going to publish a work about Paris, I see. "Quand serait il dehors!" screams Prince Talleyrand, "when will it be out?" and on the day of publication, I know for a fact that a courier was in waiting at the French embassy to carry off the volumes to

His M-t-y L-is Ph-l-ppe and Monsieur Gu-z-t. They have 'em by this time — they have read every word of these remarkable tomes, and I have no doubt that they are trembling in their *souliers* at some of the discoveries therein made.

Grant has always been notorious for possessing a masculine and vigorous understanding, a fine appreciation of the delicacies of good society, and a brilliant — almost too brilliant wit. The only things wanting to perfect him as a writer were, perhaps, English grammar and foreign travel. This latter difficulty he has now brilliantly overcome. He *has* travelled. Dangers and expense have not delayed him. He has visited foreign courts, and acquired the high-bred elegance and badinage which the young English gent can only attain by Continental excursions; and, though in the matter of grammar before alluded to, he is not perfectly blameless, yet who is? "Nil desperandum," as Molière observes, grammar may be learned even better at home in the solitude of the closet, than abroad amidst the dazzling enticements of the French (who, besides, don't speak the English grammar), and I have no doubt that after he has published a few more works, Grant will be pronounced faultless.

It was a kind thought which induced Grant to have his portrait engraved, and to prefix it to this his last and most original work. This practice has of late been very common amongst our great men, who know that the affectionate public longs to be in possession of the form and features as well as of the thoughts of the poets and sages who delight and instruct it. We enter into society with them, as it were: we have personal converse with them. Who, for instance, when he sees that fascinating portrait of Moore in Longman's late edition, does not feel doubly interested in the bard? Who that has seen Chalon's picture of Sir Edward Bulwer turned up in the uneasy chair, or that in which the honorable baronet is represented with his arms folded, or that in which we have him without any arms, nay, almost without any clothes — I mean in the engraving after the bust — who, I say, does not feel more intimate with the accomplished author? And if with these, why not with Grant? I venture to say that though, perhaps, he does not know it himself, as a writer of fiction he surpasses any one of them; and that he can say of his works what they cannot say of theirs, that in every single page there is something amusing.

We accordingly have him on steel, and from the likeness here given I should take Grant to be a man of forty or two and forty. He is represented as sitting on a very handsome chair, probably of mahogany, and with a leather back, though what the color of the leather is, it is impossible, as the engraving is not colored, to say. He is dressed in a suit of black, probably his best suit of clothes. The elbow of his left hand reposes upon a work entitled "Random Recollections;" while the fingers are occupied in twiddling his shirt-collar, probably a clean one (or if not a shirt-collar at least a false collar, or by possibility a dicky), put on that very day. In his right hand he holds a pen, with which very likely he wrote those very "Random Recollections" under his left elbow. A chain hangs out of the pocket of his velvet waistcoat, by which we may conclude that he has a watch, though we have known many gents whose watches were at their *uncle's* (as the fashionable term for the pawnbroker goes), — I have known, I say, many gents who had no watch wear a bullet or a copper-piece in their fob, and when asked, "What o'clock is it?" say, "Oh, my dear William!" or "my dear John" (varying the name, of course, as the case may be), "I forgot to wind my watch up last evening or this morning," and so they *did forget to wind it up*. But a truce to pleasantry.

Grant's hair seems to be rather thin on the forehead, and I should say, if closely pressed, that he was — baldish. Over his ears it grows, however, pretty luxuriously, and if not put into papers over night, or touched up with the tongs, as many gents' hair is, especially when they are going to have their portaits taken, has a natural curl. Whether his nose grows as it is represented in the picture, and his eyes have that peculiar look, I cannot, of course, say, so much depending upon the artist in these cases; for it is manifest that if we have never seen a gent, we cannot say whether that gent's picture is like or no. The above description will suffice to give the reader an idea of Grant.

Under the print is written, "Yours very truly, James Grant." And in looking at that piece of writing, as at many other similar autographs at the bottom of portraits, I have not been able to refrain from asking myself, *whose* very truly? Does a gent sit down and write "yours very truly" to himself, which is absurd? Or does he send off a letter to a friend begging him to send back a former letter, in some terms like the following? —

"My dear friend (or sir, or madam, as the case may be), the public is very anxious to have my picture and autograph: as I cannot write 'yours very truly' to myself, will you have the goodness to send me any one of my former letters, and oblige yours very truly,

"JAMES, or
EDWARD LYTTON SO-AND-SO."

However this may have been managed, there the autograph is — the handwriting is very like the Duke of Wellington's by the way — there is the writing, and there is the writer, and very truly he *has* been ours, and in no instance more truly than now. James Grant, I say to myself, when looking at that *writing*, I am very glad to take you by the *hand*.* And so to business.

* Our opinion is that Master Fitz is attempting an imitation of the style of Grant. — O. Y.

"In appearing once more before the public," begins James in his preface, "it is unnecessary for the author to say that he has gone over entirely new ground — ground which, for the most part, has been untrodden by any previous English writer." And I quote the sentence for the purpose of vindicating at the outset a remark which some people may have thought unnecessarily harsh, viz. that Grant sometimes neglects his grammar. I don't mean merely his grammar of language, but his moral grammar, so to speak, his grammar of the mind. Thus, when our dear friend says, "It is unnecessary to say that I have gone over entirely new ground," I ask, first, if it is unnecessary to say so, dear friend, why *do* you say so? Second, I inquire, how can that ground, of which some part has been trodden, according to Grant's own admission, — how can that very ground be *entirely* new? Such contradictions, coming in the very same sentence, do not, permit me to state, look well. There should be a few pages between them; they should not jostle each other, and eat each other up, as it were, in the narrow space of a couple of lines; but one or other assertion should be allowed to stand over to another chapter; and thus it would wear the air, not of a contradiction, but of a fresh and brilliant thought. Many of our well-known writers use this method with the greatest success. Thirdly, I would take the liberty to ask, Is Paris entirely new ground? It can't be, for James himself says, at the end of the second volume, that when he went thither, he expected to find 15,000 English there. However, I need not have occupied so much of your valuable time and the club paper in discussing the above sentence, for on turning to sentence 2, what do I perceive? Why, this; that as the last part of sentence 1 contradicts the first part, so sentence 2 contradicts the second part of sentence 1, by admitting that a great deal has been already written about Paris,

— which, indeed, I believe to be the fact.

In six masterly pages, James narrates the early history of Paris; and though it must be owned that these pages are robbed, for the chief part, from an exceedingly rare and curious book, called "Galignani's Paris Guide," yet it must not be imagined that James has not placed his own peculiar mark upon the article which he has appropriated.

For instance, Galignani begins his account thus: "The origin of Paris, and the character of its inhabitants, are necessarily involved in deep obscurity." Whereas James writes as follows: "The origin and early history of Paris, *unlike the early history of the metropolis of England*, are so completely enveloped in obscurity, that *we rarely meet with* any writer of note who *even hazards* a conjecture on the subject." How fine this is! Some people may presume that James has committed a theft, but surely it is an excusable theft. If I steal the child of a beggar, and make him a duke, with a hundred thousand a year, will not that child — will not the public (provided his grace has no collateral heirs) pardon me? So with James. He takes a handkerchief, let us say, he appropriates, or to speak professionally — *prigs* that handkerchief; but the instant it is in his possession, he puts a border of gold lace round it, so that the handkerchief will hardly know itself. And how happily chosen are all the ornaments which he adds to the appropriated article! *Unlike* the history of London, the origin of Paris is, and no writer even hazards a conjecture on the subject, by which words we see that James is perfectly aware of the origin of London (and in that knowledge, I fearlessly say, excels any man in England), and, likewise, that he has consulted every author of note who has written about Paris, for how else could he say that they never hazarded conjectures concerning its origin?

"The first mention," says he, "of *the French capital*" (the turn is again delightfully happy), "occurs in 'Cæsar's Commentaries,' written about fifty years before the Christian era. *That distinguished writer* refers to it under the name of Lutetia. . . . The references which Cæsar makes to the Paris of his day are exceedingly slight and unsatisfactory. All that can be gleaned from them is, that it was an inconsiderable town built on *La Citié*, one of the *then* five islands in the Seine. This island was at that period *much smaller than it now is.*" Indeed! if an island cannot grow in 1890 years, the deuce is in it? And so he continues, now narrating what "the Emperor Julian informs us," now stating that it was sacked under "the auspices of Clovis," again touching upon "Hugh Capet, the founder of the Bourbon dynasty," always happy in his phrases, and profound, if not in research (for, indeed, I believe the guide-book contains most of the truths which Grant has arranged for publication), yet in that profound spirit of observation and manly justice of reasoning, which is so much better than mere musty book-learning, and which the mere scholar can sometimes *never* acquire. For instance, take the following passage: —

"Great diversity of opinion exists among the earlier historians of England as to the period at which Christianity was first introduced into our country. There seems to be *no such diversity* among the accredited historians of France, respecting the time when the Christian faith was first promulgated in *that part of Europe*. They *all* concur in the statement that St. Denis introduced Christianity among the Parisians about the year 250. Whether the majority of them renounced Paganism, and embraced the religion of Jesus, on the introduction of the latter, is a point on which the French historians are silent; but the presumption is, that at least a goodly number must have adopted the new faith, as a bishopric was established in Paris a few years after St. Denis promulgated the truths of Christianity among its people."

How fine it is to see Grant sitting, as it were, in the judgment-seat, and calling up to the tribunal of his

thought the mighty witnesses of the past! Nothing escapes him. The doubts and struggles of the new faith, the surly yet unavailing resistance of the old, are painted by him in a few masterly touches. Whether the majority embraced the new creed is what he at once asks. And how does he answer that momentous question? Why, by a manly and straightforward statement that he doesn't know. "The French historians are silent. But there *must* have been a goodly number," says the keen and noble James. And why? Because a *bishopric* was established. It is (if he will pardon me the expression) his *eureka*. It is stout Cortes discovering the Pacific. The mists of time are rolled away before the keen eyes of James. He sees the bard and Druid retreating into his woods to emerge from them no more. He sees the pale-faced missionary of the new faith pleading its cause before the savage and wondering Gaul. Down go Thor and Woden; down go the fairer idols of Roman worship; cross-topped church-spires rise over the pines; clinking chapel-bells are heard in the valleys; and lo! preceded by banner and crosier, by beadle and verger, comes Bishop Denis in his wig and lawn sleeves. It is a fact, I believe, not generally known, that Bishop Denis walked for several miles with his head cut off; which circumstance, supposing his lordship was twenty years occupier of the see of Paris, must, therefore, have taken place about the year 270 — no less than fifteen hundred and seventy-four years ago.

Let us quit, however, the regions of antiquity, and plunge at once into the Paris of to-day.

And now our first antiquarian having put us in possession of the ancient history of the place, he passes the barrier, and rushes *in medias res* I may say, if the Latin word *res rei*, "a thing," may, in the present instance, be allowed by a little poetic license to mean "a street" (as, in fact, a street *is* a thing, therefore *res* is Latin for a street). He rushes, I say *in medias res*, into the middle of the streets, where the gutter is, and begins to look about him. And his very first remark on entering the city shows how fine is his insight into human nature, and how, though he has travelled but little hitherto, he has profited by the little he has seen.

"The first impression of Paris," says James, "which a stranger receives *depends on the part of the town at which he makes his entrance.*" Such facts may possibly strike other travellers, but do other travellers discover them? No; and the best characteristic of truth I say is, when everybody says, "How true!" Having been at Paris myself, I can state for a fact, that nothing is more true than the above observation; and that not only there, but in other cities which I have visited, *your impressions depend upon what you see.* He must be a miserably prejudiced creature who judges otherwise, and one who is not worthy of credit.

Now, as the entrance from the St. Denis road is not picturesque, what does our author do but benevolently carry us round to the Arc de l'Etoile, and introduce us to the city that way.

"Englishmen are accustomed," says he, "to admire the grand entrance into Hyde Park; but it is nothing" (no more it is) "to the majestic barrier. As the stranger passes it, a singularly beautiful prospect presents itself to his view. He sees a considerable portion of Paris in the distance, with all the magnificence of the Tuileries in the foreground; while on either side, extending for more than a mile and a half, are many rows of trees of stately size and ample foliage, all planted with perfect regularity, and producing an effect in the mind of the spectator *far too pleasing to admit of description.*"

The only difficulty to this charming description is with regard to the foreground of the Tuileries, which is a mile and a half off; for, "as you proceed farther on this beautiful road,

you near the gardens of the Tuileries, which never yet *has* been beheld by an intelligent person without confounding him with *their* surpassing beauty!" And Grant is an intelligent person, and confounded, therefore, must he have been at the sight, of which he finely says again, "it were impossible for the most graphic description to convey an idea." "In the months of August and September," he adds, "I stood in *the centre* of the Tuileries, and felt myself literally bewildered with the glories around me;" and so, I need not say, would any man who were to stand there for that time. "Nature and man," continues James, "co-operate together in this charming locality; and it is no wonder that the Parisians should be so anxious that all illustrious visitors should enter their city by the Champs Elysées."

In the city "what most forcibly strikes the stranger is," Grant says at once, "the height of the houses and the narrowness of the streets." This would strike anybody perhaps; but few know that the houses are painted in different fancy colors; that each individual has a right to paint the part of the house which he rents as he pleases; and hence that "there is something very pleasing as well as strange to the eye of the visitor in the aspect of many of the streets." In the summer season the streets have a horticultural aspect. Most of the windows in the upper stories are filled with flowers of various kinds, and along the fronts of many of the houses are balconies so abundantly laden with every diversity of flowers, as to have the appearance of so many gardens. "This fortunately struck me," says James, "*in the middle of the Rue St. Honoré;*" but he does not say in what months he stood there, — in July probably, before he went to stand in the centre of the Tuileries, where we have seen him during August and September. This point, however, is of minor importance; the main matter is the description of the town. And who that has been at Paris does not recognize the capital of Europe in the above lively description? One more circumstance regarding the exterior aspect of the town could not be expected to escape one of the most daring investigators in the world, — it is this — *the number of signs.* Most of these signs consist of the name and business of the parties *painted,* as with us, *on a board* on the wall, — in other cases on the walls themselves, and the gigantic proportions of the letters will be understood when I state that they are often *two feet in length and one foot in breadth.*" What say you to that, my masters? Is it good to go abroad, or is it not? Is observation a noble quality, or is it not? I say, that Grant going into a town — a foreign town, not knowing the language, as he himself says, and discovering at a glance the boards upon the shop walls, — the size of their letters, and that those letters were formed into words meant to describe "the name and business of the parties," — I say that such a man is a man of genius. What does *he* want with knowing a language? he knows it without learning it, by the intuition of great spirits. How else could he have ascertained that fact, or have been aware that the letters written upon the walls, *as with us* (as with us, mark you; nothing escapes him at home or abroad, and he is ready with a thousand rich illustrations to decorate the subject in hand). How, I say, should he have known BUT by genius that those boards, those words, those letters, were not meant to describe the name and business of some *other* parties over the way? Pass we to the *inside* of the shops; 'tis, without meaning a play upon words, a natural *transition*:—

"The Paris shops are remarkable for the number and size of their mirrors. Look in what direction you may, after you have entered, and you see your person reflected at full length. In some cases, indeed, you can hardly see any thing but mirrors; and the entire fitting-up displays corre-

sponding taste. Then, as regards the arrangement of grouping of the articles for sale, nothing can be more tasteful. Every thing in the shop is seen, and every thing is seen to the best advantage. But the Parisian shopkeeper remembers that every passer-by does not enter his shop, and therefore he very wisely bestows his special attention to his windows. The window of a Parisian shop — *I am assuming, of course, that it is in the fancy line* — is a sight worth going a day's journey to witness; it is quite a study — a perfect picture. It affords an exhibition of artistical skill of which the people of no other country can have any conception. I never looked at a French shopkeeper's window without the conviction forcing itself on my mind, that he who arranged its contents must be an artist, *though he may himself be unconscious of it*; and that had he turned his attention to any department of art requiring a combination of the imaginative faculty with an exquisite taste in the practical embodiment of his notions, he must have attained a celebrity of no common order."

Isn't it too bad to say, after this, that we do not do foreigners justice? that we pretend in all things to assert the superiority of our country? Here is Jim, who goes into a shop — of course assuming that it is in the fancy line — and pays it a compliment such as deserves to get him the cross of the Legion of Honor. I can see him looking in the glass, — not over ill-satisfied with himself, the sly rogue! and with his person reflected all over the shop. "*Perhaps* I may here remark," says Jim, "that the pleasing effect of the Parisian shops is very considerably heightened by the number of beautiful and well-dressed women that are to be found in them." The *perhaps*, indeed! The rogue, the sly rogue, the wicked, abominable rogue! But mum is the word, dear James. Let us not touch on this painful, this delicate theme.

James's, however, is no blind admiration — no Gallomania (if he will allow me the expression). If he praises some things, he blames others — viz. the gutters in the streets; — "those puddles or miniature rivers of mud which assail the eye, *and another organ which it is needless to name.*" (Blessings on him — my James — my Jim — my dear, dear friend! I don't know him; but as I write about him, and think about him, I love him more and more.) The remedy for these gutters his eagle eye at once sees.

"The remedy," says he "is cheap, simple, efficacious. Let conduits be formed underground, and the thing is done." Ought not the Ville de Paris to thank him for this, and, instead of spending their money in presenting swords to the Comte de Paris, and erecting tawdry gimcracks of camps and fountains, present James with something handsome? Since the gentleman who has a good memory has been writing in this Magazine, it is read with anxiety in the French court. This I know to be a fact. And, perhaps, these humble lines may fall under the eye of M—y, to whom I would say, "Sire, remember Jim Grant!"

There are other nuisances in Paris which the untiring observer points out — "small exposed constructions, which invite the passer-by," and which will, doubtless, be hurled down by the withering denunciations of the indignant moralist — for instance, the cabs. "The cabs," says he, "are, for the most part, the same in form as they are with us: *so are the coaches.* Connected with the drivers of the former, especially, there is one very unpleasant thing. I allude to the fact that, in a great many, though not in a majority of these vehicles, the driver actually sets himself down alongside his passenger. No matter how dirty his appearance may be, he will actually plant himself beside the finest and most elegantly dressed lady in the land."

"This," Jim says, in a tone of melancholy, almost tender reproof, "he should not have expected from the Parisians." And, indeed, it ought to be looked to. A duchess wants to go to court; a marchioness wishes to pay her respects to her friend the Countess of So-and-So. It rains; and, of course, she calls a cab. Can

her ladyship do otherwise? And when in that cab, dressed out in silks and satins, with a swan's-down muff and tippet, and feathers in her head very possibly, is a filthy cabman to set himself along side of her? Faugh! This must be amended. And many a noble dame of the Faubourg will thank JIM, a foreigner and a man of letters, for pointing out this intolerable nuisance. Now let us give a rapid glance with James at the city, which was never described so delightfully before: —

"In Paris there are no squares, — not, I mean, in the sense in which the word is generally understood by us. There are, it is true, several open places, somewhat resembling our squares; but these are public buildings, — the Louvre, for example — and not a series of houses inhabited by private families. The Grosvenor, the Belgrave, the Berkeley, the Portman, the Bryanstone, the Russell, and other squares of London, are wholly unknown in the French capital. It can, however, boast of several 'places,' — some of them of a very imposing kind. Nothing, for instance, could be finer than the Place Vendôme: it is the admiration of all who have seen it.

"But of all the localities in Paris, there is none that gratifies the visitor so much as the Boulevards. The Boulevards may be said to constitute one great road or street, about three miles in length, and fully as broad as the broadest of our streets. The Boulevards are divided into two departments — the northern and the southern. The northern Boulevards are twelve in number, and are much more magnificent than the southern, which are seven in number. The houses on either side of the northern Boulevards, especially on the right hand as you proceed towards their termination in the neighborhood of the Madeline Church, are remarkably beautiful. Some of them are private residences, but most of them are cafés, restaurants, hotels, shops, &c. The aspect of the Boulevards, especially on a summer's evening, is singularly striking and pleasing. In front of all the cafés you see crowds of elegantly dressed men and women partaking of the grateful refreshment which these places supply, and looking, not with rude gaze, but with an expression of much gratification, at the streams of people who are slowly and softly gliding along the beautiful promenade before them. The interior of the countless shops displays the very perfection of taste as regards the manner in which they are fitted up, and in which the various articles are arranged. Like all the better class of shops in the centre of Paris, they are not only brilliantly and most effectively lighted up inside, but in many cases, the windows and the articles are set off to peculiar advantage, by the lights outside, which, by means of glasses and other reflectors, are made to throw a blaze of light on the whole place. The shops in the Boulevards, as in all the other principal streets of Paris, however small some of them may be, can boast of the presence of one or more elegantly dressed young women. The promenade on either side of this celebrated place is unusually broad. It cannot be less than from thirty-five to forty feet. It is, indeed, as broad as some of the leading streets in the centre of the city. Two rows of elm trees, fifteen or twenty feet apart, extend their whole length on either side of the Boulevards, and contribute much to their surpassing beauty; so that the person passing hastily along the Boulevards, finds himself in a sort of avenue formed by trees in the middle of Paris. The trees vary in height, size, and appearance, which adds to the picturesqueness of the scene. The aspect of the place is at once rural and architectural, or rather presents an instance in which both the rural and architectural are happily blended. The pavement is formed of asphalte materials; but the effect is somewhat impaired when the eye fixes on the ground, owing to a large circular patch of earth being left uncovered by the pavement around each tree, in order that its growth may not be retarded. Some persons have expressed regret that the Boulevards, instead of having several turnings, should not run in a straight line. I altogether differ from those who entertain this opinion. The windings of this magnificent road contribute, in my judgment, very materially to its surpassing beauty. I consider, indeed, that the curvatures in the Boulevards impart to them their greatest charm. Only imagine how cheerless and monotonous, comparatively speaking, the Boulevards would appear, did they extend for three miles in a straight line.

"Between the Rue St. Honoré and the northern Boulevards, lies the Palais Royale. There is no part of Paris which is so constantly in the thoughts, or so frequently on the lips, of the Parisian, as this locality. He thinks of it by day, and dreams of it by night. He regards it with all the fervor of affection with which a lover adores his mistress. It is in a sense mixed up with his very existence. Paris, with all its attractions, would be scarcely tolerable to him, were he denied access to the Palais Royale. Wherever the genuine Parisian is, whether in any other part of the city or in the provinces, whether at home or abroad, his thoughts and affec-

tions tend as surely to the Palais Royale, as the needle points to the Pole. Death may tear an attached friend from his embraces, and he is overwhelmed for a season with sorrow at his loss; but it is only for a season. Time heals the wound which the bereavement has inflicted, and he is himself again. It is otherwise if he be placed in circumstances which debar him from the Palais Royale. It is the heaviest calamity, the severest affliction which can befall him. The exclusion preys on his spirits and wears away his body. To those who have not been in Paris this may appear exaggeration; but it is not so. We all know the ascendancy which the love of country often acquires in the breast of a Scotchman or a Swiss, when circumstances have obliged him to reside in a foreign clime. The feeling at times so powerfully preys upon his mind as to impair his health. I know one instance, and there are many such most amply attested, in which a Scotch Highlandman in South America died from the excess of his love of country. The same ardent affection for the Palais Royale exists in the heart of a Parisian. I cannot say I know any particular case in which a Parisian doomed to settle in the provinces or abroad, has died of a broken heart, because exiled from his beloved Palais Royale; but I saw and heard enough, when in the French capital, of the Parisian's fondness for that charming locality, to look on such an event as possible.

"Those only who have been in Paris and know something of the French character, can at all comprehend how a Parisian's liking for the Palais Royale should assume this consuming passion. It is not the mere outward beauty of the place, though that, as I shall presently endeavor to show, surpasses any thing to be met with either in Paris or London, or, I had almost said, in any other city in the world. It is the associations connected with the locality, more than any thing else, which contribute to the production of this feeling of partiality for the Palais Royale.

"Here he has been for a series of years in the habit of meeting kindred spirits, — persons so very familiar in their views, habits, practices, that he and they seemed as much animated by one spirit, as if they had only one soul among them. There he and they dined, drank coffee, sipped their glasses of brandy, smoked their cigars, and played at billiards and the draughts together, until they actually appeared part and parcel of each other's being. No wonder then that the Parisian, who is forced to forego the exquisite enjoyment which he derived from these associations and exercises, should feel as if violence were done to his nature.

"To describe the Palais Royale were impossible. The imagination cannot conceive any thing in the centre of a great city at all like it. In most other cases the writer who attempts to sketch a scene, to which he feels himself unable to do justice, has the satisfaction of thinking that where he fails, the imagination of the reader will supply the deficiency. It is otherwise in this case: the most fertile fancy would fail to picture to itself what the Palais Royale is on a fine summer's evening. Its length from outside to outside is little, if at all, short of a quarter of a mile, and the breadth cannot be much less than a furlong, or the eighth of a mile. In the centre are a great number of tastefully laid out trees of various kinds and various sizes. Portions of the ground have the rich appearance of an arbor; in the centre of all is a large fountain, which on particular nights sends up, from six or seven places, its waters twenty or twenty-five feet high. In the grounds, to the east and west of the fountain, are two parterres of matchless beauty. Immense crowds of persons dressed in the extreme of fashion are always to be seen on a summer's evening, walking about the grounds, or along the splendid piazzas which surround them, while many hundreds more are to be seen sitting luxuriously on chairs, the men sipping their coffee or brandy, and the women eating their ices, or drinking their lemonade. You fancy you are sitting in a second Eden, only that you see no growing fruit, — though, in the season, the windows of the surrounding cafés are always full of the choicest sorts.

"It will surprise the English reader to be informed, that among the immense concourse of persons thus occupied, or rather thus indulging in luxurious indolence, are to be seen many handsome and elegantly dressed women. The reader may probably infer that these women belong to the class of the unfortunates. The fact is otherwise; they are, or at least as far as is known, women of undoubted respectability."

The whole annals of literature (if I may be allowed the expression) contain, I fearlessly assert, no description like this. "The Grosvenor, the Belgrave, the Berkeley, the Portman, the Bryanstone, the Russell Squares (how finely does he keep up the genteel gradation), are wholly unknown in France." Aye! and so I may say are the Bloomsbury, the Red Lion, too; and the more is the pity. If I had children, and wished to form their tender minds, I would have a sort of catechism made of the above descrip-

tion, which they should be made to get by heart. As thus: —

Q. What is the Boulevard?

A. A sort of avenue formed by trees.

Q. What is its aspect?

A. Its aspect is at once rural and architectural, or rather (this distinction is uncommonly fine) presents an instance in which the rural and architectural are happily blended.

Q. How is the pavement formed?

A. Of asphalte materials.

Q. How is its effect impaired?

A. By circular patches of earth.

Q. What imparts to the Boulevards their greatest charms?

A. Their curvatures.

Q. What locality is most frequently in the thoughts and on the lips of a Frenchman?

A. The Palais Royale.

Q. Why do you spell Royale with an e?

A. Because I choose.

Q. Does a Parisian dream of the Palais Royale every night?

A. Yes.

Q. Is it a more severe affliction to the Frenchman to lose the Palais Royale, than to lose his dear friend, wife, mother, or child?

A. Yes, it is.

Q. Is this an exaggeration?

A. Not in the least to those who know Paris, &c., &c.

And then the question comes, How did Jim, not speaking a word of French, find out these things? He says he took a laquais-de-place, at three francs the half-day, who probably told him these stories. But I have too high an opinion of Jim's economy to suppose he would hire one of these fellows for many days together; and, indeed, he very soon appears to have got a smattering of the language, and to push on for himself. Thus, he used to go to a barber's, and he calls him "Monsieur Tonsor." This he never could have done had he not known French — Monsieur being French for *Mister*, and Tonsor meaning Barber in the Latin language. Again, we find him speaking French with respect to hats in the noble passage where he says: —

"Of all parts of a Parisian's dress, that which he is most particular about is his hat. I am confident that any man might with safety bet, that, out of every hundred hats you see on the heads of the pedestrians in Paris, *not more than one in ten will be found to be bad*. A Frenchman seems to consider his 'chapeau' as part of himself. He would just as soon be seen with an unwashed face as with a shabby hat. *It is to him what a bonnet is to a lady*. It is true the Parisian gentlemen do not talk of their new hats as ladies do about their new bonnets; but they are not on that account the less delighted when they see a beautiful 'chapeau.' A Frenchman would sooner receive a blow which would injure his head, than one which would damage his hat. He will pardon an insult offered to himself, but he will never forgive you if you destroy or injure his hat."

This is a curious fact; and the story, coming from a man of honor and observation, will be useful to our young countrymen abroad, who can easily prove the correctness of the narrative by kicking the first Frenchman they meet, and sitting on the hat of the second. They will see, then, if *Monsieur's* conduct will bear out Jim's assertion. A military man (of whom there are plenty) would be a good subject to select for the first experiment. But the point which I wish to mark here is the progress he has evidently made in the language; on two occasions, and in the same sentence, he playfully uses the foreign word "chapeau" a hat — ay, and spells it right too, which could hardly be expected of him in so short a time.

A laughable *quid pro quo*, if he will pardon me the term, recurred to him in a conversation with one of the men of distinction to whom he had letters of introduction — one of the most rising barristers in France. I shrewdly suspect Monsieur Charles Ledru to be the man of distinction in question.

He and Jim fell to talking naturally about lords and judges. "What's the opinion of Lord ——?" said the

French barrister. On which Grant expressed his idea that his lordship was insane.

"You don't mean that!" said the other, falling back in his seat, and looking unutterably amazed. "Thrown himself into the Seine!"

"Oh no! I only said that some people thought him insane."

"Ah! *in-sane*, not *in* the *Seine*. I mistook what you said. Ah! I see now."

Of course, nobody knew who was the noble and learned lord who gave rise to this play upon words.

To do him justice, Jim very seldom indulges in them. But when he does, the dry rogue! he takes care to fix upon a good one. I have laughed at the above heartily for the last twenty years, and can fancy how Ledru and Grant must have enjoyed it as they sat together in the parlor discussing the character of Lord Br—. But mum! the word was very nearly out.

Jim had an interview with Jules Janin, which does not appear to have been very satisfactory; for though Janin writes English books, he does not understand a word of the language. Nor was our James much more skilled in the *parley Fransy*, as they say. Janin did not ask him to dinner, nor probably did Ledru; for about the hospitality of the French he speaks in a very sad and desponding tone.

"Dinner-parties are comparatively rare among the aristocracy of France. When they invite their friends they ask them to a *soirée*, when the refreshments consist of tea and coffee, with a little wine and cake. Wine is much cheaper in France," adds Jim, who does not conceal his disappointment, and has probably been asked to some *soirée*, where, after going to the expense of a cab, a fresh shirt-collar, and a pair of white Berlin gloves, he has been fobbed off with a glass of sour wine and water, and a biscuit. And yet, in spite of this disappointment, I think there is nothing I would more like to have seen than James at one of these French parties of the "aristocracy," pulling a queer face over a glass of orgeat (pronounced orjaw) while the *monsieurs* were thinking him a great literary man.

What he calls the *table d'hôte* (for his expressions are invariably happy) seem to have pleased him a good deal. None but aristocracy, he says, ever dream of "putting up" in "Meurice's," from which choice place the honest fellow accordingly kept away. "No man must think of dining there," he says, sadly, "*under from* fifteen *to* twenty francs," and he does not think the average price of a bed can be less than eight or ten francs per night. But it is not so, dear Jim; and out of respect to a worthy landlord whom you have injured, you should alter this passage in your second edition. You might have gone with perfect safety and asked the question of the waiter. Snobs are admitted at Meurice's as well as gentlemen. Why, then, should James Grant be denied admittance to the "most famous of the Parisian establishments"?

About the two-franc dinners of which the French aristocracy partake, our dear friend is much better informed. "I met with no instance," says he, "in which the charge exceeded two francs and a half, including a pint, or *half a bottle*, of *vin ordinaire*. There are, indeed, some respectable houses where the charge is as low as a franc and a half. The most common price, however, is two francs; and for this sum (twenty pence of our money), with an additional three halfpence or twopence, in the shape of a gratuity to the waiter, you can have a dinner which never fails to suit the most dainty palate." He then describes the bill of fare, and says, "would the most passionate admirer of a good dinner desire more?" Jim says a great amount of business is done in these houses, and used to take his dinner in a "very celebrated one, up three pair of stairs in the Palais Roy-

al." Bless him once more, I say; bless him! He is a dainty dog, fond of good victuals and fine things. The aristocracy in Paris seem to be shabby fellows; he never saw a carpet in any house except an English one, and thought with pride of Kidderminster, the luxurious rogue!

He does not appear to have seen "Chateaubriand," but says he is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, a republican in principles, and that he goes weekly to weep over the tomb of Armand Carrel. A "priest" by the name of Ginode is also mentioned as a priest of republican principles, which are, moreover, those of Jim. The first thing he remarks about the Chamber of Deputies (for the fellow goes everywhere) is that THE SEATS are incomparably superior to those in our House of Commons. These seats bear ample proofs that the penknives of honorable members are not idle, for they are covered with all sorts of hieroglyphics, the works of the French legislators.

As Jim contemplated these, "school-boy recollections," he affectingly says, rushed into his mind, and his thoughts reverted, with a rapidity surpassing that which light travels, to a period full thirty years ago, when he, Jim, used to see so many of his companions soundly thrashed by their "teacher for doing precisely similar work."

How different the scene is now! Then Jim was a boy, getting probably, with other boys at Eton, where he was brought up, some cuts from the usher across his own — organ, which it is needless to name. Now he is a man, honored, wise, and wealthy. He has improved his mind by study in Long Acre, and afterwards abroad by foreign travel. He has taken his place with the learned of the land. People look up to him as their instructor and friend. Only this minute comes up to me a venerable gentleman in a broad-brimmed hat, who says, "Reading Mr. Grant's new work, Fitz-Boodle? An able man, sir, though I think he has somewhat fallen off."

Fallen off! O jimini (as the poet observes)! fallen off? No, Jim is better than ever. He grows more rich the more he publishes. *His* ideas are not like those of some feeble writers who give birth to an idea and die. No, Jim is always ready, always abundant; no subject will ever find him at a loss, no plummet will ever sound the depth of his tremendous dulness. Why is he mere private man still? Why is he not in the House of Commons, and making senates shout with his eloquence? I am sure that he would speak to perfection. I am sure that worthy people in the country would rally round him. I have a very strong notion indeed that he is the "coming man" for whom we are on the lookout. Other people may doubt and be perplexed, but, depend upon it, *he* never feels a difficulty. Jim has achieved a fortune and fame as, perhaps, no man ever achieved it. He has published five and twenty volumes of such a quality as perhaps the whole world cannot elsewhere produce; and his success is to the world and himself a credit. It shows that a good writer need not despair now-a-days. Burns died a beggar, for instance, and Jim Grant will probably have a good round sum at his lamented demise. And so he should with such a public as ours. So alive to genius, so wise a critic of good writing, so able an appreciator of fine wit, Jim is worthy of the public and the public of him. May they long both flourish, each honoring the other!

Sometimes popular writers find themselves outstripped of a sudden by younger rivals, and deserted in their old age. I do not think in Jim's case this is likely, or even possible. I do not think the world *can* produce a greater than Jim. Honor to him and his patron! He has already written five and twenty volumes, let us hope and pray for scores more. I have requested Mr. Titmarsh, the

eminent artist, to copy his picture, and hang it up in the heroic picture-gallery, by the side of . . . and * —

One word more. The revelations in this book concerning Louis Philippe will be found of the highest interest. I think Jim's description of the king beats that of the gentleman with the good memory completely. "Louis," says Grant, "is tall and portly in his person. *His face partakes of the oval shape, and his cheeks are rather* PLUFFY.

Farewell, and Heaven bless him! I have ordered all his books at the club, — not to read them at once, that would be impossible, but to meditate over favorite bits, and con over old familiar pages. Familiar! why do I say familiar? fresh beauties bubble up in them at every moment, new expressions, and vast and wonderful thoughts. G. S. F. B.

* Here our friend Fitz grew so abominably scurrilous, that we were obliged to expunge the sentence. — O. Y.

BARMECIDE BANQUETS

WITH JOSEPH BRÉGION AND ANNE MILLER.

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE, *Esquire, to the Rev.* LIONEL GASTER, *Fellow and Tutor of St. Boniface College, Oxon.*

PALL MALL, Oct. 25, 1845.

MY DEAR LIONEL, — There is a comfort to think, that however other works and masterpieces bearing my humble name have been received by the public, namely, with what I cannot but think (and future ages will, I have no doubt, pronounce) to be unmerited obloquy and inattention, the present article at least, which I address to you through the public prints, will be read by every one of the numerous readers of this Magazine. What a quantity of writings by the same hand have you, my friend, pored over! How much delicate wit, profound philosophy (lurking hid under harlequin's black mask and spangled jacket, nay, under clown's white lead and grinning vermilion), — how many quiet wells of deep-gushing pathos, have you failed to remark as you hurried through those modest pages, for which the author himself here makes an apology, not that I quarrel with my lot, or rebel against that meanest of martyrdoms, indifference, with which a callous age has visited me — not that I complain because I am not appreciated by the present century — no, no! — he who lives at this time ought to know it better than to be vexed by its treatment of him — he who pines because Smith or Snooks doesn't appreciate him, has a poor puny vein of endurance, and pays those two personages too much honor.

Pardon, my dear Lionel, the egotism of the above little disquisition. If (as is undoubtedly the case) Fitz-Boodle is a *grande âme inconnue* a *génie incomprise*, you cannot say that I complain — I don't push cries of distress like my friend Sir Lytton — if I am a martyr, who ever saw me out of temper? I lie smiling on my rock or gridiron, causing every now and then an emotion of pity in the bystanders at my angelic good-humor. I bear the kicks of the world with smiling meekness, as Napoleon used to say Talleyrand could; no one could tell from the jolly and contented expression of my face what severe agonies were felt —

what torturous indignities were felt elsewhere.

I think about my own exceedingly select class of readers with a rueful modesty, when I recollect how much more lucky other authors are. Here, for instance, I say to myself, looking upon the neat, trim, tight, little, handsome book, signed by Joseph Bregion and Anne Miller, "Here is a book whereof the public will infallibly purchase thousands. Maidens and matrons will read and understand it. Smith will buy it and present it to his lady; Snooks will fully enter into the merit of it, and recommend its perusal to his housekeeper. Nor will it be merely enjoyed by these worthy humdrum people, but men of learning and genius will find subject of interest and delectation in it. I dare say it will find a place in bishops' libraries, or on the bookshelves of men of science, or on the table of poets and painters; for it is suited to the dullest and highest intelligence." And where is the fool or the man of genius that is insensible to the charms of a good dinner? I myself have been so much amused and instructed by the reading of "The Practical Cook," that I have purchased, out of my own pocket, several copies for distribution among my friends. Everybody can understand it, and get benefit by it. You, not the least among the number, my reverend and excellent friend; for though your mornings are passed in the study of the heathen classics, or over your favorite tomes of patriotic lore — though of forenoons you astonish lecture-rooms with your learning, and choose to awe delighted undergraduates, — yet I know that an hour comes daily when the sage feels that he is a man; when the reverend expounder of Austin and Chrysostom forsakes his study-table for another common room, whereon, by the cheerful glimmer of wax-tapers, your eye rests complacently upon crystal flasks, mantling with the red juices of France and Portugal, and glittering silver dishes, smoking with viands prepared by your excellent college-cook.

Do you remember the week I once passed at Saint Boniface College, honored to be your guest and that of the society? I have dined in many countries of Europe and Asia since then — I have feasted with aldermen, and made one at Soyer's house-dinners — I have eaten the produce of Borel's larder, and drunk Clos Vingeot at the Trois Frères — I have discussed the wine of Capri, and know the difference of the flavor of the oysters of Poldoodie and the Lucrine Lake — I have examined bouillabaisse at Marseilles and pilaff at Constantinople — I have consorted with epicures of all ages and nations, — but I never saw men who relished a dinner better than the learned fellows of Saint Boniface! How Gaster will relish this book! I thought to myself a hundred times as I revelled over the pages of Anne Miller and Joseph Bregion.

I do not believe, however, that those personages, namely, Bregion, "formerly cook to Prince Rausmonski (I knew his highness intimately), to Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, the Russian ambassador at Paris, &c., and Anne Miller, cook in several English families of distinction," are the real authors of this excellent and truly "Practical Cook." A distinguished amateur of cookery and almost every other science, a man whose erudition is as varied and almost as profound as your own, a practical philosopher, who has visited every capital in Europe, their victuals noted and their wines surveyed, is, I have reason to think, the real genius under whose presiding influence Anne and Joseph have labored. For instance, of the Portuguese and Spanish dishes here described, the invaluable collection of Turkish and Indian receipts, the Sicilian and Hungarian receipts, it is not probable that Joseph or Anne should have had much personal experience;

whereas it is my firm opinion that the occult editor of "The Practical Cook" has tasted and tested every one of two hundred and twenty-three thousand edible and portable formulæ contained in the volume. A great genius, he has a great appetite and digestion. Such are part of the gifts of genius. In my own small way, and at a single dinner at Brussels, I remember counting twenty-nine dishes of which I partook. By such a process alone, and even supposing that he did not work at breakfast or supper, a man would get through ten thousand four hundred and eighty dishes in a year, so that twenty years' perseverance (and oh, how richly would that industry be repaid!) would carry you through the whole number above specified.

Such a gormandizing encyclopædia was indeed wanted, and is a treasure now that we have it complete. You may feast with any nation in the world as you turn over the pages of this delightful volume. In default of substantial banquets even imaginary ones are pleasant. I have always relished Alnaschar's dinner off lamb and pistachio-nuts, with the jolly Barmecide, and could, with an easy and thankful heart, say grace over that light repast. What a fine, manly, wholesome sense of roast and boiled, so to speak, there is in the "Iliad"! In my mind I have often and often cut off great collops of the smoking beeves under Achilles' tent, and sat down to a jovial scrambling dinner along with Penelope's suitors at Ithaca. What appetites Ariosto's heroes have, and the reader with them! (Tasso's Armida dinners are rather theatrical in my mind, gilt pasteboard cups with nothing in them, wooden pullets, and pine-apples, and so forth.) In Sir Walter Scott, again, there reigns a genuine and noble feeling for victuals. Witness King James's cockieleekie, those endless, admirable repasts in "Ivanhoe," especially that venison pasty in "Quentin Durward," of the flavor of which I have the most distinct notion, and to which I never sit down without appetite, or quit unsatisfied. The very thoughts of these meals, as, recalling them one by one, I note them down, creates a delightful tickling and longing, and makes one quite hungry.

For these spiritual banquets, of course, all cookery-books are good; but this of the so-called Miller and Bregion is unrivalled. I have sent you a copy down to Oxford, and would beg you, my dear Lionel, to have it in your dressing-room. If you have been taking too many plovers' eggs, or *foie gras* patty, for breakfast, if you feel yourself a trifle heavy or incommoded after a hot luncheon, you naturally mount your cob, take a gentle breathing for a couple of hours on the Blenheim or Bugby Road, and return to dress for dinner at the last minute; still feeling that you have not quite got your appetite back, and, in spite of the exercise, that you are not altogether up to the good things of the fellows' table. In this case (which may often occur), take my advice. Instead of riding for two hours, curtail your exercise, and only trot for an hour and forty minutes. Spend these twenty minutes in your easy chair over "The Practical Cook." Begin almost at any page. After the first few paragraphs, the languor and heaviness begin to disappear. The idea of dining, which was quite disagreeable to you half an hour since, begins to be no longer repulsive — a new interest springs up in your breast for things edible, fancy awakens the dormant appetite, which the coarse remedy of a jolt on horseback had failed to rouse, and as the second bell rings, you hasten down to Hall with eagerness, for you know and feel that you are hungry. For some time I had the book at my bedside, and used to read it of nights; but this is most dangerous. Twice I was obliged to get up and dress myself at two o'clock in the morning, and go out to hunt for some supper.

As you begin at the preface of the book, it charms you with its philosophical tone.

"Far are we from saying that a dinner should not be a subject of morning or midday meditation, or of luxurious desire; but in the present advanced state of civilization, and of medical and chemical knowledge, something more than kneading, baking, stewing, and boiling, are necessary in any nation pretending to civilization. The metropolis of England exceeds Paris in extent and population: it commands a greater supply of all articles of consumption, and contains a greater number and variety of markets, which are better supplied. We greatly surpass the French in mutton, we produce better beef, lamb, and pork, and are immeasurably superior both in the quantity and quality of our fish, our venison, and our game, yet we cannot compare as a nation, with the higher, the middle, or the lower classes in France, in the science of preparing our daily food. The only articles of food in the quality of which the French surpass us are veal and fowl; but such is the skill and science of their cooks, that with worse mutton, worse beef, and worse lamb than ours, they produce better chops, cutlets, steaks, and better made-dishes of every nature and kind whatsoever. In *fricassées*, *ragoûts*, *salmis*, *quenelles*, *purées*, *filets*, and more especially in the dressing of vegetables, our neighbors surpass us, and we see no good reason why we should not imitate them in a matter in which they are so perfect, or why their more luxurious, more varied, more palatable, and more dainty cookery, should not be introduced among the higher and middle classes to more general notice."

No Joseph Bregion, though Ransmonski's *chef*; no Anne Miller, though cook to ever so many English families of distinction, could write like this. No, no.

This is not merely a practical cook, but a practical writer, whose pen we think we recognize, and who wishes to reconcile ourselves and our Gallic neighbors, by the noble means of a good dinner. There is no blinking the matter here; no foolish vain-glory and vaporing contempt of Frenchmen, such as some Britons are wont to indulge in, such as all Frenchmen endeavor to make pass for real. Scotland, they say, is the best cultivated country of Europe; and why? — because it is the most barren. Your Neapolitan peasant lolls in the sunshine all day, leaving his acres to produce spontaneous melons and volunteer grapes, with which the lazy farmer nourishes himself. Your canny Scot invents manures, rotatory crops, sub-soil ploughs, tile-drains, and other laborious wonders of agriculture, with which he forces reluctant Nature to be bountiful to him. And as with the fruits of the field, so it is with the beasts thereof; because we have fine mutton to our hand, we neglect cookery. *The French, who have worse mutton, worse beef, and worse lamb than ours, produce better chops, cutlets, and steaks.* This sentence should be painted up as a motto in all our kitchens. Let cooks blush when they read it. Let house-keepers meditate upon it. I am not writing in a burlesque or bantering strain. Let this truth be brought home to the bosoms of English kitchens, and the greatest good may be done.

The grand and broad principles of cookery or cookicks thus settled, the authors begin to dissert upon the various branches of the noble science, regarding all of which they have to say something new, pleasant or noble. Just read the heads of the chapters, — what a pleasant smack and gusto they have! —

RULES NECESSARY TO BE OBSERVED BY COOKS IN THE REGULATION AND MANAGEMENT OF THEIR LARDER.
OBSERVATIONS AS TO UNDRESSED MEATS.
OBSERVATIONS ON THE KITCHEN AND ITS UTENSILS.
OBSERVATIONS ON, AND DIRECTIONS FOR, CARVING.
GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON ENGLISH SOUPS AND BROTHS, AND DIRECTIONS CONCERNING THEM.
OBSERVATIONS ON MEAT IN GENERAL.

The mere titles themselves are provocative of pleasant thoughts and savory meditations. I seize on them. I sniff them spiritually. I eye them (with the eyes of the imagination) yearningly. I have seen little penniless boys eying meat and puddings

in cooks' shops so — no pleasant occupation, perhaps, to the hungry, but good and wholesome for such as have dined to-day and can afford to do so to-morrow. Even after dinner, I say this book is pleasant to read and think over. I hate the graceless wretch who begins to be disgusted with eating so soon as his own appetite is satisfied. Your truly hospitable man loves to see others eating happily around him, though satiety has caused him to lay down his own knife and fork; the spectacle of a hungry fellow-creature's enjoyment gives a benevolent gormandizer pleasure. I am writing this very line after an excellent repast of three courses; and yet this mere account of an English dinner awakens in me an active interest and a manly and generous sympathy.

"*On laying out a table.*—The manner of laying out a table is nearly the same in all parts of the United Kingdom; yet there are trifling local peculiarities to which the mistress of the house must attend. A centre ornament, whether it be a *dormant*, a *plateau*, an *epergne*, or a *candelabra*, is found so convenient, and contributes so much to the good appearance of the table, that a fashionable dinner is now seldom or never set out without something of this kind.

"Utility should be the true principle of beauty, at least in affairs of the table, and, above all, in the substantial first course. A very false taste is, however, often shown in centre ornaments. Strange ill-assorted nosegays, and bouquets of artificial flowers, begin to droop or look faded among hot steams. Ornamental articles of family plate, carved, chased, or merely plain, can never be out of place, however old-fashioned. In desserts, richly-cut glass is ornamental. We are far, also, from proscribing the foliage and moss in which fruits are sometimes seen bedded. The sparkling imitation of frost-work, which is given to preserved fruits and other things, is also exceedingly beautiful; as are many of the trifles belonging to French and Italian confectionery.

"Beautifully white damask, and a green cloth underneath, are indispensable.

"In all ranks, and in every family, one important art in housekeeping is to make what remains from one day's entertainment contribute to the elegance or plenty of the next day's dinner. This is a principle understood by persons in the very highest ranks of society, who maintain the most splendid and expensive establishments. Vegetables, ragoûts, and soups may be rewarmed; and jellies and blancmange remoulded, with no deterioration of their qualities. Savory or sweet patties, croquets, rissoles, *vol-au-vents*, fritters, tartlets, &c., may be served with almost no cost, where cookery is going forward on a large scale. In the French kitchen, a numerous class of culinary preparations, called *entrées de dessert*, or made-dishes of left things, are served even at grand entertainments.

"At dinners of any pretension, the first course consists of soups and fish, removed by boiled poultry, ham or tongue, roasts, stews, &c.; and of vegetables, with a few made-dishes, as ragoûts, curries, hashes, cutlets, patties, fricandeaux, &c., in as great variety as the number of dishes permits. For the second course, roasted poultry or game at the top and bottom, with dressed vegetables, omelets, macaroni, jellies, creams, salads, preserved fruits, and all sorts of sweet things and pastry, are employed,—endeavoring to give an article of each sort, as a jelly and a cream, as will be exemplified in bills of fare which follow. This is a more common arrangement than three courses, which are attended with so much additional trouble both to the guests and servants.

"Whether the dinner be of two or three courses, it is managed in nearly the same way. Two dishes of fish dressed in different ways—if suitable—should occupy the top and bottom; and two soups, a white and a brown, or a mild and a high seasoned, are best disposed on each side of the centre-piece: the fish-sauces are placed between the centre-piece, and the dish of fish to which each is appropriate; and this, with the decanted wines drunk during dinner, forms the first course. When there are rare French or Rhenish wines, they are placed in the original bottles, in ornamented wine-vases, between the centre-piece and the top and bottom dishes; or if four kinds, they are ranged round the plateau. If one bottle, it is placed in a vase in the centre.

"The Second Course at a purely English dinner, when there are three, consists of roasts and stews for the top and bottom; turkey or fowls, or fricandeau, or ham garnished, or tongue, for the sides; with small made-dishes for the corners, served in covered dishes; as *palates*, curries of any kind, *ragoût* or *fricassée* of rabbits, stewed mushrooms, &c., &c.

"The Third Course consists of game, confectionery, the more delicate vegetables dressed in the French way, puddings, creams, jellies, &c.

"Caraffes, with the tumblers belonging to and placed over them, are laid at proper intervals. Where hock, champagne, &c.,

&c., are served, they are handed round between the courses. When the third course is cleared away, cheese, butter, a fresh salad, or sliced cucumber are usually served; and the finger-glasses precede the dessert. At many tables, particularly in Indian houses, it is customary merely to hand quickly round a glass vessel or two filled with simple, or simply perfumed tepid water, made by the addition of a little rose or lavender water, or a home-made strained infusion of rose-leaves or lavender-spikes. Into this water each guest may dip the corner of his napkin, and with this refresh his lips and the tips of his fingers.

"The Dessert, at an English table, may consist merely of two dishes of fine fruit for the top and bottom; common or dried fruits, filberts, &c., for the corners or sides, and a cake for the middle, with ice-pails in hot weather. Liqueurs are at this stage handed round; and the wines usually drank after dinner are placed decanted on the table along with the dessert. The ice-pails and plates are removed as soon as the company finish their ice. This may be better understood by following the exact arrangement of what is considered a fashionable dinner of three courses and a dessert."

Now what can be finer than this description of a feed? How it recalls old days and old dinners, and makes one long for the return of friends to London and the opening of the dining campaign! It is not far removed, praised be luck! Already the lawyers are coming back (and, let me tell you, some of the judges give uncommonly good dinners), railroad speculations are bringing or keeping a good number of men of fortune about town: presently we shall have parliament, the chief good of which institution is, as I take it, that it collects in London respectable wealthy dinner-giving families; and then the glorious operations will commence again; and I hope that you, dear Lionel (on your occasional visits to London), and your humble servant, and every good epicure, will, six times at least in every week, realize that delightful imaginary banquet here laid out in type.

But I wish to offer a few words of respectful remonstrance, an approving observation regarding the opinions delivered above. The description of the dinner, as it actually exists, we will pass over; but it is of dinners as they should be, that I would speak. Some statements in the Bregion-Miller account I would question; of others I deplore that they should be true.

In the first place — as to central ornaments — have them as handsome, as massive, as you like — but be hanged to flowers! I say; and, above all, no candelabra on the table — no cross-lights: faces are not seen in the midst of the abominable cross-lights, and you don't know who is across the table. Have your lights rich and brilliant overhead, blazing on the sideboard, and gleaming hospitably from as many sources as you please along the walls, but no lights on the table. "Roses, bouquets, moss, and foliage," I have an utter contempt for, as quite foolish ornaments, that have no right to appear in atmospheres composed of the fumes of ham, gravy, soup, game, lobster-sauce, &c. Away with all poetastering at dinner-parties. Though your friends Plato and Socrates crowned themselves with garlands at dinner, I have always fancied Socrates an ass for his pains. Fancy old Noddly, of your college, or your own venerable mug or mine, set off with a wreath of tulips or a garland of roses, as we ladled down the turtle-soup in your hall! The thought is ridiculous and odious. Flowers were not made to eat — away with them! I doubt even whether young unmarried ladies should be allowed to come down to dinner. They are a sort of flowers — pretty little sentimental gewgaws — what can *they* know about eating? They should only be brought down for balls, and should dine upon roast-mutton in the nursery.

"Beautiful white damask and a green cloth are indispensable." Ah, my dear Lionel, on this head I exclaim, let me see the old mahogany back again, with the crystal, and the wine quivering and gleaming in it. I am sorry for the day when the odious

fashion of leaving the cloth down was brought across the water. They leave the cloth on a French table because it is necessary to disguise it; it is often a mere set of planks on trestles, the manners of which they disguise as they disguise the poverty of their meat. Let us see the naked mahogany; it means, I think, not only a good dinner, but a *good drink after dinner*. In houses where they leave the cloth down you know they are going to shirk their wine. And what is a dinner without a subsequent drink? A mockery — an incomplete enjoyment at least. Do you and I go out to dine that we may have the pleasure of drinking tea in the drawing-room, and hearing Miss Anne or Miss Jane sing? Fiddledeedee! I can get the best singing in the world for half a guinea! Do we expend money in cabs, kid gloves, and awful waistcoats, in order to get muffins and tea? Bah! Nay, does any man of sense declare honestly that he likes ladies' conversation? I have read in novels, that it was pleasant the refinement of woman's society — the delightful influence of a female presence, and so forth; but say now, as a man of the world and an honest fellow, did you ever get any good out of women's talk? What a bore a clever woman is! — what a frightful bore a mediocre respectable woman is? And every woman who is worth any thing will confess as much. There is no woman but *one* after all. But mum! I am getting away from the dinner-table; they it was who dragged me from it, and it was for parsimony's sake, and to pleasure them, that the practice of leaving on the cloth for dessert was invented.

This I honestly say as a diner-out in the world. If I accept an invitation to a house, where the dessert-cloth practice is maintained (it must be, I fear, in large dinners of *apparat* now, but I mean in common *réunions* of ten or fourteen) — if I accept a dessert-cloth invitation, and a mahogany invitation subsequently comes, I fling over dessert cloth. To ask you to dinner without a drink, is to ask you to half a dinner.

This I say in the interest of every diner-out. An unguarded passage in the above description, too, might give rise to a fatal error, and be taken advantage of by stingy curmudgeons who are anxious for any opportunity of saving their money and liquor, — I mean those culpable careless words, "*Where hock, champagne, &c., &c., are served, they are handed round between the courses.*" Of course they are handed round between the courses; but they are handed round during the courses too. A man who sets you down to a driblet of champagne — who gives you a couple of beggarly glasses between the courses, and winks to John who froths up the liquor in your glass, and screws up the remainder of the bottle for his master's next day's drinking, — such a man is an impostor and despicable snob. This fellow must not be allowed an excuse for his practice — the wretch must not be permitted to point to Joseph Bregion and Anne Miller for an authority, and say they declare that champagne is to be served only between the courses. No! — no! you poor lily-livered wretch! if money is an object to you, drink water (as we have all done, perhaps, in an august state of domestic circumstances, with a good heart); but if there is to be champagne, have no stint of it, in the name of Bacchus! Profusion is the charm of hospitality; have plenty, if it be only beer. A man who offers champagne by driblets is a fellow who would wear a pinchbeck breastpin, or screw on spurs to his boots to make believe that he kept a horse. I have no words of scorn sufficiently strong to characterize the penny coward, shivering on the brink of hospitality, without nerve to plunge into the generous stream!

Another word should be said to men of moderate means about that same champagne. It is actually one of the cheapest of wines, and there is

no wine, out of which, to speak commercially, you get your returns so directly. The popping, and fixing, and agreeable nervous hurry in pouring and drinking, give it a prestige and an extra importance — it makes twice the appearance, has twice the effect, and doesn't cost you more than a bottle of your steady, old, brown sherry, which has gathered on his head the interest of accumulated years in your cellar. When people have had plenty of champagne, they fancy they have been treated liberally. If you wish to save, save upon your hocks, Sauternes, and Moselles, which count for nothing, but disappear down careless throats like so much toast and water.

I have made this remark about champagne. All men of the world say they don't care for it; all gourmands swear and vow that they prefer sillery a thousand times to sparkling, but look around the table and behold! We all somehow drink it. All who say they like the sillery will be found drinking the sparkling. Yes, beloved sparkler, you are an artificial, barley-sugared, brandied beverage, according to the dicta of connoisseurs. You are universally sneered at, and said to have no good in you. But console yourself, you are universally drunken — you are the wine of the world — you are the liquor in whose bubbles lies the greatest amount of the sparkle of good spirits. May I die but I will not be ashamed to proclaim my love for you! You have given me much pleasure and never any pain — you have stood by me in many hard moments, and cheered me in many dull ones — you have whipped up many flagging thoughts, and dissipated many that were gloomy — you have made me hope, ay, and forget. Ought a man to disown such a friend?

Incomparably the best champagne I know is to be found in England. It is the most doctored, the most brandied, the most barley-sugared, the most *winy* wine in the world. As such, let us hail, and honor, and love it.

Those precious words about *re-chauffés* and the art of making the remains of one day's entertainment contribute to the elegance and plenty of the next day's dinner, cannot be too fondly pondered over by housekeepers, or too often brought into practice. What is it, ladies, that so often drives out men to clubs, and leaves the domestic hearth desolate — what, but bad dinners? And whose fault is the bad dinners but yours — yours, forsooth, who are too intellectual to go into the kitchen, and too delicate to think about your husbands' victuals? I know a case in which the misery of a whole life, nay, of a whole series of little and big lives, arose from a wife's high and mighty neglect of the good things of life, when *ennui*, estrangement, and subsequent ruin and suicide, arose out of an obstinate practice of serving a leg of mutton three days running in a small respectable family.

My friend, whom I shall call Mortimer Delamere (for why not give the unfortunate fellow as neat and as elegant a name as possible, as I am obliged to keep his own back out of regard for his family?) — Mortimer Delamere was an ornament of the Stock Exchange, and married at the age of twenty-five.

Before marriage he had a comfortable cottage at Satton, whither he used to drive after business-hours, and where you had roast ducks, toasted cheese, steaks and onions, wonderful bottled stout and old port, and other of those savory but somewhat coarse luxuries, with which house-keeping bachelors sometimes recreate their palates. He married, and quitted his friends and his little hospitalities, his punch and his cigars, for a genteel wife and house in the Regent's Park, where I once had the misfortune to take pot luck with him.

That dinner, which I never repeated, showed me at once that Delamere's happiness was a wreck. He had cold mutton and mouldy potatoes. His genteel wife, when he humbly said that he should have preferred the mutton hashed, answered supercili-

ously that the kitchen was not her province, that as long as there was food sufficient, she did not heed its quality. She talked about poetry and the Rev. Robert Montgomery all the evening, and about quarter of an hour after she had left us to ourselves and the dessert, summoned us to exceedingly weak and muddy coffee in the drawing-room, where she subsequently entertained us with bad music, sung with her own cracked, false, genteel voice. My usual politeness and powers of conversation did not of course desert me even under this affliction; and she was pleased to say at the close of the entertainment that she had enjoyed a highly intellectual evening, and hoped Mr. Fitz-Boodle would repeat his visit. Mr. Fitz-Boodle would have seen her at Jericho first!

But what was the consequence of a life of this sort? When the mutton is habitually cold in a house, depend on it the affection grows cold too. Delamere could not bear that comfortless, flavorless, frigid existence. He took refuge in the warmth of a club. He frequented not only the library and coffee room, but, alas! the smoking-room and card-room. He became a *viveur* and jolly dog about town, neglecting the wife who had neglected him, and who is now separated from him, and proclaimed to be a martyr by her genteel family, whereas, in fact, her own selfishness was the cause of his falling away. Had she but condescended to hash his mutton and give him a decent dinner, the poor fellow would have been at home to this day; would never have gone to the club or played with Mr. Denman, who won his money; would never have been fascinated by Senhora Dolora, who caused his duel with Captain Tufto; would never have been obliged to fly to America after issuing bills which he could not take up — bills, alas! with somebody else's name written on them.

I venture to say that if "The Practical Cook" had been published, and Mrs. Delamere had condescended to peruse it; if she had read pages 30–32, for instance, with such simple recipes as these, —

"BILLS OF FARE FOR PLAIN FAMILY DINNERS.

DINNERS OF FIVE DISHES.

Peas, or Mulligatawny Soup.

Potatoes browned below the Roast. — Apple Dumpling, or Plain Fritters. — Mashed Turnip or Pickles.

Roast Shoulder of Mutton.

Haddocks boiled, with Parsley, and Butter Sauce.

Potatoes. — Newmarket Pudding. Haricot, Currie Hash, or Grill *Of the Mutton of the Former Day.* — Rice or Pickles.

Knuckle of Veal Ragoût, *or with Rice.*

Stewed Endive. — A Charlotte. — Potatoes.

Roast of Pork, or Pork Chops — *Sage Sauce, or Sauce piquante.*

Boiled Cod, with Oyster, Egg, or Dutch Sauce.

Potatoes. — Mutton Broth. Scrag of Mutton. — Carrots or Turnips.

With Caper Sauce, or Parsley and Butter.

Cod Currie, or a Béchemel, of the Fish of Former Day.

Scalloped Oysters. — Rice Pudding. — Mashed Potatoes.

Roast Ribs of Beef.

Bouilli *garnished with Onions.*

Marrow Bones. — Soup *of the Bouilli.* — Beef Cecils, of the Roast Ribs of the former day.

Lamb Chops with Potatoes.

Vegetables on the Side Table."

she would have had her husband at home every day. As I read them over myself, dwelling upon each, I say inwardly, "Could I find a wife who did not sing, and who would daily turn me out such dinners as these, Fitz-Boodle himself would be a family man." See there how the dishes are made to play into each other's hands; how the roast shoulder of mutton of Monday (though there is no mention made of the onion sauce) becomes the currie or grill of Tuesday; how the boiled cod of Thursday becomes the bêchemel of Friday, a still better thing than boiled cod! Feed a man according to those recipes, and I engage to say he *never* would dine out, especially on Saturdays, with that delicious bouilli garnished with onions, — though, to be sure, there is a trifle too much beef in the *carte* of the day; and I for my part should prefer a dish of broiled fish in the place of the lamb-chops with potatoes, the dinner as it stands here being a trifle too *brown*.

One day in the week a man might have a few friends and give them any one of these: —

"GOOD FAMILY DINNERS OF SEVEN DISHES.

	Crimped Salmon.	
Mashed Potatoes, *in small shapes.*	*Lobster Sauce, or Parsley and Butter.*	Mince Pies, *or Rizzoles.*
	Irish Stew.	
Oxford Dumplings.	(*Remove* — Apple Pie.) Pickles. Roast of Beef.	Mince Veal.
	Irish Stew, or Haricot of Mutton.	Mashed Potatoes.
Chickens.	Fritters.	Tongue on Spinach,
Apple Sauce.		or a Piece of Ham.
	Stubble Goose.	
	Fried Soles.	
Savory Patties.	Onion Soup, (*Remove* — A Charlotte.)	Salad.
Macaroni.	*Sliced Cucumber.* Saddle of Mutton Roasted."	Veal Sweetbreads.

Very moderate means might enable a man to give such a dinner as this; and how good they all are! I should like to see eight good fellows over No. 3, for instance, — six men, say, and two ladies. They would not take any onion soup, of course, though all the men would; but the veal sweetbreads, and the remove, *a charlotte*, are manifestly meant for them. There would be no champagne, the dinner is too jolly and *bourgeois* for that; but after they had partaken of a glass of wine and had retired, just three bottles of excellent claret would be discussed by us six, and every man who went up stairs to coffee would make himself agreeable. In such a house the coffee would be good. The way to make good coffee is a secret known only to few housekeepers, — it is to have plenty of coffee.

Thus do Joseph Bregion and Anne Miller care for high and low. They provide the domestic dinner to be calm in the bosoms of private families; they invent bills of fare for the jolly family party, that pleasantest of all meetings; and they expand upon occasion and give us the magnificent parade banquet of three courses, at which kings or fellows of colleges may dine. If you will ask your cook at St. Boniface to try either of the dinners marked out for January and February, and will send your obedient servant a line, he for one will be happy to come down and partake of it at Oxford.

I could go on prattling in this easy innocent way for hours, my dear

Lionel, but the editor of this magazine (about whose capabilities I have my own opinion) has limited me to space, and that space is now pretty nearly occupied. I should like to have had a chat with you about the Indian dishes, the chapter on which is very scientific and savory. The soup and broth chapter is rich, learned, and philosophical. French cookery is not, of course, *approfondi*, or elaborately described, but nobly raissonné, like one of your lectures on a Greek play, where you point out in eloquent terms the salient beauties, sketch with masterly rapidity the principal characters, and gracefully unweave the complications of the metre. But I have done. "The Practical Cook" will triumph of his own force without my puny aid to drag the wheels of his car. Let me fling a few unpretending flowers over it, and sing, Io to the victor! Happy is the writer, happy the possessor, happy above all the publishers, of such a book!

Farewell, dear Lionel; present my respectful remembrances to the master of your college and our particular chums in the common-room. I am come to town for Christmas, so you may send the brawn to my lodgings as soon as you like. Your faithful, G. S. F. B.

[*A Brother of the Press on the History of a Literary Man.*]

LAMAN BLANCHARD, AND THE CHANCES OF THE LITERARY PROFESSION.

IN A LETTER TO THE REVEREND FRANCIS SYLVESTER AT ROME, FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ.

London, Feb. 20, 1846.

My dear Sir, — Our good friend and patron, the publisher of this magazine, has brought me your message from Rome, and your demand to hear news from the *other* great city of the world. As the forty columns of "The Times" cannot satisfy your reverence's craving, and the details of the real great revolution of England which is actually going on do not sufficiently interest you, I send you a page or two of random speculations upon matters connected with the literary profession: they were suggested by reading the works and the biography of a literary friend of ours, lately deceased, and for whom every person who knew him had the warmest and sincerest regard. And no wonder. It was impossible to help trusting a man so thoroughly generous and honest, and loving one who was so perfectly gay, gentle, and amiable.

A man can't enjoy every thing in the world; but what delightful gifts and qualities are these to have! Not having known Blanchard as intimately as some others did, yet, I take it, he had in his life as much pleasure as falls to most men; the kindest friends, the most affectionate family, a heart to enjoy both; and a career not undistinguished, which I hold to be the smallest matter of all. But we have a cowardly dislike, or compassion for, the fact of a man dying poor. Such a one is rich, bilious, and a curmudgeon, without heart or stom-

ach to enjoy his money, and we set him down as respectable; another is morose or passionate, his whole view of life seen blood-shot through passion, or jaundiced through moroseness; or he is a fool who can't see, or feel, or enjoy any thing at all, with no ear for music, no eye for beauty, no heart for love, with nothing except money: we meet such people every day, and respect them somehow. That donkey brouses over five thousand acres; that madman's bankers come bowing out to his carriage. You feel secretly pleased at shooting over the acres, or driving in the carriage. At any rate, nobody thinks of compassionating their owners. We are a race of flunkies, and keep our pity for the poor.

I don't mean to affix the plush personally upon the kind and distinguished gentleman and writer who has written Blanchard's Memoir; but it seems to me that it is couched in much too despondent a strain; that the lot of the hero of the little story was by no means deplorable; and there is not the least call at present, to be holding up literary men as martyrs. Even that prevailing sentiment which regrets that means should not be provided for giving them leisure, for enabling them to perfect great works in retirement, that they should waste away their strength with fugitive literature, &c., I hold to be often uncalled for and dangerous. I believe, if most men of letters were to be pensioned, I am sorry to say I believe they wouldn't work at all; and of others, that the labor which is to answer the calls of the day is the one quite suited to their genius. Suppose Sir Robert Peel were to write to you, and, enclosing a check for 20,000*l*., instruct you to pension any fifty deserving authors, so that they might have leisure to retire and write "great" works, on whom would you fix?

People in the big book interest, too, cry out against the fashion of fugitive literature, and no wonder. For instance, —

"The Times" gave an extract the other day from a work by one Doctor Carus, physician to the King of Saxony, who attended his royal master on his recent visit to England, and has written a book concerning the journey. Among other London lions, the illustrious traveller condescended to visit one of the largest and most remarkable, certainly, of metropolitan roarers — "The Times" printing-office; of which, the Doctor, in his capacity as a man of science, gives an exceedingly bad, stupid, and blundering account.

Carus was struck with "disgust," he says, at the prodigious size of the paper, and at the thought which suggested itself to his mind from this enormity. There was as much printed every day as would fill a thick volume. It required ten years of life to a philosopher to write a volume. The issuing of these daily tomes was unfair upon philosophers, who were put out of the market; and unfair on the public, who were made to receive (and, worse still, to get a relish for) crude daily speculations, and frivolous ephemeral news, where they ought to be fed and educated upon stronger and simpler diet.

We have heard this outcry a hundred times from this big-wig body. The world gives up a lamentable portion of its time to fleeting literature; authors who might be occupied upon great works fritter away their lives in producing endless hasty sketches. Kind, wise, and good Doctor Arnold deplored the fatal sympathy which "The Pickwick Papers" had created among the boys of his school; and it is a fact that "Punch" is as regularly read among the boys at Eton as the Latin Grammar.

Arguing for liberty of conscience against any authority, however great — against Doctor Arnold himself, who seems to me the greatest, wisest, and best of men that has appeared for eighteen hundred years; let us take a stand at once, and ask, Why should not the day have its literature?

Why should not authors make light sketches? Why should not the public be amused daily or frequently by kindly fictions? It is well and just for Arnold to object. Light stories of Jingle and Tupman, and Sam Weller quips and cranks, must have come with but a bad grace before that pure and lofty soul. The trivial and familiar are out of place there; the harmless joker must walk away abashed before such a presence, as he would be silent and hushed in a cathedral. But all the world is not made of that angelic stuff. From his very height and sublimity of virtue he could but look down and deplore the ways of small men beneath him. I mean, seriously, that I think the man was of so august and sublime a nature, that he was not a fair judge of us, or of the ways of the generality of mankind. One has seen a delicate person sicken and faint at the smell of a flower, it does not follow that the flower was not sweet and wholesome in consequence; and I hold that laughing and honest story-books are good, against all the doctors.

Laughing is not the highest occupation of a man, very certainly; or the power of creating it the height of genius. I am not going to argue for that. No more is the blacking of boots the greatest occupation. But it is done, and well and honestly, by persons ordained to that calling in life, who arrogate to themselves (if they are straightforward and worthy shoeblacks) no especial rank or privilege on account of their calling; and not considering boot-brushing the greatest effort of earthly genius, nevertheless select their Day and Martin, or Warren, to the best of their judgment; polish their upper leathers as well as they can; satisfy their patrons; and earn their fair wages.

I have chosen the unpolite shoeblack comparison, not out of disrespect to the trade of literature; but it is as good a craft as any other to select. In some way or other, for daily bread and hire, almost all men are laboring daily. Without necessity they would not work at all, or very little, probably. In some instances, you reap Reputation along with Profit from your labor, but Bread, in the main, is the incentive. Do not let us try to blink this fact, or imagine that the men of the press are working for their honor and glory, or go onward impelled by an irresistible afflatus of genius. If only men of genius were to write, Lord help us! how many books would there be? How many people are there even capable of appreciating genius? Is Mr. Wakley's or Mr. Hume's opinion about poetry worth much? As much as that of millions of people in this honest stupid empire; and they have a right to have books supplied for them as well as the most polished and accomplished critics have. The literary man gets his bread by providing goods suited to the consumption of these. This man of letters contributes a police report; that, an article containing downright information; this one, as an editor, abuses Sir Robert Peel, or lauds Lord John Russell, or *vice versâ*; writing to a certain class who coincide in his views, or are interested by the question which he moots. The literary character, let us hope or admit, writes quite honestly; but no man supposes he would work perpetually but for money. And as for immortality it is quite beside the bargain. Is it reasonable to look for it, or to pretend that you are actuated by a desire to attain to it? Of all the quill-drivers how many have ever drawn that prodigious prize? Is it fair even to ask that many should? Out of a regard for poor dear posterity and men of letters to come, let us be glad that the great immortality number comes up so rarely. Mankind would have no time otherwise, and would be so gorged with old masterpieces, that they could not occupy themselves with new, and future literary men would have chance of a livelihood.

To do your work honestly, to

amuse and instruct your reader of to-day, to die when your time comes, and go hence with as clean a breast as may be; may these be all yours, and ours, by God's will. Let us be content with our *status* as literary craftsmen, telling the truth as far as may be, hitting no foul blow, condescending to no servile puffery, filling not a very lofty, but a manly and honorable part. Nobody says that Dr. Locock is wasting his time because he rolls about daily in his carriage, and passes hours with the nobility and gentry, his patients, instead of being in his study wrapt up in transcendental medical meditation. Nobody accuses Sir Fitzroy Kelley of neglecting his genius because he will take anybody's brief, and argue it in court for money, when he might sit in chambers with his oak sported, and give up his soul to investigations of the nature, history, and improvement of law. There is no question but that either of the eminent persons, by profound study, might increase their knowledge in certain branches of their profession; but in the meanwhile the practical part must go on — causes come on for hearing, and ladies lie in, and some one must be there. The commodities in which the lawyer and the doctor deal are absolutely required by the public, and liberally paid for; every day, too, the public requires more literary handicraft done; the practitioner in that trade gets a better trade and place. In another century, very likely, his work will be so necessary to his people, and his market so good, that his prices will double and treble; his social rank rise; he will be getting what they call "honors," and dying in the bosom of the genteel. Our calling is only sneered at because it is not well paid. The world has no other criterion for respectability. In Heaven's name, what made people talk of setting up a statue to Sir William Follett? What had he done? He had made 300,000*l*. What has George IV. done, that he, too, is to have a brazen image? He was an exemplar of no greatness, no good quality, no duty in life; but a type of magnificence, of beautiful coats, carpets, and gigs, turtle-soup, chandeliers, cream-colored horses, and delicious Maraschino, — all these good things he expressed and represented; and the world, respecting them beyond all others, raised statues to the first "gentleman in Europe." Directly the men of letters get rich, they will come in for their share of honor too; and a future writer in their miscellany may be getting ten guineas where we get one, and dancing at Buckingham Palace while you and your humble servant, dear Padre Francesco, are glad to smoke our pipes in quiet over the sanded floor of the little D——.

But the happy *homme de lettres*, whom I imagine in futurity kicking his heels *vis à vis* to a duchess in some fandango at the court of her majesty's grandchildren, will be in reality no better or honester, or more really near fame, than the quill-driver of the present day, with his doubtful position and small gains. Fame, that guerdon of high genius, comes quite independent of Berkeley Square, and is a republican institution. Look around to our own day among the holders of the pen: begin (without naming names, for that is odious) and count on your fingers those whom you will back in the race for immortality. How many fingers have you that are left untold? It is an invidious question. Alas! dear ——, and dear ——, you who think you are safe, there is futurity, and limbo, and blackness for you, beloved friends! *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor;* there's no use denying it, or shirking the fact; in we must go, and disappear for ever and ever.

And after all, what is this Reputation, the cant of our trade, the goal that every scribbling penny-a-liner demurely pretends that he is hunting after? Why should we get it? Why

can't we do without it? We only fancy we want it. When people say of such and such a man who is dead, "He neglected his talents; he frittered away in fugitive publications time and genius, which might have led to the production of a great work;" this is the gist of Sir Bulwer Lytton's kind and affecting biographical notice of our dear friend and comrade Laman Blanchard, who passed away so melancholily last year.

I don't know any thing more dissatisfactory and absurd than that insane test of friendship which has been set up by some literary men, viz., admiration of their works. Say that this picture is bad, or that poem poor, or that article stupid, and there are certain authors and artists among us who set you down as an enemy forthwith, or look upon you as a *faux frère*. What is there in common with the friend and his work of art? The picture or article once done and handed over to the public, is the latter's property, not the author's, and to be estimated according to its honest value; and so, and without malice, I question Sir Bulwer Lytton's statement about Blanchard, viz., that he would have been likely to produce with leisure, and under favorable circumstances, a work of the highest class. I think his education and habits, his quick, easy manner, his sparkling, hidden fun, constant tenderness and brilliant good-humor, were best employed as they were. At any rate he had a duty, much more imperative upon him than the preparation of great works, — to get his family their dinner. A man must be a very Great man, indeed, before he can neglect this precaution.

His three volumes of essays, pleasant and often brilliant as they are, give no idea of the powers of the author, or even of his natural manner, which, as I think, was a thousand times more agreeable. He was like the good little child in the fairy tale, his mouth dropped out all sorts of diamonds and rubies. His wit, which was always playing and frisking about the company, had the wonderful knack of never hurting anybody. He had the most singular art of discovering good qualities in people; in discoursing of which the kindly little fellow used to glow and kindle up, and emphasize with the most charming energy. Good-natured actions of others, good jokes, favorite verses of friends, he would bring out fondly, whenever they met, or there was question of them; and he used to toss and dandle their sayings or doings about, and hand them round to the company, as the delightful Miss Slowboy does the baby in the last Christmas book. What was better than wit in his talk was that it was so genial. He *enjoyed* thoroughly, and chirped over his wine with a good humor, that could not fail to be infectious. His own hospitality was delightful: there was something about it charmingly brisk, simple, and kindly. How he used to laugh! As I write this, what a number of pleasant, hearty scenes come back! One can hear the jolly, clear laughter; and see his keen, kind, beaming Jew face, — a mixture of Mendelssohn and Voltaire.

Sir Bulwer Lytton's account of him will be read by all his friends with pleasure, and by the world as a not uncurious specimen of the biography of a literary man. The memoir savors a little too much of the funeral oration. It might have been a little more particular and familiar, so as to give the public a more intimate acquaintance with one of the honestest and kindest of men, who lived by pen; and yet, after a long and friendly intercourse with Blanchard, I believe the praises Sir Lytton bestows on his character are by no means exaggerated: it is only the style in which they are given, which is a little too generally encomiastic. The memoir begins in this way, a pretty and touching design of Mr. Kenny Meadows heading the biography:—

"To most of those who have mixed generally with the men, who, in our day, have chosen literature as their profession, the name of Laman Blanchard brings recollections of peculiar tenderness and regret. Amidst a career which the keenness of anxious rivalry renders a sharp probation to the temper and the affections, often yet more imbittered by the strife of party, of which, in a Representative Constitution, few men of letters escape the eager passions and the angry prejudice — they recall the memory of a competitor, without envy; a partisan, without gall; firm as the firmest in the maintenance of his opinions; but gentle as the gentlest in the judgment he passed on others.

"Who, among our London brotherhood of letters, does not miss that simple cheerfulness, that inborn and exquisite urbanity — that child-like readiness to be pleased with all — that happy tendency to panegyrize every merit, and to be lenient to every fault? Who does not recall that acute and delicate sensibility, so easily wounded, and therefore so careful not to wound — which seemed to infuse a certain intellectual fine breeding, of forbearance and sympathy, into every society where it insinuated its gentle way? Who, in convivial meetings, does not miss, and will not miss forever, the sweetness of those unpretending talents — the earnestness of that honesty which seemed unconscious it was worn so lightly — the mild influence of that exuberant kindness, which softened the acrimony of young disputants, and reconciled the secret animosities of jealous rivals? Yet few men had experienced more to sour them than Laman Blanchard, or had gone more resolutely through the author's hardening ordeal of narrow circumstance, of daily labor, and of that disappointment in the higher aims of ambition, which must almost inevitably befall those who retain ideal standards of excellence, to be reached but by time and leisure, and who are yet condemned to draw hourly upon unmatured resources for the practical wants of life. To have been engaged from boyhood in such struggles, and to have preserved, undiminished, generous admiration for those more fortunate, and untiring love for his own more noble yet thankless calling; and this with a constitution singularly finely strong, and with all the nervous irritability which usually accompanies the indulgence of the imagination, is a proof of the rarest kind of strength, depending less upon a power purely intellectual, than upon the higher and more beautiful heroism which woman, and such men alone as have the best feelings of a woman's nature, take from instinctive enthusiasm for what is great, and uncalculating faith in what is good.

"It is regarded thus that the character of Laman Blanchard assumes an interest of a very elevated order. He was a choice and worthy example of the professional English men of letters in our day. He is not to be considered in the light of the man of daring and turbulent genius, living on the false excitement of vehement calumny and uproarious praise. His was a career not indeed obscure, but sufficiently quiet and unnoticed to be solaced with little of the pleasure with which, in aspirants of a noisier fame, gratified and not ignoble vanity rewards the labor and stimulates the hope. For more than twenty years he toiled on through the most fatiguing paths of literary composition, mostly in periodicals, often anonymously; pleasing and lightly instructing thousands, but gaining none of the prizes, whether of weighty reputation or popular renown, which more fortunate chances, or more pretending modes of investing talent, have given in our day to men of half his merits."

Not a feature in this charming character is flattered, as far as I know. Did the subject of the memoir feel disappointed in the higher aims of ambition? Was his career not solaced with pleasure? Was his noble calling a thankless one? I have said before, his calling was not thankless; his career, in the main, pleasant; his disappointment, if he had one of the higher aims of ambition, one that might not uneasily be borne. If every man is disappointed because he cannot reach supreme excellence, what a mad, misanthropical world ours would be! Why should men of letters aim higher than they can hit, or be "disappointed" with the share of brains God has given them? Nor can you say a man's career is unpleasant, who was so heartily liked and appreciated as Blanchard was, by all persons of high intellect, or low, with whom he came in contact. He had to bear with some, but not unbearable poverty. At home he had every thing to satisfy his affection: abroad, every sympathy and consideration met this universally esteemed, good man. Such a calling as his is *not* thankless, surely. Away with this discontent and morbid craving for renown! A man who writes (Tennyson's) "Ulysses" or "Comus," *may* put in his claim for

fame, if you will, and demand and deserve it: but it requires no vast power of intellect to write most sets of words, and have them printed in a book: — To write this article, for instance, or the last novel, pamphlet, book of travels. Most men with a decent education and practice of the pen, could go and do the like, were they so professionally urged. Let such fall into the rank and file, and shoulder their weapons, and load, and fire cheerfully. An every-day writer has no more right to repine because he loses the great prizes, and can't write like Shakspeare, than he has to be envious of Sir Robert Peel, or Wellington, or King Hudson, or Taglioni. Because the sun shines above, is a man to warm himself, and admire; or to despond because he can't in his person flare up like the sun? I don't believe that Blanchard was by any means an amateur-martyr, but was, generally speaking, very decently satisfied with his condition.

Here is the account of his early history — a curious and interesting one: —

"Samuel Laman Blanchard was born of respectable parents in the middle class at Great Yarmouth, on the 15th of May, 1803. His mother's maiden name was Mary Laman. She married first Mr. Cowell, at St. John's Church, Bermondsey, about the year 1796; he died in the following year. In 1799 she was married again, to Samuel Blanchard, by whom she had seven children, but only one son, the third child, christened Samuel Laman.

"In 1805, Mr. Blanchard (the father) appears to have removed to the metropolis, and to have settled in Southwark as a painter and glazier. He was enabled to give his boy a good education — an education, indeed, of that kind which could not but unfit young Laman for the calling of his father; for it developed the abilities and bestowed the learning, which may be said to lift a youth morally out of trade, and to refine him at once into a gentleman. At six years old he was entered a scholar of St. Olave's school, then under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Blenkorn. He became the head Latin scholar, and gained the chief prize in each of the last three years he remained at the academy. When he left, it was the wish of the master and trustees that he should be sent to college, one boy being annually selected from the pupils, to be maintained at the university, for the freshman's year, free of expense; for the charges of the two remaining years the parents were to provide. So strong, however, were the hopes of the master for his promising pupil, that the trustees of the school consented to depart from their ordinary practice, and offered to defray the collegiate expenses for two years. Unfortunately, the offer was not accepted. No wonder that poor Laman regretted in after-life the loss of this golden opportunity. The advantages of a university career to a young man in his position, with talents and application, but without interest, birth, and fortune, are incalculable. The pecuniary independence afforded by the scholarship and the fellowship afforded in itself no despicable prospect; but the benefits which distinction, fairly won at those noble and unrivalled institutions, confers, are the greatest where least obvious; they tend usually to bind the vagueness of youthful ambition to the secure reliance on some professional career, in which they smooth the difficulties and abridge the novitiate. Even in literature a college education not only tends to refine the taste, but to propitiate the public. And in all the many walks of practical and public life, the honors gained at the university never fail to find well-wishers amongst powerful contemporaries, and to create generous interest in the fortunes of the aspirant.

"But my poor friend was not destined to have one obstacle smoothed away from his weary path. With the natural refinement of his disposition, and the fatal cultivation of his intellectual susceptibilities, he was placed at once in a situation which it was impossible that he could fill with steadiness and zeal. Fresh from classical studies, and his emulation warmed by early praise, and school-boy triumph, he was transferred to the drudgery of a desk in the office of Mr. Charles Pearson, a proctor in Doctor's Commons. The result was inevitable; his mind, by a natural re-action, betook itself to the pursuits most hostile to such a career. Before this, even from the age of thirteen, he had trifled with the Muses; he now conceived in good earnest the more perilous passion for the stage.

"Barry Cornwall's 'Dramatic Scenes' were published about this time, — they exercised considerable influence over the taste and aspirations of young Blanchard — and many dramatic sketches of brilliant promise, bearing his initials, S. L. B. appeared in a periodical work existing at that period, called "The Drama." In them, though the conception and general treatment are borrowed from Barry Cornwall, the style and rhythm are rather modelled on the peculiarities of Byron.

Their promise is not the less for the imitation they betray. The very characteristic of genius is to be imitative — first of authors, then of nature. Books lead us to fancy feelings that are not yet genuine. Experience is necessary to record those which color our own existence: and the style only becomes original in proportion as the sentiment it expresses is sincere. More touching, therefore, than these 'Dramatic Sketches,' was a lyrical effusion on the death of Sidney Ireland, a young friend to whom he was warmly attached, and over whose memory, for years afterwards, he often shed tears. He named his eldest son after that early friend. At this period, Mr. Douglas Jerrold had written three volumes of Moral Philosophy, and Mr. Buckstone, the celebrated comedian, volunteered to copy the work for the juvenile moralist. On arriving at any passage that struck his fancy, Mr. Buckstone communicated his delight to his friend Blanchard, and the emulation thus excited tended more and more to sharpen the poet's distaste to all avocations incompatible with literature. Anxious, in the first instance, to escape from dependence on his father (who was now urgent that he should leave the proctor's desk for the still more ungenial mechanism of the paternal trade), he meditated the best of all preparatives to dramatic excellence; viz., a practical acquaintance with the stage itself: he resolved to become an actor. Few indeed are they in this country who have ever succeeded eminently in the literature of the stage, who have not either trod its boards, or lived habitually in its atmosphere. Blanchard obtained an interview with Mr. Henry Johnston, the actor, and recited, in his presence, passages from Glover's 'Leonidas.' He read admirably — his elocution was faultless — his feeling exquisite; Mr. Johnston was delighted with his powers, but he had experience and wisdom to cool his professional enthusiasm, and he earnestly advised the aspirant not to think of the stage. He drew such a picture of the hazards of success — the obstacles to a position — the precariousness even of a subsistence, that the poor boy's heart sunk within him. He was about to resign himself to obscurity and trade, when he suddenly fell in with the manager of the Margate theatre; this gentleman proposed to enroll him in his own troop, and the proposal was eagerly accepted, in spite of the warnings of Mr. Henry Johnston. 'A week,' says Mr. Buckstone (to whom I am indebted for these particulars, and whose words I now quote), 'was sufficient to disgust him with the beggary and drudgery of the country player's life; and as there were no "Harlequins" steaming it from Margate to London Bridge at that day, he performed his journey back on foot, having, on reaching Rochester, but his last shilling — the poet's veritable last shilling — in his pocket.

"'At that time a circumstance occurred, which my poor friend's fate has naturally brought to my recollection. He came to me late one evening, in a state of great excitement; informed me that his father had turned him out of doors; that he was utterly hopeless and wretched, and was resolved to destroy himself. I used my best endeavors to console him, to lead his thoughts to the future, and hope in what chance and perseverance might effect for him. Our discourse took a livelier turn; and after making up a bed on a sofa in my own room, I retired to rest. I soon slept soundly, but was awakened by hearing a footstep descending the stairs. I looked towards the sofa, and discovered he had left it; I heard the street door close; I instantly hurried on my clothes, and followed him; I called to him, but received no answer; I ran till I saw him in the distance also running; I again called his name; I implored him to stop, but he would not answer me. Still continuing his pace, I became alarmed, and doubled my speed. I came up with him near to Westminster Bridge; he was hurrying to the steps leading to the river; I seized him; he threatened to strike me if I did not release him; I called for the watch; I entreated him to return; he became more pacified, but still seemed anxious to escape from me. By entreaties; by every means of persuasion I could think of; by threats to call for help; I succeeded in taking him back. The next day he was more composed, but I believe rarely resided with his father after that time. Necessity compelled him to do something for a livelihood, and in time he became a reader in the office of the Messrs. Bayliss, in Fleet Street. By that employ, joined to frequent contributions to "The Monthly Magazine," at that time published by them, he obtained a tolerable competence.

"'Blanchard and Jerrold had serious thoughts of joining Lord Byron in Greece; they were to become warriors, and assist the poet in the liberation of the classic land. Many a nightly wandering found them discussing their project. In the midst of one of these discussions they were caught in a shower of rain, and sought shelter under a gateway. The rain continued; when, their patience becoming exhausted, Blanchard, buttoning up his coat, exclaimed, "Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?" So they walked home, and were heroically wet through.'"

It would have been worth while to tell this tale more fully; not to en-

velop the chief personage in fine words, as statuaries do their sitters in Roman togas, and, making them assume the heroic-conventional look, take away from them that infinitely more interesting one which Nature gave them. It would have been well if we could have had this stirring little story in detail. The young fellow, forced to the proctor's desk, quite angry with the drudgery, theatre-stricken, poetry-stricken, writing dramatic sketches in Barry Cornwall's manner, spouting "Leonidas" before a manager, driven away starving from home, and, penniless and full of romance, courting his beautiful young wife. "*Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?*" How the native humor breaks out of the man! Those who knew him can fancy the effect of such a pair of warriors steering the Greek fire-ships, or manning the breach at Missolonghi. Then there comes that pathetic little outbreak of despair, when the poor young fellow is nearly giving up; his father banishes him, no one will buy his poetry, he has no chance on his darling theatre, no chance of the wife that he is longing for. Why not finish with life at once? He has read "Werter," and can understand suicide. "None," he says, in a sonnet, —

"None, not the hoariest sage, may tell of all
The strong heart struggles with before it fall."

If Respectability wanted to point a moral, isn't there one here. Eschew poetry, avoid the theatre, stick to your business, do not read German novels, do not marry at twenty. All these injunctions seem to hang naturally on the story.

And yet the young poet marries at twenty, in the teeth of poverty and experience; labors away, not unsuccessfully, puts Pegasus into harness, rises in social rank and public estimation, brings up happily around him an affectionate family, gets for himself a circle of the warmest friends, and thus carries on, for twenty years, when a providential calamity visits him and the poor wife almost together, and removes them both.

In the beginning of 1844, Mrs. Blanchard, his affectionate wife, and the excellent mother of his children, was attacked with paralysis, which impaired her mind, and terminated fatally at the end of the year. Her husband was constantly with her, occupied by her side, whilst watching her distressing malady, in his daily task of literary business. Her illness had the severest effect upon him. He, too, was attacked with partial paralysis, and congestion of the brain, during which first seizure his wife died. The rest of the story was told in all the newspapers of the beginning of last year. Rallying partially from his fever at times, a sudden catastrophe overwhelmed him. On the night of the 14th February, in a gust of delirium, having his little boy in bed by his side, and having said the Lord's Prayer but a short time before, he sprang out of bed in the absence of his nurse (whom he had besought not to leave him), and made away with himself with a razor. He was no more guilty in his death, than a man who is murdered by a madman, or who dies of the rupture of a blood-vessel. In his last prayer he asked to be forgiven, as he in his whole heart forgave others, and not to be led into that irresistible temptation under which it pleased Heaven that the poor wandering soul should succumb.

At the very moment of his death his friends were making the kindest and most generous exertions in his behalf. Such a noble, loving, and generous creature, is never without such. The world, it is pleasant to think, is always a good and gentle world to the gentle and good, and reflects the benevolence with which they regard it. This memoir contains an affecting letter from the poor fellow himself, which indicates Sir Edward Bulwer's

admirable and delicate generosity towards him. "I bless and thank you always," writes the kindly and affectionate soul, to another excellent friend, Mr. Forster. There were other friends, such as Mr. Fonblanque, Mr. Ainsworth, with whom he was connected in literary labor, who were not less eager to serve and befriend him.

As soon as he was dead, a number of other persons came forward to provide means for the maintenance of his orphan family. Messrs. Chapman and Hall took one son into their publishing-house, another was provided in a merchant's house in the City, the other is of an age and has the talents to follow and succeed in his father's profession. Mr. Colburn and Mr. Ainsworth, gave up their copyrights of his Essays, which are now printed in three handsome volumes, for the benefit of his children.

The following is Sir Edward Bulwer's just estimate of the writer:—

"It remains now to speak (and I will endeavor to do so not too partially) of the talents which Laman Blanchard displayed, and of the writings he has left behind.

"His habits, as we have seen, necessarily forbade the cultivation of deep scholarship, and the careful development of serious thought. But his information upon all that interested the day, was, for the same reason, various, and extending over a wide surface. His observation was quick and lively. He looked abroad with an inquiring eye, and noticed the follies and humors of men with a light and pleasant gayety, which wanted but the necessary bitterness (that was not in him) to take the dignity of satire. His style and his conceptions were not marked by the vigor which comes partly from concentration of intellect, and partly from heat of passion; but they evince, on the other hand, a purity of taste, and a propriety of feeling, which preserve him from the caricature and exaggeration that deface many compositions obtaining the praise of broad humor or intense purpose. His fancy did not soar high, but its play was sportive, and it sought its ailment with the graceful instincts of the poet. He certainly never fulfilled the great promise which his 'Lyric Offerings' held forth. He never wrote up to the full mark of his powers; the fountain never rose to the level of its source. But in our day the professional man of letters is compelled to draw too frequently, and by too small disbursements, upon his capital, to allow large and profitable investments of the stock of mind and idea, with which he commences his career. The number and variety of our periodicals have tended to results which benefit the pecuniary interests of the author, to the prejudice of his substantial fame. A writer like Otway could not now-a-days starve; a writer like Goldsmith might live in May-fair and lounge in his carriage; but it may be doubted whether the one would now-a-days have composed a 'Venice Preserved,' or the other have given us a 'Deserted Village' and a 'Vicar of Wakefield.' There is a fatal facility in supplying the wants of the week by rapidly striking off a pleasant article, which interferes with the steady progress, even with the mature conception, of an elaborate work.

"Born at an earlier day, Laman Blanchard would probably have known sharper trials of pecuniary circumstance; and instead of the sufficient, though precarious income, which his reputation as a periodical writer afforded him, he might have often slept in the garret, and been fortunate if he had dined often in the cellar. But then he would have been compelled to put forth all that was in him of mind and genius; to have written books, not papers; and books not intended for the week or the month, but for permanent effect upon the public.

"In such circumstances, I firmly believe that his powers would have sufficed to enrich our poetry and our stage with no inconsiderable acquisitions. All that he wanted for the soil of his mind was time to wait the seasons, and to sow upon the more patient system. But too much activity and too little preparation were his natural doom. To borrow a homely illustration from the farm, he exhausted the land by a succession of white crops.

"On the other hand, had he been born a German, and exhibited, at Jena or Bonn, the same abilities and zeal for knowledge which distinguished him in the school of Southwark, he would doubtless have early attained to some moderate competence, which would have allowed fair play and full leisure for a character of genius, which, naturally rather elegant than strong, required every advantage of forethought and preparation.

"But when all is said—when all the drawbacks upon what he actually was are made and allowed—enough remains to justify warm eulogy, and to warrant the rational hope that he will occupy an honorable place among the writers of his age. Putting aside his poetical pretensions, and regarding solely what he performed, not what he promised, he un-

questionably stands high amongst a class of writers, in which for the last century we have not been rich—the Essayists, whose themes are drawn from social subjects, sporting lightly between literature and manners. And this kind of composition is extremely difficult in itself, requiring intellectual combinations rarely found. The volumes prefaced by this slight memoir deserve a place in every collection of *belles lettres*, and form most agreeable and characteristic illustrations of our manners and our age. They possess what is seldom found in light reading, the charm that comes from bequeathing *pleasurable* impressions. They are suffused in the sweetness of the author's disposition; they shun all painful views of life, all acerbity in observation, all gall in their gentle sarcasms. Added to this, they contain not a thought, not a line, from which the most anxious parent would guard his child. They may be read with safety by the most simple, and yet they contain enough of truth and character to interest the most reflective."

Such an authority will serve to recommend these "Sketches from Life," we hope, to many a library. Of the essays themselves, it is hardly necessary to select specimens. There is not one that can't be read with pleasure; they are often wise, and always witty and kindly. Let us dip into the volume, and select one at random. Here is one which relates to that class which is ranked somehow as last in the literary profession, and is known under the famous name of

"THE PENNY-A-LINER.

"The penny-a-liner, like Pope, is 'known by his style.' His fine Roman hand, once seen, may be sworn to by the most cursory observer. But though in this one respect of identity resembling Pope, he bears not in any other the least likeness to author dead or living. He has no brother, and is like no brother, in literature. Such as he was, he is. He disdains to accommodate his manner to the ever-altering taste of the times. He refuses to bow down to the popular idol, innovation. He has a style, and he sticks to it. He scorns to depart from it, to gratify the thirst for novelty. He even thinks that it improves with use, and that his pet phrases acquire a finer point and additional emphasis upon every fresh application. Thus, in relating the last fashionable occurrence, how a noble family has been plunged into consternation and sorrow by the elopement of Lady Prudentia a month after marriage, he informs you, as though the phrase itself carried conviction to the heart, that the 'feelings of the injured husband may be more easily conceived than described.' If he requires that phrase twice in the same narrative, he consents to vary it by saying, that 'that may be imagined, but cannot be depicted.' In reporting an incident illustrative of the fatal effects of taking prussic acid, he states that the 'vital spark is extinct,' and that not the smallest hopes are entertained of the unfortunate gentleman's recovery. A lady's bag is barbarously stolen from her arm by 'a monster in the human form.' A thunderstorm is described as having 'visited' the metropolis, and the memory of the oldest inhabitant furnishes no parallel to the ravages of the 'electric fluid.' A new actress 'surpasses the most sanguine expectations' of the public, and exhibits talents 'that have seldom been equalled, never excelled.' A new book is not simply published, it 'emanates from the press.' On the demise of a person of eminence, it is confidently averred that he had a hand 'open as day to melting charity,' and that, 'take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.' Two objects not immediately connected are sure to be 'far as the poles asunder;' although they are very easily brought together and reconciled in the reader's mind by the convenience of the phrase 'as it were,' which is an especial favorite, and constantly in request. He is a great admirer of amplitude of titles for palpable reasons; as when he reports, that 'yesterday the Right Honorable Lord John Russell, M.P., his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, dined with,' &c. He is wonderfully expert in the measurement of hail-stones, and in the calculation of the number of panes of glass which they demolish in their descent. He is acquainted with the exact circumference of every gooseberry that emulates the plenitude of a pumpkin; and can at all times detect a phenomenon in every private family, by simply reckoning up the united ages of its various members. But in the discharge of these useful duties, for the edification and amusement of the public, he employs, in the general course of things, but one set of phrases. If a fire can be rendered more picturesque by designating it the 'devouring element,' the devouring element rages in the description to the end of the chapter. Once a hit always a hit; a good thing remains good forever; a happy epithet is felicitous to the last. The only variation of style that he can be prevailed upon to attempt, he introduces in his quotations. To these he often gives an entirely new aspect, and occasionally, by accident, he improves

upon the originals. Of this, the following may stand as a specimen:—

"'Tis not in mortals to *deserve* success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll *command* it.'"

The good-natured satirist seldom hits harder than this, and makes fun so generously, that it is a pleasure to be laughed at by him. How amusingly the secret of the penny-a-liner's craft is unveiled here! Well, he, too, is a member of the great rising fraternity of the press, which, weak and despised yesterday, is powerful and in repute to-day, and grows daily in strength and good opinion.

Out of Blanchard's life (except from the melancholy end, which is quite apart from it), there is surely no ground for drawing charges against the public of neglecting literature. His career, untimely concluded, is in the main a successful one. In truth, I don't see how the aid or interposition of government could in any way have greatly benefited him, or how it was even called upon to do so. It does not follow that a man would produce a great work even if he had leisure. Squire Shakspeare of Stratford, with his lands and rents, and his arms over his porch, was not the working Shakspeare; and indolence (or contemplation, if you like) is no unusual quality in the literary man. Of all the squires who have had acres and rents, all the holders of lucky, easy government places, how many have written books, and of what worth are they? There are some persons whom government, having a want of, employs and pays — barristers, diplomatists, soldiers, and the like; but it doesn't want poetry, and can do without tragedies. Let men of letters stand for themselves. Every day enlarges their market, and multiplies their clients. The most skilful and successful among the cultivators of light literature have such a hold upon the public feelings, and awaken such a sympathy, as men of the class never enjoyed until now: men of science and learning, who aim at other distinction, get it; and, in spite of Doctor Carus's disgust, I believe there never was a time when so much of the practically useful was written and read, and every branch of book-making pursued, with an interest so eager.

But I must conclude. My letter has swelled beyond the proper size of letters, and you are craving for news: have you not to-day's "Times'" battle of Ferozeshah? Farewell.

M. A. T.

DICKENS IN FRANCE.

Seeing placarded on the walls a huge announcement that "Nicholas Nickleby, ou les Voleurs de Londres," was to be performed at the Ambigu-Comique Théâtre on the Boulevard, and having read in the "Journal des Débats" a most stern and ferocious criticism upon the piece in question, and upon poor Monsieur Dickens, its supposed author, it seemed to me by no means unprofitable to lay out fifty sous in the purchase of a stall at the theatre, and to judge with my own eyes of the merits and demerits of the play.

Who does not remember (except those who never saw the drama, and therefore of course cannot be expected

to have any notion of it) — who does not, I say, remember the pathetic acting of Mrs. Keeley in the part of Smike, as performed at the Adelphi; the obstinate good-humor of Mr. Wilkinson, who, having to represent the brutal Squeers, was, according to his nature, so chuckling, oily, and kind-hearted, that little boys must have thought it a good joke to be flogged by him; finally, the acting of the admirable Yates in the kindred part of Mantalini? Can France, I thought, produce a fop equal to Yates? Is there any vulgarity and assurance on the Boulevard that can be compared to that of which, in the character of Mantalini, he gives a copy so wonderfully close to nature? Never then were fifty sous more cheerfully, — nay, eagerly paid, than by your obedient servant.

After China, this is the most ignorant country, thought I, in the whole civilized world (the company was dropping into the theatre, and the musicians were one by one taking their seats); these people are so immensely conceited, that they think the rest of Europe beneath them; and though they have invaded Spain, Italy, Russia, Germany, not one in ten thousand can ask for a piece of bread in the national language of the countries so conquered. But see the force of genius; after a time it conquers every thing, even the ignorance and conceit of Frenchmen! The name of Nicholas Nickleby crosses the Channel in spite of them. I shall see honest John Browdie and wicked Ralph once more, honest and wicked in French. Shall we have the Kenwigses, and their uncle, the delightful collector; and will he, in Portsmouth church, make that famous marriage with Juliana Petowker? Above all, what will *Mrs.* Nickleby say? — the famous Mrs. Nickleby, who has lain undescribed until Boz seized upon her and brought that great truth to light, and whom yet every man possesses in the bosom of his own family. Are there Mrs. Nicklebies, — or, to speak more correctly, are there Mistresses Nickleby in France? We shall see all this at the rising of the curtain; and, hark! the fiddlers are striking up.

Presently the prompter gives his three heart-thrilling slaps, and the great painted cloth moves upwards: it is always a moment of awe and pleasure. What is coming? First you get a glimpse of legs and feet; then suddenly the owners of the limbs in question in steady attitudes, looking as if they had been there one thousand years before; now behold the landscape, the clouds; the great curtain vanishes altogether, the charm is dissolved, and the disenchanted performers begin.

ACT I.

You see a court of a school, with great iron bars in front, and a beauteous sylvan landscape beyond. Could you read the writing on the large board over the gate, you would know that the school was the "Paradis des Enfans," kept by Mr. Squeers. Somewhere by that bright river, which meanders through the background, is the castle of the stately Earl of Clarendon, — no relation to a late ambassador at Madrid.

His lordship is from home; but his young and lovely daughter, Miss Annabella, is in Yorkshire, and at this very moment is taking a lesson of French from Mr. Squeers's *sous-maitre*, Neekolass Neeklbee. Nicholas is, however, no vulgar usher; he is but lately an orphan; and his uncle, the rich London banker, Monsieur Ralph, taking charge of the lad's portionless sister, has procured for Nicholas this place of usher at a school in le Yorksheer.

A rich London banker procuring his nephew a place in a school at eight guineas per annum! Sure there must be some roguery in this; and the more so when you know that

Monsieur Squeers, the keeper of the academy, was a few years since a vulgar rope-dancer and tumbler at a fair. But peace! let these mysteries clear up, as, please Heaven, before five acts are over they will. Meanwhile, Nicholas is happy in giving his lessons to the lovely Meess Annabel. Lessons, indeed! Lessons of what? Alack, alack! when two young, handsome, ardent, tender-hearted people pore over the same book, we know what happens, be the book what it may. French or Hebrew, there is always one kind of language in the leaves, as those can tell who have conned them.

Meanwhile, in the absence of his usher, Monsieur Squeers keeps school. But one of his scholars is in the court-yard, — a lad beautifully dressed, fat, clean, and rosy. A gentleman by the name of Browdie, by profession a drover, is with the boy, employed at the moment (for he is at leisure, and fond of music) in giving him a lesson on *the clarionet*.

The boy thus receiving lessons is called facetiously by his master *Prospectus*, and why? Because he is so excessively fat and healthy, and well clothed, that his mere appearance in the court-yard is supposed to entice parents and guardians to place their children in a seminary where the scholars were in such admirable condition.

And here I cannot help observing in the first place, that Squeers, exhibiting in this manner a sample-boy, and pretending that the whole stock was like him (whereas they are a miserable, half-starved set), must have been an abominable old scoundrel; and secondly (though the observation applies to the French nation merely, and may be considered more as political than general), that, by way of a fat specimen, never was one more unsatisfactory than this. Such a poor shrivelled creature I never saw; it is like a French fat pig, as lanky as a greyhound! Both animals give one a thorough contempt for the nation.

John Browdie gives his lesson to Prospectus, who informs him of some of the circumstances narrated above; and having concluded the lesson, honest John produces a piece of *pudding* for his pupil. Ah, how Prospectus devours it! for though the only well-fed boy in the school, he is, we regret to say, a gormandizer by disposition.

While Prospectus eats, another of Mr. Squeers's scholars is looking unnoticed on, — another boy, a thousand times more miserable. See yon poor shivering child, trembling over his book in a miserable hutch at the corner of the court! He is in rags, he is not allowed to live with the other boys; at play they constantly buffet him, at lesson-time their blunders are visited upon his poor shoulders.

Who is this unhappy boy? Ten years since a man by the name of Becher brought him to the Paradis des Enfans, and, paying in advance five years of his pension, left him under the charge of Monsieur Squeers. No family ever visited the child; and when at the five years' end the *instituteur* applied at the address given him by Becher for the further payment of his pupil's expenses, Monsieur Squeers found that Becher had grossly deceived him, that no such person existed, and that no money was consequently forthcoming, hence the misfortunes which afterwards befell the hapless orphan. None cared for him, — none knew him. 'T is possible that even the name he went by was fictitious. That name was Smike, pronounced Smeek.

Poor Smeek! he had, however, found one friend, — the kind-hearted *sous-maître* Neeklbee, — who gave him half of his own daily pittance of bread and pudding, encouraged him to apply to his books, and defended him as much as possible from the assaults of the schoolboys and Monsieur Squeers.

John Browdie had just done giving his lesson of clarionet to Prospectus when Neeklbee arrived at the school. There was a difference between John

and Nicholas; for the former, seeing the young usher's frequent visits at Clarendon Castle, foolishly thought he was enamoured of Meess Jenny, the fermier's daughter, on whom John, too, had fixed an eye of affection. Silly John! Nicholas's heart was fixed (hopelessly, as the young man thought) upon higher objects. However, the very instant that Nickleby entered the court-yard of the school, John took up his stick, and set off for London, whither he was bound, with a drove of oxen.

Nickleby had not arrived a whit too soon to protect his poor friend, Smeek. All the boys were called into the court-yard by Monsieur Squarrs, and made to say their lessons. When it came to poor Smeek's turn, the timid lad trembled, hesitated, and could not do his spelling.

Inflamed with fury, old Squarrs rushed forward, and would have assommé'd his pupil, but human nature could bear this tyranny no longer. Nickleby, stepping forward, defended the poor prostrate child; and when Squeers raised his stick to strike — pouf! pif! un, deux, trois, et la! — Monsieur Nicholas flanquéd him several coups de poing, and sent him bientôt grovelling à terre.

You may be sure that there was now a pretty hallooing among the boys; all jumped, kicked, thumped, bumped, and scratched their unhappy master (and serve him right, too!), and when they had finished their fun, vlan! flung open the gates of the Infants' Paradise, and run away home.

Neeklbee, seeing what he had done, had nothing left but to run away, too. He penned a hasty line to his lovely pupil Miss Annabel, to explain that though his departure was sudden his honor was safe, and seizing his stick quitted the school.

There was but one pupil left in it, and he, poor soul, knew not whither to go. But when he saw Nicholas, his sole friend, departing, he mustered courage, and then made a step forward, — and then wondered if he dared, — and then, when Nicholas was a little distance from him, ran, ran as if his life (as indeed it did) depended upon it.

Neeklbee and poor Smeek were both dressed in the English fashion, and you must fancy the curtain falling amidst thunders of applause.

[*End of Act I.*

"Ah, ah, ah! ouf, pouf." "Dieu, qu'il fait chaud!" "Orgeat, limonade, bière!" "L'Entracte, journal de tous les spectacles!" "LA MARSEILLAI-AI-AISE!" With such cries from pit and boxes the public whiles away the weary ten minutes between the acts. The three *bonnes* in the front boxes, who had been escorted by a gentleman in a red cap, and jacket, and ear-rings, begin sucking oranges with great comfort, while their friend amuses himself with a piece of barley-sugar. The *petite maitresse* in the private box smooths her *bandeaux* of hair and her little trim, white cuffs, and looks at her *chiffons*. The friend of the tight black velvet spencer meanwhile pulls his yellow kid gloves tighter on his hands, and looks superciliously round the house with his double-glass. Fourteen people, all smelling of smoke, all bearded, and all four feet high, pass over your body to their separate stalls. The prompter gives his thumps, whack — whack — whack! the music begins again, the curtain draws, and, lo! we have

ACT II.

The tavern of Les Armes du Roi appears to be one of the most frequented in the city of London. It must be in the Yorkshire road, that is clear; for the first person whom we see there is John Browdie; to him presently comes Prospectus, then Neeklbee, then poor Smeek, each running away individually from the Paradis des Enfans.

It is likewise at this tavern that the great banker Ralph does his business, and lets you into a number of his secrets. Hither, too, comes Milor Clarendon, a handsome peer, forsooth, but a sad reprobate, I fear. Sorrow has driven him to these wretched courses. Ten years since he lost a son, a lovely child of six years of age; and, hardened by the loss, he has taken to gambling, to the use of the *vins de France* which take the reason prisoner, and to other excitements still more criminal. He has cast his eyes upon the lovely Kate Nickleby (he, the father of Miss Annabel!), and asks the banker to sup with him, to lend him ten thousand pounds, to bring his niece with him. With every one of these requests the capitalist promises to comply. The money he produces forthwith, the lady he goes to fetch. Ah, milor! beware, — beware, your health is bad, your property is ruined, — death and insolvency stare you in the face, — but what cares Lor Clarendon? He is desperate; he orders a splendid repast in a private apartment, and while they are getting it ready, he and the young lords of his acquaintance sit down and crack a bottle in the coffee-room. A gallant set of gentlemen, truly; all in short coats with capes to them, in tights and Hessian boots, such as our nobility are in the custom of wearing.

"I bet you cinq cents guinées, Lor Beef," says Milor Clarendon (whom the wine has begun to excite), "that I will have the lovely Kate Nicklbee at supper with us to-night."

"Done!" says Lor Beef. But why starts yon stranger who has just come into the hotel? Why, forsooth? because he is Nicholas Nickleby, Kate's brother; and a pretty noise he makes when he hears of his lordship's project!

"You have Meess Neeklbee at your table, sir? You are a liar!"

All the lords start up.

"Who is this very strange person?" says Milor Clarendon, as cool as a cucumber.

"Dog! give me your name!" shouts Nicholas.

"Ha! ha! ha!" says my lord, scornfully.

"John," says Nickleby, seizing hold of a waiter, "tell me that man's name."

John the waiter looks frightened, and hums and has, when, at the moment, who should walk in but Mr. Ralph the banker, and his niece.

Ralph. "Nicholas! — confusion!"

Kate. "My brother!"

Nicholas. "Avaunt, woman! Tell me, sirrah, by what right you bring my sister into such company, and who is the villain to whom you have presented her?"

Ralph. "Lord *Clarendon.*"

Nicholas. "The father of Meess Annabel? Gracious heaven!"

What followed now need not be explained. The young lords and the banker retire abashed to their supper, while Meess Kate, and Smike, who has just arrived, fall into the arms of Nicholas.

Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the second act, rather feeble in interest, and not altogether probable in action. That five people running away from Yorkshire should all come to the same inn in London, arriving within five minutes of each other, — that Mr. Ralph, the great banker, should make the hotel his place of business, and openly confess in the coffee-room to his ex-agent Becher that he had caused Becher to make away with or murder the son of Lord Clarendon, — finally, that Lord Clarendon himself, with an elegant town mansion, should receive his distinguished guests in a tavern, of not the first respectability, — all these points may, perhaps, strike the critic from their extreme improbability. But, bless your soul! if *these* are improbabilities, what will you say to the revelations of the

THIRD ACT.

That scoundrel Squarrs before he kept the school was, as we have seen,

a tumbler and *saltimbanque*, and, as such, member of the great fraternity of cadgers, beggars, *gueux*, thieves, that have their club in London. It is held in immense Gothic vaults under ground: here the beggars consort their plans, divide their spoil, and hold their orgies.

In returning to London Monsieur Squarrs instantly resumes his acquaintance with his old comrades, who appoint him, by the all-powerful interest of a *peculiar person*, head of the community of cadgers.

That person is no other than the banker Ralph, who, in secret, directs this godless crew, visits their haunts, and receives from them a boundless obedience. A villain himself, he has need of the aid of villany. He pants for vengeance against his nephew, he has determined that his niece shall fall a prey to Milor Clarendon,—nay, more, he has a dark suspicion that Smike,—the orphan boy,—the homeless fugitive from Yorkshire,—is no other than the child who ten years ago— But, hush!

Where is his rebellious nephew and those whom he protects? The quick vigilance of Ralph soon discovered them; Nicholas, having taken the name of Edward Browne, was acting at a theatre in the neighborhood of the Thames. Haste, Squarrs, take a couple of trusty beggars with you, and hie thee to Wapping; seize young Smike and carry him to Cadger's Cavern,—haste, then! The mind shudders to consider what is to happen.

In Nicholas's room at the theatre we find his little family assembled, and with them honest John Browdie, who has forgotten his part on learning that Nicholas was attached, not to the *fermière*, but to the mistress; to them comes—gracious heavens!—Meess Annabel. "Fly," says she, "fly! I have overheard a plot concocted between my father and your uncle; the sheriff is to seize you for the abduction of Smeek and the assault upon Squarrs," &c., &c., &c.

In short, it is quite impossible to describe this act, so much is there done in it. Lord Clarendon learns that he has pledged his life interest in his estates to Ralph.

His Lordship *dies*, and Ralph seizes a paper, which proves beyond a doubt that young Smike is no other than Clarendon's long-lost son.

L'infame Squarrs with his satellites carry off the boy; Browdie pitches Squarrs into the river; the sheriff carries Nickleby to prison; and VICE TRIUMPHS in the person of the odious Ralph. But vice does not always triumph; wait awhile and you will see. For in the

FOURTH ACT

John Browdie, determined to rescue his two young friends, follows Ralph like his shadow; he dogs him to a rendezvous of the beggars, and overhears all his conversation with Squarrs. The boy is in the Cadger's Cavern, hidden a thousand feet below the Thames; there is to be a grand jollification among the rogues that night,—a dance and a feast. "*I*," says John Browdie, "*will be there.*" And, wonderful to say, who should pass but his old friend Prospectus, to whom he gave lessons on the clarionet.

Prospectus is a cadger now, and is to play his clarionet that night at Cadger's Hall. Browdie will join him,—he is dressed up like a blind beggar, and strange sights, Heaven knows, meet his eyes in Cadger's Hall.

Here they come trooping in by scores,—the halt and the lame, black sweepers, one-legged fiddlers, the climber mots, the fly-fakers, the kedgoree coves,—in a word, the rogues of London, to their Gothic hall, a thousand miles below the level of the sea. Squarrs is their nominal head; but their real leader is the tall man yonder in the black mask, he whom

nobody knows but Browdie, who has found him out at once, — 'tis Ralph!

"Bring out the prisoner," says the black mask; "he has tried to escape, — he has broken his oaths to the cadgers, let him meet his punishment."

And without a word more, what do these cadgers do? They take poor Smike and *bury him alive;* down he goes into the vault, a stone is rolled over him, the cadgers go away, — so much for Smike.

But in the mean time Master Browdie has not been idle. He has picked the pocket of one of the cadgers of a portfolio containing papers that prove Smike to be Lord Clarendon beyond a doubt; he lags behind until all the cadgers are gone, and with the help of Nicholas (who, by the by, has found his way somehow into the place), he pushes away the stone, and brings the fainting boy to the world.

These things are improbable, you certainly may say, but are they impossible? If they are possible, then they may come to pass; if they may come to pass then, they may be supposed to come to pass: and why should they not come to pass? That is my argument: let us pass on to the

FIFTH ACT.

Aha! Master Ralph, you think you will have it all your own way, do you? The lands of Clarendon are yours, provided there is no male heir, and you have done for *him*. The peerage, to be sure (by the laws of England), is to pass to the husband of Meess Annabella. Will she marry Ralph, or not? Yes: then well and good; he is an earl for the future, and the father of a new race of Clarendon. No: then, in order to spell her still more, he has provided amongst the beggars a lad who is to personate the young mislaid Lord Clarendon, who is to come armed with certain papers that make his right unquestionable, and who will be a creature of Ralph's, to be used or cast away at will.

Ralph pops the question; the lady repels him with scorn. "Quit the house, Meess," says he; "it is not yours, but mine. Give up that vain title which you have adopted since your papa's death; you are no countess, — your brother lives. Ho! John, Thomas, Samuel! introduce his lordship, the Comte de Clarendon."

And who slips in? Why, in a handsome new dress, in the English fashion, Smike, to be sure, — the boy whom Ralph has murdered, —the boy who had risen from the tomb, — the boy who had miraculously discovered the papers in Cadger's Hall and (by some underhand work that went on behind the scenes, which I don't pretend to understand) had substituted himself for the substitute which that wicked banker had proposed to bring forward! A rush of early recollections floods the panting heart of the young boy. Can it be? Yes, — no; sure these halls are familiar to him? That conservatory, has he not played with the flowers there, — played with his blessed mother at his side? That portrait! Stop! a — a — a — a — ah! it is, — it is my sister Anna — Anna — bella!

Fancy the scene as the two young creatures rush with a scream into each other's arms. Fancy John Browdie's hilarity: he jumps for joy, and throws off his beggar's cloak and beard. Nicholas clasps his hands, and casts his fine eyes heavenward. But, above all, fancy the despair of that cursed banker Ralph as he sees his victim risen from the grave, and all his hopes dashed down into it. O Heaven, Thy hand is here! How must the banker then have repented of his bargain with the late Lord Clarendon, and that he had not had his lordship's life insured! Perdition! to have been out-tricked by a boy and a country boor! Is there no hope? . . .

Hope? Psha! man, thy reign of vice is over, — it is the fifth act. Al-

ready the people are beginning to leave the house, and never more again canst thou expect to lift thy head.

"Monsieur Ralph," Browdie whispers, "after your pretty doings in Cadger's Hall, had you not best be thinking of leaving the country: as Nicholas Nickleby's uncle, I would fain not see you, crick! You understand?" (pointing to his jugular).

"I do," says Ralph, gloomily, "and will be off in two hours." And Lord Smike takes honest Browdie by one hand, gently pressing Kate's little fingers with the other, and the sheriff, and the footmen, and attendants form a tableau, and the curtain begins to fall, and the blushing Annabel whispers to happy Nicholas,—"Ah! my friend, I can give up with joy to my brother *ma couronne de comtesse*. What care I for rank or name with you? the name that I love above all others is that of LADY ANNABEL NICKLEBY." [*Exeunt omnes.*

The musicians have hurried off long before this. In one instant the stage lamps go out, and you see fellows starting forward to cover the boxes with canvas. Up goes the chandelier amongst the gods and goddesses painted on the ceiling. Those in the galleries, meanwhile, bellow out "SAINT-ERNEST!" he it is who acted John Browdie. Then there is a yell of "SMEEK! SMEEK!" Blushing and bowing, Madame Prosper comes forward; by heavens! a pretty woman, with tender eyes and a fresh, clear voice. Next the gods call for "CHILLY!" who acted the villain: but by this time you are bustling and struggling among the crowd in the lobbies, where there is the usual odor of garlic and tobacco. Men in sabots come tumbling down from the galleries; cries of "*Auguste, solo! Eugénie! prends ton parapluie.*" "*Monsieur, vous me marchez sur les pieds,*" are heard in the crowd, over which the brazen helmets of the Pompier's tower are shining. A cabman in the Boulevard, who opens his vehicle eagerly as you pass by, growls dreadful oaths when, seated inside, you politely request him to drive to the Barrière de l'Etoile. "*Ah, ces Anglais,*" says he, "*ça demeure dans les déserts,—dans les déserts, grand Dieu, avec les loups; ils prennent leur* beauty-fine *thé avec leurs tartines le soir, et puis ils se couchent dans les déserts, ma parole d'honneur; comme des Arabes.*"

If the above explanation of the plot of the new piece of "Nicholas Nickleby" has appeared intolerably long to those few persons who have perused it, I can only say for their comfort that I have not told one-half of the real plot of the piece in question; nay, very likely have passed over all the most interesting part of it. There, for instance, was the assassination of the virtuous villain Becher, the dying scene with my lord, the manner in which Nicholas got into the Cadger's Cave, and got out again. Have I breathed a syllable upon any of these points? No; and never will to my dying day. The imperfect account of "Nicholas Nickleby" given above is all that the most impatient reader (let him have fair warning) can expect to hear from his humble servant. Let it be sufficient to know that the piece in itself contains a vast number of beauties entirely passed over by the unworthy critic, and only to be appreciated by any gentleman who will take the trouble to step across the Channel, and thence from his hotel to the ambiguously-comic theatre. And let him make haste, too; for who knows what may happen? Human life is proverbially short. Theatrical pieces bloom and fade like the flowers of the field, and very likely, long before this notice shall appear in print (as let us heartily, from mercenary considerations, pray that it will), the drama of "Nicholas Nickleby" may have disappeared altogether from the world's ken, like Carthage, Troy, Swallow Street, the Marylebone bank, Babylon, and other fond magnificences elevated by men, and now forgotten and prostrate.

As for the worthy Boz, it will be seen that *his* share in the piece is perfectly insignificant, and that he has no more connection with the noble geniuses who invented the drama than a peg has with a gold-laced hat that a nobleman may have hung on it, or a starting-post on the race-course with some magnificent, thousand-guinea, fiery horses who may choose to run from it. How poor do his writings appear after those of the Frenchman! How feeble, mean, and destitute of imagination! *He* never would have thought of introducing six lords, an ex-kidnapper, a great banker, an idiot, a schoolmaster, his usher, a cattle-driver, coming for the most part a couple of hundred miles, in order to lay open all their secrets in the coffee-room of the King's Arms hotel! He never could have invented the great subterraneous cavern, *cimetière et salle de bal*, as Jules Janin calls it! The credit of all this falls upon the French adapters of Monsieur Dickens's romance; and so it will be advisable to let the public know.

But as the French play-writers are better than Dickens, being incomparably more imaginative and poetic, so, in progression, is the French critic, Jules Janin, above named, a million times superior to the French play-wrights, and, after Janin, Dickens disappears altogether. He is cut up, disposed of, done for. J. J. has hacked him into small pieces, and while that wretched romancer is amusing himself across the Atlantic, and fancying, perhaps, that he is a popular character, his business has been done for ever and ever in Europe. What matters that he is read by millions in England and billions in America? that everybody who understands English has a corner in his heart for him? The great point is, *what does Jules Janin think?* and that we shall hear presently; for though I profess the greatest admiration for Mr. Dickens, yet there can be no reason why one should deny one's self the little pleasure of acquainting him that *some* ill-disposed persons in the world are inclined to abuse him. Without this privilege what is friendship good for?

Who is Janin? He is the critic of France. J. J., in fact, — the man who writes a weekly *fueilleton* in the "Journal des Débats" with such indisputable brilliancy and wit, and such a happy mixture of effrontery, and honesty, and poetry, and impudence, and falsehood, and impertinence, and good feeling, that one can't fail to be charmed with the compound, and to look rather eagerly for the Monday's paper; Jules Janin is the man, who, not knowing a single word of the English language, as he actually professes in the preface, *has helped to translate* "The Sentimental Journey." He is the man, who, when he was married (in a week when news was slack no doubt), actually *criticised his own marriage ceremony*, letting all the public see the proof-sheets of his bridal, as was the custom among certain ancient kings, I believe. In fact, a more modest, honest, unassuming, blushing, truth-telling, gentlemanlike J. J. it is impossible to conceive.

Well, he has fallen foul of Monsieur Dickens, this fat French moralist; he says Dickens is *immodest*, and Jules cannot abide immodesty; and a great and conclusive proof this is upon a question which the two nations have been in the habit of arguing, namely, which of the two is the purer in morals? and may be argued clear thus: —

1. We in England are accustomed to think Dickens modest, and allow our children to peruse his works.

2. In France, the man who wrote the history of "The Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman," * and afterwards his own epithalamium in the newspaper, is revolted by Dickens.

3. Therefore Dickens *must* be immodest, and grossly immodest, otherwise a person so confessedly excellent as J. J. would never have discovered the crime.

4. And therefore it is pretty clear

* Some day the writer meditates a great and splendid review of J. J.'s work.

that the French morals are of a much higher order than our own, which remark will apply to persons and books, and all the relations of private and public life.

Let us now see how our fat Jules attacks Dickens. His remarks on him begin in the following jocular way:—

THÉATRE DE L'AMBIGU-COMIQUE.

"*Nicolas Nickleby*, Mélodrame, en Six Actes.

"A genoux devant celui-là qui s'appelle Charles Dickens! à genoux! Il a accompli à lui seul ce que n'ont pu faire à eux deux Lord Byron et Walter Scott! Joignez-y, si vous voulez, Pope et Milton et tout ce que la littérature Anglaise a produit de plus solennel et de plus charmant. Charles Dickens! mais il n'est question que de lui en Angleterre. Il en est la gloire, et la joie, et l'orgueil! Savez-vous combien d'acheteurs possède ce Dickens; j'ai dit *d'acheteurs*, de gens qui tirent leur argent du leur bourse pour que cet argent passe de leur main dans la main du libraire?—Dix mille acheteurs. Dix mille? que disons-nous, dix mille! vingt mille!—Vingt mille? Quoi! vingt mille acheteurs?—Fi donc, vingt mille! quarante mille acheteurs.—Eh quoi! il a trouvé quarante mille acheteurs, vous vous moquez de nous sans doute?—Oui, mon brave homme on se moque de vous, car ce n'est pas vingt mille et quarante mille et soixante mille acheteurs qu'a rencontrés ce Charles Dickens, c'est cent mille acheteurs. Cent mille, pas un de moins. Cent mille esclaves, cent mille tributaires, cent mille! Et mes grands écrivains modernes s'estiment bien heureux et bien fiers quand leur livre le plus vanté parvient, au bout de six mois de célébrité, à son huitième cent!"

There is raillery for you! there is a knowledge of English literature,—of "Pope et Milton, si solennel et si charmant!" Milton, above all; his little comédie "Samson l'Agoniste" is one of the gayest and most graceful trifles that ever was acted on the stage. And to think that Dickens has sold more copies of his work than the above two eminent hommes-de-lettres, and Scott and Byron into the bargain! It is a fact, and J. J. vouches for it. To be sure, J. J. knows no more of English literature than I do of hieroglyphics,—to be sure, he has not one word of English. N'importe: he has had the advantage of examining the books of Mr. Dickens's publishers, and has discovered that they sell of Box's works "*cent mille, pas un de moins.*" Janin will not allow of one less. Can you answer numbers? And there are our grands écrivains modernes, who are happy if they sell eight hundred in six months. Byron and Scott doubtless, "le solennel Pope, et le charmant Milton," as well as other geniuses not belonging to the three kingdoms. If a man is an arithmetician as well as a critic, and we join together figures of speech and Arabic numerals, there is no knowing what he may not prove.

"*Or*," continues J. J.:—

"Or, parmi les chefs-d'œuvre de sa façon que dévore l'Angleterre, ce Charles Dickens a produit un gros mélodrame en deux gros volumes, intitulé *Nicholas Nickleby*. Ce livre a été traduit chez nous par un homme de beaucoup d'esprit, qui n'est pas fait pour ce triste métier-là. Si vous saviez ce que peut-être un pareil chef-d'œuvre, certes vous prendriez en pitié les susdits cent mille souscripteurs de Charles Dickens. Figurez-vous donc un amas d'inventions puériles, où l'horrible et le niais se donnent la main, dans une ronde infernale; ici passent en riant de bonnes gens si bons qu'ils en sont tout-à-fait bêtes; plus loin bondissent et blasphèment toutes sortes de bandits, de fripons, de voleurs et de misérables si affreux qu'on ne sait pas comment pourrait vivre, seulement vingt-quatre heures, une société ainsi composée. C'est le plus nauséabond mélange qu'on puisse imaginer de lait chaud et de bierre tournée, d'œufs frais et de bœuf salé, de haillons et d'habits brodés, d'écus d'or et de gros sous, de roses et de pissenlits. On se bat, on s'embrasse, on s'injurie, on s'enivre, on meurt de faim. Les filles de la rue et les lords de la Chambre haute, les portefaix et les poëtes, les écoliers et les voleurs, se promènent, bras dessus bras dessous, au milieu de ce tohubohu insupportable. Aimez-vous la fumée de tabac, l'odeur de de l'ail, le gôut du porc frais, l'harmonie que fait un plat d'étain frappé contre une casserole de cuivre non étamé? Lisez-moi consciencieusement ce livre de Charles Dickens. Quelles plaies! quelles pustules! et que de saintes vertus! Ce Dickens a réuni en bloc toutes les descriptions de Guzman d'Alfarache et tous les rêves de Grandisson. Oh! qu'êtes-

vous devenus, vous les lectrices tant soit peu prudes des romans de Walter Scott? Oh! qu'a-t-on fait de vous, les lectrices animées de *Don Juan* et de *Lara*? O vous, les chastes enthousiastes de la *Clarisse Harlowe*, voilez-vous la face de honte! A cent mille exemplaires le Charles Dickens!"

To what a pitch of *dévergondage* must the English ladies have arrived, when a fellow who can chronicle his own marriage, and write "The Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman," — when even a man like that, whom nobody can accuse of being squeamish, is obliged to turn away with disgust at their monstrous immodesty!

J. J. is not difficult; a little harmless gallantry and trifling with the seventh commandment does not offend him, — far from it. Because there are no love-intrigues in Walter Scott, Jules says that Scott's readers are *tant soit peu prudes!* There *ought* to be, in fact, in life and in novels, a little, pleasant, gentlemanlike, anti-seventh-commandment excitement. Read "The Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman," and you will see how the thing may be agreeably and genteelly done. See what he says of "Clarisse," — it is *chaste;* of "Don Juan," — it is not indecent, it is not immoral, it is only ANIMEE! Animée! O ciel! What a word! Could any but a Frenchman have had the grace to hit on it? "Animation" our Jules can pardon; prudery he can excuse, in his good-humored, contemptuous way; but Dickens, — this Dickens, — O fie! And, perhaps, there never was a more succinct, complete, elegant, just, and satisfactory account given of a book than that by our friend Jules of "Nicholas Nickleby." "It is the most disgusting mixture imaginable of warm milk and sour beer, of fresh eggs and salt beef, of rags and laced clothes, of gold crowns and coppers, of roses and dandelions."

There is a receipt for you! or take another, which is quite as pleasant: —

II.

"The fumes of tobacco, the odor of garlic, the taste of fresh pork, the harmony made by striking a pewter plate against an untinned copper saucepan. Read me conscientiously this book of Charles Dickens; what sores! what pustules!" &c.

Try either mixture (and both are curious), — for fresh pork is an ingredient in one, salt beef in another; tobacco and garlic in receipt No. 2 agreeably take the places of warm milk and sour beer in formula No. 1; and whereas, in the second prescription, a pewter plate and *untinned* copper saucepan (what a devilish satire in that epithet *untinned!*), a gold crown and a few halfpence, answer in the first. Take either mixture, and the result is a Dickens. Hang thyself, thou unhappy writer of "Pickwick;" or, blushing at this exposition of thy faults, turn red man altogether, and build a wigwam in a wilderness, and live with 'possums up gum-trees. Fresh pork and warm milk; sour beer and salt b—— Faugh! how could you serve us so atrociously?

And this is one of the "chefs-d'œuvre *de sa façon* que dévore l'Angleterre." The beastly country! How Jules lashes the islanders with the sting of that epigram, *chefs-d'œuvre de leur façon!*

. . . . . .

Look you, J. J., it is time that such impertinence should cease. Will somebody, — out of three thousand literary men in France, there are about three who have a smattering of the English, — will some one of the three explain to J. J. the enormous folly and falsehood of all that the fellow has been saying about Dickens and English literature generally? We have in England literary *chefs-d'œuvre de notre façon*, and are by no means ashamed to devour the same. "Le charmant Milton" was not, perhaps, very skilled for making epigrams and chansons-à-boire, but, after all, was a person of

merit, and of his works have been sold considerably more than eight hundred copies. "Le solennel Pope" was a writer not undeserving of praise. There must have been something worthy in Shakspeare, — for his name has penetrated even to France, where he is not unfrequently called "le Sublime Williams." Walter Scott, though a prude, as you say, and not having the agreeable *laisser aller* of the author of "The Dead Donkey," &c., could still turn off a romance pretty creditably. He and "Le Sublime Williams" between them have turned your French literature topsy-turvy; and many a live donkey of your crew is trying to imitate their paces and their roars, and to lord it like those dead lions. These men made *chefs-d'œuvre de notre façon*, and we are by no means ashamed to acknowledge them.

But what right have you, O blundering ignorances! to pretend to judge them and their works, — you, who might as well attempt to give a series of lectures upon the literature of the Hottentots, and are as ignorant of English as the author of "The Random Recollections"? Learn modesty Jules; Listen to good advice; and when you say to other persons, *lisez moi ce livre consciencieusement*, at least do the same thing, O critic! before you attempt to judge and arbitrate.

And I am ready to take an affidavit in the matter of this criticism of "Nicholas Nickleby," that the translator of Sterne, who does not know English, has not read Boz in the original, — has not even read him in the translation, and slanders him out of pure invention. Take these concluding opinions of J. J. as a proof of the fact: —

"De ce roman de *Nicholas Nickleby* a été tiré le mélodrame qui va suivre. Commencez d'abord par entasser les souterrains sur les ténèbres, le vice sur le sang, le mensonge sur l'injure, *l'adultère sur l'inceste*, battez-moi tout ce mélange, et vous verrez ce que vous allez voir.

"Dans un comté Anglais, dans une école, ou plutôt dans une horrible prison habitée par le froid et la faim, un nommé Squeers entraine, sous prétexte de les élever dans la belle discipline, tous les enfans qu'on lui confie. Ce misérable Squeers spécule tout simplement sur la faim, sur la soif, sur les habits de ces pauvres petits. On n'entend que le bruit des verges, les soupirs des battus, les cris des battans, les blasphèmes du maître. C'est affreux à lire et à voir. Surtout ce qui fait peur (je parle du livre en question), c'est la misère d'un pauvre petit nommé Smilke, dont cet affreux Squeers est le bourreau. Quand parut le livre de Charles Dickens, on raconte que plus d'un maître de pension de l'Angleterre se récria contre la calomnie. Mais, juste ciel! si la cent millième partie d'une pareille honte était possible; s'il était vrai qu'un seul marchand de chair humain ainsi bâti pût exister de l'autre côté du détroit, ce serait le déshonneur d'une nation tout entière. Et si en effet la chose est impossible, que venez-vous donc nous conter, que le roman, tout comme la comédie, est la peinture des mœurs?

"Or ce petit malheureux couvert de haillons et de plaies, le jouet de M. Squeers, c'est tout simplement le fils unique de Lord Clarendon, un des plus grands seigneurs de l'Angleterre. Voilà justement ce que je disais tout à l'heure. Dans ces romans qui sont le rebut d'une imagination en délire, il n'y a pas de milieu. Ou bien vous êtes le dernier des mendians chargés d'une besace vide, ou bien, salut à vous! vous êtes duc et pair du royaume et chevalier de la Jarretière! Ou le manteau royal ou le haillon. Quelquefois, pour varier la thèse, on vous met par dessus vos haillons le manteau de pourpre. —Votre tête est pleine de vermine, à la bonne heure! mais laissez faire le romancier, il posera tout à l'heure sur vos immondes cheveux la couronne ducale. Ainsi procèdent M. Dickens et le Capitaine Marryat et tous les autres."

Here we have a third receipt for the confection of *Nicholas Nickleby*, — darkness and caverns, vice and blood, incest and adultery, "*battez mois tout ça*," and the thing is done. Considering that Mr. Dickens has not said a word about darkness, about caverns, about blood (further than a little harmless claret drawn from Squeers's nose), about the two other crimes mentioned by J. J., — is it not *de luxe* to put them into the Nickleby-receipt? Having read the romances of his own country, and no others, J. J. thought he was safe, no doubt, in introducing the last-named ingredients; but in England the people is still *tant soit peu*

prudes, and will have none such fare. In what a luxury of filth, too, does this delicate critic indulge! *votre tête est pleine de vermine* (a flattering supposition for the French reader, by the way, and remarkable for its polite propriety). Your head is in this condition; but never mind; let the romancer do his work, and he will presently place upon *your filthy hair* (kind again) the ducal coronet. This is the way with Monsieur Dickens, Captain Marryat, and *the others*.

With whom, in Heaven's name? What has poor Dickens ever had to do with ducal crowns, or with the other ornaments of the kind which Monsieur Jules distributes to his friends? Tell lies about men, friend Jules, if you will, but not *such* lies. See, for the future, that they have a greater likelihood about them; and try if, at least when you are talking of propriety and decency of behavior, to have your words somewhat more cleanly, and your own manners as little offensive as possible.

And with regard to the character of Squeers, the impossibility of it, and the consequent folly of placing such a portrait in a work that pretends to be a painting of manners, that, too, is a falsehood like the rest. Such a disgrace to human nature not only existed, but existed in J. J.'s country of France. Who does not remember the history of the Boulogne schoolmaster, a year since, whom the newspapers called the "French Squeers;" and about the same time, in the neighborhood of Paris, there was a case still more atrocious, of a man and his wife who farmed some score of children, subjected them to ill treatment so horrible, that only J. J. himself, in his nastiest fit of indignation, could describe it; and ended by murdering one or two, and starving all. The whole story was in the "Débats," J. J.'s own newspaper, where the accomplished critic may read it.

THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS

OF

MR. M. A. TITMARSH.

NOTE. — The Christmas Books were originally accompanied with illustrations, and frequent allusions to the drawings are incorporated in the text. These picture-references are included in this unillustrated edition without alteration.

MRS PERKINS'S BALL
BY MR M.A. TITMARSH

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MRS. PERKINS'S

THE MULLIGAN (OF BALLY-MULLIGAN), AND HOW WE WENT TO MRS. PERKINS'S BALL.

I DO not know where Ballymulligan is, and never knew anybody who did. Once I asked Mulligan the question, when that chieftain assumed a look of dignity so ferocious, and spoke of "Saxon curiawsitee" in a tone of such evident displeasure, that, as after all it can matter very little to me whereabouts lies the Celtic principality in question, I have never pressed the inquiry any further.

I don't know even the Mulligan's town residence. One night, as he bade us adieu in Oxford Street,—"I live *there*," says he, pointing down towards Uxbridge, with the big stick he carries:—so his abode is in that direction at any rate. He has his letters addressed to several of his friends' houses, and his parcels, &c., are left for him at various taverns which he frequents. That pair of checked trousers, in which you see him attired, he did me the favor of ordering from my own tailor, who is quite as anxious as anybody to know the address of the wearer. In like manner my hatter asked me, "Oo was the Hirish gent as 'ad ordered four 'ats and a sable boar to be sent to my lodgings?" As I did not know (however I might guess), the articles have never been sent, and the Mulligan has withdrawn his custom from the "infernal four-and-nine-penny scoundthrel," as he calls him. The hatter has not shut up shop in consequence.

I became acquainted with the Mulligan through a distinguished countryman of his, who, strange to say, did not know the chieftain himself. But dining with my friend Fred Clancy, of the Irish bar, at Greenwich, the Mulligan came up, "inthrojuiced" himself to Clancy as he said, claimed relationship with him on the side of Brian Boroo, and drawing his chair to our table, quickly became intimate with us. He took a great liking to me, was good enough to find out my address and pay me a visit: since which period often and often on coming to breakfast in the morning I have found him in my sitting-room on the sofa engaged with the rolls and morning papers: and many a time, on returning home at night for an evening's quiet reading, I have discovered this honest fellow in the arm-chair before the fire, perfuming the apartment with my cigars and trying the quality of such liquors as might be found on the sideboard. The way in which he pokes fun at Betsy, the maid of the lodgings, is prodigious. She begins to laugh whenever he comes; if he calls her a duck, a divvle, a darlin', it is all one. He is just as much a master of the premises as the individual who rents

shillings a week; and
erchiefs, shirt-collars, and
rticles of fugitive haber-
the loss since I have known
unaccountable. I suspect he
e the cat in some houses: for,
ppose the whiskey, the cigars, the
sugar, the tea-caddy, the pickles, and
other groceries disappear, all is laid
upon that *edux-rerum* of a Mulligan.

The greatest offence that can be offered to him is to call him *Mr.* Mulligan. "Would you deprive me, sir," says he, "of the title which was bawrun be me princelee ancestors in a hundred thousand battles? In our own green valleys and fawrests, in the American savannahs, in the sierras of Speen and the flats of Flandthers, the Saxon has quailed before me war-cry of MULLIGAN ABOO! *Mr.* Mulligan! I'll pitch anybody out of the window who calls me *Mr.* Mulligan." He said this, and uttered the slogan of the Mulligans with a shriek so terrific, that my uncle (the Rev. W. Gruels, of the Independent Congregation, Bungay), who had happened to address him in the above obnoxious manner, while sitting at my apartments drinking tea after the May meetings, instantly quitted the room, and has never taken the least notice of me since, except to state to the rest of the family that I am doomed irrevocably to perdition.

Well, one day last season, I had received from my kind and most estimable friend, Mrs. PERKINS OF POCKLINGTON SQUARE (to whose amiable family I have had the honor of giving lessons in drawing, French, and the German flute), an invitation couched in the usual terms, on satin gilt-edged note-paper, to her evening-party; or, as I call it, "Ball."

Besides the engraved note sent to all her friends, my kind patroness had addressed me privately as follows:—

"MY DEAR MR. TITMARSH,—If you know any *very* eligible young man, we give you leave to bring him. You *gentlemen* love your *clubs* so much now, and care so little for *dancing*, that it is really quite *a scandal*. Come early, and before *everybody*, and give us the benefit of all your taste and *continental skill*.

"Your sincere
"EMILY PERKINS."

"Whom shall I bring?" mused I, highly flattered by this mark of confidence; and I thought of Bob Trippett; and little Fred Spring, of the Navy Pay Office; Hulker, who is rich, and I knew took lessons in Paris; and a half score of other bachelor friends, who might be considered as *very eligible*—when I was roused from my meditation by the slap of a hand on my shoulder; and looking up, there was the Mulligan, who began, as usual, reading the papers on my desk.

"Hwhat's this?" says he. "Who's Perkins? Is it a supper-ball, or only a tay-ball?"

"The Perkinses of Pocklington Square, Mulligan, are tip-top people," says I, with a tone of dignity. "Mr. Perkins's sister is married to a baronet, Sir Giles Bacon of Hogwash, Norfolk. Mr. Perkins's uncle was Lord Mayor of London; and he was himself in Parliament, and *may be* again any day. The family are my most particular friends. A tay-ball indeed! why, Gunter"— Here I stopped: I felt I was committing myself.

"Gunter!" says the Mulligan, with another confounded slap on the shoulder. "Don't say another word: *I'll* go widg you, my boy."

"*You* go, Mulligan?" says I: "why, really—I—it's not my party."

"Your hwhawt? hwhat's this letter? a'n't I an eligible young man?—Is the descendant of a thousand kings unfit company for a miserable tallow-chandthlering cockney? Are ye joking wid me? for, let me tell ye, I don't like them jokes. D'ye suppose I'm not as well bawrun and bred as yourself, or any Saxon friend ye ever had?"

"I never said you weren't, Mulligan," says I.

Mr. W. A. Titmarsh.
Mrs. Perkins
At Home
Friday Evening 19 Dec.
Poddington Square.

THE MULLIGAN AND MR. M. A. TITMARSH.

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"Ye don't mean seriously that a Mulligan is not fit company for a Perkins?"

"My dear fellow, how could you think I could so far insult you?" says I. "Well then," says he, "that's a matter settled, and we go."

What the deuce was I to do? I wrote to Mrs. Perkins; and that kind lady replied, that she would receive the Mulligan, or any other of my friends, with the greatest cordiality. "Fancy a party, all Mulligans!" thought I, with a secret terror.

MR. AND MRS. PERKINS, THEIR HOUSE, AND THEIR YOUNG PEOPLE.

FOLLOWING Mrs. Perkins's orders, the present writer made his appearance very early at Pocklington Square, where the tastiness of all the decorations elicited my warmest admiration. Supper of course was in the dining-room, superbly arranged by Messrs. Grigs and Spooner, the confectioners of the neighborhood. I assisted my respected friend Mr. Perkins and his butler in decanting the sherry, and saw, not without satisfaction, a large bath for wine under the sideboard, in which were already placed very many bottles of champagne.

The BACK DINING-ROOM, Mr. P.'s study (where the venerable man goes to sleep after dinner), was arranged on this occasion as a tea-room, Mrs. Flouncey (Miss Fanny's maid) officiating in a cap and pink ribbons, which became her exceedingly. Long, long before the arrival of the company, I remarked Master Thomas Perkins and Master Giles Bacon, his cousin (son of Sir Giles Bacon, Bart.), in this apartment, busy among the macaroons.

Mr. Gregory the butler, besides John the footman and Sir Giles's large man in the Bacon livery, and honest Grundsell, carpet-beater and greengrocer, of Little Pocklington Buildings, had at least half a dozen of aides-de-camp in black with white neckcloths, like doctors of divinity.

The BACK DRAWING-ROOM door on the landing being taken off the hinges (and placed up stairs under Mr. Perkins's bed), the orifice was covered with muslin, and festooned with elegant wreaths of flowers. This was the *Dancing Saloon*. A linen was spread over the carpet; and a band — consisting of Mr. Clapperton; piano, Mr. Pinch, harp, and Herr Spoff, cornet-à-piston — arrived at a pretty early hour, and were accommodated with some comfortable negus in the tea-room, previous to the commencement of their delightful labors. The boudoir to the left was fitted up as a card-room; the drawing-room was of course for the reception of the company, — the chandeliers and yellow damask being displayed this night in all their splendor; and the charming conservatory over the landing was ornamented by a few moon-like lamps, and the flowers arranged so that it had the appearance of a fairy bower. And Miss Perkins (as I took the liberty of stating to her mamma) looked like the fairy *of* that bower. It is this young creature's first year in *public life:* she has been educated, regardless of expense, at Hammersmith; and a simple white muslin dress and blue ceinture set off charms of which I beg to speak with respectful admiration.

My distinguished friend the Mulligan of Ballymulligan was good enough to come the very first of the party. By the way, how awkward it is to be the first of the party! and yet you know somebody must; but for my part, being timid, I always wait at the corner of the street in the cab, and watch until some other carriage comes up.

Well, as we were arranging the sherry in the decanters down the supper-tables, my friend arrived: "Hwhares me friend Mr. Titmarsh?" I heard him bawling out to Gregory in the passage; and presently he

rushed into the supper-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Perkins and myself were, and as the waiter was announcing "Mr. Mulligan," "THE Mulligan of Ballymulligan, ye blackguard!" roared he, and stalked into the apartment, "apologoizing," as he said, for introducing himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins did not perhaps wish to be seen in this room, which was for the present only lighted by a couple of candles; but *he* was not at all abashed by the circumstance, and grasping them both warmly by the hands, he instantly made himself at home. "As friends of my dear and talented friend Mick," so he is pleased to call me, "I'm deloighted, madam, to be made known to ye. Don't consider me in the light of a mere acquaintance! As for you, my dear madam, you put me so much in moind of my own blessed mother, now resoiding at Ballymulligan Castle, that I begin to love ye at first soight." At which speech Mr. Perkins getting rather alarmed, asked the Mulligan, whether he would take some wine, or go up stairs.

"Faix," says Mulligan, "it's never too soon for good dhrink." And (although he smelt very much of whiskey already) he drank a tumbler of wine "to the improvement of an acqueentence which commmences in a manner so deloightful."

"Let's go up stairs, Mulligan," says I, and led the noble Irishman to the upper apartments, which were in a profound gloom, the candles not being yet illuminated, and where we surprised Miss Fanny, seated in the twilight at the piano, timidly trying the tunes of the polka which she danced so exquisitely that evening. She did not perceive the stranger at first; but how she started when the Mulligan loomed upon her!

"Heavenlee enchanthress!" says Mulligan, "don't floy at the approach of the humblest of your sleeves! Reshewin your pleece at that insthrument, which weeps harmonious, or smoils melojious, as you charrum it! Are you acqueented with the Oirish Melodies? Can ye play, 'Who fears to talk of Nointy-Eight?' 'The Shan Van Voght?' or 'The Dirge of Fodhlah?'"

"Who's this mad chap that Titmarsh has brought?" I heard Master Bacon exclaim to Master Perkins. "Look! how frightened Fanny looks!"

"O poo! gals are *always* frightened," Fanny's brother replied; but Giles Bacon, more violent, said, "I'll tell you what, Tom: if this goes on, we must pitch into him." And so I have no doubt they would, when another thundering knock coming, Gregory rushed into the room and began lighting all the candles, so as to produce an amazing brilliancy, Miss Fanny sprang up and ran to her mamma, and the young gentlemen slid down the banisters to receive the company in the hall.

EVERYBODY BEGINS TO COME, BUT ESPECIALLY MR. MINCHIN.

"It's only me and my sisters," Master Bacon said; though "only" meant eight in this instance. All the young ladies had fresh cheeks and purple elbows; all had white frocks, with hair more or less auburn: and so a party was already made of this blooming and numerous family, before the rest of the company began to arrive. The three Miss Meggots next came in their fly: Mr. Blades and his niece from 19 in the square: Captain and Mrs. Struther, and Miss Struther: Doctor Toddy's two daughters and their mamma: but where were the gentlemen? The Mulligan, great and active as he was, could not suffice among so many beauties. At last came a brisk neat little knock, and looking into the hall, I saw a gentleman taking off his clogs there, whilst Sir Giles

THE MULLIGAN AND MISS FANNY PERKINS.

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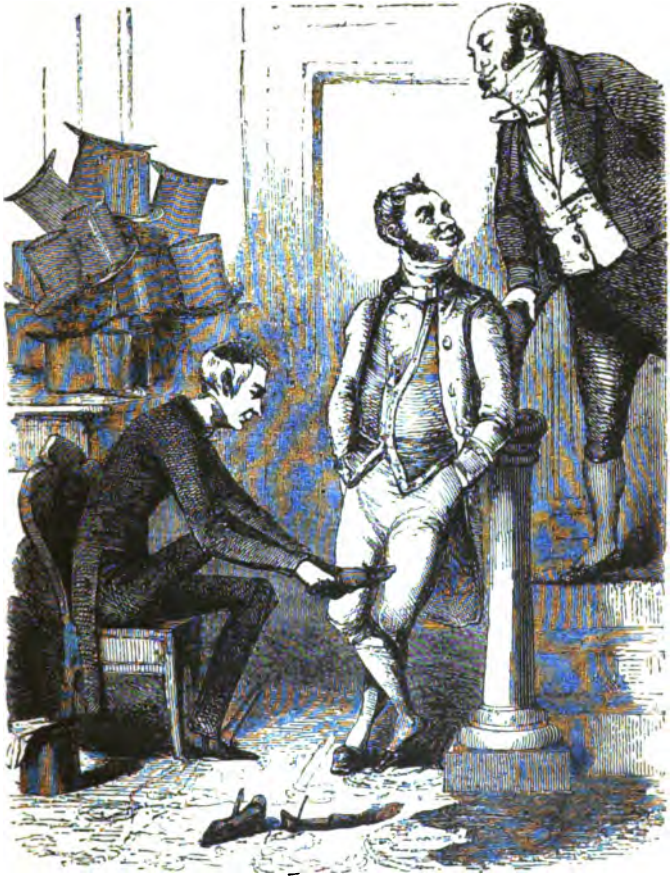

" What name shall I enounce?"
" Don't hurry the gentleman, — don't you see he ain't buttoned his strap yet?"
" Say Mr. Frederick Minchin." (This is spoken with much dignity.)

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THE BALL-ROOM DOOR.

Bacon's big footman was looking on with rather a contemptuous air.

"What name shall I enounce?" says he, with a wink at Gregory on the stair.

The gentleman in clogs said, with quiet dignity, —

MR. FREDERICK MINCHIN.

"Pump Court, Temple," is printed on his cards in very small type: and he is a rising barrister of the Western Circuit. He is to be found at home of mornings: afterwards "at Westminster," as you read on his back door. "Binks and Minchin's Reports" are probably known to my legal friends: this is the Minchin in question.

He is decidedly genteel, and is rather in request at the balls of the Judges' and Sergeants' ladies: for he dances irreproachably, and goes out to dinner as much as ever he can.

He mostly dines at the Oxford and Cambridge Club, of which you can easily see by his appearance that he is a member; he takes the joint and his half-pint of wine, for Minchin does every thing like a gentleman. He is rather of a literary turn; still makes Latin verses with some neatness; and before he was called, was remarkably fond of the flute.

When Mr. Minchin goes out in the evening, his clerk brings his bag to the Club, to dress; and if it is at all muddy, he turns up his trousers, so that he may come in without a speck. For such a party as this, he will have new gloves; otherwise Frederick, his clerk, is chiefly employed in cleaning them with India-rubber.

He has a number of pleasant stories about the Circuit and the University, which he tells with a simper to his neighbor at dinner; and has always the last joke of Mr. Baron Maule. He has a private fortune of five thousand pounds; he is a dutiful son; he has a sister married, in Harley Street; and Lady Jane Ranville has the best opinion of him, and says he is a most excellent and highly principled young man.

Her ladyship and daughter arrived just as Mr. Minchin had popped his clogs into the umbrella-stand; and the rank of that respected person, and the dignified manner in which he led her up stairs, caused all sneering on the part of the domestics to disappear.

THE BALL-ROOM DOOR.

A HUNDRED of knocks follow Frederick Minchin's: in half an hour Messrs. Spoff, Pinch, and Clapperton have begun their music, and Mulligan, with one of the Miss Bacons, is dancing majestically in the first quadrille. My young friends, Giles and Tom, prefer the landing-place to the drawing-rooms, where they stop all night, robbing the refreshment-trays as they come up or down. Giles has eaten fourteen ices: he will have a dreadful stomach-ache to-morrow. Tom has eaten twelve, but he has had four more glasses of negus than Giles. Grundsell, the occasional waiter, from whom Master Tom buys quantities of ginger-beer, can of course deny him nothing. That is Grundsell, in the tights, with the tray. Meanwhile direct your attention to the three gentlemen at the door: they are conversing.

1*st Gent.* — Who's the man of the house — the bald man?

2*d Gent.* — Of course. The man of the house is always bald. He's a stockbrocker, I believe. Snooks brought me.

1*st Gent.* — Have you been to the tea-room? There's a pretty girl in the tea-room: blue eyes, pink ribbons, that kind of thing.

2*d Gent.* — Who the deuce is that girl with those tremendous shoulders? Gad! I do wish somebody would smack 'em.

3*d Gent.* — Sir — that young lady is my niece, sir, — my niece — my name is Blades, sir.

2d Gent. — Well, Blades! smack your niece's shoulder: she deserves it, begad! she does. Come in, Jinks, present me to the Perkinses. — Hullo! here's an old country acquaintance — Lady Bacon, as I live! with all the piglings; she never goes out without the whole litter. (*Exeunt 1st and 2d Gents.*)

LADY BACON, THE MISS BACONS, MR. FLAM.

Lady B. — Leonora! Maria! Amelia! here is the gentleman we met at Sir John Porkington's.

[*The* MISSES BACON, *expecting to be asked to dance, smile simultaneously, and begin to smooth their tuckers.*]

Mr. Flam. — Lady Bacon! I couldn't be mistaken in *you!* Won't you dance, Lady Bacon?

Lady B. — Go away, you droll creature!

Mr. Flam. — And these are your ladyship's seven lovely sisters, to judge from their likenesses to the charming Lady Bacon?

Lady B. — My sisters, he! he! my *daughters*, Mr. Flam, and *they* dance, don't you, girls?

The Misses Bacon. — Oh, yes!

Mr. Flam. — Gad! how I wish I was a dancing man!

[*Exit* FLAM.

MR. LARKINS.

I HAVE not been able to do justice (only a Lawrence could do that) to my respected friend Mrs. Perkins, in this picture; but Larkins's portrait is considered very like. Adolphus Larkins has been long connected with Mr. Perkins's City establishment, and is asked to dine twice or thrice per annum. Evening-parties are the great enjoyment of this simple youth, who, after he has walked from Kentish Town to Thames Street, and passed twelve hours in severe labor there, and walked back again to Kentish Town, finds no greater pleasure than to attire his lean person in that elegant evening costume which you see, to walk into town again, and to dance at anybody's house who will invite him. Islington, Pentonville, Somers Town, are the scenes of many of his exploits; and I have seen this good-natured fellow performing figure-dances at Nottinghill, at a house where I am ashamed to say there was no supper, no negus even to speak of, nothing but the bare merits of the polka in which Adolphus revels. To describe this gentleman's infatuation for dancing, let me say, in a word, that he will even frequent boarding-house hops, rather than not go.

He has clogs, too, like Minchin: but nobody laughs at *him*. He gives himself no airs; but walks into a house with a knock and a demeanor so tremulous and humble, that the servants rather patronize him. He does not speak, or have any particular opinions, but when the time comes, begins to dance. He bleats out a word or two to his partner during this operation, seems very weak and sad during the whole performance; and, of course, is set to dance with the ugliest women everywhere.

The gentle, kind spirit! when I think of him night after night, hopping and jigging, and trudging off to Kentish Town, so gently, through the fogs, and mud, and darkness, I do not know whether I ought to admire him, because his enjoyments are so simple, and his dispositions so kindly, or laugh at him, because he draws his life so exquisitely mild. Well, well, we can't be all roaring lions in this world; there must be *some* lambs, and harmless, kindly, gregarious creatures for eating and shearing. See! even good-natured Mrs. Perkins is leading up the trembling Larkins to the tremendous Miss Bunion!

LADY BACON, THE MISS BACONS, AND MR. FLAM.

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Miss Bunion.

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Mr. Hicks.

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Miss Meggot.

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Miss Joy, Mr. and Mrs. Joy, Mr. Botter.

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Miss Ranville, Rev. Mr. Toop, Miss Mullins, and Mr. Winter.

where they have lived for I don't know how many score of years; but this is certain: the eldest Miss Meggot saw the Gordon Riots out of that same parlor window, and tells the story how her father (physician to George III.) was robbed of his cue in the streets on that occasion. The two old ladies have taken the brevet rank, and are addressed as Mrs. Jane and Mrs. Betsy: one of them is at whist in the back drawing-room. But the youngest is still called Miss Nancy, and is considered quite a baby by her sisters.

She was going to be married once to a brave young officer, Ensign Angus Macquirk, of the Whistlebinkie Fencibles; but he fell at Quatre Bras, by the side of the gallant Snuffmull, his commander. Deeply, deeply did Miss Nancy deplore him.

But time has cicatrized the wounded heart. She is gay now, and would sing or dance, ay, or marry, if anybody asked her.

Do go, my dear friend — I don't mean to ask her to marry, but to ask her to dance. Never mind the looks of the thing. It will make her happy; and what does it cost you? Ah, my dear fellow! take this counsel: always dance with the old ladies — always dance with the governesses. It is a comfort to the poor things when they get up in their garret that somebody has had mercy on them. And such a handsome fellow as *you* too!

MISS RANVILLE, REV. MR. TOOP, MISS MULLINS, MR. WINTER.

Mr. W. — Miss Mullins, look at Miss Ranville: what a picture of good humor.

Miss M. — Oh, you satirical creature!

Mr. W. — Do you know why she is so angry? she expected to dance with Captain Grig, and by some mistake, the Cambridge Professor got hold of her: isn't he a handsome man?

Miss M. — Oh, you droll wretch!

Mr. W. — Yes, he's a fellow of college — fellows mayn't marry, Miss Mullins — poor fellows, ay, Miss Mullins?

Miss M. — La!

Mr. W. — And Professor of Phlebotomy in the University. He flatters himself he is a man of the world, Miss Mullins, and always dances in the long vacation.

Miss M. — You malicious, wicked monster!

Mr. W. — Do you know Lady Jane Ranville? Miss Ranville's mamma. A ball once a year; footmen in canary-colored livery: Baker Street; six dinners in the season; starves all the year round; pride and poverty, you know; I've been to her ball *once*. Ranville Ranville's her brother; and between you and me — but this, dear Miss Mullins, is a profound secret, — I think he's a greater fool than his sister.

Miss M. — Oh, you satirical, droll, malicious, wicked thing you!

Mr. W. — You do me injustice, Miss Mullins, indeed you do.

[*Chaine Anglaise.*]

MISS JOY, MR. AND MRS. JOY, MR. BOTTER.

Mr. B. — What spirits that girl has, Mrs. Joy!

Mr. J. — She's a sunshine in a house, Botter, a regular sunshine. When Mrs J. here's in a bad humor, I . . .

Mrs. J. — Don't talk nonsense, Mr. Joy.

Mr. B. — There's a hop, skip, and jump for you! Why, it beats Ellsler! Upon my conscience it does! It's her fourteenth quadrille, too. There she goes! She's a jewel of a girl, though I say it that shouldn't.

Mrs. J. (*laughing*). — Why don't you marry her, Botter? Shall I speak

MISS BUNION.

The Poetess, author of "Heart-strings," "The Deadly Nightshade," "Passion Flowers," &c. Though her poems breathe only of love, Miss B. has never been married. She is nearly six feet high; she loves waltzing beyond even poesy; and I think lobster-salad as much as either. She confesses to twenty-eight; in which case her first volume, "The Orphan of Gozo" (cut up by Mr. Rigby, in "The Quarterly," with his usual kindness), must have been published when she was three years old.

For a woman all soul, she certainly eats as much as any woman I ever saw. The sufferings she has had to endure are, she says, beyond compare; the poems which she writes breathe a withering passion, a smouldering despair, an agony of spirit that would melt the soul of a drayman, were he to read them. Well, it is a comfort to see that she can dance of nights, and to know (for the habits of illustrious literary persons are always worth knowing) that she eats a hot mutton-chop for breakfast every morning of her blighted existence.

She lives in a boarding-house at Brompton, and comes to the party in a fly.

MR. HICKS.

It is worth twopence to see Miss Bunion and Poseidon Hicks, the great poet, conversing with one another, and to talk of one to the other afterwards. How they hate each other! I (in my wicked way) have sent Hicks almost raving mad, by praising Bunion to him in confidence; and you can drive Bunion out of the room by a few judicious panegyrics of Hicks.

Hicks first burst upon the astonished world with poems, in the Byronic manner: "The Death-Shriek," "The Bastard of Lara," "The Atabal," "The Fire-Ship of Botzaris," and other works. His "Love Lays," in Mr. Moore's early style, were pronounced to be wonderfully precocious for a young gentleman then only thirteen, and in a commercial academy, at Tooting.

Subsequently, this great bard became less passionate and more thoughtful; and, at the age of twenty, wrote "Idiosyncrasy" (in forty books, 4to); "Ararat," "a stupendous epic," as the review said; and "The Megatheria," a magnificent contribution to our pre-Adamite literature," according to the same authorities. Not having read these works, it would ill become me to judge them; but I know that poor Jingle, the publisher, always attributed his insolvency to the latter epic, which was magnificently printed in elephant folio.

Hicks has now taken a classical turn, and has brought out "Poseidon," "Iacchus," "Hephæstus," and I dare say is going through the mythology. But I should not like to try him at a passage of the Greek Delectus, any more than twenty thousand others of us who have had a "classical education."

Hicks was taken in an inspired attitude, regarding the chandelier, and pretending he didn't know that Miss Pettifer was looking at him.

Her name is Anna Maria (daughter of Higgs and Pettifer, solicitors, Bedford Row); but Hicks calls her "Ianthe" in his album verses, and is himself an eminent drysalter in the city.

MISS MEGGOT.

Poor Miss Meggot is not so lucky as Miss Bunion. Nobody comes to dance with *her*, though she has a new frock on, as she calls it, and rather a pretty foot, which she always manages to stick out.

She is forty-seven, the youngest of three sisters, who live in a mouldy old house, near Middlesex Hospital,

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MR. RANVILLE RANVILLE AND JACK HUBBARD.

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MRS. TROTTER, MISS TROTTER, MISS TOADY, LORD METHUSELAH.

to her? I dare say she'd have you. You're not so *very* old.

Mr. B. — Don't aggravate me, Mrs. J. You know when I lost my heart in the year 1817, at the opening of Waterloo Bridge, to a young lady who wouldn't have me, and left me to die in despair, and married Joy, of the Stock Exchange.

Mrs. J. — Get away, you foolish old creature.

[MR. JOY *looks on in ecstasies at* MISS JOY'S *agility.* LADY JANE RANVILLE, *of Baker Street, pronounces her to be an exceedingly forward person.* CAPTAIN DOBBS *likes a girl who has plenty of go in her; and as for* FRED SPARKS, *he is over head and ears in love with her.*]

MR. RANVILLE RANVILLE AND JACK HUBBARD.

THIS is Miss Ranville Ranville's brother, Mr. Ranville Ranville, of the Foreign Office, faithfully designed as he was playing at whist in the card-room. Talleyrand used to play at whist at the "Travellers';" that is why Ranville Ranville indulges in that diplomatic recreation. It is not his fault if he be not the greatest man in the room.

If you speak to him, he smiles sternly, and answers in monosyllables; he would rather die than commit himself. He never has committed himself in his life. He was the first at school, and distinguished at Oxford. He is growing prematurely bald now, like Canning, and is quite proud of it. He rides in St. James's Park of a morning before breakfast. He dockets his tailor's bills, and nicks off his dinner-notes in diplomatic paragraphs, and keeps *précis* of them all. If he ever makes a joke, it is a quotation from Horace, like Sir Robert Peel. The only relaxation he permits himself, is to read Thucydides in the holidays.

Every body asks him out to dinner, on account of his brass-buttons with the Queen's cipher, and to have the air of being well with the Foreign Office. "Where I dine," he says solemnly, "I think it is my duty to go to evening-parties." That is why he is here. He never dances, never sups, never drinks. He has gruel when he goes home to bed. I think it is in his brains.

He is such an ass and so respectable, that one wonders he has not succeeded in the world; and yet somehow they laugh at him; and you and I shall be Ministers as soon as he will.

Yonder, making believe to look over the print-books, is that merry rogue, Jack Hubbard.

See how jovial he looks! He is the life and soul of every party, and his impromptu singing after supper will make you die of laughing. He is meditating an impromptu now, and at the same time thinking about a bill that is coming due next Thursday. Happy dog!

MRS. TROTTER, MISS TROTTER, MISS TOADY, LORD METHUSELAH.

DEAR Emma Trotter has been silent and rather ill-humored all the evening until now her pretty face lights up with smiles. Cannot you guess why? Pity the simple and affectionate creature! Lord Methuselah has not arrived until this moment: and see how the artless girl steps forward to greet him!

In the midst of all the selfishness and turmoil of the world, how charming it is to find virgin hearts quite unsullied, and to look on at little romantic pictures of mutual love! Lord Methuselah, though you know his age by the peerage — though he is old, wigged, gouty, rouged, wicked, has lighted up a pure flame in that gentle bosom. There was a talk about Tom Willoughby last year; and then, for a time, young Hawbuck (Sir John Hawbuck's youngest son) seemed the favored man; but

Emma never knew her mind until she met the dear creature before you in a Rhine steamboat. "Why are you so late, Edward?" says she. Dear artless child!

Her mother looks on with tender satisfaction. One can appreciate the joys of such an admirable parent!

"Look at them!" says Miss Toady. "I vow and protest they're the handsomest couple in the room!"

Methuselah's grandchildren are rather jealous and angry, and Mademoiselle Ariane, of the French theatre, is furious. But there's no accounting for the mercenary envy of some people; and it is impossible to satisfy everybody.

MR. BEAUMORIS, MR. GRIG, MR. FLYNDERS.

Those three young men are described in a twinkling: Captain Grig of the Heavies; Mr. Beaumoris, the handsome young man; Tom Flinders (Flynders Flynders he now calls himelf), the fat gentleman who dresses after Beaumoris.

Beaumoris is in the Treasury: he has a salary of eighty pounds a year, on which he maintains the best cab and horses of the season; and out of which he pays seventy guineas merely for his subscriptions to clubs. He hunts in Leicestershire, where great men mount him; he is a prodigious favorite behind the scenes at the theatres; you may get glimpses of him at Richmond, with all sorts of pink bonnets; and he is the sworn friend of half the most famous roués about town, such as Old Methuselah, Lord Billygoat, Lord Tarquin, and the rest: a respectable race. It is to oblige the former that the good-natured young fellow is here to-night; though it must not be imagined that he gives himself any airs of superiority. Dandy as he is, he is quite affable, and would borrow ten guineas from any man in the room, in the most jovial way possible.

It is neither Beau's birth, which is doubtful; nor his money, which is entirely negative; nor his honesty, which goes along with his money-qualification; nor his wit, for he can barely spell,—which recommend him to the fashionable world: but a sort of Grand Seigneur splendor and dandified *je ne sçais quoi*, which make the man he is of him. The way in which his boots and gloves fit him is a wonder which no other man can achieve; and though he has not an atom of principle, it must be confessed that he invented the Taglioni shirt.

When I see these magnificent dandies yawning out of "White's," or caracoling in the Park on shining chargers, I like to think that Brummell was the greatest of them all, and that Brummell's father was a footman.

Flynders is Beaumoris's toady: lends him money: buys horses through his recommendation; dresses after him; clings to him in Pall Mall, and on the steps of the club; and talks about "Bo" in all societies. It is his drag which carries down Bo's friends to the Derby, and his checks pay for dinners to the pink bonnets. I don't believe the Perkinses know what a rogue it is, but fancy him a decent, reputable City man, like his father before him.

As for Captain Grig, what is there to tell about him? He performs the duties of his calling with perfect gravity. He is faultless on parade; excellent across country; amiable when drunk, rather slow when sober. He has not two ideas, and is a most good-natured, irreproachable, gallant, and stupid young officer.

CAVALIER SEUL.

This is my friend Bob Hely, performing the Cavalier seul in a quadrille. Remark the good-humored pleasure depicted in his countenance. Has he any secret grief? Has he a pain

Mr. Beaumoris, Mr. Grig, Mr. Flynders.

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CAVALIER SEUL.

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M. Canaillard, Lieutenant Baron de Bobwitz

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THE BOUDOIR. — MR. SMITH, MR. BROWN, MISS BUSTLETON.

anywhere? No, dear Miss Jones, he is dancing like a true Briton, and with all the charming gayety and abandon of our race.

When Canaillard performs that Cavalier seul operation, does *he* flinch? No: he puts on his most *vainqueur* look, he sticks his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and advances, retreats, pirouettes, and otherwise gambadoes, as though to say, "Regarde moi, O monde! Venez, O femmes, venez voir danser Canaillard!"

When De Bobwitz executes the same measure, he does it with smiling agility, and graceful ease.

But poor Hely, if he were advancing to a dentist, his face would not be more cheerful. All the eyes of the room are upon him, he thinks; and he thinks he looks like a fool.

Upon my word, if you press the point with me, dear Miss Jones, I think he is not very far from right. I think that while Frenchmen and Germans may dance, as it is their nature to do, there is a natural dignity about us Britons, which debars us from that enjoyment. I am rather of the Turkish opinion, that this should be done for us. I think—

"Good-by, you envious old fox-and-the-grapes," says Miss Jones, and the next moment I see her whirling by in a polka with Tom Tozer, at a pace which makes me shrink back with terror into the little boudoir.

M. CANAILLARD, CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.—LIEUTENANT BARON DE BOBWITZ.

Canaillard. — Oh, ces Anglais! quels hommes, mon Dieu! Comme ils sont habillés, comme ils dansent!

Bobwitz. — Ce sont de beaux hommes bourtant; point de tenue militaire, mais de grands gaillards; si je les avais dans ma compagnie de la Garde, j'en ferai de bons soldats.

Canaillard. — Est-il bête, cet Allemand! Les grands hommes ne font pas toujours de bons soldats, Monsieur. Il me semble que les soldats de France qui sont de ma taille, Monsieur, valent un peu mieux . . .

Bobwitz. — Vous croyez?

Canaillard.—Comment! je le crois, Monsieur? J'en suis sûr! Il me semble, Monsieur, que nous l'avons prouvé.

Bobwitz (*impatiently*). — Je m'en vais danser la Bolka. Serviteur, Monsieur.

Canaillard. — Butor! (He goes and looks at himself in the glass, when he is seized by Mrs. Perkins for the Polka.)

THE BOUDOIR.—MR. SMITH, MR. BROWN, MISS BUSTLETON.

Mr. Brown. — You polk, Miss Bustleton? I'm *so* delaighted.

Miss Bustleton. — [*Smiles and prepares to rise.*]

Mr. Smith. — D—— puppy.

(*Poor* SMITH *don't polk.*)

GRAND POLKA.

THOUGH a quadrille seems to me as dreary as a funeral, yet to look at a polka, I own, is pleasant. See! Brown and Emily Bustleton are whirling round as light as two pigeons over a dovecot; Tozer, with that wicked whisking little Jones, spins along as merrily as a May-day sweep; Miss Joy is the partner of the happy Fred Sparks; and even Miss Ranville is pleased, for the faultless Captain Grig is toe and heel with her. Beaumoris, with rather a nonchalant air, takes a turn with Miss Trotter, at which Lord Methuselah's wrinkled chops quiver uneasily. See! how the big Baron de Bobwitz spins lightly, and gravely, and gracefully round; and lo! the Frenchman staggering under the weight of Miss Bunion, who

tramps and kicks like a young cart-horse.

But the most awful sight which met my view in this dance was the unfortunate Miss Little, to whom fate had assigned THE MULLIGAN as a partner. Like a pavid kid in the talons of an eagle, that young creature trembled in his huge Milesian grasp. Disdaining the recognized form of the dance, the Irish chieftain accommodated the music to the dance of his own green land, and performed a double shuffle jig, carrying Miss Little along with him. Miss Ranville and her Captain shrank back amazed; Miss Trotter skirried out of his way into the protection of the astonished Lord Methuselah; Fred Sparks could hardly move for laughing; while, on the contrary, Miss Joy was quite in pain for poor Sophy Little. As Canaillard and the Poetess came up, The Mulligan, in the height of his enthusiasm, lunged out a kick which sent Miss Bunion howling; and concluded with a tremendous Hurroo! — a war-cry which caused every Saxon heart to shudder and quail.

"Oh that the earth would open and kindly take me in!" I exclaimed mentally; and slunk off into the lower regions, where by this time half the company were at supper.

THE SUPPER.

THE supper is going on behind the screen. There is no need to draw the supper. We all know that sort of transaction: the squabbling, and gobbling, and popping of champagne; the smell of musk and lobster salad; the dowagers chumping away at plates of raised pie; the young lassies nibbling at little tidbits, which the dexterous young gentlemen procure. Three large men, like doctors of divinity, wait behind the table, and furnish every thing that appetite can ask for. I never, for my part, can eat any supper for wondering at those men. I believe if you were to ask them for mashed turnips, or a slice of crocodile, those astonishing people would serve you. What a contempt they must have for the guttling crowd to whom they minister — those solemn pastrycook's men! How they must hate jellies, and game-pies, and champagne, in their hearts! How they must scorn my poor friend Grundsell behind the screen, who is sucking at a bottle!

GEORGE GRUNDSELL,
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☞ Carpets Beat. — Knives and Boots cleaned per contract. — Errands faithfully performed. — G. G. attends Ball and Dinner parties, and from his knowledge of the most distinguished Families in London, confidently recommends his services to the distinguished neighborhood of Pocklington Square.

This disguised greengrocer is a very well-known character in the neighborhood of Pocklington Square. He waits at the parties of the gentry in the neighborhood, and though, of course, despised in families where a footman is kept, is a person of much importance in female establishments.

Miss Jonas always employs him at her parties, and says to her page, "Vincent, send the butler, or send Desborough to me;" by which name she chooses to designate G. G.

When the Miss Frumps have post-horses to their carriage, and pay visits, Grundsell always goes behind. Those ladies have the greatest confidence in him, have been godmothers to fourteen of his children, and leave their house in his charge when they go to Bognor for the summer. He attended those ladies when they were presented at the last drawing-room of her Majesty Queen Charlotte.

Mr. Grundsell's state costume is a blue coat and copper buttons, a white waistcoat, and an immense frill and shirt-collar. He was for many years a private watchman, and once canvassed for the office of parish clerk of

GEORGE GRUNDSELL.

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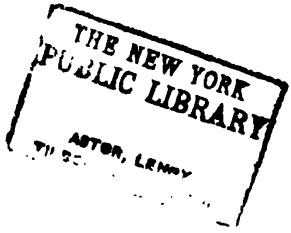
MISS MARTIN AND YOUNG WARD.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THE MULLIGAN AND MR. PERKINS.

St. Peter's, Pocklington. He can be intrusted with untold spoons; with any thing, in fact, but liquor; and it was he who brought round the cards for MRS. PERKINS'S BALL.

AFTER SUPPER.

I DO not intend to say any more about it. After the people had supped, they went back and danced. Some supped again. I gave Miss Bunion, with my own hands, four bumpers of champagne: and such a quantity of goose-liver and truffles, that I don't wonder she took a glass of cherry-brandy afterwards. The gray morning was in Pocklington Square as she drove away in her fly. So did the other people go away. How green and sallow some of the girls looked, and how awfully clear Mrs. Colonel Bludyer's rouge was! Lady Jane Ranville's great coach had roared away down the streets long before. Fred Minchin pattered off in his clogs: it was I who covered up Miss Meggot, and conducted her, with her two old sisters, to the carriage. Good old souls! They have shown their gratitude by asking me to tea next Tuesday. Methuselah is gone to finish the night at the Club. "Mind to-morrow," Miss Trotter says, kissing her hand out of the carriage. Canaillard departs, asking the way to "Lesterre Squar." They all go away — life goes away.

Look at Miss Martin and young Ward! How tenderly the rogue is wrapping her up! how kindly she looks at him! The old folks are whispering behind as they wait for their carriage. What is their talk, think you? and when shall that pair make a match? When you see those pretty little creatures with their smiles and their blushes, and their pretty ways, would you like to be the Grand Bashaw?

"Mind and send me a large piece of cake," I go up and whisper archly to old Mr. Ward: and we look on rather sentimentally at the couple, almost the last in the rooms (there, I declare, go the musicians, and the clock is at five) — when Grundsell, with an *air effaré*, rushes up to me and says, "For 'e'v'n sake, sir, go into the supper-room: there's that Hirish gent a-pitchin' into Mr. P."

THE MULLIGAN AND MR. PERKINS.

IT was too true. I had taken him away after supper (he ran after Miss Little's carriage, who was dying in love with him as he fancied), but the brute had come back again. The doctors of divinity were putting up their condiments: everybody was gone; but the abominable Mulligan sat swinging his legs at the lonely supper-table!

Perkins was opposite, gasping at him.

The Mulligan. — I tell ye, ye are the butler, ye big fat man. Go get me some more champagne: it's good at this house.

Mr. Perkins (*with dignity*). — It *is* good at this house; but —

The Mulligan. — But hwhat, ye goggling, bow-windowed jackass? Go get the wine, and we'll dthrink it together, my old buck.

Mr. Perkins. — My name, sir is PERKINS.

The Mulligan. — Well, that rhymes with jerkins, my man of firkins; so don't let us have any more shirkings and lurkings, Mr. Perkins.

Mr. Perkins (*with apoplectic energy*). — Sir, I am the master of this house; and I order you to quit it. I'll not be insulted, sir. I'll send for a policeman, sir. What do you mean, Mr. Titmarsh, sir, by bringing this — this beast into my house, sir?

At this, with a scream like that of a Hyrcanian tiger, Mulligan of the hundred battles sprang forward at his prey; but we were beforehand with him. Mr. Gregory, Mr. Grundsell, Sir Giles Bacon's large man, the

young gentlemen, and myself, rushed simultaneously upon the tipsy chieftain, and confined him. The doctors of divinity looked on with perfect indifference. That Mr. Perkins did not go off in a fit is a wonder. He was led away heaving and snorting frightfully.

Somebody smashed Mulligan's hat over his eyes, and I led him forth into the silent morning. The chirrup of the birds, the freshness of the rosy air, and a penn'orth of coffee that I got for him at a stall in the Regent Circus, revived him somewhat. When I quitted him, he was not angry but sad. He was desirous, it is true, of avenging the wrongs of Erin in battle line; he wished also to share the grave of Sarsfield and Hugh O'Neill; but he was sure that Miss Perkins, as well as Miss Little, was desperately in love with him; and I left him on a door-step in tears.

"Is it best to be laughing-mad, or crying-mad, in the world?" says I moodily, coming into my street. Betsy the maid was already up and at work, on her knees, scouring the steps, and cheerfully beginning her honest daily labor.

OUR STREET.

OUR STREET from the little nook which I occupy in it, and whence I and a fellow-lodger and friend of mine cynically observe it, presents a strange motley scene. We are in a state of transition. We are not as yet in the town, and we have left the country, where we were when I came to lodge with Mrs. Cammysole, my excellent landlady. I then took second-floor apartments at No. 17, Waddilove Street, and since, although I have never moved (having various little comforts about me), I find myself living at No. 46A, Pocklington Gardens.

Why is this? Why am I to pay eighteen shillings instead of fifteen? I was quite as happy in Waddilove Street; but the fact is, a great portion of that venerable old district has passed away, and we are being absorbed into the splendid new white-stuccoed Doric-porticoed genteel Pocklington quarter. Sir Thomas Gibbs Pocklington, M.P., for the borough of Lathanplaster, is the founder of the district and his own fortune. The Pocklington Estate Office is in the Square, on a line with Waddil—with Pocklington Gardens I mean. The old inn, the "Ram and Magpie," where the market-gardeners used to bait, came out this year with a new white face and title, the shield, &c., of the "Pocklington Arms." Such a shield it is! Such quarterings! Howard, Cavendish, De Ros, De la Zouche, all mingled together.

Even our house, 46A, which Mrs. Cammysole has had painted white in compliment to the Gardens of which it now forms part, is a sort of impostor, and has no business to be called Gardens at all. Mr. Gibbs, Sir Thomas's agent and nephew, is furious at our daring to take the title which belongs to our betters. The very next door (No. 46, the Honorable Mrs. Mountnoddy) is a house of five stories, shooting up proudly into the air, thirty feet above our old high-roofed low-roomed old tenement. Our house belongs to Captain Bragg, not only the landlord but the son-in-law of Mrs. Cammysole, who lives a couple of hundred yards down the street, at "The Bungalow." He was

OUR STREET.

By Mr. M. A. TITMARSH.

the commander of the "Ram Chunder" East-Indiaman, and has quarrelled with the Pocklingtons ever since he bought houses in the parish.

He it is who will not sell or alter his houses to suit the spirit of the times. He it is who, though he made the Widow Cammysole change the name of her street, will not pull down the house next door, nor the baker's next, nor the iron-bedstead and feather warehouse ensuing, nor the little barber's with the pole, nor, I am ashamed to say, the tripe-shop, still standing. The barber powders the heads of the great footmen from Pocklington Gardens; they are so big that they can scarcely sit in his little premises. And the old tavern, the "East-Indiaman," is kept by Bragg's ship-steward, and protests against the "Pocklington Arms."

Down the road is Pocklington Chapel, Rev. Oldham Slocum—in brick, with arched windows and a wooden belfry: sober, dingy, and hideous. In the centre of Pocklington Gardens rises St. Waltheof's, the Rev. Cyril Thuryfer and assistants—a splendid Anglo-Norman edifice, vast, rich, elaborate, bran-new, and intensely old. Down Avemary Lane you may hear the clink of the little Romish chapel bell. And hard by is a large broad-shouldered Ebenezer (Rev. Jonas Gronow), out of the windows of which the hymns come booming all Sunday long.

Going westward along the line, we come presently to Comandine House (on a part of the gardens of which Comandine Gardens is about to be erected by his lordship); farther on, "The Pineries," Mr. and Lady Mary Mango: and so we get into the country, and out of Our Street altogether, as I may say. But in the half mile, over which it may be said to extend, we find all sorts and conditions of people—from the Right Honorable Lord Comandine down to the present topographer; who, being of no rank, as it were, has the fortune to be treated on almost friendly footing by all, from his lordship down to the tradesman.

OUR HOUSE IN OUR STREET.

We must begin our little descriptions where they say charity should begin—at home. Mrs. Cammysole, my landlady, will be rather surprised when she reads this, and finds that a good-natured tenant, who has never complained of her impositions for fifteen years, understands every one of her tricks, and treats them, not with anger, but with scorn—with silent scorn.

On the 18th of December, 1837, for instance, coming gently down stairs, and before my usual wont, I saw you seated in my arm-chair, peeping into a letter that came from my aunt in the country, just as if it had been addressed to you, and not to "M. A. Titmarsh, Esq." Did I make any disturbance? far from it; I slunk back to my bedroom, (being enabled to walk silently in the beautiful pair of worsted slippers Miss Penelope J——s worked for me: they are worn out now, dear Penelope!) and then rattling open the door with a great noise, descended the stairs, singing "*Son vergin vezzosa*" at the top of my voice. You were not in my sitting-room, Mrs. Cammysole, when I entered that apartment.

You have been reading all my letters, papers, manuscripts, *brouillons* of verses, inchoate articles for the "Morning Post" and "Morning Chronicle," invitations to dinner and tea—all my family letters, all Eliza Townley's letters, from the first, in which she declared that to be the bride of her beloved Michelagnolo was the fondest wish of her maiden heart, to the last, in which she announced that her Thomas was the best of husbands, and signed herself "Eliza Slogger;" all Mary Farmer's letters, all Emily Delamere's; all that poor foolish old Miss MacWhirter's, whom I would as soon marry as ——: in a word, I

know that you, you hawk-beaked, keen-eyed, sleepless, indefatigable old Mrs. Cammysole, have read all my papers for these fifteen years.

I know that you cast your curious old eyes over all the manuscripts which you find in my coat-pockets and those of my pantaloons, as they hang in a drapery over the door-handle of my bed-room.

I know that you count the money in my green and gold purse, which Lucy Netterville gave me, and speculate on the manner in which I have laid out the difference between to-day and yesterday.

I know that you have an understanding with the laundress (to whom you say that you are all-powerful with me), threatening to take away my practice from her, unless she gets up gratis some of your fine linen.

I know that we both have a pennyworth of cream for breakfast, which is brought in in the same little can; and I know who has the most for her share.

I know how many lumps of sugar you take from each pound as it arrives. I have counted the lumps, you old thief, and for years have never said a word, except to Miss Clapperclaw, the first-floor lodger. Once I put a bottle of pale brandy into that cupboard, of which you and I only have keys, and the liquor wasted and wasted away until it was all gone. You drank the whole of it, you wicked old woman. You a lady, indeed!

I know your rage when they did me the honor to elect me a member of the "Poluphloisboiothalasses Club," and I ceased consequently to dine at home. When I *did* dine at home, — on a beefsteak let us say, — I should like to know what you had for supper. You first amputated portions of the meat when raw; you abstracted more when cooked. Do you think *I* was taken in by your flimsy pretences? I wonder how you could dare to do such things before your maids, (you a clergyman's daughter and widow, indeed!) whom you yourself were always charging with roguery.

Yes, the insolence of the old woman is unbearable, and I must break out at last. If she goes off in a fit at reading this, I am sure I shan't mind. She has two unhappy wenches, against whom her old tongue is clacking from morning till night: she pounces on them at all hours. It was but this morning at eight, when poor Molly was brooming the steps, and the baker paying her by no means unmerited compliments, that my landlady came whirling out of the ground-floor front, and sent the poor girl whimpering into the kitchen.

Were it but for her conduct to her maids I was determined publicly to denounce her. These poor wretches she causes to lead the lives of demons; and not content with bullying them all day, she sleeps at night in the same room with them, so that she may have them up before daybreak, and scold them while they are dressing.

Certain it is, that between her and Miss Clapperclaw, on the first floor, the poor wenches lead a dismal life. My dear Miss Clapperclaw, I hope you will excuse me for having placed you in the titlepage of my little book, looking out of your accustomed window, and having your eye-glasses ready to spy the whole street, which you know better than any inhabitant of it.

It is to you that I owe most of my knowledge of our neighbors; from you it is that most of the facts and observations contained in these brief pages are taken. Many a night, over our tea, have we talked amiably about our neighbors and their little failings; and as I know that you speak of mine pretty freely, why, let me say, my dear Bessy, that if we have not built up Our Street between us, at least we have pulled it to pieces.

THE BUNGALOW — CAPTAIN AND MRS. BRAGG.

Long, long ago, when Our Street was the country — a stage-coach be-

A Street Courtship.

Baker. — How them curl-papers do become you, Miss Molly.
Miss Molly. — Get 'long now, Baker, do.

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CAPTAIN AND MRS. BRAGG OF OUR STREET.

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tween us and London passing four times a day — I do not care to own that it was a sight of Flora Cammysole's face, under the card of her mamma's "Lodgings to Let," which first caused me to become a tenant of Our Street. A fine good-humored lass she was then; and I gave her lessons (part out of the rent) in French and flower-painting. She has made a fine rich marriage since, although her eyes have often seemed to me to say, "Ah, Mr. T., why didn't you, when there was yet time, and we both of us were free, propose — you know what?" "Psha! Where was the money, my dear madam?"

Captain Bragg, then occupied in building Bungalow Lodge — Bragg, I say, living on the first floor, and entertaining sea-captains, merchants, and East-Indian friends with his grand ship's plate, being disappointed in a project of marrying a director's daughter, who was also a second cousin once removed of a peer, — sent in a fury for Mrs. Cammysole, his landlady, and proposed to marry Flora off-hand, and settle four hundred a year upon her. Flora was ordered from the back-parlor (the ground-floor occupies the second-floor bedroom), and was on the spot made acquainted with the splendid offer which the first-floor had made her. She has been Mrs. Captain Bragg these twelve years.

Bragg to this day wears anchor-buttons, and has a dress-coat with a gold strap for epaulets, in case he should have a fancy to sport them. His house is covered with portraits, busts, and miniatures of himself. His wife is made to wear one of the latter. On his sideboard are pieces of plate, presented by the passengers of the "Ram Chunder" to Captain Bragg: "The 'Ram Chunder' East-Indiaman, in a gale, off Table Bay;" "The Outward-bound Fleet, under convoy of her Majesty's frigate 'Loblollyboy,' Captain Gutch, beating off the French squadron, under Commodore Leloup (the 'Ram Chunder,' S.E. by E., is represented engaged with the 'Mirliton' corvette);" "The 'Ram Chunder' standing into the Hooghly, with Captain Bragg, his telescope and speaking-trumpet, on the poop;" "Captain Bragg presenting the Officers of the 'Ram Chunder' to General Bonaparte at St. Helena — TITMARSH" (this fine piece was painted by me when I was in favor with Bragg); in a word, Bragg and the "Ram Chunder" are all over the house.

Although I have eaten scores of dinners at Captain Bragg's charge, yet his hospitality is so insolent, that none of us who frequent his mahogany feel any obligation to our braggart entertainer.

After he has given one of his great heavy dinners he always takes an opportunity to tell you, in the most public way, how many bottles of wine were drunk. His pleasure is to make his guests tipsy, and to tell everybody how and when the period of inebriation arose. And Miss Clapperclaw tells me that he often comes over laughing and giggling to her, and pretending that he has brought *me* into this condition — a calumny which I fling contemptuously in his face.

He scarcely gives any but men's parties, and invites the whole club home to dinner. What is the compliment of being asked, when the whole club is asked too, I should like to know? Men's parties are only good for boys. I hate a dinner where there are no women. Bragg sits at the head of his table, and bullies the solitary Mrs. Bragg.

He entertains us with stories of storms which he, Bragg, encountered — of dinners which he, Bragg, has received from the Governor-General of India — of jokes which he, Bragg, has heard; and however stale or odious they may be, poor Mrs. B. is always expected to laugh.

Woe be to her if she doesn't, or if she laughs at anybody else's joke. I have seen Bragg go up to her, and

squeeze her arm with a savage grind of his teeth, and say, with an oath, "Hang it, madam, how dare you laugh when any man but your husband speaks to you? I forbid you to grin in that way. I forbid you to look sulky. I forbid you to look happy, or to look up, or to keep your eyes down to the ground. I desire you will not be trapesing through the rooms. I order you not to sit as still as a stone." He curses her if the wine is corked, or if the dinner is spoiled, or if she comes a minute too soon to the club for him, or arrives a minute too late. He forbids her to walk, except upon his arm. And the consequence of his ill treatment is, that Mrs. Cammysole and Mrs. Bragg respect him beyond measure, and think him the first of human beings.

"I never knew a woman who was constantly bullied by her husband who did not like him the better for it," Miss Clapperclaw says. And though this speech has some of Clapp's usual sardonic humor in it, I can't but think there is some truth in the remark.

LEVANT HOUSE CHAMBERS. MR. RUMBOLD, A.R.A., AND MISS RUMBOLD.

When Lord Levant quitted the country and this neighborhood, in which the tradesmen still deplore him, No. 56, known as Levantine House, was let to the "Pococurante Club," which was speedily bankrupt (for we are too far from the centre of town to support a club of our own); it was subsequently hired by the West Diddlesex Railroad; and is now divided into sets of chambers, superintended by an acrimonious housekeeper, and by a porter in a sham livery; whom, if you don't find him at the door, you may as well seek at the "Grapes" public-house, in the little lane round the corner. He varnishes the japan-boots of the dandy lodgers; reads Mr. Pinkney's "Morning Post" before he lets him have it; and neglects the letters of the inmates of the chambers generally.

The great rooms, which were occupied as the salons of the noble Levant, the coffee-rooms of the "Pococurante" (a club where the play was furious, as I am told), and the board-room and managers'-room of the West Diddlesex, are tenanted now by a couple of artists: young Pinkney the miniaturist, and George Rumbold the historical painter. Miss Rumbold, his sister, lives with him, by the way; but with that young lady of course we have nothing to do.

I knew both these gentlemen at Rome, where George wore a velvet doublet, and a beard down to his chest, and used to talk about high art at the "Caffé Greco." How it smelled of smoke, that velveteen doublet of his, with which his stringy red beard was likewise perfumed! It was in his studio that I had the honor to be introduced to his sister, the fair Miss Clara: she had a large casque with a red horse-hair plume (I thought that it had been a wisp of her brother's beard at first), and held a tin-headed spear in her hand, representing a Roman warrior in the great picture of "Caractacus" George was painting — a piece sixty-four feet by eighteen. The Roman warrior blushed to be discovered in that attitude: the tin-headed spear trembled in the whitest arm in the world. So she put it down, and, taking off the helmet also, went and sat in a far corner of the studio, mending George's stockings; whilst we smoked a couple of pipes, and talked about Raffaelle being a good deal overrated.

I think he is; and have never disguised my opinion about the "Transfiguration." And all the time we talked, there were Clara's eyes looking lucidly out from the dark corner in which she was sitting, working away at the stockings. The lucky fellow! They were in a dreadful state of bad repair when she came

A Studio in Our Street.

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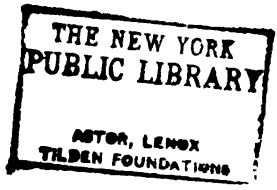
SOME OF OUR GENTLEMEN.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out to him at Rome, after the death of their father, the Reverend Miles Rumbold.

George, while at Rome, painted "Caractacus;" a picture of "Non Angli sed Angeli" of course; a picture of "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage," seventy-two feet by forty eight — (an idea of the gigantic size and Michel-Angelesque proportions of this picture may be formed, when I state that the mere muffin, of which the outcast king is spoiling the baking, is two feet three in diameter); and the deaths of Socrates, of Remus, and of the Christians under Nero respectively. I shall never forget how lovely Clara looked in white muslin, with her hair down, in this latter picture, giving herself up to a ferocious Carnifex (for which Bob Gaunter the architect sat), and refusing to listen to the mild suggestions of an insinuating Flamen: which character was a gross caricature of myself.

None of George's pictures sold. He has enough to tapestry Trafalgar Square. He has painted, since he came back to England, "The Flaying of Marsyas," "The Smothering of the Little Boys in the Tower," "A Plague Scene during the Great Pestilence," "Ugolina on the Seventh Day after he was deprived of Victuals," &c. For although these pictures have great merit, and the writhings of Marsyas, the convulsions of the little prince, the look of agony of St. Lawrence on the gridiron, &c., are quite true to nature, yet the subjects somehow are not agreeable; and if he hadn't a small patrimony, my friend George would starve.

Fondness for art leads me a great deal to his studio. George is a gentleman, and has very good friends, and good pluck too. When we were at Rome, there was a great row between him and young Heeltap, Lord Boxmoor's son, who was uncivil to Miss Rumbold; (the young scoundrel — had I been a fighting man, I should like to have shot him myself!) Lady Betty Bulbul is very fond of Clara; and Tom Bulbul, who took George's message to Heeltap, is always hanging about the studio. At least I know that I find the young jackanapes there almost every day, bringing a new novel, or some poisonous French poetry, or a basket of flowers, or grapes, with Lady Betty's love to her dear Clara — a young rascal with white kids, and his hair curled every morning. What business has *he* to be dangling about George Rumbold's premises, and sticking up his ugly pug-face as a model for all George's pictures?

Miss Clapperclaw says Bulbul is evidently smitten, and Clara too. What! would she put up with such a little fribble as that, when there is a man of intellect and taste who — but I won't believe it. It is all the jealousy of women.

SOME OF THE SERVANTS IN OUR STREET.

THESE gentlemen have two clubs in our quarter — for the butlers at the "Indiaman," and for the gents in livery at the "Pocklington Arms" — of either of which societies I should like to be a member. I am sure they could not be so dull as our club at the "Poluphloisboio," where one meets the same neat, clean, respectable old fogies every day.

But with the best wishes, it is impossible for the present writer to join either the "Plate Club" or the "Uniform Club" (as these *réunions* are designated); for one could not shake hands with a friend who was standing behind your chair, or nod a How-d'ye-do? to the butler who was pouring you out a glass of wine; — so that what I know about the gents in our neighborhood is from mere casual observation. For instance, I have a slight acquaintance with (1) Thomas Spavin, who commonly wears the above air of injured innocence, and is groom to Mr. Joseph Green, of Our Street. "*I* tell why the brougham

'oss is out of condition, and why Desperation broke out all in a lather! 'Osses will, this 'eavy weather; and Desperation was always the most mystest hoss I ever see. — *I* take him out with Mr. Anderson's 'ounds — I'm above it. I allis was too timid to ride to 'ounds by natur; and Colonel Sprig's groom as says he saw me, is a liar," &c. &c.

Such is the tenor of Mr. Spavin's remarks to his master. Whereas all the world in Our Street knows that Mr. Spavin spends at least a hundred a year in beer; that he keeps a betting-book; that he has lent Mr. Green's black brougham horse to the omnibus driver; and, at a time when Mr. G. supposed him at the veterinary surgeon's, has lent him to a livery stable, which has let him out to that gentleman himself, and actually driven him to dinner behind his own horse.

This conduct I can understand, but I cannot excuse — Mr. Spavin may; and I leave the matter to be settled betwixt himself and Mr. Green.

The second is Monsieur Sinbad, Mr. Clarence Bulbul's man, whom we all hate Clarence for keeping.

Mr. Sinbad is a foreigner, speaking no known language, but a mixture of every European dialect — so that he may be an Italian brigand, or a Tyrolese minstrel, or a Spanish smuggler, for what we know. I have heard say that he is neither of these, but an Irish Jew.

He wears studs, hair-oil, jewellery, and linen shirt-fronts, very finely embroidered, but not particular for whiteness. He generally appears in faded velvet waistcoats of a morning, and is always perfumed with stale tobacco. He wears large rings on his hands, which look as if he kept them up the chimney.

He does not appear to do any thing earthly for Clarence Bulbul, except to smoke his cigars, and to practice on his guitar. He will not answer a bell, nor fetch a glass of water, nor go of an errand: on which, *au reste*, Clarence dares not send him, being entirely afraid of his servant, and not daring to use him, or to abuse him, or to send him away.

3. Adams — Mr. Champignon's man — a good old man in an old livery coat with old worsted lace — so very old, deaf, surly, and faithful, that you wonder how he should have got into the family at all; who never kept a footman till last year, when they came into the street.

Miss Clapperclaw says she believes Adams to be Mrs. Champignon's father, and he certainly has a look of that lady; as Miss C. pointed out to me at dinner one night, whilst old Adams was blundering about amongst the hired men from Gunter's, and falling over the silver dishes.

4. Fipps, the buttonicst page in all the street: walks behind Mrs. Grimsby with her prayer-book, and protects her.

"If that woman wants a protector" (a female acquaintance remarks), "heaven be good to us! She is as big as an ogress, and has an upper lip which many a cornet of the Life-guards might envy. Her poor dear husband was a big man, and she could beat him easily; and did too. Mrs. Grimsby indeed! Why, my dear Mr. Titmarsh, it is Glumdalca walking with Tom Thumb."

This observation of Miss C.'s is very true, and Mrs. Grimsby might carry her prayer-book to church herself. But Miss Clapperclaw, who is pretty well able to take care of herself too, was glad enough to have the protection of the page when she went out in the fly to pay visits, and before Mrs. Grimsby and she quarrelled at whist at Lady Pocklington's.

After this merely parenthetic observation, we come to 5, one of her ladyship's large men, Mr. Jeames — a gentleman of vast stature and proportions, who is almost nose to nose with us as we pass her ladyship's door on the outside of the omnibus. I think Jeames has a contempt for a man whom he witnesses in that position. I have fancied something like

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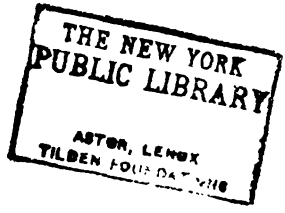
WHY OUR NURSEMAIDS LIKE KENSINGTON GARDENS.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A Street Ceremony.

that feeling showed itself (as far as it may in a well-bred gentleman accustomed to society) in his behavior, while waiting behind my chair at dinner.

But I take Jeames to be, like most giants, good-natured, lazy, stupid, soft-hearted, and extremely fond of drink. One night, his lady being engaged to dinner at Nightingale House, I saw Mr. Jeames resting himself on a bench at the "Pocklington Arms:" where, as he had no liquor before him, he had probably exhausted his credit.

Little Spitfire, Mr. Clarence Bulbul's boy, the wickedest little varlet that ever hung on to a cab, was "chaffing" Mr. Jeames, holding up to his face a pot of porter almost as big as the young potifer himself.

"Vill you now, Big'un, or von't you?" Spitfire said. "If you're thirsty, vy don't you say so and squench it, old boy?"

"Don't ago on making fun of me —I can't abear chaffin'," was the reply of Mr. Jeames, and tears actually stood in his fine eyes as he looked at the porter and the screeching little imp before him.

Spitfire (real name unknown) gave him some of the drink: I am happy to say Jeames's face wore quite a different look when it rose gasping out of the porter; and I judge of his dispositions from the above trivial incident.

The last boy in the sketch, 6, need scarcely be particularized. Doctor's boy; was a charity-boy; stripes evidently added on to a pair of the doctor's clothes of last year — Miss Clapperclaw pointed this out to me with a giggle. Nothing escapes that old woman.

As we were walking in Kensington Gardens, she pointed me out Mrs. Bragg's nursery-maid, who sings so loud at church, engaged with a Life-guardsman, whom she was trying to convert probably. My virtuous friend rose indignant at the sight.

"That's why these minxes like Kensington Gardens," she cried. "Look at the woman: she leaves the baby on the grass, for the giant to trample upon; and that little wretch of a Hastings Bragg is riding on the monster's cane."

Miss C. flew up and seized the infant, waking it out of its sleep, and causing all the gardens to echo with its squalling. "Ill teach you to be impudent to me," she said to the nursery-maid, with whom my vivacious old friend, I suppose, has had a difference; and she would not release the infant until she had rung the bell of Bungalow Lodge, where she gave it up to the footman.

The giant in scarlet had slunk down towards Knightsbridge meanwhile. The big rogues are always crossing the Park and the Gardens, and hankering about Our Street.

WHAT SOMETIMES HAPPENS IN OUR STREET.

It was before old Hunkington's house that the mutes were standing, as I passed and saw this group at the door. The charity-boy with the hoop is the son of the jolly-looking mute; he admires his father, who admires himself too, in those bran new sables. The other infants are the spawn of the alleys about Our Street. Only the parson and the typhus fever visit those mysterious haunts, which lie crouched about our splendid houses like Lazarus at the threshold of Dives.

Those little ones come crawling abroad in the sunshine, to the annoyance of the beadles, and the horror of a number of good people in the street. They will bring up the rear of the procession anon, when the grand omnibus with the feathers, and the fine coaches with the long-tailed black horses, and the gentlemen's private carriages with the shutters up, pass along to Saint Waltheof's.

You can hear the slow bell tolling clear in the sunshine already, mingling with the crowing of "Punch," who is passing down the street with

his show; and the two musics make a queer medley.

Not near so many people, I remark, engage "Punch" now as in the good old times. I suppose our quarter is growing too genteel for him.

Miss Bridget Jones, a poor curate's daughter in Wales, comes into all Hunkington's property, and will take his name, as I am told. Nobody ever heard of her before. I am sure Captain Hunkington, and his brother Barnwell Hunkington, must wish that the lucky young lady had never been heard of to the present day.

But they will have the consolation of thinking that they did their duty by their uncle, and consoled his declining years. It was but last month that Millwood Hunkington (the Captain) sent the old gentleman a service of plate; and Mrs. Barnwell got a reclining carriage at a great expense from Hobbs and Dobbs's, in which the old gentleman went out only once.

"It is a punishment on those Hunkingtons," Miss Clapperclaw remarks: "upon those people who have been always living beyond their little incomes, and always speculating upon what the old man would leave them, and always coaxing him with presents which they could not afford, and he did not want. It is a punishment upon those Hunkingtons to be so disappointed.

"Think of giving him plate," Miss C. justly says, "who had chests-full; and sending him a carriage, who could afford to buy all Long Acre. And every thing goes to Miss Jones Hunkington. I wonder will she give the things back?" Miss Clapperclaw asks. "I wouldn't."

And indeed I don't think Miss Clapperclaw would.

SOMEBODY WHOM NOBODY KNOWS.

THAT pretty little house, the last in Pocklington Square, was lately occupied by a young widow lady who wore a pink bonnet, a short silk dress, sustained by a crinoline, and a light blue mantle, or over-jacket (Miss C. is not here to tell me the name of the garment); or else a black velvet pelisse, a yellow shawl, and a white bonnet; or else — but never mind the dress, which seemed to be of the handsomest sort money could buy — and who had very long glossy black ringlets, and a peculiarly brilliant complexion, — No. 96, Pocklington Square, I say, was lately occupied by a widow lady named Mrs. Stafford Molyneux.

The very first day on which an intimate and valued female friend of mine saw Mrs. Stafford Molyneux stepping into a brougham, with a splendid bay horse, and without a footman, (mark, if you please, that delicate sign of respectability,) and after a moment's examination of Mrs. S. M.'s toilette, her manners, little dog, carnation-colored parasol, &c., Miss Elizabeth Clapperclaw clapped to the opera-glass with which she had been regarding the new inhabitant of Our Street, came away from the window in a great flurry, and began poking her fire in a fit of virtuous indignation.

"She's very pretty," said I, who had been looking over Miss C.'s shoulder at the widow with the flashing eyes and drooping ringlets.

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Miss Clapperclaw, tossing up her virgin head with an indignant blush on her nose. "It's a sin and a shame that such a creature should be riding in her carriage, forsooth, when honest people must go on foot."

Subsequent observations confirmed my revered fellow-lodger's anger and opinion. We have watched Hansom cabs standing before that lady's house for hours; we have seen broughams, with great flaring eyes, keeping watch there in the darkness; we have seen the vans from the comestible-shops drive up and discharge loads of wines, groceries, French plums, and

THE LADY WHOM NOBODY KNOWS.

other articles of luxurious horror. We have seen Count Wowski's drag, Lord Martingale's carriage, Mr. Deuceace's cab drive up there time after time; and (having remarked previously the pastrycook's men arrive with the trays and *entrées*), we have known that this widow was giving dinners at the little house in Pocklington Square — dinners such as decent people could not hope to enjoy.

My excellent friend has been in a perfect fury when Mrs. Stafford Molyneux, in a black velvet riding-habit, with a hat and feather, has come out and mounted an odious gray horse, and has cantered down the street, followed by her groom upon a bay.

"It won't last long — it must end in shame and humiliation," my dear Miss C. has remarked, disappointed that the tiles and chimney-pots did not fall down upon Mrs. Stafford Molyneux's head, and crush that cantering audacious woman.

But it was a consolation to see her when she walked out with a French maid, a couple of children, and a little dog hanging on to her by a blue ribbon. She always held down her head then — her head with the drooping black ringlets. The virtuous and well-disposed avoided her. I have seen the Square-keeper himself look puzzled as she passed; and Lady Kicklebury walking by with Miss K., her daughter, turn away from Mrs. Stafford Molyneux, and fling back at her a ruthless Parthian glance that ought to have killed any woman of decent sensibility.

That wretched woman, meanwhile, with her rouged cheeks (for rouge it *is*, Miss Clapperclaw swears, and who is a better judge?) has walked on conscious, and yet somehow braving out the Street. You could read pride of her beauty, pride of her fine clothes, shame of her position, in her downcast black eyes.

As for Mademoiselle Trampoline, her French maid, she would stare the sun itself out of countenance. One day she tossed up her head as she passed under our windows with a look of scorn that drove Miss Clapperclaw back to the fire-place again.

It was Mrs. Stafford Molyneux's children, however, whom I pitied the most. Once her boy, in a flaring tartan, went up to speak to Master Roderick Lacy, whose maid was engaged ogling a policeman; and the children were going to make friends, being united with a hoop which Master Molyneux had, when Master Roderick's maid, rushing up, clutched her charge in her arms, and hurried away, leaving little Molyneux sad and wondering.

"Why won't he play with me, mamma?" Master Molyneux asked — and his mother's face blushed purple as she walked away.

"Ah — heaven help us and forgive us!" said I: but Miss C. can never forgive the mother or child; and she clapped her hands for joy one day when we saw the shutters up, bills in the windows, a carpet hanging out over the balcony, and a crowd of shabby Jews about the steps — giving token that the reign of Mrs. Stafford Molyneux was over. The pastrycooks and their trays, the bay and the gray, the brougham and the groom, the noblemen and their cabs, were all gone; and the tradesmen in the neighborhood were crying out that they were done.

"Serve the odious minx right!" says Miss C.; and she played at piquet that night with more vigor than I have known her manifest for these last ten years.

What is it that makes certain old ladies so savage upon certain subjects? Miss C. is a good woman; pays her rent and her tradesman; gives plenty to the poor; is brisk with her tongue — kind-hearted in the main; but if Mrs. Stafford Molyneux and her children were plunged into a caldron of boiling vinegar, I think my revered friend would not take her out.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

For another misfortune which occurred in Our Street we were much more compassionate. We liked Danby Dixon, and his wife Fanny Dixon still more. Miss C. had a paper of biscuits and a box of preserved apricots always in the cupboard, ready for Dixon's children — provisions by the way which she locked under Mrs. Cammysole's nose, so that our landlady could by no possibility lay a hand on them.

Dixon and his wife had the neatest little house possible, (No 16, opposite 96,) and were liked and respected by the whole street. He was called Dandy Dixon when he was in the dragoons, and was a light weight, and rather famous as a gentleman rider. On his marriage, he sold out and got fat; and was indeed a florid, contented and jovial gentleman.

His little wife was charming — to see her in pink with some miniature Dixons, in pink too, round about her, or in that beautiful gray dress, with the deep black lace flounces, which she wore at my Lord Comandine's on the night of the private theatricals, would have done any man good. To hear her sing any of my little ballads, "Knowest Thou the Willow-tree?" for instance, or "The Rose upon my Balcony," or "The Humming of the Honey-bee," (far superior in *my* judgment, and in that of *some good judges* likewise, to that humbug Clarence Bulbul's ballads,) — to hear her, I say, sing these, was to be in a sort of small Elysium. Dear, dear little Fanny Dixon! she was like a little chirping bird of paradise. It was a shame that storms should ever ruffle such a tender plumage.

Well, never mind about sentiment. Danby Dixon, the owner of this little treasure, an ex-captain of dragoons, and having nothing to do, and a small income, wisely thought he would employ his spare time, and increase his revenue. He became a director of the Cornaro Life Insurance Company, of the Tregulpho tin-mines, and of four or five railroad companies. It was amusing to see him swaggering about the City in his clinking boots, and with his high and mighty dragoon manners. For a time his talk about shares after dinner was perfectly intolerable; and I for one was always glad to leave him in the company of sundry very dubious capitalists who frequented his house, and walk up to hear Mrs. Fanny warbling at the piano with her little children about her knees.

It was only last season that they set up a carriage — the modestest little vehicle conceivable — driven by Kirby, who had been in Dixon's troop in the regiment, and had followed him into private life as coachman, footman, and page.

One day lately I went into Dixon's house, hearing that some calamities had befallen him, the particulars of which Miss Clapperclaw was desirous to know. The creditors of the Tregulpho Mines had got a verdict against him as one of the directors of that company; the engineer of the Little Diddlesex Junction had sued him for two thousand three hundred pounds — the charges of that scientific man for six weeks' labor in surveying the line. His brother directors were to be discovered nowhere: Windham, Dodgin, Mizzlington, and the rest, were all gone long ago.

When I entered, the door was open: there was a smell of smoke in the dining-room, where a gentleman at noonday was seated with a pipe and a pot of beer: a man in possession indeed, in that comfortable pretty parlor, by that snug round table where I have so often seen Fanny Dixon's smiling face.

Kirby, the ex-dragoon, was scowling at the fellow, who lay upon a little settee reading the newspaper, with an evident desire to kill him. Mrs. Kirby, his wife, held little Danby, poor Dixon's son and heir. Dixon's portrait smiled over the sideboard still, and his wife was up stairs in an

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

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agony of fear, with the poor little daughters of this bankrupt, broken family.

This poor soul had actually come down and paid a visit to the man in possession. She had sent wine and dinner to "the gentleman down stairs," as she called him in her terror. She had tried to move his heart, by representing to him how innocent Captain Dixon was, and how he had always paid, and always remained at home when everybody else had fled. As if her tears and simple tales and entreaties could move that man in possession out of the house, or induce him to pay the costs of the action which her husband had lost.

Danby meanwhile was at Boulogne, sickening after his wife and children. They sold every thing in his house — all his smart furniture and neat little stock of plate; his wardrobe and his linen, "the property of a gentleman gone abroad;" his carriage by the best maker; and his wine selected without regard to expense. His house was shut up as completely as his opposite neighbor's; and a new tenant is just having it fresh painted inside and out, as if poor Dixon had left an infection behind.

Kirby and his wife went across the water with the children and Mrs. Fanny — she has a small settlement; and I am bound to say that our mutual friend Miss Elizabeth C. went down with Mrs. Dixon in the fly to the Tower Stairs, and stopped in Lombard Street by the way.

So it is that the world wags: that honest men and knaves alike are always having ups and downs of fortune, and that we are perpetually changing tenants in Our Street.

THE LION OF THE STREET.

What people can find in Clarence Bulbul, who has lately taken upon himself the rank and dignity of Lion of Our Street, I have always been at a loss to conjecture.

"He has written an Eastern book of considerable merit," Miss Clapperclaw says; but hang it, has not everybody written an Eastern book? I should like to meet anybody in society now who has not been up to the second cataract. An Eastern book forsooth! My Lord Castleroyal has done one — an honest one; my Lord Youngent another — an amusing one; my Lord Woolsey another — a pious one; there is "The Cutlet and the Cabob" — a sentimental one; "Timbuctoothen" a humorous one, all ludicrously overrated, in my opinion: not including my own little book, of which a copy or two is still to be had, by the way.

Well, then, Clarence Bulbul, because he has made part of the little tour that all of us know, comes back and gives himself airs, forsooth, and howls as if he were just out of the great Libyan desert.

When we go and see him, that Irish Jew courier, whom I have before had the honor to describe, looks up from the novel which he is reading in the ante-room, and says, "Mon maître est au divan," or, "Monsieur trouvera Monsieur dans son sérail," and relapses into the Comte de Montecristo again.

Yes, the impudent wretch has actually a room in his apartments on the ground-floor of his mother's house, which he calls his harem. When Lady Betty Bulbul (they are of the Nightingale family) or Miss Blanche comes down to visit him, their slippers are placed at the door, and he receives them on an ottoman, and these infatuated women will actually light his pipe for him.

Little Spitfire, the groom, hangs about the drawing-room, outside the harem forsooth! so that he may be ready when Clarence Bulbul claps hands for him to bring the pipes and coffee.

He has coffee and pipes for everybody. I should like you to have seen the face of old Bowly, his college-tutor, called upon to sit cross-legged

on a divan, a little cup of bitter black Mocha put into his hand, and a large amber-muzzled pipe stuck into his mouth by Spitfire, before he could so much as say it was a fine day. Bowly almost thought he had compromised his principles by consenting so far to this Turkish manner.

Bulbul's dinners are, I own, very good; his pilaffs and curries excellent. He tried to make us eat rice with our fingers, it is true; but he scalded his own hands in the business, and invariably bedizened his shirt: so he has left off the Turkish practice, for dinner at least, and uses a fork like a Christian.

But it is in society that he is most remarkable; and here he would, I own, be odious, but he becomes delightful, because all the men hate him so. A perfect chorus of abuse is raised round about him. "Confounded impostor," says one; "Impudent jackass," says another; "Miserable puppy," cries a third; "I'd like to wring his neck," says Bruff, scowling over his shoulder at him. Clarence meanwhile nods, winks, smiles, and patronizes them all with the easiest good-humor. He is a fellow who would poke an archbishop in the apron, or clap a duke on the shoulder, as coolly as he would address you and me.

I saw him the other night at Mrs. Bumpsher's grand let-off. He flung himself down cross-legged upon a pink satin sofa, so that you could see Mrs. Bumpsher quiver with rage in the distance, Bruff growl with fury from the further room, and Miss Pim, on whose frock Bulbul's feet rested, look up like a timid fawn.

"Fan me, Miss Pim," said he of the cushion. "You look like a perfect Peri to-night. You remind me of a girl I once knew in Circassia — Ameena, the sister of Schamyl Bey. Do you know, Miss Pim, that you would fetch twenty thousand piastres in the market at Constantinople?"

"Law, Mr. Bulbul!" is all Miss Pim can ejaculate; and having talked over Miss Pim, Clarence goes off to another houri, whom he fascinates in a similar manner. He charmed Mrs. Waddy by telling her that she was the exact figure of the Pasha of Egypt's second wife. He gave Miss Tokely a piece of the sack in which Zuleika was drowned; and he actutually persuaded that poor little silly Miss Vain to turn Mahometan, and sent her up to the Turkish Ambassador's to look out for a mufti.

THE DOVE OF OUR STREET.

If Bulbul is our Lion, Young Oriel may be described as The Dove of our colony. He is almost as great a pasha among the ladies as Bulbul. They crowd in flocks to see him at Saint Waltheof's, where the immense height of his forehead, the rigid asceticism of his surplice, the twang with which he intones the service, and the namby-pamby mysticism of his sermons, have turned all the dear girls' heads for some time past. While we were having a rubber at Mrs. Chauntry's, whose daughters are following the new mode, I heard the following talk (which made me revoke by the way) going on, in what was formerly called the young ladies' room, but is now styled the Oratory: —

THE ORATORY.

Miss Chauntry.
Miss De L'Aisle.
Rev. L. Oriel.
Miss Isabel Chauntry.
Miss Pyx.
Rev. O. Slocum (*In the further room*).

Miss Chauntry (*sighing*). — Is it wrong to be in the Guards, dear Mr. Oriel?

Miss Pyx. — She will make Frank de Boots sell out when he marries.

Mr. Oriel.—To be in the Guards, dear sister? The church has always encouraged the army. Saint Martin of Tours was in the army; Saint Louis was in the army; Saint Waltheof, our patron, Saint Witikind of

THE LION OF THE STREET.

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THE DOVE OF THE STREET.

Aldermanbury, Saint Wamba, and Saint Walloff were in the army. Saint Wapshot was captain of the guard of Queen Boadicea; and Saint Werewolf was a major in the Danish cavalry. The holy Saint Ignatius of Loyola carried a pike, as we know; and —

Miss De l'Aisle. — Will you take some tea, dear Mr. Oriel?

Oriel. — This is not one of *my* feast days, Sister Emma. It is the feast of Saint Wagstaff of Walthamstow.

The Young Ladies. — And we must not even take tea?

Oriel. — Dear sisters, I said not so. *You* may do as you list; but I am strong (*with a heart-broken sigh*); don't ply me (*he reels*). I took a little water and a parched pea after matins. To-morrow is flesh day, and — and I shall be better then.

Rev. O. Slocum (*from within*). — Madam, I take your heart with my small trump.

Oriel. — Yes, better! dear sister; it is only a passing — a — weakness.

Miss I. Chauntry. — He's dying of fever.

Miss Chauntry. — I'm so glad De Boots need not leave the Blues.

Miss. Pyx. — He wears sackcloth and cinders inside his waistcoat.

Miss De l'Aisle. — He told me to-night he's going to — to — Ro-o-ome. [*Miss De l'Aisle bursts into tears.*]

Rev. O. Slocum. — My lord, I have the highest club, which gives the trick and two by honors.

Thus, you see, we have a variety of clergymen in Our Street. Mr. Oriel is of the pointed Gothic school, while old Slocum is of the good old tawny port-wine school; and it must be confessed that Mr. Gronow, at Ebenezer, has a hearty abhorrence for both.

As for Gronow, I pity him, if his future lot should fall where Mr. Oriel supposes that it will.

And as for Oriel, he has not even the benefit of purgatory, which he would accord to his neighbor Ebenezer; while old Slocum pronounces both to be a couple of humbugs; and Mr. Mole, the demure little beetle-browed chaplain of the little church of Avemary Lane, keeps his sly eyes down to the ground when he passes any one of his black-coated brethren.

There is only one point on which, my friends, they seem agreed. Slocum likes port, but who ever heard that he neglected his poor? Gronow, if he comminates his neighbor's congregation, is the affectionate father of his own. Oriel, if he loves pointed Gothic and parched peas for breakfast, has a prodigious soup-kitchen for his poor; and as for little Father Mole, who never lifts his eyes from the ground, ask our doctor at what bedsides he finds him, and how he soothes poverty, and braves misery and infection.

THE BUMPSHERS.

No. 6, Pocklington Gardens, (the house with the quantity of flowers in the windows, and the awning over the entrance,) George Bumpsher, Esquire, M.P. for Humborough (and the Beenstalks, Kent).

For some time after this gorgeous family came into our quarter, I mistook a bald-headed, stout person, whom I used to see looking through the flowers on the upper windows, for Bumpsher himself, or for the butler of the family; whereas it was no other than Mrs. Bumpsher, without her chestnut wig, and who is at least three times the size of her husband.

The Bumpshers and the house of Mango at the Pineries vie together in their desire to dominate over the neighborhood; and each votes the other a vulgar and purse-proud family. The fact is, both are City people. Bumpsher, in his mercantile capacity, is a wholesale stationer in Thames Street; and his wife was daughter of an eminent bill-broking firm, not a thousand miles from Lombard Street.

He does not sport a coronet and

supporters upon his London plate and carriages; but his country-house is emblazoned all over with those heraldic decorations. He puts on an order when he goes abroad, and is Count Bumpsher of the Roman States—which title he purchased from the late Pope (through Prince Polonia the banker) for a couple of thousand scudi.

It is as good as a coronation to see him and Mrs. Bumpsher go to Court. I wonder the carriage can hold them both. On those days Mrs. Bumpsher holds her own drawing-room before her Majesty; and we are invited to come and see her sitting in state, upon the largest sofa in her rooms. She has need of a stout one, I promise you. Her very feathers must weigh something considerable. The diamonds on her stomacher would embroider a full-sized carpet-bag. She has rubies, ribbons, cameos, emeralds, gold serpents, opals, and Valenciennes lace, as if she were an immense sample out of Howell and James's shop.

She took up with little Pinkney at Rome, where he made a charming picture of her, representing her as about eighteen, with a cherub in her lap, who has some liking to Bryanstone Bumpsher, her enormous, vulgar son; now a cornet in the Blues, and anything but a cherub, as those would say who saw him in his uniform jacket.

I remember Pinkney when he was painting the picture, Bryanstone being then a youth in what they call a skeleton suit (as if such a pig of a child could ever have been dressed in any thing resembling a skeleton) — I remember, I say, Mrs. B. sitting to Pinkney in a sort of Egerian costume, her boy by her side, whose head the artist turned round and directed it towards a piece of gingerbread, which he was to have at the end of the sitting.

Pinkney, indeed, a painter! — a contemptible little humbug, and parasite of the great! He has painted Mrs. Bumpsher younger every year for these last ten years — and you see in the advertisements of all her parties his odious little name stuck in at the end of the list. I'm sure, for my part, I'd scorn to enter her doors, or be the toady of any woman.

JOLLY NEWBOY, ESQ., M.P.

How different it is with the Newboys, now, where I have an entrée (having indeed had the honor in former days to give lessons to both the ladies)—and where such a quack as Pinkney would never be allowed to enter! A merrier house the whole quarter cannot furnish. It is there you meet people of all ranks and degrees, not only from our quarter, but from the rest of the town. It is there that our great man, the Right Honorable Lord Comandine, came up and spoke to me in so encouraging a manner that I hope to be invited to one of his lordship's excellent dinners (of which I shall not fail to give a very flattering description) before the season is over. It is there you find yourself talking to statesmen, poets, and artists—not sham poets like Bulbul, or quack artists like that Pinkney—but to the best members of all society. It is there I made this sketch, while Miss Chesterforth was singing a deep-toned tragic ballad, and her mother scowling behind her. What a buzz and clack and chatter there was in the room to be sure! When Miss Chesterforth sings, everybody begins to talk. Hicks and old Fogy were on Ireland: Bass was roaring into old Pump's ears (or into his horn rather) about the Navigation Laws; I was engaged talking to the charming Mrs. Short; while Charley Bonham (a mere prig, in whom I am surprised that the women can see any thing), was pouring out his fulsome rhapsodies in the ears of Diana White. Lovely, lovely Diana White! were it not for three or four other engagements, I know a heart that would suit you to a T.

VENUS AND CUPID.

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THE SIREN OF OUR STREET.

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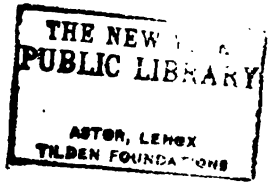
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THE STREET-DOOR KEY.

Newboy's I pronounce to be the jolliest house in the street. He has only of late had a rush of prosperity, and turned Parliament man; for his distant cousin, of the ancient house of Newboy of ——shire, dying, Fred — then making believe to practice at the bar, and living with the utmost modesty in Gray's Inn Road — found himself master of a fortune, and a great house in the country; of which getting tired, as in the course of nature he should, he came up to London, and took that fine mansion in our Gardens. He represents Mumborough in Parliament, a seat which has been time out of mind occupied by a Newboy.

Though he does not speak, being a great deal too rich, sensible, and lazy, he somehow occupies himself with reading blue-books, and indeed talks a great deal too much good sense of late over his dinner-table, where there is always a cover for the present writer.

He falls asleep pretty assiduously too after that meal — a practice which I can well pardon in him — for, between ourselves, his wife, Maria Newboy, and his sister Clarissa, are the loveliest and kindest of their sex, and I would rather hear their innocent prattle, and lively talk about their neighbors, than the best wisdom from the wisest man that ever wore a beard.

Like a wise and good man, he leaves the question of his household entirely to the women. They like going to the play. They like going to Greenwich. They like coming to a party at Bachelor's Hall. They are up to all sorts of fun, in a word; in which taste the good-natured Newboy acquiesces, provided he is left to follow his own.

It was only on the 17th of the month, that, having had the honor to dine at the house, when, after dinner, which took place at eight, we left Newboy to his blue-books, and went up stairs and sang a little to the guitar afterwards — it was only on the 17th December, the night of Lady Sowerby's party, that the following dialogue took place in the boudoir, whither Newboy, blue-books in hand, had ascended.

He was curled up with his House of Commons boots on his wife's arm-chair, reading his eternal blue-books, when Mrs. N. entered from her apartment, dressed for the evening.

Mrs. N. — Frederick, won't you come?

Mr. N. — Where?

Mrs. N. — To Lady Sowerby's.

Mr. N. — I'd rather go to the Black Hole in Calcutta. Besides, this Sanitary Report is really the most interesting — [*he begins to read.*]

Mrs. N. (*piqued*) — Well, Mr. Titmarsh will go with us.

Mr. N. — Will he? I wish him joy.

At this juncture Miss Clarissa Newboy enters in a pink paletôt, trimmed with swansdown — looking like an angel — and we exchange glances of — what shall I say? — of sympathy on both parts, and consummate rapture on mine. But this is by-play.

Mrs. N. — Good night, Frederick. I think we shall be late.

Mr. N. — You won't wake me, I dare say; and you don't expect a public man to sit up.

Mrs. N. — It's not you, it's the servants. Cocker sleeps very heavily. The maids are best in bed, and are all ill with the influenza. I say, Frederick dear, don't you think you had better give me YOUR CHUBB KEY?

This astonishing proposal, which violates every recognized law of society — this demand which alters all the existing state of things — this fact of a woman asking for a door-key, struck me with a terror which I cannot describe, and impressed me with the fact of the vast progress of Our Street. The door-key! What would our grandmothers, who dwelt in this place when it was a rustic suburb, think of its condition now, when husbands stay at home, and wives go abroad with the latch-key?

The evening at Lady Sowerby's

was the most delicious we have spent for long, long days.

Thus it will be seen that everybody of any consideration in Our Street takes a line. Mrs. Minimy (34) takes the homœopathic line, and has soirées of doctors of that faith. Lady Pocklington takes the capitalist line; and those stupid and splendid dinners of hers are devoured by loan-contractors and railroad princes. Mrs. Trimmer (38) comes out in the scientific line, and indulges us in rational evenings, where history is the lightest subject admitted, and geology and the sanitary condition of the metropolis form the general themes of conversation. Mrs. Brumby plays finely on the bassoon, and has evenings dedicated to Sebastian Bach, and enlivened with Handel. At Mrs. Maskleyn's they are mad for charades and theatricals.

They performed last Christmas in a French piece, by Alexandre Dumas, I believe — "La Duchesse de Montefiasco," of which I forget the plot, but everybody was in love with everybody else's wife, except the hero, Don Alonzo, who was ardently attached to the Duchess, who turned out to be his grandmother. The piece was translated by Lord Fiddlefaddle, Tom Bulbul being the Don Alonzo; and Mrs. Roland Calidore (who never misses an opportunity of acting in a piece in which she can let down her hair) was the Duchess.

ALONZO.

You know how well he loves you, and you wonder
To see Alonzo suffer, Cunegunda? —
Ask if the chamois suffer when they feel
Plunged in their panting sides the hunter's steel?
Or when the soaring heron or eagle proud,
Pierced by my shaft, comes tumbling from the cloud.
Ask if the royal birds no anguish know,
The victims of Alonzo's twanging bow?
Then ask him if he suffers — him who dies,
Pierced by the poisoned glance that glitters from your eyes!

[*He staggers from the effect of the poison.*

THE DUCHESS.

Alonzo loves — Alonzo loves! and whom?
His grandmother! Oh, hide me, gracious tomb!

[*Her Grace faints away.*

Such acting as Tom Bulbul's I never saw. Tom lisps atrociously, and uttered the passage, "You athk me if I thuffer," in the most absurd way. Miss Clapperclaw says he acted pretty well, and that I only joke about him because I am envious, and wanted to act a part myself. — I envious indeed!

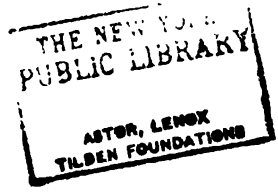
But of all the assemblies, feastings, junketings, dejeûnés, soirées, conversaziones, dinner-parties, in Our Street, I know of none pleasanter than the banquets at Tom Fairfax's; one of which this enormous provision-consumer gives seven times a week. He lives in one of the little houses of the old Waddilove Street quarter, built long before Pocklington Square and Pocklington Gardens and the Pocklington family itself had made their appearance in this world.

Tom, though he has a small income, and lives in a small house, yet sits down one of a party of twelve to dinner every day of his life; these twelve consisting of Mrs. Fairfax, the nine Misses Fairfax, and Master Thomas Fairfax — the son and heir to twopence halfpenny a year.

It is awkward just now to go and beg pot-luck from such a family as this; because, though a guest is always welcome, we are thirteen at table — an unlucky number, it is said. This evil is only temporary, and will be remedied presently, when the family will be thirteen *without* the occasional guest, to judge from all appearances.

Early in the morning Mrs. Fairfax rises, and cuts bread and butter from six o'clock till eight; during which time the nursery operations upon the nine little graces are going on. We only see a half-dozen of them at this present moment, the remainder dwindling off upon little chairs by their mamma.

A Scene of Passion.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THE HAPPY FAMILY.

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1

DOCTOR BIRCH
& his young friends.

by

M^r. M. A. Titmarsh

DOCTOR BIRCH

AND

HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

By Mr. M. A. TITMARSH.

The two on either side of Fairfax are twins — awarded to him by singular good fortune; and he only knows Nancy from Fanny by having a piece of tape round the former's arm. There is no need to give you the catalogue of the others. She in the pinafore in front is Elizabeth, goddaughter to Miss Clapperclaw, who has been very kind to the whole family; that young lady with the ringlets is engaged by the most solemn ties to the present writer, and it is agreed that we are to be married as soon as she is as tall as my stick.

If his wife has to rise early to cut the bread and butter, I warrant Fairfax must be up betimes to earn it. He is a clerk in a Government office; to which duty he trudges daily, refusing even twopenny omnibuses. Every time he goes to the shoemaker's he has to order eleven pairs of shoes, and so can't afford to spare his own. He teaches the children Latin every morning, and is already thinking when Tom shall be inducted into that language. He works in his garden for an hour before breakfast. His work over by three o'clock, he tramps home at four, and exchanges his dapper coat for that dressing-gown in which he appears before you, — a ragged but honorable garment in which he stood (unconsciously) to the present designer.

Which is the best, his old coat or Sir John's bran new one? Which is the most comfortable and becoming, Mrs. Fairfax's black velvet gown (which she has worn at the Pocklington Square parties these twelve years, and in which I protest she looks like a queen), or that new robe which the milliner has just brought home to Mrs. Bumpsher's, and into which she will squeeze herself on Christmas Day?

Miss Clapperclaw says that we are all so charmingly contented with ourselves that not one of us would change with his neighbor; and so, rich and poor, high and low, one person is about as happy as another in Our Street.

DOCTOR BIRCH.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS STAFF.

There is no need to say why I became assistant-master and professor of the English and French languages, flower-painting, and the German flute, in Doctor Birch's Academy, at Rodwell Regis. Good folks may depend on this, that it was not for *choice* that I left lodgings near London, and a genteel society, for an under-master's desk in that old school. I promise you the fare at the usher's table, the getting up at five o'clock in the morning, the walking out with little boys in the fields, (who used to play me tricks, and never could be got to respect my awful and responsible character as teacher in the school), Miss Birch's vulgar insolence, Jack Birch's glum condescension, and the poor old Doctor's patronage, were not matters in themselves pleasurable: and that that patronage and those dinners were sometimes cruel hard to swallow. Never mind — my connection with the place is over now, and I hope they have got a more efficient under-master.

Jack Birch (Rev. J. Birch of St. Neot's Hall, Oxford) is partner with his father the Doctor, and takes some

of the classes. About his Greek I can't say much; but I will construe him in Latin any day. A more supercilious little prig, (giving himself airs, too, about his cousin, Miss Raby, who lives with the Doctor), a more empty, pompous little coxcomb I never saw. His white neckcloth looked as if it choked him. He used to try and look over that starch upon me and Prince the assistant, as if we were a couple of footmen. He didn't do much business in the school; but occupied his time in writing sanctified letters to the boys' parents, and in composing dreary sermons to preach to them.

The real master of the school is Prince; an Oxford man too: shy, haughty, and learned; crammed with Greek and a quantity of useless learning; uncommonly kind to the small boys; pitiless with the fools and the braggarts; respected of all for his honesty, his learning, his bravery, (for he hit out once in a boat-row in a way which astonished the boys and the bargemen), and for a latent power about him, which all saw and confessed somehow. Jack Birch could never look him in the face. Old Miss Z. dared not put off any of *her* airs upon him. Miss Rosa made him the lowest of courtesies. Miss Raby said she was afraid of him. Good old Prince! we have sat many a night smoking in the Doctor's harness-room, whither we retired when our boys were gone to bed, and our cares and canes put by.

After Jack Birch had taken his degree at Oxford — a process which he effected with great difficulty — this place, which used to be called "Birch's," "Dr. Birch's Academy," and what not, became suddenly "Archbishop Wigsby's College of Rodwell Regis." They took down the old blue board with the gold letters, which has been used to mend the pigsty since. Birch had a large school-room run up in the Gothic taste, with statuettes, and a little belfry, and a bust of Archbishop Wigsby in the middle of the school. He put the six senior boys into caps and gowns, which had rather a good effect as the lads sauntered down the street of the town, but which certainly provoked the contempt and hostility of the bargemen; and so great was his rage for academic costumes and ordinances, that he would have put me myself into a lay gown, with red knots and fringes, but that I flatly resisted, and said that a writing-master had no business with such paraphernalia.

By the way, I have forgotten to mention the Doctor himself. And what shall I say of him? Well, he has a very crisp gown and bands, a solemn aspect, a tremendous loud voice, and a grand air with the boys' parents; whom he receives in a study covered round with the best-bound books, which imposes upon many — upon the women especially — and makes them fancy that this is a Doctor indeed. But law bless you! He never reads the books, or opens one of them; except that in which he keeps his bands — a Dugdale's "Monasticon," which looks like a book, but is in reality a cupboard, where he has his port, almond-cakes, and decanter of wine. He gets up his classics with translations, or what the boys call cribs; they pass wicked tricks upon him when he hears the forms. The elder wags go to his study and ask him to help them in hard bits of Herodotus or Thucydides: he says he will look over the passage, and flies for refuge to Mr. Prince, or to the crib.

He keeps the flogging department in his own hands; finding that his son was too savage. He has awful brows and a big voice. But his roar frightens nobody. It is only a lion's skin; or, so to say, a muff.

Little Mordant made a picture of him with large ears, like a well-known domestic animal, and had his own justly boxed for the caricature. The Doctor discovered him in the act, and was in a flaming rage, and

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A YOUNG RAPHAEL.

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THE LION AND THE LITTLE CUBS.

threatened whipping at first; but in the course of the day an opportune basket of game arriving from Mordant's father, the Doctor became mollified, and has burnt the picture with the ears. However, I have one wafered up in my desk by the hand of the same little rascal: and the frontispiece of this very book is drawn from it.

THE COCK OF THE SCHOOL.

I AM growing an old fellow, and have seen many great folks in the course of my travels and time: Louis Philippe coming out of the Tuileries; his Majesty the King of Prussia and the Reichsverweser accolading each other at Cologne at my elbow; Admiral Sir Charles Napier (in an omnibus once), the Duke of Wellington, the immortal Goethe at Weimar, the late benevolent Pope Gregory XVI., and a score more of the famous in this world — the whom whenever one looks at, one has a mild shock of awe and tremor. I like this feeling and decent fear and trembling with which a modest spirit salutes a GREAT MAN.

Well, I have seen generals capering on horseback at the head of their crimson battalions bishops sailing down cathedral aisles, with downcast eyes, pressing their trencher caps to their hearts with their fat white hands; college heads when her Majesty is on a visit; the doctor in all his glory at the head of his school on speech-day: a great sight and all great men these. I have never met the late Mr. Thomas Cribb, but I have no doubt should have regarded him with the same feeling of awe with which I look every day at George Champion, the Cock of Dr. Birch's school.

When, I say, I reflect as I go up and set him a sum, that he could whop me in two minutes, double up Prince and the other assistant, and pitch the Doctor out of window, I can't but think how great, how generous, how magnanimous a creature this is, that sits quite quiet and good natured, and works his equation, and ponders through his Greek play. He might take the school-room pillars and pull the house down if he liked. He might close the door, and demolish every one of us, like Antar the lover of Ibla; but he lets us live. He never thrashes anybody without a cause; when woe betide the tyrant or the sneak!

I think that to be strong, and able to whop everybody — (not to do it, mind you, but to feel that you were able to do it) — would be the greatest of all gifts. There is a serene good humor which plays about George Champion's broad face, which shows the consciousness of this power, and lights up his honest blue eyes with a magnanimous calm.

He is invictus. Even when a cub there was no beating this lion. Six years ago the undaunted little warrior actually stood up to Frank Davison, — (the Indian officer now — poor little Charley's brother, whom Miss Raby nursed so affectionately), — then seventeen years old, and the Cock of Birch's. They were obliged to drag off the boy, and Frank, with admiration and regard for him, prophesied the great things he would do. Legends of combats are preserved fondly in schools; they have stories of such at Rodwell Regis, performed in the old Doctor's time, forty years ago.

Champion's affair with the Young Tutbury Pet, who was down here in training, — with Black the bargeman, — with the three head boys of Doctor Wapshot's academy, whom he caught maltreating an outlying day-boy of ours, &c., — are known to all the Rodwell Regis men. He was always victorious. He is modest and kind, like all great men. He has a good, brave, honest understanding. He cannot make verses like young Pinder, or read Greek like Wells the Prefect, who is a perfect young abyss

of learning, and knows enough, Prince says, to furnish any six first-class men; but he does his work in a sound downright way, and he is made to be the bravest of soldiers, the best of country parsons, an honest English gentleman wherever he may go.

Old Champion's chief friend and attendant is Young Jack Hall, whom he saved, when drowning, out of the Miller's Pool. The attachment of the two is curious to witness. The smaller lad gambolling, playing tricks round the bigger one, and perpetually making fun of his protector. They are never far apart, and of holidays you may meet them miles away from the school, — George sauntering heavily down the lanes with his big stick, and little Jack larking with the pretty girls in the cottage-windows.

George has a boat on the river, in which, however, he commonly lies smoking, whilst Jack sculls him. He does not play at cricket, except when the school plays the county, or at Lord's in the holidays. The boys can't stand his bowling, and when he hits, it is like trying to catch a cannon-ball. I have seen him at tennis. It is a splendid sight to behold the young fellow bounding over the court with streaming yellow hair, like young Apollo in a flannel-jacket.

The other head boys are Lawrence the captain, Bunce, famous chiefly for his magnificent appetite, and Pitman, surnamed Roscius, for his love of the drama. Add to these Swanky, called Macassar, from his partiality to that condiment, and who has varnished boots, wears white gloves on Sundays, and looks out for Miss Pinkerton's school (transferred from Chiswick to Rodwell Regis, and conducted by the nieces of the late Miss Barbara Pinkerton, the friend of our great lexicographer, upon the principles approved by him, and practised by that admirable woman), as it passes into church.

Representations have been made concerning Mr. Horace Swanky's behavior; rumors have been uttered about notes in verse, conveyed in three-cornered puffs, by Mrs. Ruggles, who serves Miss Pinkerton's young ladies on Fridays, — and how Miss Didow, to whom the tart and enclosure were addressed, tried to make away with herself by swallowing a ball of cotton. But I pass over these absurd reports, as likely to affect the reputation of an admirable seminary conducted by irreproachable females. As they go into church, Miss P. driving in her flock of lambkins with the crook of her parasol, how can it be helped if her forces and ours sometimes collide, as the boys are on their way up to the organ-loft? And I don't believe a word about the three-cornered puff, but rather that it was the invention of that jealous Miss Birch, who is jealous of Miss Raby, jealous of everybody who is good and handsome, and who has *her own ends* in view, or I am very much in error.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-ROOM.

What they call the little school-room is a small room at the other end of the great school; through which you go to the Doctor's private house, and where Miss Raby sits with her pupils. She has a half-dozen very small ones over whom she presides and teaches them in her simple way, until they are big or learned enough to face the great school-room. Many of them are in a hurry for promotion, the graceless little simpletons, and know no more than their elders when they are well off.

She keeps the accounts, writes out the bills, superintends the linen, and sews on the general shirt-buttons. Think of having such a woman at home to sew on one's shirt-buttons! But peace, peace, thou foolish heart!

Miss Raby is the Doctor's niece. Her mother was a beauty (quite unlike old Zoe therefore); and she married a pupil in the old Doctor's time, who was killed afterwards, a captain

RIVAL FORCES.

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THE LITTLE SCHOOL-ROOM.

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THE DEAR BROTHERS.

in the East India service, at the siege of Bhurtpore. Hence a number of Indian children come to the Doctor's; for Raby was very much liked, and the uncle's kind reception of the orphan has been a good speculation for the school-keeper.

It is wonderful how brightly and gayly that little quick creature does her duty. She is the first to rise, and the last to sleep, if any business is to be done. She sees the other two women go off to parties in the town without even so much as wishing to join them. It is Cinderella, only contented to stay at home — content to bear Zoe's scorn and to admit Flora's superior charms, — and to do her utmost to repay her uncle for his great kindness in housing her.

So you see she works as much as three maid-servants for the wages of one. She is as thankful when the Doctor gives her a new gown, as if he had presented her with a fortune; laughs at his stories most good-humoredly, listens to Zoe's scolding most meekly, admires Flora with all her heart, and only goes out of the way when Jack Birch shows his sallow face: for she can't bear him, and always finds work when he comes near.

How different she is when some folks approach her! I won't be presumptuous; but I think, I think, I have made a not unfavorable impression in some quarters. However, let us be mum on this subject. I like to see her, because she always looks good-humored; because she is always kind, because she is always modest, because she is fond of those poor little brats, — orphans some of them — because she is rather pretty, I dare say, or because I think so, which comes to the same thing.

Though she is kind to all, it must be owned she shows the most gross favoritism towards the amiable children. She brings them cakes from dessert, and regales them with Zoe's preserves; spends many of her little shillings in presents for her favorites, and will tell them stories by the hour. She has one very sad story about a little boy, who died long ago: the younger children are never weary of hearing about him; and Miss Raby has shown to one of them a look of the little chap's hair, which she keeps in her work-box to this day.

THE DEAR BROTHERS.

A Melodrama in Several Rounds.

THE DOCTOR.
MR. TIPPER, Uncle to the Masters Boxall.
BOXALL MAJOR, BOXALL MINOR, BROWN, JONES, SMITH, ROBINSON, TIFFIN MINIMUS.

B. Go it, old Boxall!
J. Give it him, young Boxall!
R. Pitch into him, old Boxall!
S. Two to one on young Boxall!

[*Enter* TIFFIN MINIMUS, *running.*]

Tiffin Minimus. — Boxalls! you're wanted.

(*The Doctor to Mr. Tipper.*) — Every boy in the school loves them, my dear sir; your nephews are a credit to my establishment. They are orderly, well-conducted, gentleman-like boys. Let us enter and find them at their studies.

[*Enter* The DOCTOR *and* Mr. TIPPER.

GRAND TABLEAU.

A HOPELESS CASE.

LET us, people who are so uncommonly clever and learned, have a great tenderness and pity for the poor folks who are not endowed with the prodigious talents which we have. I have always had a regard for dunces; — those of my own school-days were amongst the pleasantest of the fellows, and have turned out by no means the dullest in life; whereas many a youth who could turn off Latin hexameters by the yard, and construe Greek quite glibly, is no better than a feeble prig now, with not a

pennyworth more brains than were in his head before his beard grew.

Those poor dunces! Talk of being the last man, ah! what a pang it must be to be the last boy — huge, misshapen, fourteen years of age, and "taken up" by a chap who is but six years old, and can't speak quite plain yet!

Master Hulker is in that condition at Birch's. He is the most honest, kind, active, plucky, generous creature. He can do many things better than most boys. He can go up a tree, pump, play at cricket, dive and swim perfectly — he can eat twice as much as almost any lady (as Miss Birch well knows), he has a pretty talent at carving figures with his jack-knife, he makes and paints little coaches, he can take a watch to pieces and put it together again. He can do every thing but learn his lesson; and then he sticks at the bottom of the school hopeless. As the little boys are drafted in from Miss Raby's class (it is true she is one of the best instructresses in the world), they enter and hop over poor Hulker. He would be handed over to the governess, only he is too big. Sometimes I used to think that this desperate stupidity was a stratagem of the poor rascal's, and that he shammed dulness, so that he might be degraded into Miss Raby's class — if she would teach *me*, I know, before George, I would put on a pinafore and a little jacket — but no, it is a natural incapacity for the Latin Grammar.

If you could see his grammar, it is a perfect curiosity of dog's ears. The leaves and cover are all curled and ragged. Many of the pages are worn away with the rubbing of his elbows as he sits poring over the hopeless volume, with the blows of his fists as he thumps it madly, or with the poor fellow's tears. You see him wiping them away with the back of his hand as he tries and tries, and can't do it.

When I think of that Latin Grammar, and that infernal As in præsenti, and of other things which I was made to learn in my youth; upon my conscience, I am surprised that we ever survived it. When one thinks of the boys who have been caned because they could not master that intolerable jargon! Good Lord, what a pitiful chorus these poor little creatures send up! Be gentle with them, ye schoolmasters, and only whop those who *won't* learn.

The Doctor has operated upon Hulker (between ourselves), but the boy was so little affected you would have thought he had taken chloroform. Birch is weary of whipping now, and leaves the boy to go his own gait. Prince, when he hears the lesson, and who cannot help making fun of a fool, adopts the sarcastic manner with Master Hulker, and says, "Mr. Hulker, may I take the liberty to inquire if your brilliant intellect has enabled you to perceive the difference between those words which grammarians have defined as substantive and adjective nouns? — if not, perhaps Mr. Ferdinand Timmins will instruct you." And Timmins hops over Hulker's head.

I wish Prince would leave off girding at the poor lad. He is a boy, and his mother is a widow woman, who loves him with all her might. There is a famous sneer about the suckling of fools and the chronicling of small beer; but remember it was a rascal who uttered it.

A WORD ABOUT MISS BIRCH.

"The gentlemen, and especially the younger and more tender of these pupils, will have the advantage of the constant superintendence and affectionate care of Miss Zoe Birch, sister of the principal: whose dearest aim will be to supply (as far as may be) the absent maternal friend." — *Prospectus of Rodwell Regis School.*

This is all very well in the Doctor's prospectus, and Miss Zoe Birch — a pretty blossom it is, fifty-five years

THE LAST BOY OF ALL.

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WHO STOLE THE JAM?

old, during two score of which she has dosed herself with pills; with a nose as red and a face as sour as a crab-apple) — this is all mighty well in a prospectus. But I should like to know who would take Miss Zoe for a mother, or would have her for one?

The only persons in the house who are not afraid of her are Miss Flora and I—no, I am afraid of her, though I *do* know the story about the French usher in 1830—but all the rest tremble before the woman, from the Doctor down to poor Francis the knife-boy, and whom she bullies into his miserable blacking-hole.

The Doctor is a pompous and outwardly severe man—but inwardly weak and easy; loving a joke and a glass of port wine. I get on with him, therefore, much better than Mr. Prince, who scorns him for an ass, and under whose keen eyes the worthy Doctor writhes like a convicted impostor; and many a sunshiny afternoon would he have said, "Mr. T., sir, shall we try another glass of that yellow sealed wine which you seem to like?" (and which he likes even better than I do,) had not the old harridan of a Zoe been down upon us, and insisted on turning me out with her abominable weak coffee. She a mother indeed! A sour-milk generation she would have nursed. She is always croaking, scolding, bullying—yowling at the housemaids, snarling at Miss Raby, bowwowing after the little boys, barking after the big ones. She knows how much every boy eats to an ounce; and her delight is to ply with fat the little ones who can't bear it, and with raw meat those who hate underdone. It was she who caused the Doctor to be eaten out three times; and nearly created a rebellion in the school because she insisted on his flogging Goliath Longman.

The only time that woman is happy is when she comes in of a morning to the little boys' dormitories with a cup of hot Epsom salts, and a sippet of bread. Boo! — the very notion makes me quiver. She stands over them. I saw her do it to young Byles only a few days since; and her presence makes the abomination doubly abominable.

As for attending them in real illness, do you suppose that she would watch a single night for any one of them? Not she. When poor little CharleyDavison (that child a lock of whose soft hair I have said how Miss Raby still keeps) lay ill of scarlet fever in the holidays — for the Colonel, the father of these boys, was in India—it was Anne Raby who tended the child, who watched him all through the fever, who never left him while it lasted, or until she had closed the little eyes that were never to brighten or moisten more. Anne watched and deplored him; but it was Miss Birch who wrote the letter announcing his demise, and got the gold chain and locket which the Colonel ordered as a memento of his gratitude. It was through a row with Miss Birch that Frank Davison ran away. I promise you that after he joined his regiment in India, the Ahmednuggur Irregulars, which his gallant father commands, there came over no more annual shawls and presents to Dr. and Miss Birch; and that if she fancied the Colonel was coming home to marry her (on account of her tenderness to his motherless children, which he was always writing about), *that* notion was very soon given up. But these affairs are of early date, seven years back, and I only heard of them in a very confused manner from Miss Raby, who was a girl, and had just come to Rodwell Regis. She is always very much moved when she speaks about those boys; which is but seldom. I take it the death of the little one still grieves her tender heart.

Yes, it is Miss Birch, who has turned away seventeen ushers and second-masters in eleven years, and half as many French masters, I suppose, since the departure of her *fa-*

vorite, M. Grinche, with her gold watch, &c.; but this is only surmise —that is, from hearsay, and from Miss Rosa taunting her aunt, as she does sometimes, in her graceful way; but besides this, I have another way of keeping her in order.

Whenever she is particularly odious or insolent to Miss Raby, I have but to introduce raspberry jam into the conversation, and the woman holds her tongue. She will understand me. I need not say more.

NOTE, 12*th December*.—I *may* speak now. I have left the place and don't mind. I say then at once, and without caring twopence for the consequences, that I saw this woman, this *mother* of the boys, EATING JAM WITH A SPOON OUT OF MASTER WIGGINS'S TRUNK IN THE BOX-ROOM: and of this I am ready to take an affidavit any day.

A TRAGEDY.

THE DRAMA OUGHT TO BE REPRESENTED IN ABOUT SIX ACTS.

[*The school is hushed.* LAWRENCE *the Prefect, and Custos of the rods, is marching after the* DOCTOR *into the operating-room.* MASTER BACKHOUSE *is about to follow.*]

Master Backhouse. — It's all very well, but you see if I don't pay you out after school — you sneak you!

Master Lurcher. — If you do I'll tell again.

[*Exit* BACKHOUSE.

The rod is heard from the adjoining apartment. Hwhish — hwhish — hwish hwish—hwish—hwish—hwish.

[*Re-enter* BACKHOUSE.

BRIGGS IN LUCK.

Enter the Knife-boy. — Hamper for Briggses.

Master Brown. — Hurray, Tom Briggs! I'll lend you my knife.

IF this story does not carry its own moral, what fable does, I wonder? Before the arrival of that hamper, Master Briggs was in no better repute than any other young gentleman of the lower school; and in fact I had occasion myself, only lately, to correct Master Brown for kicking his friend's shins during the writing-lesson. But how this basket, directed by his mother's housekeeper and marked, "Glass with care," (whence I conclude that it contains some jam and some bottles of wine, probably, as well as the usual cake and game-pie, and half a sovereign for the elder Master B., and five new shillings for Master Decimus Briggs) — how, I say, the arrival of this basket alters all Master Briggs's circumstances in life, and the estimation in which many persons regard him!

If he is a good-hearted boy, as I have reason to think, the very first thing he will do, before inspecting the contents of the hamper, or cutting into them with the knife which Master Brown has so considerately lent him, will be to read over the letter from home which lies on the top of the parcel. He does so, as I remark to Miss Raby (for whom I happened to be mending pens when the little circumstance arose), with a flushed face and winking eyes. Look how the other boys are peering into the basket as he reads. — I say to her, "Isn't it a pretty picture?" Part of the letter is in a very large hand. This is from his little sister. And I would wager that she netted the little purse which he has just taken out of it, and which Master Lynx is eying.

"You are a droll man, and remark all sorts of queer things," Miss Raby says, smiling, and plying her swift needle and fingers as quick as possible.

"I am glad we are both on the spot, and that the little fellow lies under our guns as it were, and so it protected from some such brutal school-pirate as young Duval for instance, who would rob him, probably, of some of those good things; good in themselves, and better because fresh from home. See, there is a pie

A Serious Case.

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A Hamper for Briggs's.

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as I said, and which I dare say is better than those which are served at our table (but you never take any notice of such kind of things, Miss Raby), a cake of course, a bottle of currant-wine, jam-pots, and no end of pears in the straw. With their money little Briggs will be able to pay the tick which that imprudent child has run up with Mrs. Ruggles; and I shall let Briggs Major pay for the pencil-case which Bullock sold to him. It will be a lesson to the young prodigal for the future. But, I say, what a change there will be in his life for some time to come, and at least until his present wealth is spent! The boys who bully him will mollify towards him, and accept his pie and sweetmeats. They will have feasts in the bedroom; and that wine will taste more delicious to them than the best out of the Doctor's cellar. The cronies will be invited. Young Master Wagg will tell his most dreadful story and sing his best song for a slice of that pie. What a jolly night they will have! When we go the rounds at night, Mr. Prince and I will take care to make a noise before we come to Briggs's room, so that the boys may have time to put the light out, to push the things away, and to scud into bed. Doctor Spry may be put in requisition the next morning."

"Nonsense! you absurd creature," cries out Miss Raby, laughing; and I lay down the twelfth pen very nicely mended.

"Yes; after luxury comes the doctor, I say; after extravagance a hole in the breeches-pocket. To judge from his disposition, Briggs Major will not be much better off a couple of days hence than he is now; and, if I am not mistaken, will end life a poor man. Brown will be kicking his shins before a week is over, depend upon it. There are boys and men of all sorts, Miss R. There are selfish sneaks who hoard until the store they daren't use grows mouldy — there are spendthrifts who fling away, parasites who flatter and lick its shoes, and snarling curs who hate and envy good fortune."

I put down the last of the pens, brushing away with it the quill-chips from her desk first, and she looked at me with a kind, wondering face. I brushed them away, clicked the penknife into my pocket, made her a bow, and walked off — for the bell was ringing for school.

A YOUNG FELLOW WHO IS PRETTY SURE TO SUCCEED.

If Master Briggs is destined in all probability to be a poor man, the chances are that Mr. Bullock will have a very different lot. He is a son of a partner of the eminent banking firm of Bullock and Hulker, Lombard Street, and very high in the upper school — quite out of my jurisdiction consequently.

He writes the most beautiful current-hand ever seen; and the way in which he mastered arithmetic (going away into recondite and wonderful rules in the Tutor's Assistant, which some masters even dare not approach), is described by the Doctor in terms of admiration. He is Mr. Prince's best algebra pupil; and a very fair classic, too; doing every thing well for which he has a mind.

He does not busy himself with the sports of his comrades, and holds a cricket-bat no better than Miss Raby would. He employs the play-hours in improving his mind, and reading the newspaper; he is a profound politician, and, it must be owned, on the Liberal side. The elder boys despise him rather; and when Champion Major passes, he turns his head, and looks down. I don't like the expression of Bullock's narrow, green eyes, as they follow the elder Champion, who does not seem to know or care how much the other hates him.

No. Mr. Bullock, though perhaps

the cleverest and most accomplished boy in the school, associates with the quite little boys when he is minded for society. To these he is quite affable, courteous, and winning. He never fagged or thrashed one of them. He has done the verses and corrected the exercises of many, and many is the little lad to whom he has lent a little money.

It is true he charges at the rate of a penny a week for every sixpence lent out; but many a fellow to whom tarts are a present necessity is happy to pay this interest for the loan. These transactions are kept secret. Mr. Bullock, in rather a whining tone, when he takes Master Green aside and does the requisite business for him, says, "You know you'll go and talk about it everywhere. I don't want to lend you the money, I want to buy something with it. It's only to oblige you; and yet I am sure you will go and make fun of me." Whereon, of course, Green, eager for the money, vows solemnly that the transaction shall be confidential, and only speaks when the payment of the interest becomes oppressive.

Thus it is that Mr. Bullock's practices are at all known. At a very early period, indeed, his commercial genius manifested itself: and by happy speculations in toffey; by composing a sweet drink made of stick-liquorice and brown sugar, and selling it at a profit to the younger children; by purchasing a series of novels, which he let out at an adequate remuneration; by doing boys' exercises for a penny, and other processes, he showed the bent of his mind. At the end of the half-year he always went home richer than when he arrived at school, with his purse full of money.

Nobody knows how much he brought: but the accounts are fabulous. Twenty, thirty, fifty — it is impossible to say how many sovereigns. When joked about his money, he turns pale and swears he has not a shilling: whereas he has had a banker's account ever since he was thirteen.

At the present moment he is employed in negotiating the sale of a knife with Master Green, and is pointing out to the latter the beauty of the six blades, and that he need not pay until after the holidays.

Champion Major has sworn that he will break every bone in his skin the next time that he cheats a little boy, and is bearing down upon him. Let us come away. It is frightful to see that big peaceful clever coward moaning under well-deserved blows and whining for mercy.

DUVAL THE PIRATE.

JONES MINIMUS *passes, laden with tarts.*

Duval. — Hullo! you small boy with the tarts! Come here, sir!

Jones Minimus. — Please, Duval, they ain't mine.

Duval. — Oh, you abominable young story-teller!

[*He confiscates the goods.*

I think I like young Duval's mode of levying contributions better than Bullock's. The former's, at least, has the merit of more candor. Duval is the pirate of Birch's, and lies in wait for small boys laden with money or provender. He scents plunder from afar off, and pounces out on it. Woe betide the little fellow when Duval boards him!

There was a youth here whose money I used to keep, as he was of an extravagant and weak taste; and I doled it out to him in weekly shillings, sufficient for the purchase of the necessary tarts. This boy came to me one day for half a sovereign, for a very particular purpose, he said. I afterwards found he wanted to lend the money to Duval.

The young ogre burst out laughing, when in a great wrath and fury I ordered him to refund to the little boy: and proposed a bill of exchange at three months. It is true Duval's father does not pay the Doctor, and the lad never has a shilling, save that

SURE TO SUCCEED IN LIFE.

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THE PIRATE.

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HOME, SWEET HOME.

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A Rescue.

which he levies; and though he is always bragging about the splendor of Freenystown, Co. Cork, and the fox-hounds his father keeps, and the claret they drink there — there comes no remittance from Castle Freeny in these bad times to the honest Doctor, who is a kindly man enough, and never yet turned an insolvent boy out of doors.

THE DORMITORIES.

MASTER HEWLETT AND MASTER NIGHTINGALE.

(*Rather a cold winter night.*)

Hewlett (*flinging a shoe at Master Nightingale's bed, with which he hits that young gentleman*).—Hullo, you! Get up and bring me that shoe!

Nightingale.—Yes, Hewlett. (*He gets up.*)

Hewlett.—Don't drop it, and be very careful of it, sir.

Nightingale.—Yes, Hewlett.

Hewlett.—Silence in the dormitory! Any boy who opens his mouth, I'll murder him. Now, sir, are not you the boy what can sing?

Nightingale.—Yes, Hewlett.

Hewlett.—Chant, then, till I go to sleep, and if I wake when you stop, you'll have this at your head.

[MASTER HEWLETT *lays his Bluchers on the bed, ready to shy at Master Nightingale's head in the case contemplated.*]

Nightingale (*timidly*).—Please, Hewlett?

Hewlett.—Well, sir?

Nightingale.—May I put on my trousers, please?

Hewlett.—*No*, sir! Go on, or I'll—

Nightingale.—

"Through pleasures and palaces
Though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

A CAPTURE AND A RESCUE.

My young friend, Patrick Champion, George's younger brother, is a late arrival among us; has much of the family quality and good nature; is not in the least a tyrant to the small boys, but is as eager as Amadis to fight. He is boxing his way up the school, emulating his great brother. He fixes his eye on a boy above him in strength or size, and you hear somehow that a difference has arisen between them at football, and they have their coats off presently. He has thrashed himself over the heads of many youths in this manner; for instance, if Champion can lick Dobson, who can thrash Hobson, how much more, then, can he thrash Hobson? Thus he works up and establishes his position in the school. Nor does Mr. Prince think it advisable that we ushers should walk much in the way when these little differences are being settled, unless there is some gross disparity, or danger is apprehended.

For instance, I own to having seen the row depicted here as I was shaving at my bedroom window. I did not hasten down to prevent its consequences. Fogle had confiscated a top, the property of Snivins; the which, as the little wretch was always pegging it at my toes, I did not regret. Snivins whimpered; and young Champion came up, lusting for battle. Directly he made out Fogle, he steered for him, pulling up his coat-sleeves, and clearing for action.

"Who spoke to *you*, young Champion?" Fogle, said, and he flung down the top to Master Snivins. I knew there would be no fight; and perhaps Champion, too, was disappointed.

THE GARDEN,

WHERE THE PARLOR-BOARDERS GO.

Noblemen have been rather scarce at Birch's—but the heir of a great Prince has been living with the Doctor for some years. He is Lord George Gaunt's eldest son, the noble Plantagenet Gaunt Gaunt, and

nephew of the Most Honorable the Marquis of Steyne.

They are very proud of him at the Doctor's — and the two Misses and Papa, whenever a stranger comes down whom they want to dazzle, are pretty sure to bring Lord Steyne into the conversation, mention the last party at Gaunt House, and cursorily to remark that they have with them a young friend who will be, in all human probability, Marquis of Steyne and Earl of Gaunt, &c.

Plantagenet does not care much about these future honors: provided he can get some brown sugar on his bread and butter, or sit with three chairs and play at coach and horses quite quietly by himself, he is tolerably happy. He saunters in and out of school when he likes, and looks at the masters and other boys with a listless grin. He used to be taken to church, but he laughed and talked in odd places, so they are forced to leave him at home now. He will sit with a bit of string and play cat's-cradle for many hours. He likes to go and join the very small children at their games. Some are frightened at him; but they soon cease to fear, and order him about. I have seen him go and fetch tarts from Mrs. Ruggles for a boy eight years old; and cry bitterly if he did not get a piece. He cannot speak quite plain, but very nearly; and is not more, I suppose, than three and twenty.

Of course at home they know his age, though they never come and see him. But they forget that Miss Rosa Birch is no longer a young chit as she was ten years ago, when Gaunt was brought to the school. On the contrary, she has had no small experience in the tender passion, and is at this moment smitten with a disinterested affection for Plantagenet Gaunt.

Next to a little doll with a burnt nose, which he hides away in cunning places, Mr. Gaunt is very fond of Miss Rosa too. What a pretty match it would make! and how pleased they would be at Gaunt House, if the grandson and heir of the great Marquis of Steyne, the descendant of a hundred Gaunts and Tudors, should marry Miss Birch, the schoolmaster's daughter! It is true she has the sense on her side, and poor Plantagenet is only an idiot: but there he is, a zany, with such expectations and such a pedigree!

If Miss Rosa would run away with Mr. Gaunt, she would leave off bullying her cousin, Miss Anne Raby. Shall I put her up to the notion, and offer to lend her the money to run away? Mr. Gaunt is not allowed money. He had some once, but Bullock took him into a corner, and got it from him. He has a moderate tick opened at a tart-woman's. He stops at Rodwell Regis through the year: school-time and holiday-time, it is all the same to him. Nobody asks about him, or thinks about him, save twice a year, when the Doctor goes to Gaunt House, and gets the amount of his bills, and a glass of wine in the steward's room.

And yet you see somehow that he is a gentleman. His manner is different to that of the owners of that coarse table and parlor at which he is a boarder (I do not speak of Miss R. of course, for *her* manners are as good as those of a duchess). When he caught Miss Rosa boxing little Fiddes's ears, his face grew red, and he broke into a fierce inarticulate rage. After that, and for some days, he used to shrink from her; but they are reconciled now. *I* saw them this afternoon in the garden where only the parlor-boarders walk. He was playful, and touched her with his stick. She raised her handsome eyes in surprise, and smiled on him very kindly.

The thing was so clear, that I thought it my duty to speak to old Zoe about it. The wicked old catamaran told me she wished that some people would mind their own business, and hold their tongues — that some persons were paid to teach writing, and not to tell tales and make mis

MISS BIRCH'S FLOWER-GARDEN.

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chief; and I have since been thinking whether I ought to communicate with the Doctor.

THE OLD PUPIL.

As I came into the playgrounds this morning, I saw a dashing young fellow, with a tanned face and a blonde mustache, who was walking up and down the green arm-in-arm with Champion Major, and followed by a little crowd of boys.

They were talking of old times evidently. "What had become of Irvine and Smith?" — "Where was Bill Harris and Jones: not Squinny Jones, but Cocky Jones?" — and so forth. The gentleman was no stranger; he was an old pupil evidently, come to see if any of his old comrades remained, and revisit the *cari luoghi* of his youth.

Champion was evidently proud of his arm-fellow. He espied his brother, young Champion, and introduced him. "Come here, sir," he called. "The young 'un wasn't here in your time, Davison." "Pat, sir," said he, "this is Captain Davison, one of Birch's boys. Ask him who was among the first in the lines at Sobraon?"

Pat's face kindled up as he looked Davison full in the face, and held out his hand. Old Champion and Davison both blushed. The infantry set up a "Hurray, hurray, hurray!" Champion leading, and waving his wide-awake. I protest that the scene did one good to witness. Here was the hero and cock of the school come back to see his old haunts and cronies. He had always remembered them. Since he had seen them last, he had faced death and achieved honor. But for my dignity I would have shied up my hat too.

With a resolute step, and his arm still linked in Champion's, Captain Davison now advanced, followed by a wake of little boys, to the corner of the green where Mrs. Ruggles has her tart-stand.

"Hullo, Mother Ruggles! don't you remember me?" he said, and shook her by the hand.

"Lor', if it ain't Davison Major!" she said. "Well, Davison Major, you owe me fourpence for two sausage-rolls from when you went away."

Davison laughed, and all the little crew of boys set up a similar chorus.

"I buy the whole shop," he said. "Now, young 'uns — eat away!"

Then there was such a "Hurray! hurray!" as surpassed the former cheer in loudness. Everybody engaged in it except Piggy Duff, who made an instant dash at the three-cornered puffs, but was stopped by Champion, who said there should be a fair distribution. And so there was, and no one lacked, neither of raspberry, open tarts, nor of mellifluous bulls' eyes, nor of polonies, beautiful to the sight and taste.

The hurraying brought out the old Doctor himself, who put his hand up to his spectacles and started when he saw the old pupil. Each blushed when he recognized the other; for seven years ago they had parted not good friends.

"What — Davison?" the Doctor said with a tremulous voice. "God bless you my dear fellow!" — and they shook hands. "A half-holiday, of course, boys," he added, and there was another hurray: there was to be no end to the cheering that day.

"How's — how's the family, sir?" Captain Davison asked.

"Come in and see. Flora's grown quite a lady. Dine with us, of course. Champion Major, come to dinner at five. Mr. Titmarsh, the pleasure of your company?" The Doctor swung open the garden-gate: the old master and pupil entered the house reconciled.

I thought I would first peep into Miss Raby's room, and tell her of this event. She was working away at her linen there, as usual quiet and cheerful.

"You should put up," I said with

a smile; "the Doctor has given us a half-holiday."

"I never have holidays," Miss Raby replied.

Then I told her of the scene I had just witnessed, of the arrival of the old pupil, the purchase of the tarts, the proclamation of the holiday, and the shouts of the boys of "Hurray, Davison!"

"*Who* is it?" cried out Miss Raby, starting and turning as white as a sheet.

I told her it was Captain Davison from India; and described the appearance and behavior of the Captain. When I had finished speaking, she asked me to go and get her a glass of water; she felt unwell. But she was gone when I came back with the water.

I know all now. After sitting for a quarter of an hour with the Doctor, who attributed his guest's uneasiness no doubt to his desire to see Miss Laura Birch, Davison started up and said he wanted to see Miss Raby. "You remember, sir, how kind she was to my little brother, sir?" he said. Whereupon the Doctor, with a look of surprise, that anybody should want to see Miss Raby, said she was in the little schoolroom; whither the Captain went, knowing the way from old times.

A few minutes afterwards, Miss B. and Miss Z. returned from a drive with Plantagenet Gaunt in their one-horse fly, and being informed of Davison's arrival, and that he was closeted with Miss Raby in the little schoolroom, of course made for that apartment at once. I was coming into it from the other door. I wanted to know whether she had drunk the water.

This is what both parties saw. The two were in this very attitude. "Well, upon my word!" cries out Miss Zoe; but Davison did not let go his hold; and Miss Raby's head only sank down on his hand.

"You must get another governess, sir, for the little boys," Frank Davison said to the Doctor. "Anne Raby has promised to come with me."

You may suppose I shut to the door on my side. And when I returned to the little schoolroom, it was black and empty. Everybody was gone. I could hear the boys shouting at play in the green outside. The glass of water was on the table where I had placed it. I took it and drank it myself, to the health of Anne Raby and her husband. It was rather a choker.

But of course I wasn't going to stop on at Birch's. When his young friends reassemble on the 1st of February next, they will have two new masters. Prince resigned too, and is at present living with me at my old lodgings at Mrs. Cammysole's. If any nobleman or gentleman wants a private tutor for his son, a note to the Rev. F. Prince will find him there.

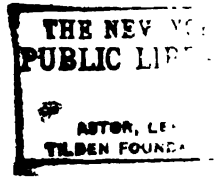
Miss Clapperclaw says we are both a couple of old fools; and that she knew when I set off last year to Rodwell Regis, after meeting the two young ladies at a party at General Champion's house in our street, that I was going on a goose's errand. I shall dine there on Christmas Day; and so I wish a merry Christmas to all young and old boys.

EPILOGUE.

The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling, to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's any thing but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas time.
On life's wide scene, you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good night! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

WANTED A GOVERNESS.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THE KICKLEBURYS

ON THE RHINE.

By Mr. M. A. TITMARSH.

Good night! I'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen,
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys:
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve, in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray heaven, that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all.
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave:
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave? *
We bow to heaven that will'd it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His better, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn in life's advance
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed:
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
A longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever Fate be sent, —
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can:
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young:
(Bear kindly with my humble lays,)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas Days.
The shepherds heard it overhead —
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still —
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

* C. B., ob. Dec. 1843, æt. 42.

THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION:

BEING

AN ESSAY ON THUNDER AND SMALL BEER.

ANY reader who may have a fancy to purchase a copy of this present edition of the "History of the Kicklebury's Abroad," had best be warned in time, that "The Times" newspaper does not approve of the work, and has but a bad opinion both of the author and his readers. Nothing can be fairer than this statement: if you happen to take up the poor little volume at a railroad station, and read this sentence, lay the book down, and buy something else. You are warned. What more can the author say! If after this you *will* buy, — amen! pay

your money, take your book, and fall to. Between ourselves, honest reader, it is no very strong potation which the present purveyor offers to you. It will not trouble your head much in the drinking. It was intended for that sort of negus which is offered at Christmas parties; and of which ladies and children may partake with refreshment and cheerfulness. Last year I tried a brew which was old, bitter, and strong; and scarce any one would drink it. This year we send round a milder tap, and it is liked by customers: though the critics (who like strong ale, the rogues!) turn up their noses. In heaven's name, Mr. Smith, serve round the liquor to the gentlefolks. Pray, dear madam, another glass; it is Christmas-time, it will do you no harm. It is not intended to keep long, this sort of drink. (Come, froth up, Mr. Publisher, and pass quickly round!) And as for the professional gentlemen, we must get a stronger sort for *them* some day.

"The Times" gentleman (a very difficult gent to please) is the loudest and noisiest of all, and has made more hideous faces over the refreshment offered to him than any other critic. There is no use shirking this statement! when a man has been abused in "The Times," he can't hide it, any more than he could hide the knowledge of his having been committed to prison by Mr. Henry, or publicly caned in Pall Mall. You see it in your friends' eyes when they meet you. They know it. They have chuckled over it to a man. They whisper about it at the club, and look over the paper at you. My next-door neighbor came to see me this morning, and I saw by his face that he had the whole story pat. "Hem!" says he, "well, I *have* heard of it; and the fact is, they were talking about you at dinner last night, and mentioning that 'The Times' had — ahem! — 'walked into you.'"

"My good M ——," I say — and M —— will corroborate, if need be, the statement I make here — "here is 'The Times' article, dated January 4th, which states so and so; and here is a letter from the publisher, likewise dated January 4th, and which says, —

"'My dear Sir,— Having this day sold the last copy of the first edition (of *x* thousand) of the "Kickleburys Abroad," and having orders for more, had we not better proceed to a second edition? and will you permit me to enclose an order on,'" &c., &c.?

Singular coincidence! And if every author who was so abused by a critic had a similar note from a publisher, good Lord! how easily would we take the critic's censure!

"Yes, yes," you say; "it's all very well for a writer to affect to be indifferent to a critique from 'The Times.' You bear it as a boy bears a flogging at school, without crying out; but don't swagger and brag as if you liked it."

Let us have truth before all. I would rather have a good word than a bad one from any person: but if a critic abuses me from a high place, and it is worth my while, I will appeal. If I can show that the judge who is delivering sentence against me, and laying down the law and making a pretence of learning, has no learning and no law, and is neither more nor less than a pompous noodle, who ought not to be heard in any respectable court, I will do so; and then, dear friends, perhaps you will have something to laugh at in this book. —

"The Kickleburys Abroad.

"It has been customary, of late years, for the purveyors of amusing literature — the popular authors of the day — to put forth certain opuscules, denominated 'Christmas Books,' with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions, incident upon the exodus of the old and the inauguration of the new year. We have said that their ostensible intention was such, because there is another motive for these productions, locked up (as the popular author deems) in his own breast, but

which betrays itself, in the quality of the work, as his principal incentive. Oh! that any muse should be set upon a high stool to cast up accounts and balance a ledger! Yet so it is; and the popular author finds it convenient to fill up the declared deficit, and place himself in a position the more effectually to encounter those liabilities which sternly assert themselves contemporaneously and in contrast with the careless and free-handed tendencies of the season by the emission of Christmas books—a kind of literary *assignats*, representing to the emitter expunged debts, to the receiver an investment of enigmatical value. For the most part bearing the stamp of their origin in the vacuity of the writer's exchequer rather than in the fulness of his genius, they suggest by their feeble flavor the rinsings of a void brain after the more important concoctions of the expired year. Indeed, we should as little think of taking these compositions as examples of the merits of their authors as we should think of measuring the valuable services of Mr. Walker, the postman, or Mr. Bell, the dust-collector, by the copy of verses they leave at our doors as a provocative of the expected annual gratuity—effusions with which they may fairly be classed for their intrinsic worth no less than their ultimate purport.

"In the Christmas book presently under notice, the author appears (under the thin disguise of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh) in '*propriâ personâ*, as the popular author, the contributor to *Punch*, the remorseless pursuer of unconscious vulgarity and feeble-mindedness, launched upon a tour of relaxation to the Rhine. But though exercising, as is the wont of popular authors in their moments of leisure, a plentiful reserve of those higher qualities to which they are indebted for their fame, his professional instincts are not altogether in abeyance. From the moment his eye lights upon a luckless family group embarked on the same steamer with himself, the sight of his accustomed quarry—vulgarity, imbecility, and affectation—re-animates his relaxed sinews, and, playfully fastening his satiric fangs upon the familiar prey, he dallies with it in mimic ferocity, like a satiated mouser.

"Though faintly and carelessly indicated, the characters are those with which the author loves to surround himself. A tuft-hunting county baronet's widow, an inane captain of dragoons, a graceless young baronet, a lady with groundless pretensions to feeble health and poesy, an obsequious nonentity her husband, and a flimsy and artificial young lady, are the personages in whom we are expected to find amusement. Two individuals alone form an exception to the above category, and are offered to the respectful admiration of the reader,—the one, a shadowy sergeant-at-law, Mr. Titmarsh's travelling companion, who escapes with a few side puffs of flattery, which the author struggles not to render ironical, and a mysterious countess, spoken of in a tone of religious reverence, and apparently introduced that we may learn by what delicate discriminations our adoration of rank should be regulated.

"To those who love to hug themselves in a sense of superiority by admeasurement with the most worthless of their species, in their most worthless aspects, "The Kicklebury's on the Rhine" will afford an agreeable treat, especially as the purveyor of the feast offers his own moments of human weakness as a modest *entrée* in this banquet of erring mortality. To our own, perhaps unphilosophical, taste the aspirations towards sentimental perfection of another popular author are infinitely preferable to *these sardonic divings after the pearl of truth, whose lustre is eclipsed in the display of the diseased oyster*. Much, in the present instance, perhaps all, the disagreeable effect of his subject is no doubt attributable to the absence of Mr. Thackeray's usual brilliancy of style. A few flashes, however occur, such as the description of M. Lenoir's gaming establishment, with the momentous crisis to which it was subjected, and the quaint and imaginative sallies evoked by the whole town of Rougetnoirbourg and its lawful prince. These, with the illustrations, which are spirited enough, redeem the book from an absolute ban. Mr. Thackeray's pencil is more congenial than his pen. He cannot draw his men and women with their skins off, and, therefore, the effigies of his characters are pleasanter to contemplate than the flayed anatomies of the letter-press."

There is the whole article. And the reader will see (in the paragraph preceding that memorable one which winds up with the diseased oyster) that he must be a worthless creature for daring to like the book, as he could only do so from a desire to hug himself in a sense of superiority by admeasurement with the most worthless of his fellow-creatures!

The reader is worthless for liking a book of which all the characters are worthless, except two, which are offered to his respectful admiration; and of these two the author does not respect one, but struggles not to laugh in his face; whilst he apparently

speaks of another in a tone of religious reverence, because the lady is a countess, and because he (the author) is a sneak. So reader, author, characters, are rogues all. Be there any honest men left, Hal? About Printing-house Square, mayhap you may light on an honest man, a squeamish man, a proper moral man, a man that shall talk you Latin by the half-column if you will but hear him.

And what a style it is, that great man's! What hoigth of foine language entoirely! How he can discoorse you in English for all the world as if it was Latin! For instance, suppose you and I had to announce the important news that some writers published what are called Christmas books; that Christmas books are so called because they are published at Christmas: and that the purpose of the authors is to try and amuse people. Suppose, I say, we had, by the sheer force of intellect, or by other means of observation or information, discovered these great truths, we should have announced them in so many words. And there it is that the difference lies between a great writer and a poor one; and we may see how an inferior man may fling a chance away. How does my friend of "The Times" put these propositions? "It has been customary," says he, "of late years for the purveyors of amusing literature to put forth certain opuscules, denominated Christmas books, with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions, incident upon the exodus of the old or the inauguration of the new year." That is something like a sentence; not a word scarcely but's in Latin, and the longest and handsomest out of the whole dictionary. That is proper economy — as you see a buck from Holywell Street put every pinchbeck pin, ring, and chain which he possesses about his shirt, hands, and waistcoat, and then go and cut a ...sh in the Park, or swagger with his order to the theatre. It costs him no more to wear all his ornaments about his distinguished person than to leave them at home. If you can be a swell at a cheap rate, why not? And I protest, for my part, I had no idea what I was really about in writing and submitting my little book for sale, until my friend the critic, looking at the article, and examining it with the eyes of a connoisseur, pronounced that what I had fancied simply to be a book was in fact "an opuscule denominated so-and-so, and ostensibly intended to swell the tide of expansive emotion incident upon the inauguration of the new year." I can hardly believe as much even now — so little do we know what we really are after, until men of genius come and interpret.

And besides the ostensible intention, the reader will perceive that my judge has discovered another latent motive, which I had "locked up in my own breast." The sly rogue! (if we may so speak of the court.) There is no keeping any thing from him; and this truth, like the rest, has come out, and is all over England by this time. Oh, that all England, which has bought the judge's charge, would purchase the prisoner's plea in mitigation! "Oh, that any muse should be set on a high stool," says the bench, "to cast up accounts and balance a ledger! Yet so it is; and the popular author finds it convenient to fill up the declared deficit by the emission of Christmas books — a kind of assignats that bear the stamp of their origin in the vacuity of the writer's exchequer." There is a trope for you! You rascal, you wrote because you wanted money! His lordship has found out what you were at, and that there is a deficit in your till. But he goes on to say that we poor devils are to be pitied in our necessity; and that these compositions are no more to be taken as examples of our merits than the verses which the dustman leaves at his lordship's door, "as a provocative of

the expected annual gratuity," are to be considered as measuring his, the scavenger s, "valuable services — nevertheless, the author's and the scavenger's "effusions may fairly be classed, for their intrinsic worth, no less than their ultimate purport."

Heaven bless his lordship on the bench — What gentleman-like badinage he has, and what a charming and playful wit always at hand! What a sense he has for a simile, or what Mrs. Malaprop calls an odorous comparison, and how gracefully he conducts it to "its ultimate purport." A gentleman writing a poor little book is a scavenger asking for a Christmas-box!

As I try this small beer which has called down such a deal of thunder, I can't help thinking that it is not Jove who has interfered (the case was scarce worthy of his divine vindictiveness); but the Thunderer's man, Jupiter Jeames, taking his master's place, adopting his manner, and trying to dazzle and roar like his awful employer. That figure of the dustman has hardly been flung from heaven: that "ultimate purport" is a subject which the Immortal would hardly handle. Well, well; let us allow that the book is not worthy of such a polite critic — that the beer is not strong enough for a gentleman who has taste and experience in beer.

That opinion no man can ask his honor to alter; but (the beer being the question), why make unpleasant allusions to "The Gazette," and hint at the probable bankruptcy of the brewer? Why twit me with my poverty; and what can "The Times" critic know about the vacuity of my exchequer? Did he ever lend me any money? Does he not himself write for money? (and who would grudge it to such a polite and generous and learned author?) If he finds no disgrace in being paid, why should I? If he has ever been poor, why should he joke at my empty exchequer? Of course such a genius is paid for his work: with such neat logic, such a pure style, such a charming poetical turn of phrase, of course a critic gets money. Why, a man who can say of a Christmas book that "it is an opuscule denominated so and so, and ostensibly intended to swell the tide of expansive emotion incident upon the exodus of the old year," must evidently have had immense sums and care expended on his early education, and deserves a splendid return. You can't go into the market, and get scholarship like *that*, without paying for it: even the flogging that such a writer must have had in early youth (if he was at a public school where the rods were paid for), must have cost his parents a good sum. Where would you find any but an accomplished classical scholar to compare the books of the present (or indeed any other) writer to "sardonic divings after the pearl of truth, whose lustre is eclipsed in the display of the diseased oyster;" mere Billingsgate doesn't turn out oysters like these; they are of the Lucrine lake: — this satirist has pickled his rods in Latin brine. Fancy, not merely a diver, but a sardonic diver: and the expression of his confounded countenance on discovering not only a pearl, but an eclipsed pearl, which was in a diseased oyster! I say it is only by an uncommon and happy combination of taste, genius, and industry, that a man can arrive at uttering such sentiments in such fine language, — that such a man ought to be well paid, as I have no doubt he is, and that he is worthily employed to write literary articles, in large type, in the leading journal of Europe. Don't we want men of eminence and polite learning to sit on the literary bench, and to direct the public opinion?

But when this profound scholar compares me to a scavenger who leaves a copy of verses at his door and begs for a Christmas-box, I must again cry out and say, "My dear sir, it is true your simile is offensive, but can you make it out! Are you not hasty in figures and allusions?" If I might

give a hint to so consummate a rhetorician, you should be more careful in making your figures figures, and your similes like: for instance, when you talk of a book "swelling the tide of exhilaration incident to the inauguration of the new year," or of a book "bearing the stamp of its origin in vacuity," &c, — or of a man diving sardonically; or of a pearl eclipsed in the display of a diseased oyster — there are some people who will not apprehend your meaning: some will doubt whether you had a meaning: some even will question your great powers, and say, "Is this man to be a critic in a newspaper, which knows what English, and Latin too, and what sense and scholarship are?" I don't quarrel with you — I take for granted your wit and learning, your modesty and benevolence — but why scavenger — Jupiter Jeames — why scavenger? A gentleman, whose biography "The Examiner" was fond of quoting before it took its present serious and orthodox turn, was pursued by an outraged wife to the very last stage of his existence with an appeal almost as pathetic — Ah, sir, why scavenger?

How can I be like a dustman that rings for a Christmas-box at your hall-door? I never was there in my life. I never left at your door a copy of verses provocative of an annual gratuity, as your noble honor styles it. Who are you? If you are the man I take you to be, it must have been you who asked the publisher for my book, and not I who sent it in, and begged a gratuity of your worship. You abused me out of "The Times" window; but if ever your noble honor sent me a gratuity out of your own door, may I never drive another dust-cart. "Provocative of a gratuity!" O splendid swell! How much was it your worship sent out to me by the footman? Every farthing you have paid I will restore to your lordship, and I swear I shall not be a halfpenny the poorer.

As before, on similar seasons and occasions, I have compared myself to a person following a not dissimilar calling: let me suppose now, for a minute, that I am a writer of a Christmas farce, who sits in the pit, and sees the performance of his own piece. There comes applause, hissing, yawning, laughter, as may be: but the loudest critic of all is our friend the cheap buck, who sits yonder and makes his remarks, so that all the audience may hear. "*This* a farce!" says Beau Tibbs: "demmy! it's the work of a poor devil who writes for money, — confound his vulgarity! This a farce! Why isn't it a tragedy, or a comedy, or an epic poem, stap my vitals? This is a farce indeed! It's a feller as sends round his 'at, and appeals to charity. Let's 'ave our money back again, I say." And he swaggers off; — and you find the fellow came with an author's order.

But if, in spite of Tibbs, our "kvind friends," &c. &c. &c. — if the little farce, which was meant to amuse Christmas (or what my classical friend calls Exodus), is asked for, even up to Twelfth Night, — shall the publisher stop because Tibbs is dissatisfied? Whenever that capitalist calls to get his money back, he may see the letter from the respected publisher, informing the author that all the copies are sold, and that there are demands for a new edition. Up with the curtain, then! Vivat Regina! and no money returned, except "The Times" "gratuity!"

M. A. TITMARSH.

January 5, 1851.

THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE.

THE cabman, when he brought us to the wharf, and made his usual charge of six times his legal fare, before the settlement of which he pretended to refuse the privilege of an *exeat regno* to our luggage, glared like a disappointed fiend when Lankin, calling up the faithful Hutchison, his clerk, who was in attendance, said to him, "Hutchison, you will pay this man. My name is Serjeant Lankin, my chambers are in Pump Court. My clerk will settle with you, sir." The cabman trembled; we stepped on board; our lightsome luggage was speedily whisked away by the crew; our berths had been secured by the previous agency of Hutchison; and a couple of tickets, on which were written, "Mr. Serjeant Lankin," "Mr. Titmarsh," (Lankin's, by the way, incomparably the best and comfortablest sleeping place,) were pinned on to two of the curtains of the beds in a side cabin when we descended.

Who was on board? There were Jews, with Sunday papers and fruit; there were couriers and servants struggling about; there were those bearded foreign visitors of England, who always seem to decline to shave or wash themselves on the day of a voyage, and, on the eve of quitting our country, appear inclined to carry away as much as possible of its soil on their hands and linen: there were parties already cosily established on deck under the awning; and steady-going travellers for'ard, smoking already the pleasant morning cigar, and watching the phenomena of departure.

The bell rings: they leave off bawling, "Anybody else for the shore?" The last grape and "Bell's Life" merchant has scuffled over the plank: the Johns of the departing nobility and gentry line the brink of the quay, and touch their hats: Hutchison touches his hat to me — to *me*, heaven bless him! I turn round inexpressibly affected and delighted, and whom do I see but Captain Hicks!

"Hallo! *you* here?" says Hicks, in a tone which seems to me, "Confound you, you are everywhere."

Hicks is one of those young men who seem to be everywhere a great deal too often.

How are they always getting leave from their regiments? If they are not wanted in this country, (as wanted they cannot be, for you see them sprawling over the railing in Rotten Row all day, and shaking their heels at every ball in town,) — if they are not wanted in this country, I say, why the deuce are they not sent off to India, or to Demerara, or to Sierra Leone, by Jove? — the farther the better; and I should wish a good unwholesome climate to try 'em, and make 'em hardy. Here is this Hicks, then — Captain Launcelot Hicks, if you please — whose life is nothing but breakfast, smoking, riding-school, billiards, mess, polking, billiards, and smoking again, and *da capo* — pulling down his mustaches, and going to take a tour after the immense labors of the season.

"How do you do, Captain Hicks?" I say. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, I am going to the Whine," says Hicks; "evewybody goes to the Whine." The *Whine* indeed! I dare say he can no more spell properly than he can speak.

"Who is on board — anybody?" I ask, with the air of a man of fashion. "To whom does that immense pile of luggage belong — under charge of the lady's-maid, the courier, and the British footman? A large white K is painted on all the boxes."

"How the deuce should *I* know?" says Hicks, looking, as I fancy, both red and angry, and strutting off with his great cavalry lurch and swagger: whilst my friend the Sergeant looks at him lost in admiration, and surveys his shining little boots, his chains and breloques, his whiskers and ambrosial mustaches, his gloves and other dandifications, with a pleased wonder; as the ladies of the Sultan's harem surveyed the great Lady from Park Lane who paid them a visit; or the simple subjects of Montezuma looked at one of Cortez' heavy dragoons.

"That must be a marquis at least," whispers Lankin, who consults me on points of society, and is pleased to have a great opinion of my experience.

I burst out in a scornful laugh. "*That!*" I say; "he is a captain of dragoons, and his father is an attorney in Bedford Row. The whiskers of a roturier, my good Lankin, grow as long as the beard of a Plantagenet. It don't require much noble blood to learn the polka. If you were younger, Lankin, we might go for a shilling a night, and dance every evening at M. Laurent's Casino, and skip about in a little time as well as that fellow. Only we despise the kind of thing you know, — only we're too grave, and too steady."

"And too fat," whispers Lankin, with a laugh.

"Speak for yourself, you maypole," says I. "If you can't dance yourself, people can dance round you — put a wreath of flowers upon your old poll, stick you up in a village green, and so make use of you."

"I should gladly be turned into any thing so pleasant," Lankin answers; "and so, at least, get a chance of seeing a pretty girl now and then. They don't show in Pump Court, or at the University Club, where I dine. You are a lucky fellow, Titmarsh, and go about in the world. As for me, *I* never"—

"And the judges' wives, you rogue?" I say. "Well, no man is satisfied; and the only reason I have to be angry with the captain yonder is, that, the other night, at Mrs. Perkins's, being in conversation with a charming young creature — who knows all my favorite passages in Tennyson, and takes a most delightful little line of opposition in the Church controversy — just as we were in the very closest, dearest, pleasantest part of the talk, comes up young Hotspur yonder, and whisks her away in a polka. What have you and I to do with polkas, Lankin? He took her down to supper — what have you and I to do with suppers?"

"Our duty is to leave them alone," said the philosophical Sergeant. "And now about breakfast — shall we have some?" And as he spoke, a savory little procession of stewards and stewards' boys, with drab tin dish-covers, passed from the caboose, and descended the stairs to the cabin. The vessel had passed Greenwich by this time, and had worked its way out of the mast-forest which guards the approaches of our city.

The owners of those innumerable boxes, bags, oil-skins, guitar-cases, whereon the letter K was engraven, appeared to be three ladies, with a slim gentleman of two or three and thirty, who was probably the husband of one of them. He had numberless shawls under his arm and guardianship. He had a strap full of Murray's Handbooks and Continental Guides in his keeping; and a little collection of parasols and umbrellas, bound together, and to be carried in state before the chief of the party, like the lictor's fasces before the consul.

The chief of the party was evidently the stout lady. One parasol being left free, she waved it about, and commanded the luggage and the menials to and fro. "Horace, we will sit there," she exclaimed, pointing to a comfortable place on the deck. Horace went and placed the shawls and

the Guidebooks. "Hirsch, avy vou conty les bagages? tront sett morso ong too?" The German courier said, "Oui, miladi," and bowed a rather sulky assent. "Bowman, you will see that Finch is comfortable, and send her to me." The gigantic Bowman, a gentleman in an undress uniform, with very large and splendid armorial buttons, and with traces of the powder of the season still lingering in his hair, bows, and speeds upon my lady's errand.

I recognise Hirsch, a well-known face upon the European high-road, where he has travelled with many acquaintances. With whom is he making the tour now? — Mr. Hirsch is acting as courier to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Milliken. They have not been married many months, and they are travelling, Hirsch says, with a contraction of his bushy eyebrows, with miladi, Mrs. Milliken's mamma. "And who is her ladyship?" Hirsch's brow contracts into deeper furrows. "It is Miladi Gigglebury," he says, "Mr. Didmarsh. Berhaps you know her." He scowls round at her, as she calls out loudly, "Hirsch, Hirsch!" and obeys that summons.

It is the great Lady Kicklebury of Pocklington Square, about whom I remember Mrs. Perkins made so much ado at her last ball; and whom old Perkins conducted to supper. When Sir Thomas Kicklebury died (he was one of the first tenants of the square), who does not remember the scutcheon with the coronet with two balls, that flamed over No. 36? Her son was at Eton then, and has subsequently taken an honorary degree at Oxford, and been an ornament of "Platt's" and the "Oswestry Club." He fled into St. James's from the great house in Pocklington Square, and from St. James's to Italy and the Mediterranean, where he has been for some time in a wholesome exile. Her eldest daughter's marriage with Lord Roughhead was talked about last year; but Lord Roughhead, it is known, married Miss Brent; and Horace Milliken, very much to his surprise, found himself the affianced husband of Miss Lavinia Kicklebury, after an agitating evening at Lady Polkimore's, when Miss Lavinia feeling herself faint, went out on to the leads (the terrace, Lady Polkimore *will* call it), on the arm of Mr. Milliken. They were married in January: it's not a bad match for Miss K. Lady Kicklebury goes and stops for six months of the year at Pigeoncot with her daughter and son-in-law; and now that they are come abroad, she comes too. She must be with Lavinia, under the present circumstances.

When I am arm-in-arm, I tell this story glibly off to Lankin, who is astonished at my knowledge of the world, and says, "Why, Titmarsh, you know every thing."

"I *do* know a few things, Lankin my boy," is my answer. "A man don't live in society, and *pretty good* society, let me tell you, for nothing."

The fact is, that all the above details are known to almost any man in our neighborhood. Lady Kicklebury does not meet with *us* much, and has greater folks than we can pretend to be at her parties. But we know about *them*. She'll condescend to come to Perkins's, *with whose firm she banks;* and she *may* overdraw *her account:* but of that, of course, I know nothing.

When Lankin and I go down stairs to breakfast, we find, if not the best, at least the most conspicuous places in occupation of Lady Kicklebury's party, and the hulking London footman making a darkness in the cabin, as he stoops through it bearing cups and plates to his employers.

[Why do they always put mud into coffee on board steamers? Why does the tea generally taste of boiled boots? Why is the milk scarce and thin? And why do they have those bleeding legs of boiled mutton for dinner? I ask why? In the steam-

ers of other nations you are well fed. Is it impossible that Britannia, who confessedly rules the waves, should attend to the victuals a little, and that meat should be well cooked under a Union Jack? I just put in this question, this most interesting question, in a momentous parenthesis, and resume the tale.]

When Lankin and I descend to the cabin, then, the tables are full of gobbling people; and, though there *do* seem to be a couple of places near Lady Kicklebury, immediately she sees our eyes directed to the inviting gap, she slides out, and with her ample robe covers even more than that large space to which by art and nature she is entitled, and calling out, "Horace, Horace!" and nodding, and winking, and pointing, she causes her son-in-law to extend the wing on his side. We are cut off *that* chance of a breakfast. We shall have the tea at its third water, and those two damp black mutton-chops, which nobody else will take, will fall to our cold share.

At this minute a voice, clear and sweet, from a tall lady in a black veil, says, "Mr. Titmarsh;" and I start, and murmur an ejaculation of respectful surprise, as I recognize no less a person than the Right Honorable the Countess of Knightsbridge, taking her tea, breaking up little bits of toast with her slim fingers, and sitting between a Belgian horse-dealer and a German violoncello-player who has a *congé* after the opera — like any other mortal.

I whisper her ladyship's name to Lankin. The Sergeant looks towards her with curiosity and awe. Even he, in his Pump Court solitudes, has heard of that star of fashion — that admired amongst men, and even women — that Diana severe yet simple, the accomplished Aurelia of Knightsbridge. Her husband has but a small share of *her* qualities. How should he? The turf and the fox-chase are his delights — the smoking-room at the "Traveller's" — nay, shall we say it? — the illuminated arcades of "Vauxhall," and the gambols of the dishevelled Terpsichore. Knightsbridge has his faults — ah! even the peerage of England is not exempt from them. With Diana for his wife, he flies the halls where she sits severe and serene, and is to be found (shrouded in smoke, 'tis true) in those caves where the contrite chimney-sweep sings his terrible death-chant, or the Bacchanalian judge administers a satiric law. Lord Knightsbridge has his faults, then; but he has the gout at Rougetnoirbourg, near the Rhine, and thither his wife is hastening to minister to him.

"I have done," says Lady Knightsbridge, with a gentle bow, as she rises; "you may have this place, Mr. Titmarsh; and I am sorry my breakfast is over: I should have prolonged it had I thought that *you* were coming to sit by me. Thank you — my glove." (Such an absurd little glove, by the way.) "We shall meet on the deck when you have done."

And she moves away with an august courtesy. I can't tell how it is, or what it is, in that lady; but she says, "How do you do?" as nobody else knows how to say it. In all her actions, motions, thoughts, I would wager there is the same calm grace and harmony. She is not very handsome, being very thin, and rather sad-looking. She is not very witty, being only up to the conversation, whatever it may be; and yet, if she were in black serge, I think one could not help seeing that she was a Princess, and Serene Highness; and if she were a hundred years old, she could not be but beautiful. I saw her performing her devotions in Antwerp Cathedral, and forgot to look at any thing else there; — so calm and pure, such a sainted figure hers seemed.

When this great lady did the present writer the honor to shake his hand (I had the honor to teach writing and the rudiments of Latin to the

young and intelligent Lord Viscount Pimlico), there seemed to be a commotion in the Kicklebury party — heads were nodded together, and turned towards Lady Knightsbridge; in whose honor, when Lady Kicklebury had sufficiently reconnoitred her with her eye-glass, the baronet's lady rose and swept a reverential courtesy, backing until she fell up against the cushions at the stern of the boat. Lady Knightsbridge did not see this salute, for she did not acknowledge it, but walked away slimly (she seems to glide in and out of the room), and disappeared up the stair to the deck.

Lankin and I took our places, the horse-dealer making room for us; and I could not help looking, with a little air of triumph, over to the Kicklebury faction, as much as to say, "You fine folks, with your large footman and supercilious airs, see what *we* can do."

As I looked — smiling, and nodding, and laughing at me, in a knowing, pretty way, and then leaning to mamma as if in explanation, what face should I see but that of the young lady at Mrs. Perkins's with whom I had had that pleasant conversation which had been interrupted by the demand of Captain Hicks for a dance? So, then, that was Miss Kicklebury, about whom Miss Perkins, my young friend, has so often spoken to me (the young ladies were in conversation when I had the happiness of joining them; and Miss P. went away presently, to look to her guest) — that is Miss Fanny Kicklebury.

A sudden pang shot athwart my bosom — Lankin might have perceived it, but the honest Sergeant was so awe-stricken by his late interview with the Countess of Knightsbridge, that his mind was unfit to grapple with other subjects — a pang of feeling (which I concealed under the grin and graceful bow wherewith Miss Fanny's salutations were acknowledged) tore my heart-strings — as I thought of — I need not say — of HICKS.

He had danced with her, he had supped with her — he was here, on board the boat. Where was that dragoon? I looked round for him. In quite a far corner, — but so that he could command the Kicklebury party, I thought, — he was eating his breakfast, the great healthy oaf, and consuming one broiled egg after another.

In the course of the afternoon, all parties, as it may be supposed, emerged upon deck again, and Miss Fanny and her mamma began walking the quarter-deck with a quick pace, like a couple of post-captains. When Miss Fanny saw me, she stopped and smiled, and recognized the gentleman who had amused her so at Mrs. Perkins's. What a dear sweet creature Eliza Perkins was! They had been at school together. She was going to write to Eliza every thing that happened in the voyage.

"*Every thing*?" I said, in my particularly sarcastic manner.

"Well, every thing that was worth telling. There was a great number of things that were very stupid, and of people that were very stupid. Every thing that *you* say, Mr Titmarsh, I am sure I may put down. You have seen Mr. Titmarsh's funny books, mamma?"

Mamma said she had heard — she had no doubt they were very amusing. "Was not that — ahem — Lady Knightsbridge, to whom I saw you speaking, sir?"

"Yes; she is going to nurse Lord Knightsbridge, who has the gout at Rougetnoirbourg."

"Indeed! how very fortunate! what an extraordinary coincidence! We are going too," said Lady Kicklebury.

I remarked "that everybody was going to Rougetnoirbourg this year; and I heard of two gentlemen — Count Carambole and Colonel Cannon — who had been obliged to sleep there on a billiard-table for want of a bed."

"My son Kicklebury — are you acquainted with Sir Thomas Kickle-

bury?" her ladyship said, with great stateliness — "is at Noirbourg, and will take lodgings for us. The springs are particularly recommended for my daughter, Mrs. Milliken; and at great personal sacrifice, I am going thither myself: but what will not a mother do, Mr. Titmarsh? Did I understand you to say that you have the — the *entrée* at Knightsbridge House? The parties are not what they used to be, I am told. Not that *I* have any knowledge. *I* am but a poor country baronet's widow, Mr. Titmarsh; though the Kicklebury's date from Henry III., and *my* family is not of the most modern in the country. You have heard of General Guff, my father, perhaps? aide-de-camp to the Duke of York, and wounded by his Royal Highness's side at the bombardment of Valenciennes. *We* move *in our own sphere.*"

"Mrs. Perkins is a very kind creature," I said, "and it was a very pleasant ball. Did you not think so, Miss Kicklebury?"

"I thought it odious," said Miss Fanny. "I mean, it *was* pleasant until that — that stupid man — what was his name? — came and took me away to dance with him."

"What! don't you care for a red coat and mustaches?" I asked.

"I adore genius, Mr. Titmarsh," said the young lady, with a most killing look of her beautiful blue eyes, "and I have every one of your works by heart — all, except the last, which I can't endure. I think it's wicked, positively wicked — My darling Scott! — how can you? And are you going to make a Christmas-book this year?"

"Shall I tell you about it?"

"Oh, do tell us about it," said the lively, charming creature, clapping her hands: and we began to talk, being near Lavinia (Mrs. Milliken) and her husband, who was ceaselessly occupied in fetching and carrying books, biscuits, pillows and cloaks, ...t-bottles, the Italian greyhound, and the thousand and one necessities of the pale and interesting bride. Oh, how she did fidget! how she did grumble! how she altered and twisted her position! and how she did make poor Milliken trot!

After Miss Fanny and I had talked, and I had told her my plan, which she pronounced to be delightful, she continued: — "I never was so provoked in my life, Mr. Titmarsh, as when that odious man came and interrupted that dear delightful conversation."

"On your word? The odious man is on board the boat: I see him smoking just by the funnel yonder, look! and looking at us."

"He is very stupid," said Fanny; "and all that I adore is intellect, dear Mr. Titmarsh."

"But why is he on board?" said I, with a *fin sourire*.

"Why is he on board? Why is everybody on board? How do we meet? (and oh, how glad I am to meet you again!) You don't suppose that *I* know how the horrid man came here?"

"Eh! he may be fascinated by a pair of blue eyes, Miss Fanny! Others have been so," I said.

"Don't be cruel to a poor girl, you wicked, satirical creature," she said. "I think Captain Hicks odious — there! and I was quite angry when I saw him on the boat. Mamma does not know him, and she was so angry with me for dancing with him that night: though there was nobody of any particular mark at poor dear Mrs. Perkins's — that is, except *you*, Mr. Titmarsh."

"And I am not a dancing man," I said, with a sigh.

"I hate dancing men; they can do nothing but dance."

"Oh, yes, they can. Some of them can smoke, and some can ride, and some can even spell very well."

"You wicked, satirical person. I'm quite afraid of you!"

"And some of them call the Rhine the 'Whine,'" I said, giving an ad-

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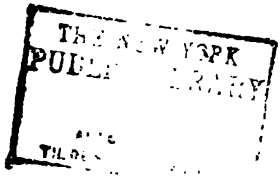
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MORE WIND THAN IS PLEASANT.

mirable imitation of poor Hicks's drawling manner.

Fanny looked hard at me, with a peculiar expression on her face. At last she laughed. "Oh, you wicked, wicked man," she said, "what a capital mimic you are, and so full of cleverness! Do bring up Captain Hicks — isn't that his name? — and trot him out for us. Bring him up, and introduce him to mamma: do now, go!"

Mamma, in the mean while, had waited her time, and was just going to step down the cabin-stairs as Lady Knightsbridge ascended from them. To draw back, to make a most profound courtesy, to exclaim, "Lady Knightsbridge! I have had the honor of seeing your ladyship at — hum — hum — hum" (this word I could not catch) — "House," — all these feats were performed by Lady Kicklebury in one instant, and acknowledged with the usual calmness by the younger lady.

"And may I hope," continues Lady Kicklebury, "that that most beautiful of all children — a mother may say so — that Lord Pimlico has recovered his whooping-cough? We were so anxious about him. Our medical attendant is Mr. Topham, and he used to come from Knightsbridge House to Pocklington Square, often and often. I am interested about the whooping-cough. My own dear boy had it most severely; that dear girl, my eldest daughter, whom you see stretched on the bench — she is in a very delicate state, and only lately married — not such a match as I could have wished: but Mr. Milliken is of a good family, distantly related to your ladyship's. A Milliken, in George the Third's reign, married a Boltimore, and the Boltimores, I think, are your first-cousins. They married this year, and Lavinia is so fond of me, that she can't part with me, and I have come abroad just to please her. We are going to Noirbourg. I think I heard from my son that Lord Knightsbridge was at Noirbourg."

"I believe I have had the pleasure of seeing Sir Thomas Kicklebury at Knightsbridge House," Lady Knightsbridge said, with something of sadness.

"Indeed!" and Kicklebury had never told her! He laughed at her when she talked about great people: he told her all sorts of ridiculous stories when upon this theme. But, at any rate, the acquaintance was made: Lady Kicklebury would not leave Lady Knightsbridge; and, even in the throes of sea-sickness, and the secret recesses of the cabin, *would* talk to her about the world, Lord Pimlico, and her father, General Guff, late aide-de-camp to the Duke of York.

That those throes of sickness ensued, I need not say. A short time after passing Ramsgate, Sergeant Lankin, who had been exceedingly gay and satirical — (in his calm way; he quotes Horace, my favorite bits as an author, to myself, and has a quiet snigger, and, so to speak, amontillado flavor, exceedingly pleasant) — Lankin, with a rueful and livid countenance, descended into his berth, in the which that six foot of sergeant packed himself I don't know how.

When Lady Knightsbridge went down, down went Kicklebury. Milliken and his wife staid, and were ill together on deck. A palm of glory ought to be awarded to that man for his angelic patience, energy, and suffering. It was he who went for Mrs. Milliken's maid, who wouldn't come to her mistress; it was he, the shyest of men, who stormed the ladies' cabin — that maritime harem — in order to get her mother's bottle of salts; it was he who went for the brandy and water, and begged, and prayed, and besought his adored Lavinia to taste a leetle drop. Lavinia's reply was, "Don't — go away — don't tease, Horace," and so forth. And, when not wanted, the gentle creature subsided on the bench, by his wife's feet, and was sick in silence.

[*Mem.* — In married life, it seems to me, that it is almost always Milliken and wife, or just the contrary. The angels minister to the tyrants; or the gentle, henpecked husband cowers before the superior partlet. If ever I marry, I know the sort of woman *I* will choose; and I won't try her temper by over-indulgence, and destroy her fine qualities by a ruinous subserviency to her wishes.]

Little Miss Fanny staid on deck, as well as her sister, and looked at the stars of heaven, as they began to shine there, and at the Foreland lights as we passed them. I would have talked with her; I would have suggested images of poesy, and thoughts of beauty; I would have whispered the word of sentiment — the delicate allusion — the breathing of the soul that longs to find a congenial heart — the sorrows and aspirations of the wounded spirit, stricken and sad, yet not *quite* despairing; still knowing that the hope-plant lurked in its crushed ruins — still able to gaze on the stars and the ocean, and love their blazing sheen, their boundless azure. I would, I say, have taken the opportunity of that stilly night to lay bare to her the treasures of a heart that, I am happy to say, is young still; but circumstances forbade the frank outpouring of my poet soul: in a word, I was obliged to go and lie down on the flat of my back, and endeavor to control *other* emotions which struggled in my breast.

Once, in the night-watches, I arose, and came on deck; the vessel was not, methought, pitching much; and yet — and yet Neptune was inexorable. The placid stars looked down, but they gave me no peace. Lavinia Milliken seemed asleep, and her Horace, in a death-like torpor, was huddled at her feet. Miss Fanny had quitted the larboard side of the ship, and had gone to starboard; and I thought there was a gentleman beside her; but I could not see very clearly, and returned to the horrid crib, where Lankin was asleep, and the German fiddler underneath him was snoring like his own violoncello.

In the morning we were all as brisk as bees. We were in the smooth waters of the lazy Scheldt. The stewards began preparing breakfast with that matutinal eagerness which they always show. The sleepers in the cabin were roused from their horse-hair couches by the stewards' boys nudging, and pushing, and flapping tablecloths over them. I shaved and made a neat toilet, and came upon deck just as we lay off that little Dutch fort, which is, I dare say, described in "Murray's Guidebook," and about which I had some rare banter with poor Hicks and Lady Kicklebury, whose sense of humor is certainly not very keen. He had, somehow, joined her ladyship's party, and they were looking at the fort, and its tricolored flag — that floats familiar in Vandevelde's pictures — and at the lazy shipping, and the tall roofs, and dumpy church towers, and flat pastures, lying before us in a Cuyp-like haze.

I am sorry to say, I told them the most awful fibs about that fort. How it had been defended by the Dutch patriot, Van Swammerdam, against the united forces of the Duke of Alva and Marshal Turenne, whose leg was shot off as he was leading the last unsuccessful assault, and who turned round to his aide-de-camp and said, "Allez dire au Premier Consul, que je meurs avec regret de ne pas avoir assez fait pour la France!" which gave Lady Kicklebury an opportunity to *placer* her story of the Duke of York, and the bombardment of Valenciennes; and caused young Hicks to look at me in a puzzled and appealing manner, and hint that I was "chaffing."

"Chaffing indeed!" says I, with a particularly arch eye-twinkle at Miss Fanny. "I wouldn't make fun of *you*, Captain Hicks! If you doubt my historical accuracy, look at the 'Biographie Universelle.' I say —

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"We call those Uglies! Captain Hicks."

look at the 'Biographie Universelle.'"

He said, "O — ah — the 'Biogwaphie Universelle' may be all vewy well, and that; but I never can make out whether you are joking or not, somehow; and I always fancy you are going to *cawickachaw* me. Ha, ha!" And he laughed, the good-natured dragoon laughed, and fancied he had made a joke.

I entreated him not to be so severe upon me; and again he said, "Haw, haw!" and told me, "I mustn't expect to have it all *my own way*, and if I gave a hit, I must expect a *Punch* in return. Haw, haw!" Oh, you honest young Hicks!

Everybody, indeed, was in high spirits. The fog cleared off, the sun shone, the ladies chatted and laughed, even Mrs. Milliken was in good humor ("My wife is all intellect," Milliken says, looking at her with admiration), and talked with us freely and gayly. She was kind enough to say that it was a great pleasure to meet with a literary and well-informed person — that one often lived with people that did not comprehend one. She asked if my companion, that tall gentleman — Mr. Sergeant Lankin, was he? — was literary. And when I said that Lankin knew more Greek, and more Latin, and more law, and more history, and more every thing, than all the passengers put together, she vouchsafed to look at him with interest, and enter into a conversation with my modest friend the Sergeant. Then it was that her adoring husband said "his Lavinia was all intellect;"— Lady Kicklebury saying that *she* was not a literary woman: that in *her* day few acquirements were requisite for the British female; but that she knew *the spirit of the age*, and her *duty as a mother*, and that "Lavinia and Fanny had had the best masters and the best education which money and constant maternal solicitude could impart." If our matrons are virtuous, as they are, and it is Britain's boast, permit me to say that they certainly know it.

The conversation growing powerfully intellectual under Mrs. Milliken, poor Hicks naturally became uneasy, and put an end to literature by admiring the ladies' head-dresses. "Cab-heads, hoods, what do you call 'em?" he asked of Miss Kicklebury. Indeed, she and her sister wore a couple of those blue silk over-bonnets, which have lately become the fashion, and which I never should have mentioned but for the young lady's reply.

"Those hoods!" she said — "*we call those hoods Uglies!* Captain Hicks."

Oh, how pretty she looked as she said it! The blue eyes looked up under the blue hood, so archly and gayly; ever so many dimples began playing about her face; her little voice rang so fresh and sweet, that a heart which has never loved a tree or flower but the vegetable in question was sure to perish — a heart worn down and sickened by repeated disappointment, mockery, faithlessness — a heart whereof despair is an accustomed tenant, and in whose desolate and lonely depths dwells an abiding gloom, began to throb once more — began to beckon Hope from the window — began to admit sunshine — began to —— O Folly, Folly! O Fanny! O Miss K., how lovely you looked as you said, "We call those hoods Uglies!" Ugly indeed!

This is a chronicle of feelings and characters, not of events and places, so much. All this time our vessel was making rapid way up the river, and we saw before us the slim towers of the noble cathedral of Antwerp soaring in the rosy sunshine. Lankin and I had agreed to go to the "Grand Laboureur," on the Place de Meir. They give you a particular kind of jam-tarts there — called Nun's tarts, I think — that I remember, these twenty years, as the very best tarts — as good as the tarts which we ate when we were boys. The "Laboureur" is a dear old quiet comfortable hotel: and there is no man

in England who likes a good dinner better than Lankin.

"What hotel do you go to?" I asked of Lady Kicklebury.

"We go to the 'Saint Antoins' of course. Everybody goes to the 'Saint Antoine,'" her ladyship said. "We propose to rest here; to do the Rubens's; and to proceed to Cologne to-morrow. Horace, call Finch and Bowman; and your courier, if he will have the condescension to wait upon *me*, will perhaps look to the baggage."

"I think, Lankin," said I, "as everybody seems going to the 'Saint Antoine,' we may as well go, and not spoil the party."

"I think I'll go too," says Hicks; as if *he* belonged to the party.

And oh, it was a great sight when we landed, and at every place at which we paused afterwards, to see Hirsch over the Kicklebury baggage, and hear his polyglot maledictions at the porters! If a man sometimes feels sad and lonely at his bachelor condition, if *some* feelings of envy pervade his heart, at seeing beauty on another's arm, and kind eyes directed towards a happier mug than his own — at least there are some consolations in travelling, when a fellow has but one little portmanteau or bag which he can easily shoulder, and thinks of the innumerable bags and trunks which the married man and the father drags after him. The married Briton on a tour is but a luggage overseer: his luggage is his morning thought, and his nightly terror. When he floats along the Rhine, he has one eye on a ruin, and the other on his luggage. When he is in the railroad, he is always thinking, or ordered by his wife to think, "Is the luggage safe?" It clings round him. It never leaves him (except when it *does* leave him, as a trunk or two will, and make him doubly miserable). His carpet-bags lie on his chest at night, and his wife's forgotten bandbox haunts his turbid dreams.

I think it was after she found that Lady Kicklebury proposed to go to the "Grand Saint Antoine" that Lady Knightsbridge put herself with her maid into a carriage and went to the other inn. We saw her at the cathedral, where she kept aloof from our party. Milliken went up the tower, and so did Miss Fanny. I am too old a traveller to mount up those immeasurable stairs, for the purpose of making myself dizzy by gazing upon a vast map of low countries stretched beneath me, and waited with Mrs. Milliken and her mother below.

When the tower-climbers descended, we asked Miss Fanny and her brother what they had seen.

"We saw Captain Hicks up there," remarked Milliken. "And I am very glad you didn't come, Lavinia my love. The excitement would have been too much for you, quite too much."

All this while Lady Kicklebury was looking at Fanny, and Fanny was holding her eyes down; and I knew that between her and this poor Hicks there could be nothing serious, for she had laughed at him and mimicked him to me half a dozen times in the course of the day.

We "do the Rubens's," as Lady Kicklebury says; we trudge from cathedral to picture-gallery, from church to church. We see the calm old city, with its towers and gables, the bourse, and the vast town-hall; and I have the honor to give Lady Kicklebury my arm during these peregrinations, and to hear a hundred particulars regarding her ladyship's life and family. How Milliken has been recently building at Pigeoncot: how he will have two thousand a year more when his uncle dies; how she had, peremptorily, to put a stop to the assiduities of that unprincipled young man, Lord Roughhead, whom Lavinia always detested, and who married Miss Brent out of sheer pique. It was a great escape for her darling Lavinia. Roughhead is a most wild and dissipated young man,

one of Kicklebury's Christchurch friends, of whom her son has too many, alas! and she enters into many particulars respecting the conduct of Kicklebury — the unhappy boy's smoking, his love of billiards, his fondness for the turf: she fears he has already injured his income, she fears he is even now playing at Noirbourg; she is going thither to wean him, if possible, from his companions and his gayeties — what may not a mother effect? She only wrote to him the day before they left London to announce that she was marching on him with her family. He is in many respects like his poor father — the same openness and frankness, the same easy disposition: alas! the same love of pleasure. But she had reformed the father, and will do her utmost to call back her dear misguided boy. She had an advantageous match for him in view — a lady not beautiful in person, it is true, but possessed of every good principle, and a very, very handsome fortune. It was under pretence of flying from this lady that Kicklebury left town. But she knew better.

I say young men will be young men, and sow their wild oats; and think to myself that the invasion of his mamma will be perhaps more surprising than pleasant to young Sir Thomas Kicklebury, and that she possibly talks about herself and her family, and her virtues and her daughters, a little too much: but she *will* make a confidant of me, and all the time we are doing the Rubens's she is talking of the pictures at Kicklebury, of her portrait by Lawrence, pronounced to be his finest work, of Lavinia's talent for drawing, and the expense of Fanny's music-masters; of her house in town (where she hopes to see me); of her parties which were stopped by the illness of her butler. She talks Kicklebury until I am sick. And oh, Miss Fanny, all of this I endure, like an old fool, for an occasional sight of your bright eyes and rosy face!

[Another parenthesis. — "We hope to see you in town, Mr. Titmarsh." Foolish mockery! If all the people whom one has met abroad, and who have said, "We hope to meet you often in town," had but made any the slightest efforts to realize their hopes by sending a simple line of invitation through the penny post, what an enormous dinner acquaintance one would have had! But I mistrust people who say, "We hope to see you in town."]

Lankin comes in at the end of the day, just before dinner-time. He has paced the whole town by himself — church, tower, and fortifications, and Rubens, and all. He is full of Egmont and Alva. He is up to all the history of the siege, when Chassée defended, and the French attacked the place. After dinner, we stroll along the quays; and over the quiet cigar in the hotel court, Monsieur Lankin discourses about the Rubens pictures, in a way which shows that the learned Sergeant has an eye for pictorial beauty as well as other beauties in this world, and can rightly admire the vast energy, the prodigal genius, the royal splendor of the King of Antwerp. In the most modest way in the world he has remarked a student making clever sketches at the Museum, and has ordered a couple of copies from him of the famous Vandyke and the wondrous adoration of the Magi, "a greater picture," says he, "than even the cathedral picture; in which opinion those may agree who like." He says he thinks Miss Kicklebury is a pretty little thing; that all my swans are geese; and that as for that old woman, with her airs and graces, she is the most intolerable old nuisance in the world. There is much good judgment, but there is too much sardonic humor about Lankin. He cannot appreciate women properly. He is spoiled by being an old bachelor, and living in that dingy old Pump Court; where, by the way, he has a cellar fit for a Pon-

tiff. We go to rest; they have given us humble lodgings high up in the building, which we accept like philosophers who travel with but a portmantcau a-piece. The Kicklebury's have the grand suite, as becomes their dignity. Which, which of those twinkling lights illumines the chamber of Miss Fanny?

Hicks is sitting in the court too, smoking his cigar. He and Lankin met in the fortifications. Lankin says he is a sensible fellow, and seems to know his profession. "Every man can talk well about something," the Sergeant says. "And one man can about every thing," says I; at which Lankin blushes; and we take our flaring tallow candles and go to bed. He has us up an hour before the starting time, and we have that period to admire Herr Oberkellner, who swaggers as becomes the Oberkellner of a house frequented by ambassadors; who contradicts us to our faces, and whose own countenance is ornamented with yesterday's beard, of which, or of any part of his clothing, the graceful youth does not appear to have divested himself since last we left him. We recognize, somewhat dingy and faded, the elaborate shirt-front which appeared at yesterday's banquet. Farewell, Herr Oberkellner! May we never see your handsome countenance, washed or unwashed, shaven or unshorn, again!

Here come the ladies: "Good morning, Miss Fanny," "I hope you slept well, Lady Kicklebury?" "A tremendous bill?" "No wonder; how can you expect otherwise, when you have such a bad dinner?" Hearken to Hirsch's comminations over the luggage! Look at the honest Belgian soldiers, and that fat Freyschutz on guard, his rifle in one hand, and the other hand in his pocket. Captain Hicks bursts into a laugh at the sight of the fat Freyschutz, and says, "By Jove, Titmarsh, you must cawickachaw him." And we take our seats at length and at leisure, and the railway trumpets blow, and (save for a brief halt) we never stop till night, trumpeting by green flats and pastures, by broad canals and old towns, through Liége and Verviers, through Aix and Cologne, till we are landed at Bonn at nightfall.

We all have supper, or tea — we have become pretty intimate — we look at the strangers' book, as a matter of course, in the great room of the "Star Hotel." Why, everybody is on the Rhine! Here are the names of half one's acquaintance.

"I see Lord and Lady Exborough are gone on," says Lady Kicklebury, whose eye fastens naturally on her kindred aristocracy. "Lord and Lady Wyebridge and suite, Lady Zedland and her family."

"Hallo! here's Cutler of the Onety-oneth, and Mac Mull of the Greens, *en route* to Noirbourg," says Hicks, confidentially. "Know Mac Mull? Devilish good fellow — such a fellow to smoke."

Lankin, too, reads and grins. "Why, are they going the Rhenish circuit?" he says, and reads:

Sir Thomas Minos, Lady Minos, nebst Begleitung, aus England.

Sir John Æacus, mit Familie und Dienerschaft, aus England.

Sir Roger Rhadamanthus.

Thomas Smith, Sergeant.

Sergeant Brown and Mrs. Brown, aus England.

Sergeant Tomkins, Anglais. Madame Tomkins, Mesdemoiselles Tomkins.

Monsieur Kewsy, Conseiller de S. M. la Reine d'Angleterre. Mrs. Kewsy, three Miss Kewsys.

And to this list Lankin, laughing, had put down his own name, and that of the reader's obedient servant, under the august autograph of Lady Kicklebury, who signed for herself, her son-in-law, and her suite.

Yes, we all flock the one after the other, we faithful English folks. We can buy Harvey Sauce, and Cayenne Pepper, and Morrison's Pills, in every

HIRSCH AND THE LUGGAGE.

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city in the world. We carry our nation everywhere with us; and are in our island, wherever we go. *Toto Divisos orbe*—always separated from the people in the midst of whom we are.

When we came to the steamer next morning, "the castled crag of Drachenfels" rose up in the sunrise before, and looked as pink as the cheeks of Master Jacky, when they have been just washed in the morning. How that rosy light, too, did become Miss Fanny's pretty dimples, to be sure! How good a cigar is at the early dawn! I maintain that it has a flavor which it does not possess at later hours, and that it partakes of the freshness of all Nature. And wine, too: wine is never so good as at breakfast; only one can't drink it, for tipsiness' sake.

See! there is a young fellow drinking soda-water and brandy already. He puts down his glass with a gasp of satisfaction. It is evident that he had need of that fortifier and refresher! He puts down the beaker and says, "How are you, Titmarsh? I was *so* cut last night. My eyes, wasn't I! Not in the least: that's all."

It is the youthful descendant and heir of an ancient line: the noble Earl of Grimsby's son, Viscount Talboys. He is travelling with the Rev. Baring Leader, his tutor; who, having a great natural turn and liking towards the aristocracy, and having inspected Lady Kicklebury's cards on her trunks, has introduced himself to her ladyship already, and has inquired after Sir Thomas Kicklebury, whom he remembers perfectly, and whom he had often the happiness of meeting when Sir Thomas was an undergraduate at Oxford. There are few characters more amiable, and delightful to watch and contemplate, than some of those middle-aged Oxford bucks who hang about the university and live with the young tufts. Leader can talk racing and boating with the fastest young Christchurch gentleman. Leader occasionally rides to cover with Lord Talboys; is a good shot, and seldom walks out without a setter or a spaniel at his heels. Leader knows the "Peerage" and the "Racing Calendar" as well as the Oxford cram-books. Leader comes up to town and dines with Lord Grimsby. Leader goes to court every two years. He is the greatest swell in his common-room. He drinks claret, and can't stand port-wine any longer; and the old fellows of his college admire him, and pet him, and get all their knowledge of the world and the aristocracy from him. I admire those kind old dons when they appear affable and jaunty, men of the world, members of the "Camford and Oxbridge Club," upon the London pavement. I like to see them over "The Morning Post" in the common-room; with a "Ha, I see Lady Rackstraw has another daughter." "Poppleton there has been at another party at X—— House, and *you* weren't asked, my boy."—"Lord Coverdale has got a large party staying at Coverdale. Did you know him at Christchurch? He was a very handsome man before he broke his nose fighting the bargeman at Iffly: a light weight, but a beautiful sparrer," &c. Let me add that Leader, although he does love a tuft, has a kind heart: as his mother and sisters in Yorkshire know; as all the village knows too—which is proud of his position in the great world, and welcomes him very kindly when he comes down and takes the duty at Christmas, and preaches to them one or two of "the very sermons which Lord Grimsby was good enough to like, when I delivered them at Talboys."

"You are not acquainted with Lord Talboys?" Leader asks, with a *dégagé* air. "I shall have much pleasure in introducing you to him. Talboys, let me introduce you to Lady Kicklebury. Sir Thomas Kicklebury was not at Christchurch in your time; but you have heard of him, I dare say. Your son has left a reputation at Oxford."

"I should think I have, too. He walked a hundred miles in a hundred hours. They said he bet that he'd drink a hundred pints of beer in a hundred hours: but I don't think he could do it — not strong beer; don't think any man could. The beer here isn't worth a ——

"My dear Talboys," says Leader, with a winning smile, "I suppose Lady Kicklebury is not a judge of beer — and what an unromantic subject of conversation here, under the castled crag immortalized by Byron."

"What the deuce does it mean about peasant-girls with dark blue eyes, and hands that offer corn and wine?" asks Talboys. "*I've* never seen any peasant-girls, except the — ugliest set of women I ever looked at."

"The poet's license. I see, Milliken, you are making a charming sketch. You used to draw when you were at Brasenose, Milliken; and play — yes, you played the violoncello."

Mr. Milliken still possessed these accomplishments. He was taken up that very evening by a soldier at Coblentz, for making a sketch of Ehrenbreitstein. Mrs. Milliken sketches immensely too, and writes poetry: such dreary pictures, such dreary poems! but professional people are proverbially jealous; and I doubt whether our fellow-passenger, the German, would even allow that Milliken could play the violoncello.

Lady Kicklebury gives Miss Fanny a nudge when Lord Talboys appears, and orders her to exert all her fascinations. How the old lady coaxes, and she wheedles! She pours out the Talboy's pedigree upon him; and asks after his aunt, and his mother's family. Is he going to Noirbourg? How delightful! There is nothing like British spirits; and to see an English matron well set upon a young man of large fortune and high rank, is a great and curious sight.

And yet, somehow, the British doggedness does not always answer. "Do you know that old woman in the drab jacket, Titmarsh?" my hereditary legislator asks of me. "What the devil is she bothering *me* for, about my aunts, and setting her daughter at me? I ain't such a fool as that. I ain't clever, Titmarsh; I never said I was. I never pretend to be clever, and that — but why does that old fool bother *me*, hay? Heigho! I'm devilish thirsty. I was devilish cut last night. I think I must have another go-off. Hallo you! Kellner! Garsong! Ody soda, Oter petty vare do dyvee de Conac. That's your sort; isn't it, Leader?"

"You will speak French well enough, if you practise," says Leader with a tender voice; "practice is every thing. Shall we dine at the table-d'hôte? Waiter! put down the name of Viscount Talboys and Mr. Leader, if you please."

The boat is full of all sorts and conditions of men. For'ard, there are peasants and soldiers: stumpy, placid-looking little warriors for the most part, smoking feeble cigars and looking quite harmless under their enormous helmets. A poor stunted dull-looking boy of sixteen, staggering before a black-striped sentry-box, with an enormous musket on his shoulder, does not seem to me a martial or awe-inspiring object. Has it not been said that we carry our prejudices everywhere, and only admire what we are accustomed to admire in our own country?

Yonder walks a handsome young soldier who has just been marrying a wife. How happy they seem! and how pleased that everybody should remark their happiness. It is a fact that in the full sunshine, and before a couple of hundred people on board "The Joseph Miller" steamer, the soldier absolutely kissed Mrs. Soldier; at which the sweet Fanny Kicklebury was made to blush.

We were standing together looking at the various groups: the pretty peasant-woman (really pretty for once), with the red head-dress and fluttering ribbons, and the child in

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her arms; the jolly fat old gentleman (who little thought he would ever be a frontispiece in this life), and who was drinking Rhine wine before noon, and turning his back upon all the castles, towers and ruins, which reflected their crumbling peaks in the water; upon the handsome young students who came with us from Bonn, with their national colors in their caps, with their picturesque looks, their yellow ringlets, their budding mustaches, and with cuts upon almost every one of their noses, obtained in duels at the university: most picturesque are these young fellows, indeed — but ah, why need they have such black hands?

Near us is a type, too: a man who adorns his own tale, and points his own moral. "Yonder, in his carriage, sits the Count de Reineck, who won't travel without that dismal old chariot, though it is shabby, costly, and clumsy, and though the wicked red republicans come and smoke under his very nose. Yes, Miss Fanny, it is the lusty young Germany, pulling the nose of the worn-out old world."

"Law, what *do* you mean, Mr. Titmarsh?" cries the dear Fanny.

"And here comes Mademoiselle de Reineck, with her companion. You see she is wearing out one of the faded silk gowns which she has spoiled at the Residenz during the season: for the Reinecks are economical, though they are proud; and forced, like many other insolvent grandees, to do and wear shabby things.

"It is very kind of the young countess to call her companion 'Louise,' and to let Louise call her 'Laure;' but if faces may be trusted, — and we can read in one countenance conceit and tyranny; deceit and slyness in another, — dear Louise has to suffer some hard raps from dear Laure; and, to judge from her dress, I don't think poor Louise has her salary paid very regularly.

"What a comfort it is to live in a country where there is neither insolence nor bankruptcy among the great folks, nor cringing, nor flattery among the small. Isn't it, Miss Fanny?"

Miss Fanny says, that she can't understand whether I am joking or serious; and her mamma calls her away to look at the ruins of Wigginstein. Everybody looks at Wigginstein. You are told in Murray to look at Wigginstein.

Lankin, who has been standing by, with a grin every now and then upon his sardonic countenance, comes up and says, "Titmarsh, how can you be so impertinent?"

"Impertinent! as how?"

"The girl must understand what you mean; and you shouldn't laugh at her own mother to her. Did you ever see any thing like the way in which that horrible woman is following the young lord about?"

"See! You see it every day, my dear fellow; only the trick is better done, and Lady Kicklebury is rather a clumsy practitioner. See! why nobody is better aware of the springes which are set to catch him than that young fellow himself, who is as knowing as any veteran in May Fair. And you don't suppose that Lady Kicklebury fancies that she is doing any thing mean, or any thing wrong? Heaven bless you! she never did any thing wrong in her life. She has no idea but that every thing she says, and thinks, and does is right. And no doubt she never did rob a church: and was a faithful wife to Sir Thomas, and pays her tradesmen. Confound her virtue! It is that which makes her so wonderful — that brass armor in which she walks impenetrable — not knowing what pity is, or charity; crying sometimes when she is vexed, or thwarted, but laughing never; cringing and domineering by the same natural instinct — never doubting about herself above all. Let us rise, and revolt against those people, Lankin. Let us war with them, and smite them utterly. It is to use against

these, especially, that Scorn and Satire were invented."

"And the animal you attack," says Lankin, "is provided with a hide to defend him — it is a common ordinance of nature."

And so we pass by tower and town, and float up the Rhine. We don't describe the river. Who does not know it? How you see people asleep in the cabins at the most picturesque parts, and angry to be awakened when they fire off those stupid guns for the echoes! It is as familiar to numbers of people as Greenwich: and we know the merits of the inns along the road, as if they were the "Trafalgar" or the "Star and Garter." How stale every thing grows! If we were to live in a garden of Eden, now, and the gate were open, we should go out, and tramp forward, and push on, and get up early in the morning, and push on again — any thing to keep moving, any thing to get a change; any thing but quiet for the restless children of Cain.

So many thousands of English folks have been at Rougetnoirbourg in this and past seasons, that it is scarcely needful to alter the name of that pretty little gay, wicked place. There were so many British barristers there this year that they called the "Hôtel des Quatre Saisons" the "Hotel of Quarter Sessions." There were judges and their wives, serjeants and their ladies, Queen's counsel learned in the law, the Northern circuit and the Western circuit: there were officers of half-pay and full-pay, military officers, naval officers, and sheriffs' officers. There were people of high fashion and rank, and people of no rank at all; there were men and women of reputation, and of the two kinds of reputation; there were English boys playing cricket; English pointers putting up the German partridges and English guns knocking them down; there were women whose husbands, and men whose wives were at home; there were High Church and Low Church — England turned out for a holiday, in a word. How much farther shall we extend our holiday ground, and where shall we camp next? A winter at Cairo is nothing now. Perhaps ere long we shall be going to Saratoga Springs, and the Americans coming to Margate for the summer.

Apartments befitting her dignity and the number of her family had been secured for Lady Kicklebury by her dutiful son, in the same house in which one of Lankin's friends had secured for us much humbler lodgings. Kicklebury received his mother's advent with a great deal of good humor; and a wonderful figure the good-natured little baronet was when he presented himself to his astonished friends, scarcely recognizable by his parent and sisters, and the staring retainers of their house.

"Mercy, Kicklebury! have you become a red republican?" his mother asked.

"I can't find a place to kiss you," said Miss Fanny, laughing to her brother; and he gave her pretty cheek such a scrub with his red beard, as made some folks think it would be very pleasant to be Miss Fanny's brother.

In the course of his travels, one of Sir Thomas Kicklebury's chief amusements and cares had been to cultivate this bushy auburn ornament. He said that no man could pronounce German properly without a beard to his jaws; but he did not appear to have got much beyond this preliminary step to learning; and in spite of his beard, his honest English accent came out, as his jolly English face looked forth from behind that fierce and bristly decoration, perfectly good-humored and unmistakable. We try our best to look like foreigners, but we can't. Every Italian mendicant or Pont Neuf beggar knows his Englishman in spite of blouse, and beard, and slouched hat. "There is a peculiar high-bred grace about us," I whisper to Lady

A Specimen of a Briton.

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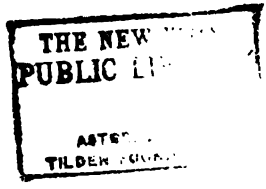
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THE OLD STORY.

Kicklebury, "an aristocratic je ne sçais quoi, which is not to be found in any but Englishmen; and it is that which makes us so immensely liked and admired all over the Continent." Well, this may be truth or joke — this may be a sneer or a simple assertion: our vulgarities and our insolences may, perhaps, make us as remarkable as that high breeding which we assume to possess. It may be that the Continental society ridicules and detests us as we walk domineering over Europe; but, after all, which of us would denationalize himself? who wouldn't be an Englisman? Come, sir, cosmopolite as you are, passing all your winters at Rome or at Paris; exiled by choice, or poverty, from your own country; preferring easier manners, cheaper pleasures, a simpler life: are you not still proud of your British citizenship? and would you like to be a Frenchman?

Kicklebury has a great acquaintance at Noirbourg, and as he walks into the great concert-room at night, introducing his mother and sisters there, he seemed to look about with a little anxiety, lest all of his acquaintance should recognize him. There are some in that most strange and motley company with whom he had rather not exchange salutations, under present circumstances. Pleasure-seekers from every nation in the world are here, sharpers of both sexes, wearers of the stars and cordons of every court in Europe: Russian princesses, Spanish grandees, Belgian, French, and English nobles, every degree of Briton, from the ambassador, who has his *congé*, to the London apprentice who has come out for his fortnight's lark. Kicklebury knows them all, and has a good-natured nod for each.

"Who is that lady with the three daughters who saluted you, Kicklebury?" asks his mother.

"That is our Ambassadress at X., ma'am. I saw her yesterday buying a penny toy for one of her little children in Frankfort Fair."

Lady Kicklebury looks towards Lady X.: she makes her excellency an undeveloped courtesy, as it were; she waves her plumed head (Lady K. is got up in great style, in a rich *déjeûner* toilette, perfectly regardless of expense); she salutes the ambassadress with a sweeping gesture from her chair, and backs before her as before royalty, and turns to her daughters large eyes full of meaning, and spreads out her silk in state.

"And who is that distinguished-looking man who just passed, and who gave you a reserved nod?" asks her ladyship. "Is that Lord X.?"

Kicklebury burst out laughing. "That, ma'am, is Mr. Higmore, of Conduit Street, tailor, draper, and habit-maker: and I owe him a hundred pounds."

"The insolence of that sort of people is really intolerable," says Lady Kicklebury. "There *must* be some distinction of classes. They ought not to be allowed to go everywhere. And who is yonder, that lady with the two boys and the — the very high complexion?" Lady Kicklebury asks.

"That is a Russian princess: and one of those little boys, the one who is sucking a piece of barley-sugar, plays, and wins five hundred louis in a night."

"Kicklebury, you do not play? Promise your mother you do not! Swear to me at this moment you do not! Where are the horrid gambling-rooms? There, at that door where the crowd is? Of course, I shall never enter them!"

"Of course not, ma'am," says the affectionate son on duty. "And if you come to the balls here, please don't let Fanny dance with anybody, until you ask me first: you understand? Fanny, you will take care."

"Yes, Tom," says Fanny.

"What, Hicks, how are you, old fellow? How is Platts? Who would have thought of you being here? When did you come?"

"I had the pleasure of travelling

with Lady Kicklebury and her daughters in the London boat to Antwerp," says Captain Hicks, making the ladies a bow. Kicklebury introduces Hicks to his mother as his most particular friend — and he whispers Fanny that "he's as good a fellow as ever lived, Hicks is." Fanny says, "He seems very kind and good-natured; and — and Captain Hicks waltzes very well," says Miss Fanny with a blush, "and I hope I may have him for one of my partners."

What a Babel of tongues it is in this splendid hall with gleaming marble pillars: a ceaseless rushing whisper as if the band were playing its music by a waterfall! The British lawyers are all got together, and my friend Lankin, on his arrival, has been carried off by his brother serjeants, and becomes once more a lawyer. "Well, brother Lankin," says old Sir Thomas Minos, with his venerable kind face, "you have got your rule, I see." And they fall into talk about their law matters, as they always do, wherever they are — at a club, in a ball-room, at a dinner-table, at the top of Chimborazo. Some of the young barristers appear as bucks with uncommon splendor, and dance and hang about the ladies. But they have not the easy, languid, deuce-may-care air of the young bucks of the Hicks and Kicklebury school — they can't put on their clothes with that happy negligence; their neckcloths sit quite differently on them, somehow: they become very hot when they dance, and yet do not spin round near so quickly as those London youths, who have acquired experience *in corpore vili*, and learned to dance easily by the practice of a thousand casinos.

Above the Babel tongues and the clang of the music, as you listen in the great saloon, you hear from a neighboring room a certain sharp ringing clatter, and a hard clear voice cries out, "Zero rouge," or "Trente-cinq noir. Impair et passe." And then there is a pause of a couple of minutes, and then the voice says, "Faites le jeu, Messieurs. Le jeu est fait, rien ne va plus" — and the sharp ringing clatter recommences. You know what that room is? That is Hades. That is where the spirited proprietor of the establishment takes his toll, and thither the people go who pay the money which supports the spirited proprietor of this fine palace and gardens. Let us enter Hades, and see what is going on there.

Hades is not an unpleasant place. Most of the people look rather cheerful. You don't see any frantic gamblers gnashing their teeth or dashing down their last stakes. The winners have the most anxious faces; or the poor shabby fellows who have got systems, and are pricking down the alternations of red and black on cards, and don't seem to be playing at all. On *fête* days the country people come in, men and women, to gamble; and *they* seem to be excited as they put down their hard-earned florins with trembling rough hands, and watch the turn of the wheel. But what you call the good company is very quiet and easy. A man loses his mass of gold and gets up and walks off, without any particular mark of despair. The only gentleman whom I saw at Noirbourg who seemed really affected was a certain Count de Mustacheff, a Russian of enormous wealth, who clenched his fists, beat his breast, cursed his stars, and absolutely cried with grief: not for losing money, but for neglecting to win and play upon a *coup de vingt*, a series in which the red was turned up twenty times running: which series, had he but played, it is clear that he might have broken M. Lenoir's bank, and shut up the gambling-house, and doubled his own fortune — when he would have been no happier, and all the balls and music, all the newspaper-rooms and parks, all the feasting and pleasure of this delightful Rougetnoirbourg would have been at an end.

For though he is a wicked gambling

prince, Lenoir, he is beloved in all these regions; his establishment gives life to the town, to the lodging-house and hotel-keepers, to the milliners and hackney-coachmen, to the letters of horse-flesh, to the huntsmen and gardes-de-chasse; to all these honest fiddlers and trumpeters who play so delectably. Were Lenoir's bank to break, the whole little city would shut up; and all the Noirbourgers wish him prosperity, and benefit by his good fortune.

Three years since the Noirbourgers underwent a mighty panic. There came, at a time when the chief Lenoir was at Paris, and the reigns of government were in the hands of his younger brother, a company of adventurers from Belgium, with a capital of three hundred thousand francs, and an infallible system for playing *rouge et noir*, and they boldly challenged the bank of Lenoir, and sat down before his croupiers, and defied him. They called themselves in their pride the Contrebanque de Noirbourg: they had their croupiers and punters, even as Lenoir had his: they had their rouleaux of Napoleons, stamped with their Contrebanquish seal: — and they began to play.

As when two mighty giants step out of a host and engage, the armies stand still in expectation, and the puny privates and commonalty remain quiet to witness the combat of the tremendous champions of the war: so it is said that when the Contrebanque arrived, and ranged itself before the officers of Lenoir — rouleau to rouleau, bank-note to bank-note, war for war, controlment for controlment — all the minor punters and gamblers ceased their peddling play, and looked on in silence, round the verdant plain where the great combat was to be decided.

Not used to the vast operations of war, like his elder brother, Lenoir junior, the lieutenant, telegraphed to his absent chief the news of the mighty enemy who had come down upon him, asked for instructions, and in the mean while met the foeman like a man. The Contrebanque of Noirbourg gallantly opened its campaign.

The Lenoir bank was defeated day after day, in numerous savage encounters. The tactics of the Contrebanquist generals were irresistible: Their infernal system bore down every thing before it, and they marched onwards terrible and victorious as the Macedonian phalanx. Tuesday, a loss of eighteen thousand florins; Wednesday, a loss of twelve thousand florins; Thursday, a loss of forty thousand florins: night after night, the young Lenoir had to chronicle these disasters in melancholy despatches to his chief. What was to be done? Night after night, the Noirbourgers retired home doubtful and disconsolate; the horrid Contrebanquists gathered up their spoils and retired to a victorious supper. How was it to end?

Far away at Paris, the elder Lenoir answered these appeals of his brother by sending re-enforcements of money. Chests of gold arrived for the bank. The Prince of Noirbourg bade his beleaguered lieutenant not to lose heart: he himself never for a moment blanched in this trying hour of danger.

The Contrebanquists still went on victorious. Rouleau after rouleau fell into their possession. At last the news came: The Emperor has joined the Grand Army. Lenoir himself had arrived from Paris, and was once more among his children, his people. The daily combats continued: and still, still, though Napoleon was with the Eagles, the abominable Contrebanquists fought and conquered. And far greater than Napoleon, as great as Ney himself under disaster, the bold Lenoir never lost courage, never lost good-humor, was affable, was gentle, was careful of his subjects' pleasures and comforts, and met an adverse fortune with a dauntless smile.

With a devilish forbearance and

coolness, the atrocious Contrebanque — like Polyphemus, who only took one of his prisoners out of the cave at a time, and so ate them off at leisure — the horrid Contrebanquists, I say, contented themselves with winning so much before dinner, and so much before supper — say five thousand florins for each meal. They played and won at noon: they played and won at eventide. They of Noirbourg went home sadly every night. The invader was carrying all before him. What must have been the feelings of the great Lenoir? What were those of Washington before Trenton, when it seemed all up with the cause of American independence; what those of the virgin Elizabeth, when the Armada was signalled; what those of Miltiades, when the multitudinous Persian bore down on Marathon? The people looked on at the combat, and saw their chieftain stricken, bleeding, fallen, fighting still.

At last there came one day when the Contrebanquists had won their allotted sum, and were about to leave the tables which they had swept so often. But pride and lust of gold had seized upon the heart of one of their vainglorious chieftains; and he said, "Do not let us go yet — let us win a thousand florins more!" So they stayed and set the bank yet a thousand florins. The Noirbourgers looked on, and trembled for their prince.

Some three hours afterwards — a shout, a mighty shout was heard around the windows of that palace: the town, the gardens, the hills, the fountains, took up and echoed the jubilant acclaim. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! People rushed into each others' arms; men, women, and children cried and kissed each other. Croupiers who never feel, who never tremble, who never care whether black wins or red loses, took snuff from each other's boxes, and laughed for joy; and Lenoir, the dauntless, the INVINCIBLE Lenoir, wiped the drops of perspiration from his calm forehead, as he drew the enemy's last rouleau into his till. He had conquered. The Persians were beaten, horse and foot — the Armada had gone down. Since Wellington shut up his telescope at Waterloo, when the Prussians came charging on to the field, and the Guard broke and fled, there had been no such heroic endurance, such utter defeat, such signal and crowning victory. Vive Lenoir! I am a Lenoirite. I have read his newspapers, strolled in his gardens, listened to his music, and rejoice in his victory: I am glad he beat those Contrebanquists. *Dissipa, ti sunt.* The game is up with them.

The instances of this man's magnanimity are numerous, and worthy of Alexander the Great, or Harry the Fifth, or Robin Hood. Most gentle is he, and thoughtful to the poor, and merciful to the vanquished. When Jeremy Diddler, who had lost twenty pounds at his table, lay in inglorious pawn at his inn — when O'Toole could not leave Noirbourg until he had received his remittances from Ireland — the noble Lenoir paid Diddler's inn bill, advanced O'Toole money upon his well-known signature, franked both of them back to their native country again; and has never, wonderful to state, been paid from that day to this. If you will go play at his table, you may; but nobody forces you. If you lose, pay with a cheerful heart. *Dulce est desipere in loco.* This is not a treatise of morals. Friar Tuck was not an exemplary ecclesiastic; nor Robin Hood a model man; but he was a jolly outlaw; and I dare say the Sheriff of Nottingham, whose money he took, rather relished his feast at Robin's green table.

And if you lose, worthy friend, as possibly you will at Lenoir's pretty games, console yourself by thinking that it is much bettter for you in the end that you should lose than that you should win. Let me, for my part, make a clean breast of it, and

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THE INTERIOR OF HADES.

own, that your humble servant did, on one occasion, win a score of Napoleons: and beginning with a sum of no less than five shillings. But until I had lost them again I was so feverish, excited, and uneasy, that I had neither delectation in reading the most exciting French novels, nor pleasure in seeing pretty landscapes, nor appetite for dinner. The moment, however, that graceless money was gone, equanimity was restored: Paul Féval and Eugène Sue began to be terrifically interesting again; and the dinners at Noirbourg, though by no means good culinary specimens, were perfectly sufficient for my easy and tranquil mind. Lankin, who played only a lawyer's rubber at whist, marked the salutary change in his friend's condition; and, for my part, I hope and pray that every honest reader of this volume who plays at M. Lenoir's table will lose every shilling of his winnings before he goes away. Where are the gamblers whom we have read of? Where are the card-players whom we can remember in our early days? At one time almost every gentleman played, and there were whist-tables in every lady's drawing-room. But trumps are going out along with numbers of old-world institutions; and, before very long, a black-leg will be as rare an animal as a knight in armor.

There was a little dwarfish, abortive, counter-bank set up at Noirbourg this year: but the gentlemen soon disagreed among themselves; and let us hope, were cut off in detail by the great Lenoir. And there was a Frenchman at our inn who had won two Napoleons per day for the last six weeks, and who had an infallible system, whereof he kindly offered to communicate the secret for the consideration of a hundred Louis; but there came one fatal night when the poor Frenchman's system could not make head against fortune, and her wheel went over him, and he disappeared utterly.

With the early morning everybody rises and makes his or her appearance at the Springs, where they partake of water with a wonderful energy and perseverance. They say that people get to be fond of this water at last; as to what tastes cannot men accustom themselves? I drank a couple of glasses of an abominable sort of feeble salts in a state of very gentle effervescence; but, though there was a very pretty girl who served it, the drink was abominable, and it was a marvel to see the various topers, who tossed off glass after glass, which the fair-haired little Hebe delivered sparkling from the well.

Seeing my wry faces, old Captain Carver expostulated, with a jolly twinkle of his eye, as he absorbed the contents of a sparkling crystal beaker. "Pooh! take another glass, sir: you'll like it better and better every day. It refreshes you, sir: it fortifies you: and as for liking it — gad! I remember the time when I didn't like claret. Times are altered now, ha! ha! Mrs. Fantail, madam, I wish you a very good morning. How is Fantail? He don't come to drink the water: so much the worse for him."

To see Mrs. Fantail of an evening is to behold a magnificent sight. She ought to be shown in a room by herself; and, indeed, would occupy a moderate-sized one with her person and adornments. Marie Antoinette's hoop is not bigger than Mrs. Fantail's flounces. Twenty men taking hands (and, indeed, she likes to have at least that number about her) would scarcely encompass her. Her chestnut ringlets spread out in a halo round her face: she must want two or three coiffeurs to arrange that prodigious head-dress; and then, when it is done, how can she endure that extraordinary gown? Her travelling bandboxes must be as large as omnibuses.

But see Mrs. Fantail in the morning, having taken in all sail: the chestnut curls have disappeared, and

two limp bands of brown hair border her lean, sallow face; you see before you an ascetic, a nun, a woman worn by mortifications, of a sad yellow aspect, drinking salts at the well: a vision quite different from that rapturous one of the previous night's ball-room. No wonder Fantail does not come out of a morning; he had rather not see such a Rebecca at the well.

Lady Kicklebury came for some mornings pretty regularly, and was very civil to Mr. Leader, and made Miss Fanny drink when his lordship took a cup, and asked Lord Talboys and his tutor to dinner. But the tutor came, and, blushing, brought an excuse from Talboys; and poor Milliken had not a very pleasant evening after Mr. Baring Leader rose to go away.

But though the water was not good, the sun was bright, the music cheery, the landscape fresh and pleasant, and it was always amusing to see the vast varieties of our human species that congregated at the Springs, and trudged up and down the green allées. One of the gambling conspirators of the roulette-table it was good to see here, in his private character, drinking down pints of salts like any other sinner, having a homely wife on his arm, and between them a poodle on which they lavished their tenderest affection. You see those people care for other things besides trumps; and are not always thinking about black and red:—as even ogres are represented, in their histories, as of cruel natures, and licentious appetites, and, to be sure, fond of eating men and women; but yet it appears that their wives often respected them, and they had a sincere liking for their own hideous children. And, besides the card-players, there are band-players: every now and then a fiddle from the neighboring orchestra, or a disorganized bassoon, will step down and drink a glass of the water, and jump back into his rank again.

Then come the burly troops of English, the honest lawyers, merchants, and gentlemen, with their wives and buxom daughters, and stout sons, that, almost grown to the height of manhood, are boys still, with rough wide-awake hats and shooting-jackets, full of lark and laughter. A French boy of sixteen has had *des passions* ere that time, very likely, and is already particular in his dress, an ogler of the women, and preparing to kill. Adolphe says to Alphonse—Là voilà cette charmante Miss Fanni, la belle Kicklebury! je te donne ma paole, elle est fraiche comme une rose! la crois-tu riche, Alphonse?" "Je me range, mon ami, vois-tu? La vie de garçon me pèse. Ma paole d'honneur! je me range."

And he gives Miss Fanny a killing bow, and a glance which seems to say, "Sweet Anglaise, I know that I have won your heart."

Then beside the young French buck, whom we will willingly suppose harmless, you see specimens of the French raff, who goes *aux eaux*: gambler, speculator, sentimentalist, duellist, travelling with madame his wife, at whom other raffs nod and wink familiarly. This rogue is much more picturesque and civilized than the similar person in our own country: whose manners betray the stable; who never reads any thing but "Bell's Life;" and who is much more at ease in conversing with a groom than with his employer. Here come Mr. Boucher and Mr. Fowler: better to gamble for a score of nights with honest Monsieur Lenoir, than to sit down in private once with those gentlemen. But we have said that their profession is going down, and the number of Greeks daily diminishes. They are travelling with Mr. Bloundell, who was a gentleman once, and still retains about him some faint odor of that time of bloom; and Bloundell has put himself on young Lord Talboys, and is trying to get some money out of that young nobleman. But the English youth

of the present day is a wide-awake youth, and male or female artifices are expended pretty much in vain on our young travelling companion.

Who come yonder? Those two fellows whom we met at the table-d'hôte at the "Hôtel de Russie" the other day: gentlemen of splendid costume, and yet questionable appearances, the eldest of whom called for the list of wines, and cried out loud enough for all the company to hear, "Lafite, six florins. 'Arry, shall we 'ave some Lafite? You don't mind? No more do I then. I say, waiter, let's 'ave a pint of ordinaire." Truth is stranger than fiction. You good fellow, wherever you are, why did you ask 'Arry to 'ave that pint of ordinaire in the presence of your obedient servant? How could he do otherwise than chronicle the speech?

And see: here is a lady who is doubly desirous to be put into print, who encourages it and invites it. It appears that on Lankin's first arrival at Noirbourg with his travelling companion, a certain sensation was created in the little society by the rumor that an emissary of the famous Mr. Punch had arrived in the place; and, as we were smoking the cigar of peace on the lawn after dinner, looking on at the benevolent, pretty scene, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Hopkins, and the excellent head of the family, walked many times up and down before us; eyed us severely face to face, and then walking away, shot back fierce glances at us in the Parthian manner; and at length, at the third or fourth turn, and when we could not but overhear so fine a voice, Mrs. Hopkins looks at us steadily, and says, "I'm sure he may put ME in if he likes: I don't mind."

O ma'am! O Mrs. Hopkins! how should a gentleman, who had never seen your face or heard of you before, want to put *you* in? What interest can the British public have in you? But as you wish it, and court publicity, here you are. Good luck go with you, madam. I have forgotten your real name, and should not know you again if I saw you. But why could not you leave a man to take his coffee and smoke his pipe in quiet?

We could never have time to make a catalogue of all the portraits that figure in this motley gallery. Among the travellers in Europe, who are daily multiplying in numbers and increasing in splendor, the United States' dandies must not be omitted. They seem as rich as the Milor of old days; they crowd in European capitals; they have elbowed our people of the old country from many hotels which we used to frequent; they adopt the French fashion of dressing rather than ours, and they grow handsomer beards than English beards: as some plants are found to flourish and shoot up prodigiously when introduced into a new soil. The ladies seem to be as well dressed as Parisians, and as handsome; though somewhat more delicate, perhaps, than the native English roses. They drive the finest carriages, they keep the grandest houses, they frequent the grandest company — and, in a word, the Broadway Swell has now taken his station and asserted his dignity amongst the grandees of Europe. He is fond of asking Count Reineck to dinner, and Gräfinn Laura will condescend to look kindly upon a gentleman who has millions of dollars. Here comes a pair of New Yorkers. Behold their elegant curling beards, their velvet coats, their delicate primrose gloves and cambric handkerchiefs, and the aristocratic beauty of their boots. Why, if you had sixteen quarterings, you could not have smaller feet than those; and if you were descended from a line of kings you could not smoke better or bigger cigars.

Lady Kicklebury deigns to think very well of these young men, since she has seen them in the company of grandees and heard how rich they are. "Who is that very stylish-looking woman, to whom Mr. Washing-

ton Walker spoke just now?" she asks of Kicklebury.

Kicklebury gives a twinkle of his eye. "Oh, that, mother! that is Madame La Princesse de Mogador — it's a French title."

"She danced last night, and danced exceedingly well; I remarked her. There's a very high-bred grace about the princess."

"Yes, exceedingly. We'd better come on," says Kicklebury, blushing rather as he returns the princess's nod.

It is wonderful how large Kicklebury's acquaintance is. He has a word and a joke, in the best German he can muster, for everybody — for the high well-born lady, as for the German peasant maiden, who stood for the lovely portrait which faces this page; as for the pretty little washerwoman, who comes full sail down the streets, a basket on her head and one of Mrs. Fantail's wonderful gowns swelling on each arm. As we were going to the Schloss-Garten I caught a sight of the rogue's grinning face yesterday, close at little Gretel's ear under her basket; but spying out his mother advancing, he dashed down a by-street, and when we came up with her, Gretel was alone.

One but seldom sees the English and the holiday visitors in the ancient parts of Noirbourg; they keep to the streets of new buildings and garden villas, which have sprung up under the magic influence of M. Lenoir, under the white towers and gables of the old German town. The prince of Trente et Quarante has quite overcome the old serene sovereign of Noirbourg, whom one cannot help fancying a prince like a prince in a Christmas pantomime — a burlesque prince with twopence-halfpenny for a revenue, jolly and irascible, a prime-minister-kicking prince, fed upon fabulous plum-puddings and enormous pasteboard joints, by cooks and valets with large heads which never alter their grin. Not that this portrait is from the life. Perhaps he has no life. Perhaps there is no prince in the great white tower, that we see for miles before we enter the little town. Perhaps he has been mediatized, and sold his kingdom to Monsieur Lenoir. Before the palace of Lenoir there is a grove of orange-trees in tubs, which Lenoir bought from another German prince; who went straightway and lost the money, which he had been paid for his wonderful orange-trees, over Lenoir's green tables, at his roulette and trente-et-quarante. A great prince is Lenoir in his way; a generous and magnanimous prince. You may come to his feast and pay nothing, unless you please. You may walk in his gardens, sit in his palace and read his thousand newspapers. You may go and play at whist in his small drawing-rooms, or dance and hear concerts in his grand saloon — and there is not a penny to pay. His fiddlers and trumpeters begin trumpeting and fiddling for you at the early dawn — they twang and blow for you in the afternoon, they pipe for you at night that you may dance — and there is nothing to pay — Lenoir pays for all. Give him but the chances of the table, and he will do all this and more. It is better to live under Prince Lenoir than a fabulous old German Durchlaucht whose cavalry ride wicker horses with petticoats, and whose prime minister has a great pasteboard head. Vive le Prince Lenoir.

There is a grotesque old carved gate to the palace of the Durchlaucht, from which you could expect none but a pantomime procession to pass. The place looks asleep; the courts are grass-grown and deserted. Is the Sleeping Beauty lying yonder, in the great white tower? What is the little army about? It seems a sham army: a sort of grotesque military. The only charge of infantry was this: one day when passing through the old town, looking for sketches. Perhaps they become croupiers at night. What can such a fabulous prince want with any thing but a sham army? My favorite walk was in the ancient quarter of the town — the

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THE GERMAN PEASANT MAIDEN.

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THE PRINCESS OF MOGADOR.

dear old fabulous quarter, away from the noisy actualities of life and Prince Lenoir's new palace — out of eye and ear shot of the dandies and the ladies in their grand best clothes at the promenades — and the rattling whirl of the roulette wheel — and I liked to wander in the glum old gardens under the palace wall, and imagine the Sleeping Beauty within there.

Some one persuaded us one day to break the charm, and see the interior of the palace. I am sorry we did. There was no Sleeping Beauty in any chamber that we saw; nor any fairies, good or malevolent. There was a shabby set of clean old rooms, which looked as if they had belonged to a prince hard put to it for money, and whose tin crown jewels would not fetch more than King Stephen's pantaloons. A fugitive prince, a brave prince struggling with the storms of fate, a prince in exile, may be poor; but a prince looking out of his own palace windows with a dressing-gown out at elbows, and dunned by his subject washerwoman — I say this is a painful object. When they get shabby they ought not to be seen. "Don't you think so, Lady Kicklebury?" Lady Kicklebury evidently had calculated the price of the carpets and hangings, and set them justly down at a low figure. "These German princes," she said, "are not to be put on a level with English noblemen." "Indeed," we answer, "there is nothing so perfect as England: nothing so good as our aristocracy; nothing so perfect as our institutions." "Nothing! *nothing!*" says Lady K.

An English princess was once brought to reign here; and almost the whole of the little court was kept upon her dowry. The people still regard her name fondly; and they show, at the Schloss, the rooms which she inhabited. Her old books are still there — her old furniture brought from home; the presents and keepsakes sent by her family are as they were in the princess's lifetime: the very clock has the name of a Windsor maker on its face; and portraits of all her numerous race decorate the homely walls of the now empty chambers. There is the benighted old king, his beard hanging down to the star on his breast; and the first gentleman of Europe — so lavish of his portrait everywhere, and so chary of showing his royal person — all the stalwart brothers of the now all but extinct generation are there; their quarrels and their pleasures, their glories and disgraces, enemies, flatterers, detractors, admirers — all now buried. Is it not curious to think that the King of Trumps now virtually reigns in this place, and has deposed the other dynasty?

Very early one morning, wishing to have a sketch of the White Tower in which our English princess had been imprisoned, I repaired to the gardens, and set about a work, which, when completed, will no doubt have the honor of a place on the line at the Exhibition; and, returning homewards to breakfast, musing upon the strange fortunes and inhabitants of the queer, fantastic, melancholy place, behold, I came suddenly upon a couple of persons, a male and a female; the latter of whom wore a blue hood or "ugly," and blushed very much on seeing me. The man began to laugh behind his mustaches, the which cachinnation was checked by an appealing look from the young lady; and he held out his hand and said, "How d'ye do, Titmarsh? Been out making some cawickachaws, hay?"

I need not say that the youth before me was the heavy dragoon, and the maiden was Miss Fanny Kicklebury. Or need I repeat that, in the course of my blighted being, I never loved a young gazelle to glad me with its dark blue eye, but when it came to, &c., the usual disappointment was sure to ensue? There is no necessity why I should allude to my feelings at this most manifest and outrageous case. I gave a withering glance of scorn at the pair, and, with a stately salutation, passed on.

Miss Fanny came tripping after me. She held out her little hand with such a pretty look of deprecation, that I could not but take it; and she said, "Mr. Titmarsh, if you please, I want to speak to you, if you please;" and, choking with emotion, I bade her speak on.

"My brother knows all about it, and highly approves of Captain Hicks," she said, with her head hanging down; "and oh, he's very good and kind: and I know him *much* better now, than I did when we were on board the steamer."

I thought how I had mimicked him, and what an ass I had been.

"And you know," she continued, "that you have quite deserted me for the last ten days for your great acquaintances."

"I have been to play chess with Lord Knightsbridge, who has the gout."

"And to drink tea constantly with that American lady; and you have written verses in her album, and in Lavinia's album; and as I saw that you had quite thrown me off, why I — my brother approves of it highly; and — and Captain Hicks likes you very much, and says you amuse him very much — indeed he does," says the arch little wretch. And then she added a postscript, as it were, to her letter, which contained, as usual, the point which she wished to urge: —

"You — won't break it to mamma — will you be so kind? My brother will do that" — and I promised her; and she ran away, kissing her hand to me. And I did not say a word to Lady Kicklebury, and not above a thousand people at Noirbourg knew that Miss Kicklebury and Captain Hicks were engaged.

And now let those who are too confident of their virtue listen to the truthful and melancholy story which I have to relate, and humble themselves, and bear in mind that the most perfect among us are occasionally liable to fall. Kicklebury was not perfect, — I do not defend his practice. He spent a great deal more time and money than was good for him at M. Lenoir's gaming-table, and the only thing which the young fellow never lost was his good humor. If Fortune shook her swift wings and fled away from him, he laughed at the retreating pinions, and you saw him dancing and laughing as gayly after losing a rouleau, as if he was made of money, and really had the five thousand a year which his mother said was the amount of the Kicklebury property. But when her ladyship's jointure, and the young ladies' allowances, and the interest of mortgages, were paid out of the five thousand a year, I grieve to say that the gallant Kicklebury's income was to be counted by hundreds and not by thousands; so that, for any young lady who wants a carriage (and who can live without one?) our friend the baronet is not a desirable specimen of bachelors. Now, whether it was that the presence of his mamma interrupted his pleasures, or certain of her ways did not please him, or that he had lost all his money at roulette and could afford no more, certain it is, that after about a fortnight's stay at Noirbourg, he went off to shoot with Count Einhorn in Westphalia; he and Hicks parting the dearest of friends, and the Baronet going off on a pony which the captain lent to him. Between him and Milliken, his brother-in-law, there was not much sympathy: for he pronounced Mr. Milliken to be what is called a muff; and had never been familiar with his eldest sister Lavinia, of whose poems he had a mean opinion, and who used to tease and worry him by teaching him French, and telling tales of him to his mamma, when he was a schoolboy home for the holidays. Whereas, between the baronet and Miss Fanny there seemed to be the closest affection: they walked together every morning to the waters; they joked and laughed with each other as happily as possible. Fanny was almost ready to tell fibs to screen her broth-

er's malpractices from her mamma: she cried when she heard of his mishaps, and that he had lost too much money at the green table; and when Sir Thomas went away, the good little soul brought him five louis; which was all the money she had: for you see she paid her mother handsomely for her board; and when her little gloves and milliners' bills were settled — how much was there left out of two hundred a year? And she cried when she heard that Hicks had lent Sir Thomas money, and went up and said, "Thank you, Captain Hicks;" and shook hands with the captain so eagerly, that I thought he was a lucky fellow, who had a father a wealthy attorney in Bedford Row. Heighho! I saw how matters were going. The birds *must* sing in the spring-time, and the flowers bud.

Mrs. Milliken in her character of invalid, took the advantage of her situation to have her husband constantly about her, reading to her, or fetching the doctor to her, or watching her whilst she was dozing, and so forth; and Lady Kicklebury found the life which this pair led rather more monotonous than that sort of existence which she liked, and would leave them alone with Fanny (Captain Hicks not uncommonly coming in to take tea with the three), whilst her ladyship went to the Redonte to hear the music, or read the papers, or play a game of whist there.

The newspaper-room at Noirbourg is next to the roulette-room, into which the doors are always open; and Lady K. would come, with newspaper in hand, into this play-room, sometimes, and look on at the gamesters. I have mentioned a little Russian boy, a little imp with the most mischievous intelligence and good humor in his face, who was suffered by his parents to play as much as he chose, and who pulled bonbons out of one pocket and Napoleons out of the other, and seemed to have quite a diabolical luck at the table.

Lady Kicklebury's terror and interest at seeing this boy were extreme. She watched him and watched him, and he seemed always to win; and at last her ladyship put down just a florin — only just one florin — on one of the numbers at roulette which the little Russian imp was backing. Number twenty-seven came up, and the croupiers flung over three gold pieces and five florins to Lady Kicklebury, which she raked up with trembling hand.

She did not play any more that night, but sat in the play-room, pretending to read "The Times" newspaper; but you could see her eye peering over the sheet, and always fixed on the little imp of a Russian. He had very good luck that night, and his winning made her very savage. As he retired, rolling his gold pieces into his pocket and sucking his barley-sugar, she glared after him with angry eyes; and went home, and scolded everybody, and had no sleep. I could hear her scolding. Our apartments in theTissisch House overlooked Lady Kicklebury's suite of rooms: the great windows were open in the autumn. Yes; I could hear her scolding, and see some other people sitting whispering in the embrasure, or looking out on the harvest moon.

The next evening, Lady Kicklebury shirked away from the concert; and I saw her in the play-room again, going round and round the table; and, lying in ambush behind "The Journal des Debats," I marked how, after looking stealthily round, my lady whipped a piece of money under the croupier's elbow, and (there having been no coin there previously) I saw a florin on the Zero.

She lost that, and walked away. Then she came back and put down two florins on a number, and lost again, and became very red and angry; then she retreated, and came back a third time, and a seat being vacated by a player, Lady Kicklebury sat down at the verdant board. Ah me! She had a pretty good evening,

and carried off a little money again that night. The next day was Sunday: she gave two florins at the collection at church, to Fanny's surprise at mamma's liberality. On this night of course there was no play. Her ladyship wrote letters, and read a sermon.

But the next night she was back at the table; and won very plentifully, until the little Russian sprite made his appearance, when it seemed that her luck changed. She began to bet upon him, and the young Calmuck lost too. Her ladyship's temper went along with her money: first she backed the Calmuck, and then she played against him. When she played against him, his luck turned; and he began straightway to win. She put on more and more money as she lost: her winnings went: gold came out of secret pockets. She had but a florin left at last, and tried it on a number, and failed. She got up to go away. I watched her, and I watched Mr. Justice Æacus, too, who put down a Napoleon when he thought nobody was looking.

The next day my Lady Kicklebury walked over to the money-changers, where she changed a couple of circular notes. She was at the table that night again: and the next night, and the next night, and the next.

By about the fifth day she was like a wild woman. She scolded so, that Hirsch, the courier, said he should retire from monsieur's service, as he was not hired by Lady Kicklebury; that Bowman gave warning, and told another footman in the building that he wouldn't stand the old cat no longer, blow him if he would: that the maid (who was a Kicklebury girl) and Fanny cried: and that Mrs. Milliken's maid, Finch, complained to her mistress, who ordered her husband to remonstrate with her mother. Milliken remonstrated with his usual mildness, and, of course, was routed by her ladyship. Mrs. Milliken said, "Give me the daggers," and came to her husband's rescue. A battle royal ensued; the scared Milliken hanging about his blessed Lavinia, and entreating and imploring her to be calm. Mrs. Milliken *was* calm. She asserted her dignity as mistress of her own family: as controller of her own household, as wife of her adored husband; and she told her mamma, that with her or hers she must not interfere; that she knew her duty as a child: but that she also knew it as a wife, as a —— The rest of the sentence was drowned, as Milliken, rushing to her, called her his soul's angel, his adored blessing.

Lady Kicklebury remarked that Shakspeare was very right in stating how much sharper than a thankless tooth it is to have a serpent child.

Mrs. Milliken said the conversation could not be carried on in this manner: that it was best her mamma should now know, once for all, that the way in which she assumed the command at Pigeoncot was intolerable; that all the servants had given warning, and it was with the greatest difficulty they could be soothed: and that, as their living together only led to quarrels and painful recriminations (the calling her, after her forbearance, *a serpent child*, was an expression which she would hope to forgive and forget,) they had better part.

Lady Kicklebury wears a front, and I make no doubt, a complete jasey; or she certainly would have let down her back hair at this minute, so overpowering were her feelings, and so bitter her indignation at her daughter's black ingratitude. She intimated some of her sentiments by ejaculatory conjurations of evil. She hoped her daughter might *not* feel what ingratitude was; that *she* might never have children to turn on her and bring her to the grave with grief.

"Bring me to the grave with fiddlesticks!" Mrs. Milliken said, with some asperity. "And as we are going to part, mamma, and as Hor-

ace has paid *every thing* on the journey as yet, and we have only brought a *very* few circular notes with us, perhaps you will have the kindness to give him your share of the travelling expenses — for you, for Fanny, and your two servants whom you *would* bring with you: and the man has only been a perfect hindrance and great useless log, and our courier has had to do *every thing*. Your share is now eighty-two pounds."

Lady Kicklebury at this gave three screams, so loud that even the resolute Lavinia stopped in her speech. Her Ladyship looked wildly: "Lavinia! Horace! Fanny my child," she said, "come here and listen to your mother's shame!"

"What?" cried Horace, aghast.

"I am ruined! I am a beggar! Yes; a beggar. I have lost all — all at yonder dreadful table."

"How do you mean all? How much is all?" asked Horace.

"All the money I brought with me, Horace. I intended to have paid the whole expenses of the journey; yours, this ungrateful child's — every thing. But, a week ago, having seen a lovely baby's lace dress at the lace-shop; and — and — won enough at wh–wh–whoo–ist to pay for it, all but two–two florins — in an evil moment I went to the roulette table — and lost — every shilling; and now, on my knees before you, I confess my shame."

I am not a tragic painter, and certainly won't attempt to depict *this* harrowing scene. But what could she mean by saying she wished to pay every thing? She had but two twenty-pound notes: and how she was to have paid all the expenses of the tour with that small sum, I cannot conjecture.

The confession, however, had the effect of mollifying poor Milliken and his wife: after the latter had learned that her mamma had no money at all at her London bankers', and had overdrawn her account there, Lavinia consented that Horace should advance her fifty pounds upon her ladyship's solemn promise of repayment.

And now it was agreed that this highly respectable lady should return to England, quick as she might: somewhat sooner than all the rest of the public did; and leave Mr. and Mrs. Horace Milliken behind her, as the waters were still considered highly salutary to that most interesting invalid. And to England Lady Kicklebury went; taking advantage of Lord Talboys' return thither to place herself under his Lordship's protection: as if the enormous Bowman was not protector sufficient for her ladyship; and as if Captain Hicks would have allowed any mortal man, any German student, any French tourist, any Prussian whiskerando, to do a harm to Miss Fanny! For though Hicks is not a brilliant or poetical genius, I am bound to say that the fellow has good sense, good manners, and a good heart; and with these qualities, a competent sum of money, and a pair of exceedingly handsome mustaches, perhaps the poor little Mrs. Launcelot Hicks may be happy.

No accident befell Lady Kicklebury on her voyage homewards; but she got one more lesson at Aix-la-Chapelle, which may serve to make her ladyship more cautious for the future: for, seeing Madame la Princesse de Mogador enter into a carriage on the railway, into which Lord Talboys followed, nothing would content Lady Kicklebury but to rush into the carriage after this noble pair; and the vehicle turned out to be what is called on the German lines, and what I wish were established in England, the *Rauch Coupé*. Having seated himself in this vehicle, and looked rather sulkily at my Lady, Lord Talboys began to smoke: which as the son of an English earl, heir to many thousands per annum, Lady Kicklebury permitted him to do. And she introduced herself to Madame la Prin-

cesse de Mogador, mentioning to her highness that she had the pleasure of meeting Madame la Princesse at Rougetnoirbourg; that she, Lady K., was the mother of the Chevalier de Kicklebury, who had the advantage of the acquaintance of Madame la Princesse; and that she hoped Madame la Princesse had enjoyed her stay at the waters. To these advances the Princess of Mogador returned a gracious and affable salutation, exchanging glances of peculiar meaning with two highly respectable bearded gentlemen who travelled in her suite; and, when asked by milady whereabouts her highness's residence was at Paris, said that her hotel was in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette: where Lady Kicklebury hoped to have the honor of waiting upon Madame la Princesse de Mogador.

But when one of the bearded gentlemen called the Princess by the familiar name of Fifine, and the other said "Veux-tu fumer, Mogador?" and the princess actually took a cigar and began to smoke, Lady Kicklebury was aghast and trembled; and presently Lord Talboys burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"What is the cause of your Lordship's amusement?" asked the dowager, looking very much frightened, and blushing like a maiden of sixteen.

"Excuse me, Lady Kicklebury, but I can't help it," he said. "You've been talking to your opposite neighbor — she don't understand a word of English — and calling her a princess and highness, and she's no more a princess than you or I. She is a little milliner in the street she mentioned, and she dances at Mabille and Château Rouge."

Hearing these two familiar names, the princess looked hard at Lord Talboys, but he never lost countenance; and at the next station Lady Kicklebury rushed out of the smoking carriage and returned to her own place; where, I dare say, Captain Hicks and Miss Fanny were delighted once more to have the advantage of her company and conversation. And so they went back to England, and the Kicklebury's were no longer seen on the Rhine. If her ladyship is not cured of hunting after great people, it will not be for want of warning: but which of us in life has not had many warnings; and is it for lack of them that we stick to our little failings still?

When the Kicklebury's were gone, that merry little Rougetnoirbourg did not seem the same place to me somehow. The sun shone still, but the wind came down cold from the purple hills; the band played, but their tunes were stale; the promenaders paced the alleys, but I knew all their faces: as I looked out of my windows in the Tissisch House upon the great blank casements lately occupied by the Kicklebury's, and remembered what a pretty face I had seen looking thence but a few days back, I cared not to look any longer; and though Mrs. Milliken did invite me to tea, and talked fine arts and poetry over the meal, both the beverage and the conversation seemed very weak and insipid to me, and I fell asleep once in my chair opposite that highly cultivated being. "Let us go back, Lankin," said I to the Serjeant, and he was nothing loth; for most of the other serjeants, barristers, and Queen's counsel were turning homewards, by this time, the period of term time summoning them all to the Temple.

So we went straight one day to Biberich on the Rhine, and found the little town full of Britons, all trooping home like ourselves. Everybody comes, and everybody goes away again at about the same time. The Rhine innkeepers say that their customers cease with a single day almost: —that in three days they shall have ninety, eighty, a hundred guests; on the fourth, ten or eight. We do as our neighbors do. Though we don't speak to each other much when we

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are out a-pleasuring, we take our holiday in common, and go back to our work in gangs. Little Biberich was so full, that Lankin and I could not get rooms at the large inns frequented by other persons of fashion, and could only procure a room between us, "at the German House, where you find English comfort," says the advertisement, "with German prices."

But oh, the English comfort of those beds! How did Lankin manage in his with his great long legs? How did I toss and tumble in mine; which small as it was I was not destined to enjoy alone, but to pass the night in company with anthropophagous wretched reptiles, who took their horrid meal off an English Christian! I thought the morning would never come; and when the tardy dawn at length arrived, and as I was in my first sleep, dreaming of Miss Fanny, behold I was wakened up by the Serjeant, already dressed and shaven, and who said, "Rise, Titmarsh, the steamer will be here in three-quarters of an hour." And the modest gentleman retired and left me to dress.

The next morning we had passed by the rocks and towers, the old familiar landscapes, the gleaming towns by the river-side, and the green vineyards combed along the hills, and when I woke up it was at a great hotel at Cologne, and it was not sunrise yet.

Deutz lay opposite, and over Deutz the dusky sky was reddened. The hills were veiled in the mist and the gray, the gray river flowed underneath us; the steamers were roosting along the quays, a light keeping watch in the cabins here and there, and its reflections quivering in the water. As I look, the sky-line towards the east grows redder and redder. A long troop of gray horsemen winds down the river road, and passes over the bridge of boats. You might take them for ghosts, those gray horsemen, so shadowy do they look; but you hear the trample of their hoofs as they pass over the planks. Every minute the dawn twinkles up into the twilight; and over Deutz the heaven blushes brighter. The quays begin to fill with men: the carts begin to creak and rattle, and wake the sleeping echoes. Ding, ding, ding, the steamers' bells begin to ring: the people on board to stir and wake: the lights may be extinguished, and take their turn of sleep: the active boats shake themselves, and push out into the river; the great bridge opens, and gives them passage: the church-bells of the city begin to clink: the cavalry trumpets blow from the opposite bank: the sailor is at the wheel, the porter at his burden, the soldier at his musket, and the priest at his prayers....

And lo! in a flash of crimson splendor, with blazing scarlet clouds running before his chariot, and heralding his majestic approach, God's sun rises upon the world and all nature wakens and brightens.

O glorious spectacle of light and life! O beatific symbol of Power, Love, Joy, Beauty! Let us look at thee with humble wonder, and thankfully acknowledge and adore. What gracious forethought is it—what generous and loving provision, that deigns to prepare for our eyes and to soothe our hearts with such a splendid morning festival! For these magnificent bounties of heaven to us, let us be thankful, even that we can feel thankful—(for thanks surely is the noblest effort, as it is the greatest delight, of the gentle soul)—and so, a grace for this feast, let all say who partake of it.

See! the mist clears off Drachenfels, and it looks out from the distance, and bids us a friendly farewell. Farewell to holiday and sunshine; farewell to kindly sport and pleasant leisure! Let us say good-by to the Rhine, friend. Fogs, and cares, and labor are awaiting us by the Thames; and a kind face or two looking out for us to cheer and bid us welcome.

THE ROSE AND THE RING.

PRELUDE.

It happened that the undersigned spent the last Christmas season in a foreign city where there were many English children.

In that city, if you wanted to give a child's party, you could not even get a magic-lantern or buy Twelfth-Night characters—those funny painted pictures of the King, the Queen, the Lover, the Lady, the Dandy, the Captain, and so on — with which our young ones are wont to recreate thmselves at this festive time.

My friend Miss Bunch, who was governess of a large family that lived in the *Piano Nobile* of the house inhabited by myself and my young charges (it was the Palazzo Poniatowski at Rome, and Messrs. Spillmann, two of the best pastrycooks in Christendom, have their shop on the ground-floor): Miss Bunch, I say, begged me to draw a set of Twelfth-Night characters for the amusement of our young people.

She is a lady of great fancy and droll imagination, and having looked at the characters, she and I composed a history about them, which was recited to the little folks at night, and served as our FIRESIDE PANTOMIME.

Our juvenile audience was amused by the adventures of Giglio and Bulbo, Rosalba and Angelica. I am bound to say the fate of the Hall Porter created a considerable sensation; and the wrath of Countess Gruffanuff was received with extreme pleasure.

If these children are pleased, thought I, why should not others be amused also? In a few days Dr. Birch's young friends will be expected to re-assemble at Rodwell Regis, where they will learn every thing that is useful, and under the eyes of careful ushers continue the business of their little lives.

But, in the mean while, and for a brief holiday, let us laugh and be as pleasant as we can. And you elder folks — a little joking, and dancing and fooling will do even you no harm. The author wishes you a merry Christmas, and welcomes you to the Fireside Pantomime.

M. A. TITMARSH.

December, 1854.

[*These rhymes appeared as page-headings in the original illustrated edition.*]

CHAPTER I. — Here begins the pantomime,
Royal folks at breakfast-time;
Awful consequence of crime!
Ah, I fear, King Valeroso,

CHAPTER II. — That your conduct is but so-so!
Here behold the monarch sit,
With Her Majesty opposite.
How the monarch ruled his nation.
Gruffanuff, and what her station.
Beware of pride without a cause.

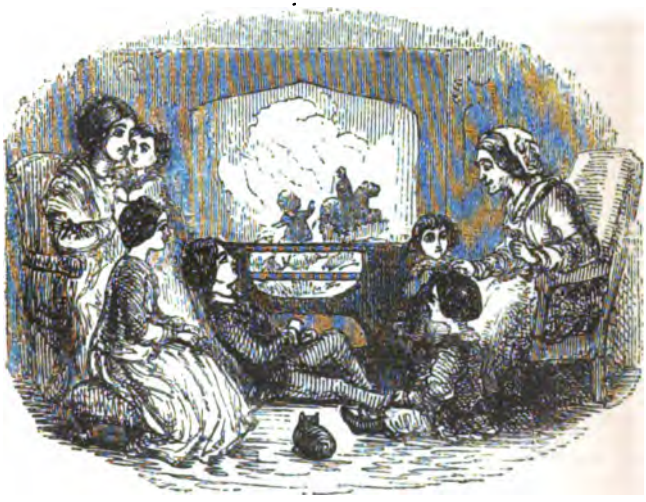
CHAPTER III. — Who the fairy Blackstick was.
Fairy roses, fairy rings,
Turn out sometimes troublesome things.
Flattering courtiers make poor martyrs.
Who was king of the Crim Tartars.

THE

ROSE AND THE RING;

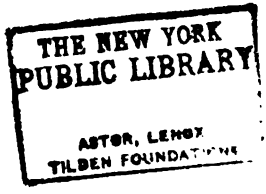
OR, THE

HISTORY OF PRINCE GIGLIO AND PRINCE BULBO.



A Fireside Pantomime for Great and Small Children.

By Mr. M. A. TITMARSH.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CHAPTER IV. — Gruffanuff is silenced quite.
Don't you think she served him right?
All ye footmen rude and rough,
Warning take by Gruffanuff!

CHAPTER V. — How the Princess, as she played,
Met a little beggar-maid.
How this little beggar-baby
Danced and sang as droll as may be.
Of the mistress and the maid,
Whilst one worked, the other played.

CHAPTER VI. — Shows how Giglio evinces
Idle tastes like other princes.
How his pretty cousin meets him,
And how saucily she treats him.
Much I fear, when hearts are ill,
Small's the good of doctor's pill.
Folks with whom we're all acquainted
Aren't so handsome as they're painted.
O you painter, how you flatter!
Sure he must be laughing at her!

CHAPTER VII. — Other girls, the author guesses,
Love to flirt besides princesses.
Other folks, as well as they,
Blindly fling good luck away.
Flourish trumpets! Rattle drums!

CHAPTER VIII. — Royal Bulbo this way comes!
Friends, if we were princes too,
Drums would beat for me and you.
Giglio's jealous of the Crim
Tartar prince, and laughs at him.
Here's a pretty figure for laughter!
How they dined and quarrelled after.
Read — and take a warning by't,
Have good care of what you write.

CHAPTER IX. — Poor Betsinda! Much I fear,
Grief's in store for you, my dear!
Jealousy, in some men's souls,
Warmer burns than pans of coals.
Even though you wear a crown,
Burning love will knock you down.

CHAPTER X. — See the monarch in a huff.
Look at lovely Gruffanuff!
Critics serve us authors thus:
Sport to them is death to us.
Leaving Bulbo in this fix,

CHAPTER XI. — We return to Gruffy's tricks.
She has Giglio's plighted troth,
Prince and maid, she hates them both.
See! how woman's anger flies out,
Sure they'll tear Betsinda's eyes out!
While the rope's round Bulbo's neck fast.
King and queen sit down to breakfast.
Here, upon the very scaffold,
Thank our stars! Jack Ketch is baffled.
Bulbo and his bride are married.

CHAPTER XII. — Now we're to Betsinda carried.
To a hut she gains admission.
What a touching recognition!
Champion bold of right and beauty,
To Rosalba pay your duty!
You, who with success would fight,

CHAPTER XIII. — Should be strong as well as right.
How Count Hogginarmo woo'd her,
Surely nothing could be ruder.
Much I fear your reign is over,
Poor Rosalba! where's your lover?
King Padella comes a-wooing.

CHAPTER XIV — Here we see what Giglio's doing.
As becomes his lineage knightly,
Master Giglio acts politely.

Of the bag, and how she gave it.
Oh, how I should like to have it!
Humble Pie is wholesome meat,
Good for all of us to eat.
In the papers here we read
Most important news indeed.
On perusal of this letter
Giglio swears that he'll abet her.
Now good-by to book and pen,
Follow Giglio, gentlemen!
Hasten, rescue! Giglio run, for
CHAPTER XV. — Else our poor Rosalba's done for.
Little suffering victim tender,
From these lions heaven defend her!
I'll keep clear when lions sup:
These ate Hogginarmo up.
Yet the terrible Crim Tartar
Still would poor Rosalba martyr.
CHAPTER XVI. — Of poor Bulbo, how they picked him
Out, as usual, for a victim.
May we ne'er be thus befriended.
Bulbo's pains seem well nigh ended.
Hark! they play the march in Saul!
But the young queen rescues all.
Kissings, huggings, billings, cooings,
CHAPTER XVII. — And all sorts of merry doings.
After kissing, billing, cooing,
Up, Sir King: for mischief's brewing!
Trumpets pealing, chargers prancing,
Stabbing, slashing, axing, lancing.
Now the dreadful battle's over,
Onward ride they, maid and lover.
Here's a pretty pair of knaves.
CHAPTER XVIII. — Tell us how the king behaves.
Bulbo now is happy quite.
Madam Gruff demands her right.
Giglio shows extreme disgust,
Says he won't, but knows he must.
Gruffy! 'Twixt the cup and lip,
CHAPTER XIX. — Sure we know there's many a slip.
Plans of rogues are often crost,
Gruffy's husband won and lost.
So our little story ends.
Merry Christmas, good my friends.

I.

SHOWS HOW THE ROYAL FAMILY SAT DOWN TO BREAKFAST.

THIS is Valoroso XXIV., King of Paflagonia, seated with his Queen and only child at their royal breakfast-table and receiving the letter which announces to his Majesty a proposed visit from Prince Bulbo, heir of Padella, reigning King of Crim Tartary. Remark the delight upon the monarch's royal features. He is so absorbed in the perusal of the King of Crim Tartary's letter, that he allows his eggs to get cold, and leaves his august muffins untasted.

"What! that wicked, brave, delightful Prince Bulbo!" cries Princess Angelica; "so handsome, so accomplished, so witty — the conqueror of Rimbombamento, where he slew ten thousand giants!"

"Who told you of him, my dear?" asks his Majesty.

"A little bird," says Angelica.

"Poor Giglio!" says mamma, pouring out the tea.

"Bother Giglio!" cries Angelica, tossing up her head, which rustled with a thousand curl-papers.

"I wish," growls the King — "I wish Giglio was" . . .

"Was better? Yes, dear, he is better," says the Queen. "Angelica's little maid, Betsinda, told me so when she came to my room this morning with my early tea."

"You are always drinking tea," said the monarch, with a scowl.

"It is better than drinking port or brandy-and-water," replies her Majesty.

"Well, well, my dear, I only said you were fond of drinking tea," said the King of Paflagonia, with an effort as if to command his temper. "Angelica! I hope you have plenty of new dresses; your milliners' bills are long enough. My dear Queen, you must see and have some parties. I prefer dinners, but of course you will be for balls. Your everlasting blue velvet quite tires me: and, my love, I should like you to have a new necklace. Order one. Not more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"And Giglio, dear?" says the Queen.

"GIGLIO MAY GO TO THE ——"

"Oh, sir!" screams her Majesty. "Your own nephew! our late King's only son."

"Giglio may go to the tailor's, and order the bills to be sent in to Glumboso to pay. Confound him! I mean bless his dear heart. He need want for nothing; give him a couple of guineas for pocket-money, my dear: and you may as well order yourself bracelets while you are about the necklace, Mrs. V."

Her Majesty, or *Mrs. V.*, as the monarch facetiously called her (for even royalty will have its sport, and this august family were very much attached), embraced her husband, and, twining her arm round her daughter's waist, they quitted the breakfast-room in order to make all things ready for the princely stranger.

When they were gone, the smile that had lighted up the eyes of the *husband* and *father* fled — the pride of the *King* fled — the MAN was alone. Had I the pen of a G. P. R. James, I would describe Valoroso's torments in the choicest language; in which I would also depict his flashing eye, his distended nostril — his dressing-gown, pocket-handkerchief, and boots. But I need not say I have *not* the pen of that novelist; suffice it to say, Valoroso was alone.

He rushed to the cupboard, seizing from the table one of the many egg-cups with which his princely board was served for the matin meal, drew out a bottle of right Nantz or Cognac, filled and emptied the cup several times, and laid it down with a hoarse "Ha, ha, ha! now Valoroso is a man again.

"But oh!" he went on (still sipping, I am sorry to say), "ere I was a king, I needed not this intoxicating draught; once I detested the hot brandy wine, and quaffed no other fount but nature's rill. It dashes not more quickly o'er the rocks, than I did, as, with blunderbuss in hand, I brushed away the early morning dew, and shot the partridge, snipe, or antlered deer! Ah! well may England's dramatist remark, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!' Why did I steal my nephew's, my young Giglio's ——? Steal! said I? no, no, no, not steal, not steal. Let me withdraw that odious expression. I took, and on my manly head I set, the royal crown of Paflagonia; I took, and with my royal arm I wield, the sceptral rod of Paflagonia; I took, and in my outstretched hand I hold, the royal orb of Paflagonia! Could a poor boy, a snivelling, drivelling boy — was in his nurse's arms but yesterday, and cried for sugar-plums and puled for pap — bear up the awful weight of crown, orb, sceptre? gird on the sword my royal fathers wore, and meet in fight the tough Crimean foe?"

And then the monarch went on to argue in his own mind (though we need not say that blank verse is not argument) that what he had got it was his duty to keep, and that, if at

one time he had entertained ideas of a certain restitution, which shall be nameless, the prospect by a *certain marriage* of uniting two crowns and two nations which had been engaged in bloody and expensive wars, as the Paflagonians and the Crimeans had been, put the idea of Giglio's restoration to the throne out of the question: nay, were his own brother, King Savio, alive, he would certainly will away the crown from his own son in order to bring about such a desirable union.

Thus easily do we deceive ourselves! Thus do we fancy what we wish is right! The King took courage, read the papers, finished his muffins and eggs, and rang the bell for his Prime Minister. The Queen, after thinking whether she should go up and see Giglio, who had been sick, thought, "Not now. Business first: pleasure afterwards. I will go and see dear Giglio this afternoon; and now I will drive to the jeweller's, to look for the necklace and bracelets." The Princess went up into her own room, and made Betsinda, her maid, bring out all her dresses; and as for Giglio, they forgot him as much as I forget what I had for dinner last Tuesday twelvemonth.

II.

HOW KING VALOROSO GOT THE CROWN, AND PRINCE GIGLIO WENT WITHOUT.

PAFLAGONIA, ten or twenty thousand years ago, appears to have been one of those kingdoms where the laws of succession were not settled; for when King Savio died, leaving his brother regent of the kingdom, and guardian of Savio's orphan infant, this unfaithful regent took no sort of regard of the late monarch's will; had himself proclaimed sovereign of Paflagonia under the title of King Valoroso XXIV., had a most splendid coronation, and ordered all the nobles of the kingdom to pay him homage. So long as Valoroso gave them plenty of balls at Court, plenty of money and lucrative places, the Paflagonian nobility did not care who was king; and, as for the people, in those early times they were equally indifferent. The Prince Giglio, by reason of his tender age at his royal father's death, did not feel the loss of his crown and empire. As long as he had plenty of toys and sweetmeats, a holiday five times a week, and a horse and gun to go out shooting when he grew a little older, and, above all, the company of his darling cousin, the King's only child, poor Giglio was perfectly contented; nor did he envy his uncle the royal robes and sceptre, the great, hot, uncomfortable throne of state, and the enormous cumbersome crown in which that monarch appeared from morning till night. King Valoroso's portrait has been left to us; and I think you will agree with me that he must have been sometimes *rather tired* of his velvet, and his diamonds, and his ermine, and his grandeur. I shouldn't like to sit in that stifling robe, with such a thing as that on my head.

No doubt, the Queen must have been lovely in her youth; for though she grew rather stout in after-life, yet her features, as shown in her portrait, are certainly *pleasing*. If she was fond of flattery, scandal, cards, and fine clothes, let us deal gently with her infirmities, which, after all, may be no greater than our own. She was kind to her nephew; and if she had any scruples of conscience about her husband's taking the young Prince's crown, consoled herself by thinking that the King, though a usurper, was a most respectable man, and that at his death Prince Giglio would be restored to his throne, and share it with his cousin, whom he loved so fondly.

The Prime Minister was Glumboso, an old statesman, who most cheerfully swore fidelity to King Valoroso, and

in whose hands the monarch left all the affairs of his kingdom. All Valoroso wanted was plenty of money, plenty of hunting, plenty of flattery, and as little trouble as possible. As long as he had his sport, this monarch cared little how his people paid for it: he engaged in some wars, and of course the Paflagonian newspapers announced that he gained prodigious victories: he had statues erected to himself in every city of the empire; and of course his pictures placed everywhere, and in all the print-shops: he was Valoroso the Magnanimous, Valorosa the Victorious, Valoroso the Great, and so forth;—for even in these early times courtiers and people knew how to flatter.

This royal pair had one only child, the Princess Angelica, who, you may be sure, was a paragon in the courtiers' eyes, in her parents', and in her own. It was said she had the longest hair, the largest eyes, the slimmest waist, the smallest foot, and the most lovely complexion of any young lady in the Paflagonian dominions. Her accomplishments were announced to be even superior to her beauty; and governesses used to shame their idle pupils by telling them what Princess Angelica could do. She could play the most difficult pieces of music at sight. She could answer any one of "Mangnall's Questions." She knew every date in the history of Paflagonia, and every other country. She knew French, English, Italian, German, Spanish, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Cappadocian, Samothracian, Ægean, and Crim Tartar. In a word, she was a most accomplished young creature; and her governess and lady-in-waiting was the severe Countess Gruffanuff.

Would you not fancy, from this picture, that Gruffanuff must have been a person of the highest birth? She looks so haughty that I should have thought her a princess at the very least, with a pedigree reaching as far back as the Deluge. But this lady was no better born than many other ladies who give themselves airs; and all sensible people laughed at her absurd pretensions. The fact is, she had been maid-servant to the Queen when her Majesty was only Princess, and her husband had been head footman; but after his death, or *disappearance*, of which you shall hear presently, this Mrs. Gruffanuff, by flattering, toadying, and wheedling her royal mistress, became a favorite with the Queen (who was rather a weak woman), and her Majesty gave her a title, and made her nursery governess to the princess.

And now I must tell you about the princess's learning and accomplishments, for which she had such a wonderful character. Clever, Angelica certainly was, but as *idle as possible*. Play at sight, indeed! she could play one or two pieces, and pretend that she had never seen them before; she could answer half a dozen "Mangnall's Questions;" but then you must take care to ask the *right* ones. As for her languages, she had masters in plenty, but I doubt whether she knew more than a few phrases in each, for all her pretence; and as for her embroidery and her drawing, she showed beautiful specimens, it is true, but *who did them?*

This obliges me to tell the truth, and to do so I must go back ever so far, and tell you about the FAIRY BLACKSTICK.

III.

TELLS WHO THE FAIRY BLACKSTICK WAS, AND WHO WERE EVER SO MANY GRAND PERSONAGES BESIDES.

BETWEEN the kingdoms of Paflagonia and Crim Tartary, there lived a mysterious personage, who was known in those countries as the Fairy Blackstick, from the ebony wand or crutch which she carried: on which she rode to the moon sometimes, or

upon other excursions of business or pleasure, and with which she performed her wonders.

When she was young, and had been first taught the art of conjuring, by the necromancer her father, she was always practising her skill, whizzing about from one kingdom to another upon her black stick, and conferring her fairy favors upon this prince or that. She had scores of royal godchildren; turned numberless wicked people into beasts, birds, millstones, clocks, pumps, bootjacks, umbrellas, or other absurd shapes; and, in a word, was one of the most active and officious of the whole college of fairies.

But after two or three thousand years of this sport, I suppose Blackstick grew tired of it. Or perhaps she thought, "What good am I doing by sending this princess to sleep for a hundred years? by fixing a black pudding on to that booby's nose? by causing diamonds and pearls to drop from one little girl's mouth, and vipers and toads from another's? I begin to think I do as much harm as good by my performances. I might as well shut my incantations up, and allow things to take their natural course.

"There were my two young goddaughters, King Savio's wife and Duke Padella's wife: I gave them each a present, which was to render them charming in the eyes of their husbands, and secure the affection of those gentlemen as long as they lived. What good did my Rose and my Ring do these two women? None on earth. From having all their whims indulged by their husbands, they became capricious, lazy, ill-humored, absurdly vain, and leered and languished, and fancied themselves irresistibly beautiful, when they were really quite old and hideous, the ridiculous creatures! They used actually to patronize me when I went to pay them a visit;—*me*, the Fairy Blackstick, who knows all the wisdom of the necromancers, and who could have turned them into baboons, and all their diamonds into strings of onions, by a single wave of my rod!" So she locked up her books in her cupboard, declined further magical performances, and scarcely used her wand at all except as a cane to walk about with.

So when Duke Padella's lady had a little son (the Duke was at that time only one of the principal noblemen in Crim Tartary), Blackstick, although invited to the christening, would not so much as attend; but merely sent her compliments and a silver papboat for the baby, which was really not worth a couple of guineas. About the same time the Queen of Paflagonia presented his Majesty with a son and heir; and guns were fired, the capital illuminated, and no end of feasts ordained to celebrate the young prince's birth. It was thought the Fairy, who was asked to be his godmother, would at least have presented him with an invisible jacket, a flying horse, a Fortunatus's purse, or some other valuable token of her favor; but instead, Blackstick went up to the cradle of the child Giglio, when everybody was admiring him and complimenting his royal papa and mamma, and said, "My poor child, the best thing I can send you is a little *misfortune;*" and this was all she would utter, to the disgust of Giglio's parents, who died very soon after; when Giglio's uncle took the throne, as we read in Chapter I.

In like manner, when CAVOLFIORE, King of Crim Tartary, had a christening of his only child, ROSALBA, the Fairy Blackstick, who had been invited, was not more gracious than in Prince Giglio's case. Whilst everybody was expatiating over the beauty of the darling child, and congratulating its parents, the Fairy Blackstick looked very sadly at the baby and its mother, and said, "My good woman" —(for the Fairy was very familiar, and no more minded a queen than a washerwoman)—"my good woman, these people who are following you will be the first to turn against you; and, as for this little lady, the best

thing I can wish her is a *little misfortune.*" So she touched Rosalba with her black wand, looked severely at the courtiers, motioned the Queen an adieu with her hand, and sailed slowly up into the air out of window.

When she was gone, the Court people, who had been awed and silent in her presence, began to speak. "What an odious Fairy she is," they said — "a pretty fairy, indeed! Why, she went to the King of Paflagonia's christening, and pretended to do all sorts of things for that family; and what has happened — the Prince her godson has been turned off his throne by his uncle. Would we allow our sweet Princess to be deprived of her rights by any enemy? Never, never, never, never!"

And they all shouted in a chorus. "Never, never, never, never!"

Now, I should like to know how did these fine courtiers show their fidelity? One of King Cavolfiore's vassals, the Duke Padella just mentioned, rebelled against the King, who went out to chastise his rebellious subject. "Any one rebel against our beloved and august Monarch!" cried the courtiers; "any one resist *him!* Pooh! He is invincible, irresistible. He will bring home Padella a prisoner, and tie him to a donkey's tail, and drive him round the town, saying, 'This is the way the great Cavolfiore treats rebels.'"

The King went forth to vanquish Padella; and the poor Queen, who was a very timid, anxious creature, grew so frightened and ill, that I am sorry to say she died; leaving injunctions with her ladies to take care of the dear little Rosalba. Of course they said they would. Of course they vowed they would die rather than any harm should happen to the Princess. At first the *Crim Tartar Court Journal* stated that the King was obtaining great victories over the audacious rebel: then it was announced that the troops of the infamous Padella were in flight: then it was said that the royal army would soon come up with the enemy, and then — then the news came that King Cavolfiore was vanquished and slain by his Majesty, King Padella the First!

At this news, half the courtiers ran off to pay their duty to the conquering chief, and the other half ran away, laying hands on all the best articles in the palace; and poor little Rosalba was left there quite alone — quite alone: she toddled from one room to another, crying, "Countess! Duchess!" (only she said "Tountess! Duttess!" not being able to speak plain) "bring me my mutton-sop; my Royal Highness hungy! Tountess! Duttess!" And she went from the private apartments into the throne-room, and nobody was there; — and thence into the ball-room, and nobody was there; — and thence into the pages' room, and nobody was there; — and she toddled down the great staircase into the hall, and nobody was there; — and the door was open, and she went into the court, and into the garden, and thence into the wilderness, and thence into the forest where the wild beasts live, and was never heard of any more!

A piece of her torn mantle and one of her shoes were found in the wood in the mouths of two lioness's cubs, whom KING PADELLA and a royal hunting-party shot — for he was King now, and reigned over Crim Tartary. "So the poor little Princess is done for," said he. "Well, what's done can't be helped. Gentlemen let us go to luncheon!" And one of the courtiers took up the shoe and put it in his pocket. And there was an end of Rosalba!

IV.

HOW BLACKSTICK WAS NOT ASKED TO THE PRINCESS ANGELICA'S CHRISTENING.

When the Princess Angelica was born, her parents not only did not ask

the Fairy Blackstick to the christening party, but gave orders to their porter, absolutely to refuse her if she called. This porter's name was Gruffanuff, and he had been selected for the post by their Royal Highnesses because he was a very tall, fierce man, who could say "Not at home" to a tradesman or an unwelcome visitor with a rudeness which frightened most such persons away. He was the husband of that countess whose picture we have just seen, and as long as they were together they quarrelled from morning till night. Now this fellow tried his rudeness once too often, as you shall hear. For the Fairy Blackstick coming to call upon the Prince and Princess, who were actually sitting at the open drawing-room window, Gruffanuff not only denied them, but made the most *odious vulgar sign* as he was going to slam the door in the Fairy's face! "Git away, hold Blackstick!" said he. "I tell you, Master and Missis ain't at home to you:" and he was, as we have said, *going* to slam the door.

But the Fairy, with her wand, prevented the door being shut; and Gruffanuff came out again in a fury, swearing in the most abominable way, and asking the Fairy "whether she thought he was agoing to stay at that there door hall day?"

"You *are* going to stay at that door all day and all night, and for many a long year," the Fairy said, very majestically; and Gruffanuff, coming out of the door, straddling before it with his great calves, burst out laughing, and cried "Ha, ha, ha! this *is* a good 'un! Ha — ah — what's this! Let me down — oh — h'm! and then he was dumb.

For, as the Fairy waved her wand over him, he felt himself rising off the ground and fluttering up against the door, and then, as if a screw ran into his stomach, he felt a dreadful pain there, and was pinned to the door; and then his arms flew up over his head; and his legs, after writhing about wildly, twisted under his body; and he felt cold, cold growing over him, as if he was turning into metal; and he said, "Oh — o — h'm!" and could say no more, because he was dumb.

He *was* turned into metal. He was from being *brazen, brass!* He was neither more nor less than a knocker. And there he was, nailed to the door, in the blazing summer day, till he burned almost red hot; and there he was, nailed to the door all the bitter winter nights, till his brass nose was dropping with icicles. And the postman came and rapped at him, and the vulgarest boy with a letter came and hit him up against the door. And the King and Queen (Princess and Prince they were then) coming home from a walk that evening, the King said, "Hullo, my dear! you have had a new knocker put on the door. Why, it's rather like our porter in the face. What has become of that boozy vagabond?" And the housemaid came and scrubbed his nose with sand-paper; and once when the Princess Angelica's little sister was born, he was tied up in an old kid glove; and another night, some *larking* young men tried to wrench him off, and put him to the most excruciating agony with a turnscrow. And then the Queen had a fancy to have the color of the door altered, and the painters dabbed him over the mouth and eyes, and nearly choked him, as they painted him pea-green. I warrant he had leisure to repent of having been rude to the Fairy Blackstick.

As for his wife, she did not miss him; and as he was always guzzling beer at the public house, and notoriously quarrelling with his wife and in debt to the tradesmen, it was supposed he had run away from all these evils, and emigrated to Australia or America. And when the Prince and Princess chose to become King and Queen, they left their old house, and nobody thought of the porter any more.

V.

HOW PRINCESS ANGELICA TOOK A LITTLE MAID.

ONE day, when the Princess Angelica was quite a little girl, she was walking in the garden of the palace, with Mrs. Gruffanuff, the governess, holding a parasol over her head, to keep her sweet complexion from the freckles, and Angelica was carrying a bun, to feed the swans and ducks in the royal pond.

They had not reached the duck-pond, when there came toddling up to them such a funny little girl. She had a great quantity of hair blowing about her chubby little cheeks, and looked as if she had not been washed or combed for ever so long. She wore a ragged bit of a cloak, and had only one shoe on.

"You little wretch, who let you in here?" asked Gruffanuff.

"Dive me dat bun," said the little girl, "me vely hungy."

"Hungry! what is that?" asked Princess Angelica, and gave the child the bun.

"O Princess!" says Gruffanuff, "how good, how kind, how truly angelical you are! See, your Majesties," she said to the King and Queen, who now came up, along with their nephew, Prince Giglio, "how kind the Princess is! She met this little dirty wretch in the garden — I can't tell how she came in here, or why the guards did not shoot her dead at the gate! — and the dear darling of a Princess has given her the whole of her bun!"

"I didn't want it," said Angelica.

"But you are a darling little angel all the same," says the governess.

"Yes; I know I am," said Angelica. "Dirty little girl, don't you think I am very pretty?" Indeed, she had on the finest of little dresses and hats; and, as her hair was carefully curled, she really looked very well.

"Oh, pooty, pooty!" says the little girl, capering about, laughing and dancing, and munching her bun; and as she ate it she began to sing, "Oh what fun to have a plum bun! how I wis it never was done!" At which and her funny accent, Angelica, Giglio, and the King and Queen began to laugh very merrily.

"I can dance as well as sing," says the little girl. "I can dance, and I can sing, and I can do all sorts of ting." And she ran to a flower-bed, and, pulling a few polyanthuses, rhododendrons, and other flowers, made herself a little wreath, and danced before the King and Queen so drolly and prettily, that everybody was delighted.

"Who was your mother — who were your relations, little girl?" said the Queen.

The little girl said, "Little lion was my brudder; great big lioness my mudder; neber heard of any udder." And she capered away on her one shoe, and everybody was exceedingly diverted.

So Angelica said to the Queen, "Mamma, my parrot flew away yesterday out of its cage, and I don't care any more for any of my toys; and I think this funny little dirty child will amuse me. I will take her home, and give her some of my old frocks ——"

"Oh, the generous darling!" says Gruffanuff.

"— Which I have worn ever so many times, and am quite tired of," Angelica went on; "and she shall be my little maid. Will you come home with me, little dirty girl?"

The child clapped her hands and said, "Go home with you — yes! You pooty Princess! Have a nice dinner, and wear a new dress!"

And they all laughed again, and took home the child to the palace; where, when she was washed and combed, and had one of the Princess's frocks given to her, she looked as handsome as Angelica, almost. Not that Angelica ever thought so; for this little lady never imagined that anybody in the world could be as

pretty, as good, or as clever as herself. In order that the little girl should not become too proud and conceited, Mrs. Gruffanuff took her old ragged mantle and one shoe, and put them into a glass box, with a card laid upon them, upon which was written, "These were the old clothes in which little BETSINDA was found when the great goodness and admirable kindness of her Royal Highness the Princess Angelica received this little outcast." And the date was added, and the box locked up.

For a while little Betsinda was a great favorite with the Princess, and she danced, and sang, and made her little rhymes, to amuse her mistress. But then the Princess got a monkey, and afterwards a little dog, and afterwards a doll, and did not care for Betsinda any more, who became very melancholy and quiet, and sang no more funny songs, because nobody cared to hear her. And then, as she grew older, she was made a little lady's-maid to the Princess; and though she had no wages, she worked and mended, and put Angelica's hair in papers, and was never cross when scolded, and was always eager to please her mistress, and was always up early and to bed late, and at hand when wanted, and in fact became a perfect little maid. So the two girls grew up, and, when the Princess came out, Betsinda was never tired of waiting on her; and made her dresses better than the best milliner, and was useful in a hundred ways. Whilst the Princess was having her masters, Betsinda would sit and watch them; and in this way she picked up a great deal of learning; for she was always awake, though her mistress was not, and listened to the wise professors when Angelica was yawning or thinking of the next ball. And when the dancing-master came, Betsinda learned along with Angelica; and when the music-master came, she watched him, and practised the Princess's pieces when Angelica was away at balls and parties; and when the drawing-master came, she took note of all he said and did; and the same with French, Italian, and all other languages — she learned them from the teachers who came to Angelica. When the Princess was going out of an evening she would say, "My good Betsinda, you may as well finish what I have begun." "Yes, Miss," Betsinda would say, and sit down very cheerful, not to *finish* what Angelica began, but to *do* it.

For instance, the Princess would begin a head of a warrior, let us say, and when it was begun it was something like this [sketch]:

But when it was done, the warrior was like this [drawing]: (only handsomer still if possible,) and the Princess put her name to the drawing; and the Court and King and Queen, and above all poor Giglio, admired the pictures of all things, and said, "Was there ever a genius like Angelica?" So, I am sorry to say, was it with the Princess's embroidery and other accomplishments; and Angelica actually believed that she did these things herself, and received all the flattery of the Court as if every word of it was true. Thus she began to think that there was no young woman in all the world equal to herself, and that no young man was good enough for her. As for Betsinda, as she heard none of these praises, she was not puffed up by them, and being a most grateful, good-natured girl, she was only too anxious to do every thing which might give her mistress pleasure. Now you begin to perceive that Angelica had faults of her own, and was by no means such a wonder of wonders as people represented her Royal Highness to be.

VI.

HOW PRINCE GIGLIO BEHAVED HIMSELF.

AND now let us speak about Prince Giglio, the nephew of the reigning

monarch of Paflagonia. It has already been stated in Chapter ii., that as long as he had a good coat to wear, a good horse to ride, and money in his pocket — or rather to take out of his pocket, for he was very good-natured — my young Prince did not care for the loss of his crown and sceptre, being a thoughtless youth, not much inclined to politics or any kind of learning. So his tutor had a sinecure. Giglio would not learn classics or mathematics, and the Lord Chancellor of Paflagonia, SQUARETOSO, pulled a very long face because the Prince could not be got to study the Paflagonian laws and constitution; but, on the other hand, the King's gamekeepers and huntsmen found the Prince an apt pupil; the dancing master pronounced that he was a most elegant and assiduous scholar; the First Lord of the Billiard Table gave the most flattering reports of the Prince's skill; so did the Groom of the Tennis Court; and as for the Captain of the Guard and Fencing-master, the *valiant* and *veteran* Count KUTASOFF HEDZOFF he avowed that since he ran the General of Crim Tartary, the dreadful Grumbuskin, through the body, he never had encountered so expert a swordsman as Prince Giglio.

I hope you do not imagine that there was any impropriety in the Prince and Princess walking together in the palace garden, and because Giglio kissed Angelica's hand in a polite manner. In the first place they are cousins; next, the Queen is walking in the garden too (you cannot see her, for she happens to be behind that tree), and her Majesty always wished that Angelica and Giglio should marry; so did Giglio; so did Angelica sometimes, for she thought her cousin very handsome, brave, and good natured: but then you know she was so clever and knew so many things, and poor Giglio knew nothing, and had no conversation. When they looked at the stars, what did Giglo know of the heavenly bodies? Once, when on a sweet night in a balcony where they were standing, Angelica said, "There is the Bear" — "Where?" says Giglio. "Don't be afraid, Angelica! if a dozen bears come, I will kill them rather than they shall hurt you." "Oh, you silly creature!" says she: "you are very good, but you are not very wise." When they looked at the flowers, Giglio was utterly unacquainted with botany, and had never heard of Linnæus. When the butterflies passed, Giglio knew nothing about them, being as ignorant of entomology as I am of algebra. So you see, Angelica, though she liked Giglio pretty well, despised him on account of his ignorance. I think she probably valued *her own learning* rather too much; but to think too well of one's self is the fault of people of all ages and both sexes. Finally, when nobody else was there, Angelica liked her cousin well enough.

King Valoroso was very delicate in health, and withal so fond of good dinners (which were prepared for him by his French cook, Marmitonio), that it was supposed he could not live long. Now the idea of any thing happening to the King struck the artful Prime Minister and the designing old lady-in-waiting with terror. For, thought Glumboso and the Countess, "when Prince Giglio marries his cousin and comes to the throne, what a pretty position we shall be in, whom he dislikes, and who have always been unkind to him. We shall lose our places in a trice; Gruffanuff will have to give up all the jewels, laces, snuff-boxes, rings, and watches which belonged to the Queen, Giglio's mother; and Glumboso will be forced to refund two hundred and seventeen thousand millions, nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-nine pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence halfpenny, money left to Prince Giglio by his poor dear father." So the Lady of Honor and the Prime Minister hated Giglio because they had done him a wrong; and these unprincipled people invented a hundred cruel stories about poor

Giglio, in order to influence the King, Queen, and Princess against him: how he was so ignorant that he could not spell the commonest words, and actually wrote Valoroso Valloroso, and spelt Angelica with two *l*'s; how he drank a great deal too much wine at dinner, and was always idling in the stables with the grooms; how he owed ever so much money at the pastrycook's and the haberdasher's; how he used to go to sleep at church; how he was fond of playing cards with the pages. So did the Queen like playing cards; so did the King go to sleep at church, and eat and drink too much; and, if Giglio owed a trifle for tarts, who owed him two hundred and seventeen thousand millions, nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-nine pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence halfpenny, I should like to know? Detractors and tale-bearers (in my humble opinion) had much better look at *home*. All this backbiting and slandering had effect upon Princess Angelica, who began to look coldly on her cousin, then to laugh at him and scorn him for being so stupid, then to sneer at him for having vulgar associates; and at Court balls, dinners, and so forth, to treat him so unkindly that poor Giglio became quite ill, took to his bed, and sent for the doctor.

His Majesty King Valoroso, as we have seen, had his own reasons for disliking his nephew; and as for those innocent readers who ask why? — I beg (with the permission of their dear parents) to refer them to Shakspeare's pages, where they will read why King John disliked Prince Arthur. With the Queen, his royal but weak-minded aunt, when Giglio was out of sight he was out of mind. While she had her whist and her evening-parties, she cared for little else.

I dare say *two villains*, who shall be nameless, wished Doctor Pildrafto, the Court Physician, had killed Giglio right out, but he only bled and physicked him so severely, that the Prince was kept to his room for several months, and grew as thin as a post.

Whilst he was lying sick in this way, there came to the Court of Paflagonia a famous painter, whose name was Tomaso Lorenzo, and who was Painter in Ordinary to the King of Crim Tartary, Paflagonia's neighbor. Tomaso Lorenzo painted all the Court, who were delighted with his works; for even Countess Gruffanuff looked young and Glumboso good-humored in his pictures. "He flatters very much," some people said. "Nay!" says Princess Angelica, "I am above flattery, and I think he did not make my picture handsome enough. I can't bear to hear a man of genius unjustly cried down, and I hope my dear papa will make Lorenzo a knight of his Order of the Cucumber."

The Princess Angelica, although the courtiers vowed her Royal Highness could draw so *beautifully* that the idea of her taking lessons was absurd, yet chose to have Lorenzo for a teacher, and it was wonderful, *as long as she painted in his studio*, what beautiful pictures she made! Some of the performances were engraved for the "Book of Beauty:" others were sold for enormous sums at Charity Bazaars. She wrote the *signatures* under the drawings no doubt, but I think I know who did the pictures — this artful painter, who had come with other designs on Angelica than merely to teach her to draw.

One day Lorenzo showed the Princess a portrait of a young man in armor, with fair hair and the loveliest blue eyes, and an expression at once melancholy and interesting.

"Dear Signor Lorenzo, who is this?" asked the Princess, "I never saw any one so handsome," says Countess Gruffanuff (the old humbug).

"That," said the Painter, "that, madam, is the portrait of my august young master, his Royal Highness

Bulbo, Crown Prince of Crim Tartary, Duke of Acroceraunia, Marquis of Poluphloisboio, and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Pumpkin. That is the Order of the Pumpkin glittering on his manly breast, and received by his Royal Highness from his august father, his Majesty, King PADELLA I., for his gallantry at the battle of Rimbombamento, when he slew with his own princely hand the King of Ograria and two hundred and eleven giants of the two hundred and eighteen who formed the King's body guard. The remainder were destroyed by the brave Crim Tartar army after an obstinate combat, in which the Crim Tartars suffered severely."

"What a Prince!" thought Angelica: "so brave, so calm-looking — so young — what a hero!"

"He is as accomplished as he is brave," continued the Court Painter. "He knows all languages perfectly: sings deliciously: plays every instrument: composes operas which have been acted a thousand nights running at the Imperial Theatre of Crim Tartary, and danced in a ballet there before the King and Queen; in which he looked so beautiful, that his cousin, the lovely daughter of the King of Circassia, died for love of him."

"Why did he not marry the poor Princess?" asked Angelica with a sigh.

"Because they were *first cousins*, madam, and the clergy forbid these unions," said the Painter. "And, besides, the young Prince had given his royal heart *elsewhere*."

"And to whom?" asked her Royal Highness.

"I am not at liberty to mention the Princess's name," answered the Painter.

"But you may tell me the first letter of it," gasped out the Princess.

"That your Royal Highness is at liberty to guess," says Lorenzo.

"Does it begin with a Z?" asked Angelica.

The Painter said it wasn't a Z; then she tried a Y; then an X; then a W; and went so backwards through almost the whole alphabet.

When she came to D, and it wasn't D, she grew very much excited; when she came to C, and it wasn't C, she was still more nervous; when she came to B, *and it wasn't B*, "O dearest Gruffanuff!" she said "lend me your smelling bottle!" and, hiding her head in the Countess's shoulder, she faintly whispered, "Ah, Signor, can it be A?"

"It was A; and though I may not, by my Royal Master's orders, tell your Royal Highness the Princess's name, whom he fondly, madly, devotedly, rapturously loves, I may show you her portrait," says the slyboots: and leading the Princess up to a gilt frame, he drew a curtain which was before it.

O goodness! the frame contained A LOOKING-GLASS! and Angelica saw her own face!

VII.

HOW GIGLIO AND ANGELICA HAD A QUARREL.

THE Court Painter of his Majesty the King of Crim Tartary, returned to that monarch's dominions, carrying away a number of sketches which he had made in the Paflagonian capital (you know of course, my dears, that the name of that capital is Blombodinga); but the most charming of all his pieces was a portrait of the Princess Angelica, which all the Crim Tartar nobles came to see. With this work the King was so delighted, that he decorated the Painter with his order of the Pumpkin (sixth class), and the artist became Sir Tomaso Lorenzo, K. P. thenceforth.

King Valoroso also sent Sir Tomaso his Order of the Cucumber, besides a handsome order for money; for he painted the King, Queen and prin-

cipal nobility while at Blombodinga, and became all the fashion, to the perfect rage of all the artists in Patagonia, where the King used to point to the portrait of Prince Bulbo, which Sir Tomaso had left behind him, and say, "Which among you can paint a picture like that?"

It hung in the royal parlor over the royal sideboard, and Princess Angelica could always look at it as she sat making the tea. Each day it seemed to grow handsomer and handsomer, and the Princess grew so fond of looking at it, that she would often spill the tea over the cloth, at which her father and mother would wink and wag their heads; and say to each other, "Aha! we see how things are going."

In the mean while poor Giglio lay up stairs very sick in his chamber, though he took all the Doctor's horrible medicines like a good young lad: as I hope *you* do, my dears, when you are ill, and mamma sends for the medical man. And the only person who visited Giglio (besides his friend the Captain of the Guard, who was almost always busy or on parade) was little Betsinda, the housemaid, who used to do his bed-room and sitting-room out, bring him his gruel, and warm his bed.

When the little housemaid came to him in the morning and evening, Prince Giglio used to say, "Betsinda, Betsinda, how is the Princess Angelica?"

And Betsinda used to answer, "The Princess is very well, thank you, my lord." And Giglio would heave a sigh, and think, "If Angelica were sick, I am sure *I* should not be very well."

Then Giglio would say, "Betsinda, has the Princess Angelica asked for me to-day?" And Betsinda would answer, "No, my lord, not to-day;" or, "She was very busy practising the piano when I saw her;" or, "She was writing invitations for an evening-party, and did not speak to me;" or make some excuse or other, not strictly consonant with truth: for Betsinda was such a good-natured creature, that she strove to do every thing to prevent annoyance to Prince Giglio, and even brought him up roast-chicken and jellies from the kitchen (when the Doctor allowed them, and Giglio was getting better), saying "that the Princess had made the jelly, or the bread-sauce, with her own hands, on purpose for Giglio."

When Giglio heard this he took heart, and began to mend immediately; and gobbled up all the jelly, and picked the last bone of the chicken — drumsticks, merry-thought, side's-bones, back, pope's-nose, and all — thanking his dear Angelica: and he felt so much better the next day, that he dressed and went down stairs — where whom should he meet but Angelica going into the drawing-room? All the covers were off the chairs, the chandeliers taken out of the bags, the damask curtains uncovered, the work and things carried away, and the handsomest albums on the tables. Angelica had her hair in papers. In a word, it was evident there was going to be a party.

"Heavens, Giglio!" cries Angelica: "*you* here in such a dress! What a figure you are!"

"Yes, dear Angelica, I am come down stairs, and feel so well to-day, thanks to the *fowl* and the *jelly*."

"What do I know about fowls and jellies, that you allude to them in that rude way?" says Angelica.

"Why, didn't — didn't you send them, Angelica dear?" says Giglio.

"I send them indeed! Angelica dear! No, Giglio dear," says she, mocking him. "*I* was engaged in getting the rooms ready for his Royal Highness the Prince of Crim Tartary, who is coming to pay my papa's court a visit."

"The — Prince — of — Crim — Tartary!" Giglio said, aghast.

"Yes, the Prince of Crim Tartary," says Angelica, mocking him "I dare say you never heard of such a country. What *did* you ever hear

of? You don't know whether Crim Tartary is on the Red Sea or on the Black Sea, I dare say."

"Yes, I do: it's on the Red Sea," says Giglio; at which the Princess burst out laughing at him, and said, "O you ninny! You are so ignorant, you are really not fit for society! You know nothing but about horses and dogs, and are only fit to dine in a mess-room with my Royal Father's heaviest dragoons. Don't look so surprised at me, sir: go and put your best clothes on to receive the Prince, and let me get the drawing-room ready."

Giglio said, "O Angelica, Angelica, I didn't think this of you. *This* wasn't your language to me when you gave me this ring, and I gave you mine in the garden, and you gave me that k—"

But what k— was we never shall know, for Angelica, in a rage, cried, "Get out, you saucy, rude creature! How dare you to remind me of your rudeness? As for your little trumpery twopenny ring, there, sir,—there!" And she flung it out of the window.

"It was my mother's marriage-ring," cried Giglio.

"*I* don't care whose marriage-ring it was," cries Angelica. "Marry the person who picks it up if she's a woman; you shan't marry *me*. And give me back *my* ring. I've no patience with people who boast about the things they give away! *I* know who'll give me much finer things than you ever gave me. A beggarly ring indeed, not worth five shillings!"

Now Angelica little knew that the ring which Giglio had given her was a fairy ring; if a man wore it, it made all the women in love with him; if a woman, all the gentlemen. The Queen, Giglio's mother, quite an ordinary-looking person, was admired immensely whilst she wore this ring, and her husband was frantic when she was ill. But when she called her little Giglio to her, and put the ring on his finger, King Savio did not seem to care for his wife so much any more, but transferred all his love to little Giglio. So did everybody love him as long as he had the ring; but when, as quite a child, he gave it to Angelica, people began to love and admire *her;* and Giglio, as the saying is, played only second fiddle.

"Yes," says Angelica, going on in her foolish, ungrateful way, "*I* know who'll give me much finer things than your beggarly little pearl nonsense."

"Very good, miss! You may take back your ring, too!" says Giglio, his eyes flashing fire at her; and then, as if his eyes had been suddenly opened, he cried out, "Ha! what does this mean? Is *this* the woman I have been in love with all my life? Have I been such a ninny as to throw away my regard upon *you*? Why—actually—yes, you are a little crooked!"

"O you wretch!" cries Angelica.

"And, upon my conscience, you—you squint a little."

"Eh!" cries Angelica.

"And your hair is red—and you are marked with the small-pox—and what? you have three false teeth—and one leg shorter than the other!"

"You brute, you brute, you!" Angelica screamed out: and as she seized the ring with one hand, she dealt Giglio one, two, three smacks on the face, and would have pulled the hair off his head had he not started laughing, and crying.

"Oh, dear me, Angelica! don't pull out *my* hair, it hurts! You might remove a great deal of *your own*, as I perceive, without scissors or pulling at all. Oh, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha! he, he, he!"

And he nearly choked himself with laughing, and she with rage; when, with a low bow, and dressed in his Court habit, Count Gambabella, the first lord-in-waiting, entered and said, "Royal Highnesses! Their Majesties expect you in the Pink Throne-room, where they await the

arrival of the Prince of CRIM TARTARY."

VIII.

HOW GRUFFANUFF PICKED THE FAIRY RING UP, AND PRINCE BULBO CAME TO COURT.

PRINCE BULBO'S arrival had set all the Court in a flutter: everybody was ordered to put his or her best clothes on: the footmen had their gala liveries; the Lord Chancellor his new wig; the Guards their last new tunics; and Countess Gruffanuff, you may be sure, was glad of an opportunity of decorating *her* old person with her finest things. She was walking through the court of the Palace on her way to wait upon their Majesties, when she spied something glittering on the pavement, and bade the boy in buttons, who was holding up her train, to go and pick up the article shining yonder. He was an ugly little wretch, in some of the late groom-porter's old clothes cut down, and much too tight for him; and yet, when he had taken up the ring (as it turned out to be), and was carrying it to his mistress, she thought he looked like a little Cupid. He gave the ring to her; it was a trumpery little thing enough, but too small for any of her old knuckles, so she put it into her pocket.

"O mum!" says the boy, looking at her, how — how beyoutiful you do look, mum, to-day, mum!"

"And you, too, Jacky," she was going to say; but, looking down at him — no, he was no longer good-looking at all — but only the carroty-haired little Jacky of the morning. However, praise is welcome from the ugliest of men or boys, and Gruffanuff, bidding the boy hold up her train, walked on in high good-humor. The Guards saluted her with peculiar respect. Captain Hedzoff, in the ante-room, said, "My dear madam, you look like an angel to-day." And so, bowing and smirking, Gruffanuff went in and took her place behind her royal Master and Mistress, who were in the throne-room, awaiting the Prince of Crim Tartary. Princess Angelica sat at their feet, and behind the King's chair stood Prince Giglio, looking very savage.

The Prince of Crim Tartary made his appearance, attended by Baron Sleibootz, his chamberlain, and followed by a black page, carrying the most beautiful crown you ever saw! He was dressed in his travelling costume, and his hair, as you see, was a little in disorder. "I have ridden three hundred miles since breakfast," said he, "so eager was I to behold the Prin — the Court and august family of Paflagonia, and I could not wait one minute before appearing in your Majesties' presences."

Giglio, from behind the throne, bust out into a roar of contemptuous laughter; but all the Royal party, in fact, were so flurried, that they did not hear this little outbreak. "Your R. H. is welcome in any dress," says the King. "Glumboso, a chair for his Royal Highness."

"Any dress his Royal Highness wears *is* a Court-dress," says Princess Angelica, smiling graciously.

"Ah! but you should see my other clothes," said the Prince. "I should have had them on, but that stupid carrier has not brought them. Who's that laughing?"

It was Giglio laughing. "I was laughing," he said, "because you said just now that you were in such a hurry to see the Princess, that you could not wait to change your dress; and now you say you come in those clothes because you have no others."

"And who are you?" says Prince Bulbo, very fiercely.

"My father was King of this country, and I am his only son, Prince!" replies Giglio, with equal haughtiness.

"Ha!" said the King and Glumboso, looking very flurried; but the

His R. H. the Prince of Crim Tartary.

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former, collecting himself, said, "Dear Prince Bulbo, I forgot to introduce to your Royal Highness my dear nephew, his Royal Highness Prince Giglio! Know each other! Embrace each other! Giglio, give his Royal Highness your hand!" And Giglio, giving his hand, squeezed poor Bulbo's until the tears ran out of his eyes. Glumboso now brought a chair for the Royal visitor, and placed it on the platform on which the King, Queen, and Prince were seated; but the chair was on the edge of the platform, and as Bulbo sat down, it toppled over, and he with it, rolling over and over, and bellowing like a bull. Giglio roared still louder at this disaster, but it was with laughter; so did all the Court when Prince Bulbo got up; for though when he entered the room he appeared not very ridiculous, as he stood up from his fall, for a moment, he looked so exceedingly plain and foolish that nobody could help laughing at him. When he had entered the room, he was observed to carry a rose in his hand, which fell out of it as he tumbled.

"My rose! my rose!" cried Bulbo; and his chamberlain dashed forwards and picked it up, and gave it to the Prince, who put it in his waistcoat. Then people wondered why they had laughed; there was nothing particularly ridiculous in him. He was rather short, rather stout, rather red-haired, but, in fine, for a prince not so bad.

So they sat and talked, the royal personages together, the Crim Tartar officers with those of Paflagonia — Giglio very comfortable with Gruffanuff behind the throne. He looked at her with such tender eyes, that her heart was all in a flutter. "O dear Prince," she said, "how could you speak so haughtily in presence of their Majesties? I protest I thought I should have fainted."

"I should have caught you in my arms," said Giglio, looking raptures.

"Why were you so cruel to Prince Bulbo, dear Prince?" says Gruff.

"Because I hate him," says Gil.

"You are jealous of him, and still love poor Angelica," cries Gruffanuff, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I did, but I love her no more!" Giglio cried. "I despise her! Were she heiress to twenty thousand thrones, I would despise her and scorn her. But why speak of thrones? I have lost mine. I am too weak to recover it — I am alone, and have no friend."

"Oh, say not so, dear Prince!" says Gruffanuff.

"Besides," says he, "I am so happy here *behind the throne*, that I would not change my place, no, not for the throne of the world!"

"What are you two people chattering about there?" says the Queen, who was rather good-natured, though not overburdened with wisdom. "It is time to dress for dinner. Giglio, show Prince Bulbo to his room. Prince, if your clothes have not come, we shall be very happy to see you as you are." But when Prince Bulbo got to his bed-room, his luggage was there and unpacked; and the hairdresser coming in, cut and curled him entirely to his own satisfaction; and when the dinner-bell rang, the royal company had not to wait above five-and-twenty minutes until Bulbo appeared, during which time the King, who could not bear to wait, grew as sulky as possible. As for Giglio, he never left Madam Gruffanuff all this time, but stood with her in the embrasure of a window, paying her compliments. At length the groom of the chambers announced his Royal Highness the Prince of Crim Tartary! and the noble company went into the royal dining-room. It was quite a small party; only the King and Queen, the Princess, whom Bulbo took out, the two Princes, Countess Gruffanuff, Glumboso the Prime Minister, and Prince Bulbo's chamberlain. You may be sure they had a very good dinner — let every boy or girl think

of what he or she likes best, and fancy it on the table.*

The Princess talked incessantly all dinner-time to the Prince of Crimea, who ate an immense deal too much, and never took his eyes off his plate, except when Giglio, who was carving a goose, sent a quantity of stuffing and onion-sauce into one of them. Giglio only burst out a-laughing as the Crimean Prince wiped his shirt-front and face with his scented pocket-handkerchief. He did not make Prince Bulbo any apology. When the Prince looked at him, Giglio would not look that way. When Prince Bulbo said, "Prince Giglio, may I have the honor of taking a glass of wine with you?" Giglio *wouldn't* answer. All his talk and his eyes were for Countess Gruffanuff, who, you may be sure, was pleased with Giglio's attentions — the vain old creature! When he was not complimenting her, he was making fun of Prince Bulbo, so loud that Gruffanuff was always tapping him with her fan and saying, "O you satirical Prince! Oh, fie, the Prince will hear!" "Well, I don't mind," says Giglio, louder still. The King and Queen luckily did not hear; for her Majesty was a little deaf, and the King thought so much about his own dinner, and, besides, made such a dreadful noise, hobgobbling in eating it, that he heard nothing else. After dinner, his Majesty and the Queen went to sleep in their arm-chairs.

This was the time when Giglio began his tricks with Prince Bulbo, plying that young gentleman with port, sherry, madeira, champagne, marsala, cherry-brandy and pale ale, of all of which Master Bulbo drank without stint. But in plying his guest, Giglio was obliged to drink himself, and I am sorry to say, took more than was good for him, so that the young men were very noisy, rude, and foolish when they joined the ladies after dinner; and dearly did they pay for that imprudence, as now, my darlings, you shall hear!

Bulbo went and sat by the piano, where Angelica was playing and singing, and he sang out of tune, and he upset the coffee when the footman brought it, and he laughed out of place, and talked absurdly, and fell asleep and snored horridly. Booh, the nasty pig! But as he lay there stretched on the pink satin sofa, Angelica still persisted in thinking him the most beautiful of human beings. No doubt the magic rose which Bulbo wore caused this infatuation on Angelica's part; but is she the first young woman who has thought a silly fellow charming?

Giglio must go and sit by Gruffanuff, whose old face he, too, every moment began to find more lovely. He paid the most outrageous compliments to her: — There never was such a darling. Older than he was? — Fiddle-de-dee! He would marry her — he would, having nothing but her!

To marry the heir to the throne! Here was a chance! The artful hussy actually got a sheet of paper and wrote upon it, "This is to give notice that I, Giglio, only son of Savio, King of Paflagonia, hereby promise to marry the charming and virtuous Barbara Griselda Countess Gruffanuff, and widow of the late Jenkins Gruffanuff, Esq."

"What is it you are writing, you charming Gruffy?" says Giglio, who was lolling on the sofa by the writing-table.

"Only an order for you to sign, dear Prince, for giving coals and blankets to the poor, this cold weather. Look! the King and Queen are both asleep, and your Royal Highness's order will do."

So Giglio, who was very good-natured, as Gruffy well knew, signed the order immediately; and, when she had it in her pocket, you may fancy what airs she gave herself. She was ready to flounce out of the room

* Here a very pretty game may be played by all the children saying what they like best for dinner.

before the Queen herself, as now she was the wife of the *rightful* King of Paflagonia! She would not speak to Glumboso, whom she thought a brute, for depriving her *dear husband* of the crown! And when candles came, and she had helped to undress the Queen and Princess, she went into her own room, and actually practised, on a sheet of paper, "Griselda Paflagonia," "Barbara Regina," "Griselda Barbara, Paf. Reg.," and I don't know what signatures besides, against the day when she should be Queen forsooth!

IX.

HOW BETSINDA GOT THE WARMING-PAN.

Little Betsinda came in to put Gruffanuff's hair in papers; and the Countess was so pleased, that, for a wonder, she complimented Betsinda. "Betsinda!" she said, "you dressed my hair very nicely to-day; I promised you a little present. Here are five sh— no, here is a pretty little ring that I picked — that I have had some time." And she gave Betsinda the ring she had picked up in the court. It fitted Betsinda exactly.

"It's like the ring the Princess used to wear," says the maid.

"No such thing," says Gruffanuff; "I have had it this ever so long. There—tuck me up quitecomfortable; and now, as it's a very cold night" (the snow was beating in at the window), "you may go and warm dear Prince Giglio's bed like a good girl, and then you may unrip my green silk, and then you can just do me up a little cap for the morning, and then you can mend that hole in my silk stocking, and then you can go to bed, Betsinda. Mind, I shall want my cup of tea at five o'clock in the morning."

"I suppose I had best warm both the young gentlemen's beds, ma'am?" says Betsinda.

Gruffanuff, for reply, said, "Hau-au-hoo! — Grau-haw-hoo! — Honghrhoo!" in fact, she was snoring sound asleep.

Her room, you know, is next to the King and Queen, and the Princess is next to them. So pretty Betsinda went away for the coals to the kitchen and filled the royal warming-pan.

Now she was a very kind, merry, civil, pretty girl; but there must have been something very captivating about her this evening, for all the women in the servants'-hall began to scold and abuse her. The housekeeper said she was a pert, stuck-up-thing: the upper-housemaid asked, how dare she wear such ringlets and ribbons, it was quite improper! The cook (for there was a woman-cook as well as a man-cook) said to the kitchen-maid that *she* never could see any thing in that creetur: but as for the men, every one of them, Coachman, John, Buttons the page, and Monsieur the Prince of Crim Tartary's valet, started up and said —

"My eyes!" "O mussoy!" "O jemmany!" "O ciel!" "what a pretty girl Betsinda is!"

"Hands off; none of your impertinence, you vulgar, low people!" says Betsinda, walking off with her pan of coals. She heard the young gentlemen playing at billiards as she went up stairs: first to Prince Giglio's bed, which she warmed, and then to Prince Bulbo's room.

He came in just as she had done; and as soon as he saw her, "O! O! O! O! O! O! what a beyou—oo—ootiful creature you are! You angel — you Peri — you rosebud, let me be thy bulbul — thy Bulbo, too! Fly to the desert, fly with me! I never saw a young gazelle to glad me with its dark blue eye that had eyes like thine. Thou nymph of beauty, take, take this young heart. A truer never did itself sustain within a soldier's waistcoat. Be mine! Be mine! Be Princess of Crim Tartary! My Royal Father will approve our

union: and as for that little carroty-haired Angelica, I do not care a fig for her any more."

"Go away, your Royal Highness, and go to bed, please," said Betsinda, with the warming-pan.

But Bulbo said, "No, never, till thou swearest to be mine, thou lovely, blushing, chambermaid divine! Here, at thy feet, the Royal Bulbo lies, the trembling captive of Betsinda's eyes."

And he went on, making himself so *absurd and ridiculous*, that Betsinda, who was full of fun, gave him a touch with the warming-pan, which, I promise you, made him cry "O-o-o-o!" in a very different manner.

Prince Bulbo made such a noise that Prince Giglio, who heard him from the next room, came in to see what was the matter. As soon as he saw what was taking place, Giglio, in a fury, rushed on Bulbo, kicked him in the rudest manner up to the ceiling, and went on kicking him till his hair was quite out of curl.

Poor Betsinda did not know whether to laugh or to cry; the kicking certainly must hurt the Prince, but then he looked so droll! When Giglio had done knocking him up and down to the ground, and whilst he went into a corner rubbing himself, what do you think Giglio does? He goes down on his own knees to Betsinda, takes her hand, begs her to accept his heart, and offers to marry her that moment. Fancy Betsinda's condition, who had been in love with the Prince ever since she first saw him in the palace garden, when she was quite a little child.

"O divine Betsinda!" says the Prince, "how have I lived fifteen years in thy company without seeing thy perfections? What woman in all Europe, Asia, Africa, and America — nay, in Australia, only it is not yet discovered — can presume to be thy equal? Angelica? Pish! Gruffanuff? Phoo! The Queen? Ha, ha! Thou art my queen. Thou art the real Angelica, because thou art really angelic."

"O Prince! I am but a poor chambermaid," says Betsinda, looking, however, very much pleased.

"Didst thou not tend me in my sickness, when all forsook me?" continues Giglio. "Did not thy gentle hand smooth my pillow, and bring me jelly and roast-chicken?"

"Yes, dear Prince, I did," says Betsinda, "and I sewed your Royal Highness's shirt-buttons on too, if you please, your Royal Highness," cries this artless maiden.

When poor Prince Bulbo, who was now madly in love with Betsinda, heard this declaration, when he saw the unmistakable glances which she flung upon Giglio, Bulbo began to cry bitterly, and tore quantities of hair out of his head, till it all covered the room like so much tow.

Betsinda had left the warming-pan on the floor while the Princes were going on with their conversation, and as they began now to quarrel and be very fierce with one another, she thought proper to run away.

"You great big blubbering booby, tearing your hair in the corner there! of course you will give me satisfaction for insulting Betsinda. *You* dare to kneel down at Princess Giglio's knees and kiss her hand!"

"She's not Princess Giglio!" roars out Bulbo. "She shall be Princess Bulbo, no other shall be Princess Bulbo."

"You are engaged to my cousin!" bellows out Giglio.

"I hate your cousin," says Bulbo.

"You shall give me satisfaction for insulting her!" cries Giglio in a fury.

"I'll have your life."

"I'll run you through."

"I'll cut your throat."

"I'll blow your brains out."

"I'll knock your head off."

"I'll send a friend to you in the morning."

"I'll send a bullet into you in the afternoon."

"We'll meet again," says Giglio, shaking his fist in Bulbo's face; and

THE RIVALS.

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seizing up the warming-pan, he kissed it, because, forsooth, Betsinda had carried it, and rushed down stairs. What should he see on the landing but his Majesty talking to Betsinda, whom he called by all sorts of fond names. His Majesty had heard a row in the building, so he stated, and smelling something burning, had come out to see what the matter was.

"It's the young gentlemen smoking, perhaps, sir," says Betsinda.

"Charming chambermaid," says the King (like all the rest of them), "never mind the young men! Turn thy eyes on a middle-aged autocrat, who has been considered not ill-looking in his time."

"O sir! what will her Majesty say?" cries Betsinda.

"Her Majesty!" laughs the monarch. "Her Majesty be hanged! Am I not Autocrat of Paflagonia? Have I not blocks, ropes, axes, hangmen — ha? Runs not a river by my palace wall? Have I not sacks to sew up wives withal? Say but the word, that thou wilt be mine own, — your mistress straightway in a sack is sewn, and thou the sharer of my heart and throne."

When Giglio heard these atrocious sentiments, he forgot the respect usually paid to Royalty, lifted up the warming-pan, and knocked down the King as flat as a pancake; after which, Master Giglio took to his heels and ran away, and Betsinda went off screaming, and the Queen, Gruffanuff, and the Princess, all came out of their rooms. Fancy their feelings on beholding their husband, father, sovereign, in this posture!

X.

HOW KING VALOROSO WAS IN A DREADFUL PASSION.

As soon as the coals began to burn him, the King came to himself and stood up. "Ho! my Captain of the guards!" his Majesty exclaimed, stamping his royal feet with rage. O piteous spectacle! the King's nose was bent quite crooked by the blow of Prince Giglio! His majesty ground his teeth with rage. "Hedzoff," he said, taking a death-warrant out of his dressing-gown pocket, — "Hedzoff, good Hedzoff, seize upon the Prince. Thou'lt find him in his chamber two pair up. But now he dared, with sacrilegious hand, to strike the sacred nightcap of a king — Hedzoff, and floor me with a warming-pan! Away, no more demur, the villain dies! See it be done, or else — h'm! — ha! — h'm! mind thine own eyes!" And followed by the ladies, and lifting up the tails of his dressing-gown, the King entered his own apartment.

Captain Hedzoff was very much affected, having a sincere love for Giglio. "Poor, poor Giglio!" he said, the tears rolling over his manly face, and dripping down his mustaches. "My noble young Prince, is it my hand must lead thee to death?"

"Lead him to fiddlestick, Hedzoff," said a female voice. It was Gruffanuff, who had come out in her dressing-gown when she heard the noise. "The King said you were to hang the Prince. Well, hang the Prince."

"I don't understand you," says Hedzoff, who was not a very clever man.

"You Gaby! he didn't say *which* Prince," says Gruffanuff.

"No; he didn't say which, certainly," said Hedzoff.

"Well, then, take Bulbo, and hang *him!*"

When Captain Hedzoff heard this, he began to dance about for joy. "Obedience is a soldier's honor," says he. "Prince Bulbo's head will do capitally:" and he went to arrest the Prince the very first thing next morning.

He knocked at the door. "Who's there?" says Bulbo. "Captain Hedzoff? Step in, pray, my good

Captain; I'm delighted to see you; I have been expecting you."

"Have you?" says Hedzoff.

"Sleiboots, my Chamberlain, will act for me," says the Prince.

"I beg your Royal Highness's pardon, but you will have to act for yourself, and it's a pity to wake Baron Sleiboots."

The Prince Bulbo still seemed to take the matter very coolly. "Of course, Captain," says he, "you are come about that affair with Prince Giglio?"

"Precisely," says Hedzoff: "that affair of Prince Giglio."

"Is it to be pistols, or swords, Captain?" asks Bulbo. "I'm a pretty good hand with both, and I'll do for Prince Giglio as sure as my name is my Royal Highness Prince Bulbo."

"There's some mistake, my lord," says the Captain. "The business is done with *axes* among us."

"Axes? That's sharp work," says Bulbo. "Call my Chamberlain, he'll be my second, and in ten minutes I flatter myself you'll see Master Giglio's head off his impertinent shoulders. I'm hungry for his blood. Hoo—oo—aw!" and he looked as savage as an ogre.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but by this warrant I am to take you prisoner, and hand you over to — to the executioner."

"Pooh, pooh, my good man! — Stop, I say, — ho! — hulloa!" was all that this luckless Prince was enabled to say: for Hedzoff's guards seizing him, tied a handkerchief over his mouth and face, and carried him to the place of execution.

The King, who happened to be talking to Glumboso, saw him pass, and took a pinch of snuff, and said, "So much for Giglio. Now let's go breakfast."

The Captain of the guard handed over his prisoner to the Sheriff, with the fatal order.

"AT SIGHT CUT OF THE BEARER'S HEAD.

"VALOROSO XXIV."

"It's a mistake," says Bulbo, who did not seem to understand the business in the least.

"Poo — poo — pooh," says the Sheriff. "Fetch Jack Ketch instantly. Jack Ketch!"

And poor Bulbo was led to the scaffold, where an executioner with a block and a tremendous axe was always ready in case he should be wanted.

But we must now revert to Giglio and Betsinda,

XI.

WHAT GRUFFANUFF DID TO GIGLIO AND BETSINDA.

GRUFFANUFF, who had seen what had happened with the King, and knew that Giglio must come to grief, got up very early the next morning, and went to devise some plans for rescuing her darling husband, as the silly old thing insisted on calling him. She found him walking up and down the garden, thinking of a rhyme for Betsinda (*tinder* and *winda* were all he could find), and indeed having forgotten all about the past evening, except that Betsinda was the most lovely of beings.

"Well, dear Giglio?" says Gruff.

"Well, dear Gruffy?" says Giglio, only *he* was quite satirical.

"I have been thinking, darling, what you must do in this scrape. You must fly the country for a while."

"What scrape? — fly the country? Never without her I love, Countess," says Giglio.

"No, she will accompany you, dear Prince," she says in her most coaxing accents. "First, we must get the jewels belonging to our royal parents, and those of her and his present Majesty. Here is the key, duck; they are all yours, you know, by right, for you are the rightful King of Paflagonia, and your wife will be the rightful Queen."

"Will she?" says Giglio.

"Yes; and having got the jewels, go to Glumboso's apartment, where, under his bed, you will find sacks containing money to the amount of £217,000,000,987,439 13*s.* 6½*d.*, all belonging to you, for he took it out of your royal father's room on the day of his death. With this we will fly."

"*We* will fly?" says Giglio.

"Yes, you and your bride—your affianced love—your Gruffy!" says the Countess, with a languishing leer.

"*You* my bride!" says Giglio. "You, you hideous old woman!"

"Oh, you—you wretch! didn't you give me this paper promising marriage?" cries Gruff.

"Get away, you old goose! I love Betsinda, and Betsinda only!" And in a fit of terror he ran from her as quickly as he could.

"He! he! he!" shrieks out Gruff; "a promise is a promise, if there are laws in Paflagonia! And as for that monster, that wretch, that fiend, that ugly little vixen—as for that upstart, that ingrate, that beast Betsinda, Master Giglio will have no little difficulty in discovering her whereabouts. He may look very long before finding *her*, I warrant. He little knows that Miss Betsinda is"—

Is—what? Now, you shall hear. Poor Betsinda got up at five in winter's morning to bring her cruel mistress her tea; and instead of finding her in a good humor, found Gruffy as cross as two sticks. The Countess boxed Betsinda's ears half a dozen times whilst she was dressing; but as poor little Betsinda was used to this kind of treatment, she did not feel any special alarm. "And now," says she, "when her Majesty rings her bell twice, I'll trouble you, miss, to attend."

So when the Queen's bell rang twice, Betsinda came to her Majesty and made a pretty little courtesy. The Queen, the Princess, and Gruffanuff were all three in the room. As soon as they saw her they began.

"You wretch!" says the Queen.

"You little vulgar thing!" said the Princess.

"You beast!" says Gruffanuff.

"Get out of my sight!" says the Queen.

"Go away with you, do!" says the Princess.

"Quit the premises!" says Gruffanuff.

Alas! and woe is me! very lamentable events had occurred to Betsinda that morning, and all in consequence of that fatal warming-pan business of the previous night. The King had offered to marry her; of course her Majesty the Queen was jealous: Bulbo had fallen in love with her; of course Angelica was furious: Giglio was in love with her, and oh, what a fury Gruffy was in!

"Take off that cap, petticoat, gown, I gave you," they said, all at once, and began tearing the clothes off poor Betsinda.

"How dare you flirt with the King?" "Prince Bulbo?" "Prince Giglio?" cried the Queen, the Princess, and Countess.

"Give her the rags she wore when she came into the house, and turn her out of it!" cries the Queen.

"Mind she does not go with *my* shoes on, which I lent her so kindly," says the Princess; and indeed the Princess's shoes were a great deal too big for Betsinda.

"Come with me, you filthy hussy!" and taking up the Queen's poker, the cruel Gruffanuff drove Betsinda into her room.

The Countess went to the glass box in which she had kept Betsinda's old cloak and shoe this ever so long, and said, "Take those rags, you little beggar creature, and strip off every thing belonging to honest people, and go about your business." And she actually tore off the poor little delicate thing's back almost all her things, and told her to be off out of the house.

Poor Betsinda huddled the cloak

round her back, on which were embroidered the letters PRIN....ROSAL .. and then came a great rent.

As for the shoe, what was she to do with one poor little tootsey sandal? The string was still to it, so she hung it round her neck.

"Won't you give me a pair of shoes to go out in the snow, mum, if you please, mum?" cried the poor child.

"No, you wicked beast!" says Gruffanuff, driving her along with the poker — driving her down the cold stairs — driving her through the cold hall — flinging her out into the cold street, so that the knocker itself shed tears to see her!

But a kind Fairy made the soft snow warm for her little feet, and she wrapped herself up in the ermine of her mantle, and was gone!

"And now let us think about breakfast," says the greedy Queen.

"What dress shall I put on, mamma? the pink or the pea-green?" says Angelica. "Which do you think the dear Prince will like best?"

"Mrs. V.!" sings out the King from his dressing-room, "let us have sausages for breakfast! Remember we have Prince Bulbo staying with us!"

And they all went to get ready.

Nine o'clock came, and they were all in the breakfast-room, and no Prince Bulbo as yet. The urn was hissing and humming: the muffins were smoking — such a heap of muffins! the eggs were done: there was a pot of raspberry jam and coffee, and a beautiful chicken and tongue on the side-table. Marmitonio, the cook, brought in the sausages. Oh, how nice they smelt!

"Where is Bulbo?" said the King. "John, where is his Royal Highness?"

John said he had a took up his Roilighnessesses shaving-water, and his clothes and things, and he wasn't in his room, which he spposed his Royliness was just stepped hout.

"Stepped out before breakfast in the snow! Impossible!" says the King, sticking his fork into a sausage.

"My dear, take one. Angelica, won't you have a saveloy?" The Princess took one, being very fond of them; and at this moment Glumboso entered with Captain Hedzoff, both looking very much disturbed. "I am afraid your Majesty" — cries Glumboso. "No business before breakfast, Glum!" says the King. "Breakfast first, business next. Mrs. V., some more sugar!"

"Sire, I am afraid if we wait till after breakfast it will be too late," says Glumboso. "He — he — he'll be hanged at half-past nine."

"Don't talk about hanging and spoil my breakfast, you unkind vulgar man you," cries the Princess. "John, some mustard. Pray who is to be hanged?"

"Sire, it is the Prince," whispers Glumboso to the King.

"Talk about business after breakfast, I tell you!" says his Majesty, quite sulky.

"We shall have a war, Sire, depend on it," says the Minister. "His father, King Padella" —

"His father, King *who?*" says the King. "King Padella is not Giglio's father. My brother, King Savio, was Giglio's father."

"It's Prince Bulbo they are hanging, Sire, not Prince Giglio," says the Prime Minister.

"You told me to hang the Prince, and I took the ugly one," says Hedzoff. "I didn't, of course, think your Majesty intended to murder your own flesh and blood!"

The King for all reply flung the plate of sausages at Hedzoff's head. The Princess cried out, "Hee-karee-karee!" and fell down in a fainting-fit.

"Turn the cock of the urn upon her Royal Highness," said the King, and the boiling water gradually revived her. His Majesty looked at his watch, compared it by the clock in the parlor, and by that of the church in the square opposite; then he wound it up; then he looked at it again. "The great question is," says he,

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ANGELICA ARRIVES JUST IN TIME.

"am I fast or am I slow? If I'm slow, we may as well go on with breakfast. If I'm fast, why, there is just the possibility of saving Prince Bulbo. It's a doosid awkward mistake, and upon my word, Hedzoff, I have the greatest mind to have you hanged too."

"Sire, I did but my duty: a soldier has but his orders. I didn't expect, after forty-seven years of faithful service, that my sovereign would think of putting me to a felon's death!"

"A hundred thousand plagues upon you! Can't you see that while you are talking my Bulbo is being hung?" screamed the Princess.

"By Jove! she's always right, that girl, and I'm so absent," says the King, looking at his watch again. "Ha! Hark, there go the drums! What a doosid awkward thing though!"

"O Papa, you goose! Write the reprieve, and let me run with it," cries the Princess—and she got a sheet of paper, and pen and ink, and laid them before the King.

"Confound it! Where are my spectacles?" the Monarch exclaimed. "Angelica! Go up into my bedroom, look under my pillow, not your mamma's; there you'll see my keys. Bring them down to me, and—Well, well! what impetuous things these girls are!" Angelica was gone, and had run up panting to the bedroom and found the keys, and was back again before the King had finished a muffin. "Now, love," says he, "you must go all the way back for my desk, in which my spectacles are. If you *would* but have heard me out . . . Be hanged to her! There she is off again. Angelica! ANGELICA!" When his Majesty called in his *loud* voice, she knew she must obey, and came back.

"My dear, when you go out of a room, how often have I told you, *shut the door*? That's a darling. That's all." At last the keys and the desk and the spectacles were got, and the King mended his pen, and signed his name to a reprieve, and Angelica ran with it as swift as the wind. "You'd better stay, my love, and finish the muffins. There's no use going. Be sure it's too late. Hand me over that raspberry jam, please," said the Monarch. "Bong! Bawong! There goes the half-hour. I knew it was."

Angelica ran, and ran, and ran, and ran. She ran up Fore Street, and down High Street, and through the Market-place, and down to the left, and over the bridge, and up the blind alley, and back again, and round by the Castle, and so along by the Haberdasher's on the right, opposite the lamp-post and round the square, and she came—she came to the *Execution place*, where she saw Bulbo laying his head on the block!!! The executioner raised his axe, but at that moment the Princess came panting up and cried Reprieve. "Reprieve!" screamed the Princess. "Reprieve!" shouted all the people. Up the scaffold stairs she sprang, with the agility of a lighter of lamps; and flinging herself in Bulbo's arms, regardless of all ceremony, she cried out, "O my Prince! my lord! my love! my Bulbo! Thine Angelica has been in time to save thy precious existence, sweet rose-bud; to prevent thy being nipped in thy young bloom! Had aught befallen thee, Angelica too had died, and welcomed death that joined her to her Bulbo."

"H'm! there's no accounting for tastes," said Bulbo, looking so very much puzzled and uncomfortable, that the Princess, in tones of tenderest strain, asked the cause of his disquiet.

"I tell you what it is, Angelica," said he: "since I came here, yesterday, there has been such a row, and disturbance, and quarrelling, and fighting, and chopping of heads off, and the deuce to pay, that I am inclined to go back to Crim Tartary."

"But with me as thy bride, my Bulbo! Though wherever thou art is Crim Tartary to me, my bold, my beautiful, my Bulbo!"

"Well, well, I suppose we must be married," says Bulbo. "Doctor, you came to read the Funeral Service — read the Marriage Service, will you? What must be, must. That will satisfy Angelica, and then, in the name of peace and quietness, do let us go back to breakfast."

Bulbo had carried a rose in his mouth all the time of the dismal ceremony. It was a fairy rose, and he was told by his mother that he ought never to part with it. So he had kept it between his teeth, even when he laid his poor head upon the block, hoping vaguely that some chance would turn up in his favor. As he began to speak to Angelica, he forgot about the rose, and of course it dropped out of his mouth. The romantic Princess instantly stooped and seized it. "Sweet rose!" she exclaimed, "that bloomed upon my Bulbo's lip, never, never will I part from thee!" and she placed it in her bosom. And you know Bulbo *couldn't* ask her to give the rose back again. And they went to breakfast; and as they walked, it appeared to Bulbo that Angelica became more exquisitely lovely every moment.

He was frantic until they were married; and now, strange to say, it was Angelica who didn't care about him! He knelt down, he kissed her hand, he prayed and begged; he cried with admiration; while she for her part said she really thought they might wait: it seemed to her he was not handsome any more — no, not at all, quite the reverse; and not clever, no, very stupid; and not well bred, like Giglio; no, on the contrary, dreadfully vul——

What, I cannot say, for King Valoroso roared out "*Pooh*, stuff!" in a terrible voice. "We will have no more of this shilly-shallying! Call the Archbishop, and let the Prince and Princess be married off-hand!"

So, married they were, and I am sure for my part I trust they will be happy.

XII.

HOW BETSINDA FLED, AND WHAT BECAME OF HER.

Betsinda wandered on and on, till she passed through the town gates, and so on the great Crim Tartary road, the very way on which Giglio too was going. "Ah!" thought she, as the diligence passed her, of which the conductor was blowing a delightful tune on his horn, "how I should like to be on that coach!" But the coach and the jingling horses were very soon gone. She little knew who was in it, though very likely she was thinking of him all the time.

Then came an empty cart, returning from market; and the driver being a kind man, and seeing such a very pretty girl trudging along the road with bare feet, most good-naturedly gave her a seat. He said he lived on the confines of the forest, where his old father was a woodman, and, if she liked, he would take her so far on her road. All roads were the same to little Betsinda, so she very thankfully took this one.

And the carter put a cloth round her bare feet, and gave her some bread and cold bacon, and was very kind to her. For all that she was very cold and melancholy. When after travelling on and on, evening came, and all the black pines were bending with snow, and there, at last, was the comfortable light beaming in the woodman's windows; and so they arrived, and went into his cottage. He was an old man, and had a number of children, who were just at supper, with nice hot bread and milk, when their elder brother arrived with the cart. And they jumped and clapped their hands; for they were good children; and he had brought them toys from the town. And when they saw the pretty stranger, they ran to her, and brought her to the fire, and rubbed her poor little feet, and brought her bread and milk.

"Look, Father!" they said to the

old woodman, "look at this poor girl, and see what pretty cold feet she has. They are as white as our milk! And look and see what an odd cloak she has, just like the bit of velvet that hangs up in our cupboard, and which you found that day the little cubs were killed by King Padella, in the forest! And look, why, bless us all! she has got round her neck just such another little shoe as that you brought home, and have shown us so often — a little blue velvet shoe!"

"What," said the old woodman, — "What is all this about a shoe and a cloak?"

And Betsinda explained that she had been left, when quite a little child, at the town with this cloak and this shoe. And the persons who had taken care of her had — had been angry with her, for no fault, she hoped, of her own. And they had sent her away with her old clothes — and here, in fact she was. She remembered having been in a forest — and perhaps it was a dream — it was so very odd and strange — having lived in a cave with lions there; and, before that, having lived in a very, very fine house, as fine as the King's, in the town.

When the woodman heard this he was so astonished, it was quite curious to see how astonished he was. He went to his cupboard, and took out of a stocking a five-shilling piece of King Cavolfiore, and vowed it was exactly like the young woman. And then he produced the shoe and the piece of velvet which he had kept so long, and compared them with the things which Betsinda wore. In Betsinda's little shoe was written, "Hopkins, maker to the Royal Family;" so in the other shoe was written, "Hopkins, maker to the Royal Family." In the inside of Betsinda's piece of cloak was embroidered, "PRIN ROSAL;" in the other piece of cloak was embroidered, "CESS BA. No. 246." So that when put together you read, "PRINCESS ROSALBA. No. 246."

On seeing this, the dear old woodman fell down on his knee, saying: "O my princess, O my gracious royal lady, O my rightful Queen of Crim Tartary,—I hail thee — I acknowledge thee — I do thee homage!" And in token of his fealty, he rubbed his venerable nose three times on the ground, and put the Princess's foot on his head.

"Why," said she, "my good woodman, you must be a nobleman of my royal father's Court!" For in her lowly retreat, and under the name of Betsinda, HER MAJESTY, ROSALBA, Queen of Crim Tartary, had read of the customs of all foreign courts and nations.

"Marry, indeed am I, my gracious liege — the poor Lord Spinachi once, the humble woodman these fifteen years syne — ever since the tyrant Padella (may ruin overtake the treacherous knave!) dismissed me from my post of First Lord."

"First Lord of the Toothpick and Joint Keeper of the Snuff-box? I mind me! Thou heldest these posts under our royal Sire. They are restored to thee, Lord Spinachi! I make thee knight of the second class of our Order of the Pumpkin (the first class being reserved for crowned heads alone). Rise, Marquis of Spinachi!" And with indescribable majesty, the Queen, who had no sword handy, waved the pewter spoon, with which she had been taking her bread and milk, over the bald head of the old nobleman, whose tears absolutely made a puddle on the ground, and whose dear children went to bed that night Lords and Ladies Bartolomeo, Ubaldo, Catarina, and Ottavia degli Spinachi!

The acquaintance HER MAJESTY showed with the history and *noble families* of her empire, was wonderful. "The House of Broccoli should remain faithful to us," she said; "they were ever welcome at our Court. Have the Articiocchi, as was their wont, turned to the Rising Sun? The family of Sauerkraut must sure be with us — they were ever welcome in the halls of King Cavolfiore." And

so she went on enumerating quite a list of the nobility and gentry of Crim Tartary, so admirably had her Majesty profited by her studies while in exile.

The old Marquis of Spinachi said he could answer for them all: that the whole country groaned under Padella's tyranny, and longed to return to its rightful sovereign; and late as it was, he sent his children, who knew the forest well, to summon this nobleman and that; and when his eldest son, who had been rubbing the horse down and giving him his supper, came into the house for his own, the Marquis told him to put his boots on, and a saddle on the mare, and ride hither and thither to such and such people.

When the young man heard who his companion in the cart had been, he too knelt down and put her royal foot on his head; he too bedewed the ground with his tears; he was frantically in love with her, as everybody now was who saw her: so were the young Lords Bartolomeo and Ubaldo, who punched each other's little heads out of jealousy: and so, when they came from east and west at the summons of the Marquis degli Spinachi, were the Crim Tartar Lords who still remained faithful to the House of Cavolfiore. They were such very old gentlemen for the most part, that her Majesty never suspected their absurd passion, and went among them quite unaware of the havoc her beauty was causing, until an old blind Lord who had joined her party told her what the truth was; after which, for fear of making the people too much in love with her, she always wore a veil. She went about privately, from one nobleman's castle to another: and they visited amongst themselves again, and had meetings, and composed proclamations and counter-proclamations, and distributed all the best places of the kingdom amongst one another, and selected who of the opposition party should be executed when the Queen came to her own. And so in about a year they were ready to move.

The party of Fidelity was in truth composed of very feeble old fogies for the most part: and they went about the country waving their old swords and flags, and calling, "God save the Queen!" and King Padella happening to be absent upon an invasion, they had their own way for a little, and to be sure the people were very enthusiastic whenever they saw the Queen; otherwise the vulgar took matters very quietly — for, they said, as far as they could recollect, they were pretty well as much taxed in Cavolfiore's time as now in Padella's.

XIII.

HOW QUEEN ROSALBA CAME TO THE CASTLE OF THE BOLD COUNT HOGGINARMO.

Her Majesty, having indeed nothing else to give, made all her followers Knights of the Pumpkin, and Marquises, Earls, and Baronets; and they had a little court for her, and made her a little crown of gilt paper, and a robe of cotton velvet; and they quarrelled about the places to be given away in her court, and about rank and precedence and dignities; — you can't think how they quarrelled! The poor Queen was very tired of her honors before she had had them a month, and I dare say sighed sometimes even to be a lady's-maid again. But we must all do our duty in our respective stations, so the Queen resigned herself to perform hers.

We have said how it happened that none of the Usurper's troops came out to oppose this Army of Fidelity: it pottered along as nimbly as the gout of the principal commanders allowed: it consisted of twice as many officers as soldiers: and at length passed near the estates of one of the most powerful noblemen of the country, who had not declared for the

Queen, but of whom her party had hopes, as he was always quarrelling with King Padella.

When they came close to his park gates, this nobleman sent to say he would wait upon her Majesty: he was a most powerful warrior, and his name was Count Hogginarmo, whose helmet it took two strong negroes to carry. He knelt down before her and said, "Madam and liege lady! it becomes the great nobles of the Crimean realm to show every outward sign of respect to the wearer of the Crown, whoever that may be. We testify to our own nobility in acknowledging yours. The bold Hogginarmo bends the knee to the first of the aristocracy of his country."

Rosalba said the bold Count of Hogginarmo was uncommonly kind; but she felt afraid of him, even while he was kneeling, and his eyes scowled at her from between his whiskers, which grew up to them.

"The first Count of the Empire, madam," he went on, "salutes the Sovereign. The Prince addresses himself to the not more noble lady! Madam, my hand is free, and I offer it, and my heart and my sword, to your service! My three wives lie buried in my ancestral vaults. The third perished but a year since; and this heart pines for a consort! Deign to be mine, and I swear to bring to your bridal table the head of King Padella, the eyes and nose of his son Prince Bulbo, the right hand and ears of the usurping Sovereign of Paflagonia, which country shall henceforth be an appanage to your — to *our* Crown! Say yes; Hogginarmo is not accustomed to be denied. Indeed I cannot contemplate the possibility of a refusal; for frightful will be the result; dreadful the murders; furious the devastations; horrible the tyranny; tremendous the tortures, misery, taxation, which the people of this realm will endure, if Hogginarmo's wrath be aroused! I see consent in your Majesty's lovely eyes — their glances fill my soul with rapture!"

"O sir!" Rosalba said, withdrawing her hand in great fright. "Your lordship is exceedingly kind; but I am sorry to tell you that I have a prior attachment to a young gentleman by the name of — Prince — Giglio — and never — never can marry any one but him."

Who can describe Hogginarmo's wrath at this remark? Rising up from the ground, he ground his teeth so that fire flashed out of his mouth, from which at the same time issued remarks and language, so *loud*, *violent*, and *improper*, that this pen shall never repeat them! "R-r-r-r-r-r — Rejected! Fiends and perdition! The bold Hogginarmo rejected! All the world shall hear of my rage; and you, madam, you above all shall rue it!" And kicking the two negroes before him, he rushed away, his whiskers streaming in the wind.

Her Majesty's Privy Council was in a dreadful panic when they saw Hogginarmo issue from the royal presence in such a towering rage, making footballs of the poor negroes — a panic which the events justified. They marched off from Hogginarmo's park very crest-fallen; and in another half-hour they were met by that rapacious chieftain with a few of his followers, who cut, slashed, charged, whacked, banged, and pommelled amongst them, took the Queen prisoner, and drove the Army of Fidelity to I don't know where.

Poor Queen! Hogginarmo, her conqueror, would not condescend to see her. "Get a horse-van!" he said to his grooms, "clap the hussy into it, and send her, with my compliments, to his Majesty King Padella."

Along with his lovely prisoner, Hogginarmo sent a letter full of servile compliments and loathsome flatteries to King Padella, for whose life, and that of his royal family, the *hypocritical humbug* pretended to offer the most fulsome prayers. And Hogginarmo promised speedily to pay his humble homage at his august master's throne, of which he begged leave

to be counted the most loyal and constant defender. Such a *wary* old *bird* as King Padella was not to be caught by Master Hogginarmo's *chaff*, and we shall hear presently how the tyrant treated his upstart vassal. No, no; depend on't, two such rogues do not trust one another.

So this poor Queen was laid in the straw like Margery Daw, and driven along in the dark ever so many miles to the Court, where King Padella had now arrived, having vanquished all his enemies, murdered most of them, and brought some of the richest into captivity with him for the purpose of torturing them and finding out where they had hidden their money.

Rosalba heard their shrieks and groans in the dungeon in which she was thrust: a most awful black hole, full of bats, rats, mice, toads, frogs, mosquitoes, bugs, fleas, serpents, and every kind of horror. No light was let into it, otherwise the jailers might have seen her and fallen in love with her, as an owl that lived up in the roof of the tower did, and a cat, you know, who can see in the dark, and having set its green eyes on Rosalba, never would be got to go back to the turnkey's wife to whom it belonged. And the toads in the dungeon came and kissed her feet, and the vipers wound round her neck and arms, and never hurt her, so charming was this poor Princess in the midst of her misfortunes.

At last, after she had been kept in this place *ever so long*, the door of the dungeon opened, and the terrible KING PADELLA came in.

But what he said and did must be reserved for another chapter, as we must now back to Prince Giglio.

XIV.

WHAT BECAME OF GIGLIO.

THE idea of marrying such an old creature as Gruffanuff, frightened Prince Giglio so, that he ran up to his room, packed his trunks, fetched in a couple of porters, and was off to the diligence office in a twinkling.

It was well that he was so quick in his operations, did not dawdle over his luggage, and took the early coach: for as soon as the mistake about Prince Bulbo was found out, that cruel Glumboso sent up a couple of policemen to Prince Giglio's room, with orders that he should be carried to Newgate, and his head taken off before twelve o'clock. But the coach was out of the Paflagonian dominions before two o'clock; and I dare say the express that was sent after Prince Giglio did not ride very quick, for many people in Paflagonia had a regard for Giglio, as the son of their old sovereign: a prince who, with all his weaknesses, was very much better than his brother, the usurping, lazy, careless, passionate, tyrannical reigning monarch. That Prince busied himself with the balls, fêtes, masquerades, hunting-parties and so forth, which he thought proper to give on occasion of his daughter's marriage to Prince Bulbo; and let us trust was not sorry in his own heart that his brother's son had escaped the scaffold.

It was very cold weather, and the snow was on the ground, and Giglio, who gave his name as simple Mr. Giles, was very glad to get a comfortable place in the coupé of the diligence, where he sat with the conductor and another gentleman. At the first stage from Blombodinga, as they stopped to change horses, there came up to the diligence a very ordinary, vulgar-looking woman, with a bag under her arm, who asked for a place. All the inside places were taken, and the young woman was informed that if she wished to travel, she must go upon the roof; and the passenger inside with Giglio (a rude person, I should think,) put his head out of the window and said, "Nice weather for travelling outside! I wish you a pleasant journey, my dear." The poor woman coughed very much, and

Giglio pitied her. "I will give up my place to her," says he, "rather than she should travel in the cold air with that horrid cough." On which the vulgar traveller said, "*You'd* keep her warm, I am sure, if it's a *muff* she wants." On which Giglio pulled his nose, boxed his ears, hit him in the eye, and gave this vulgar person a warning never to call him a *muff* again.

Then he sprang up gayly on to the roof of the diligence, and made himself very comfortable in the straw. The vulgar traveller got down only at the next station, and Giglio took his place again, and talked to the person next to him. She appeared to be a most agreeable, well-informed, and entertaining female. They travelled together till night, and she gave Giglio all sorts of things out of the bag which she carried, and which indeed seemed to contain the most wonderful collection of articles. He was thirsty — out there came a pint-bottle of Bass's pale ale, and a silver mug! Hungry — she took out a cold fowl, some slices of ham, bread, salt, and a most delicious piece of cold plum-pudding, and a little glass of brandy afterwards.

As they travelled, this plain-looking, queer woman talked to Giglio on a variety of subjects, in which the poor Prince showed his ignorance as much as she did her capacity. He owned with many blushes, how ignorant he was: on which the lady said, "My dear Gigl — my good Mr. Giles, you are a young man, and have plenty of time before you. You have nothing to do but to improve yourself. Who knows but that you may find use for your knowledge some day? — when — when you may be wanted at home, as some people may be."

"Good heavens, madam!" says he, "do you know me?"

"I know a number of funny things," says the lady. "I have been at some people's christenings, and turned away from other folks' doors. I have seen some people spoilt by good fortune, and others, as I hope, improved by hardship. I advise you to stay at the town where the coach stops for the night. Stay there and study, and remember your old friend to whom you were kind."

"And who is my old friend?" asked Giglio.

"When you want any thing," says the lady, "look in this bag, which I leave to you as a present, and be grateful to" —

"To whom, madam?" says he.

"To the Fairy Blackstick," says the lady, flying out of the window. And when Giglio asked the conductor if he knew where the lady was —

"What lady?" says the man. "There has been no lady in this coach, except the old woman who got out at the last stage." And Giglio thought he had been dreaming. But there was the bag which Blackstick had given him lying on his lap; and when he came to the town he took it in his hand and went into the inn.

They gave him a very bad bedroom, and Giglio, when he woke in the morning, fancying himself in the Royal Palace at home, called, "John, Charles, Thomas! My chocolate — my dressing-gown — my slippers;" but nobody came. There was no bell, so he went and bawled out for waiter on the top of the stairs.

The landlady came up, looking — looking like this:

"What are you a-hollaring and a-bellaring for here, young man?" says she.

"There's no warm water — no servants; my boots are not even cleaned."

"He! he! Clean 'em yourself," says the landlady. "You young students give yourselves pretty airs. 'I never heard such impudence."

"I'll quit the house this instant," says Giglio.

"The sooner the better, young man. Pay your bill and be off. All my rooms is wanted for gentlefolks, and not for such as you."

"You may well keep the 'Bear'

Inn,'" said Giglio. "You should have yourself painted as the sign."

The landlady of the 'Bear' went away *growling*. And Giglio returned to his room, where the first thing he saw was the fairy bag lying on the table, which seemed to give a little hop as he came in. "I hope it has some breakfast in it," says Giglio, "for I have only a very little money left." But on opening the bag what do you think was there? A blacking-brush and a pot of Warren's jet, and on the pot was written:

"Poor young men their boots must black:
Use me and cork me and put me back."

So Giglio laughed and blacked his boots, and put back the brush and the bottle into the bag.

When he had done dressing himself, the bag gave another little hop, and he went to it and took out —

1. A table-cloth and a napkin.
2. A sugar-basin full of the best loaf-sugar.
4, 6, 8, 10. Two forks, two tea-spoons, two knives, and a pair of sugar-tongs and a butter-knife, all marked G.
11, 12, 13. A teacup, saucer, and slop-basin.
14. A jug full of delicious cream.
15. A canister with black tea and green.
16. A large tea-urn and boiling water.
17. A saucepan, containing three eggs nicely done.
18. A quarter of a pound of best Epping butter.
19. A brown loaf.

And if he hadn't enough now for a good breakfast, I should like to know who ever had one?

Giglio, having had his breakfast, popped all the things back into the bag, and went out looking for lodgings. I forgot to say that this celebrated university town was called Bosforo.

He took a modest lodging opposite the Schools, paid his bill at the inn, and went to his apartment with his trunk, carpet-bag, and not forgetting, we may be sure, his *other* bag.

When he opened his trunk, which the day before he had filled with his best clothes, he found it contained only books. And in the first of them which he opened there was written —

"Clothes for the back, books for the head:
Read and remember them when they are read."

And in his bag, when Giglio looked in it, he found a student's cap and gown, a writing-book full of paper, an inkstand, pens, and a Johnson's dictionary, which was very useful to him, as his spelling had been sadly neglected.

So he sat down and worked away, very, very hard, for a whole year, during which "Mr. Giles" was quite an example to all the students in the University of Bosforo. He never got into any riots or disturbances. The professors all spoke well of him, and the students liked him too; so that when at examination he took all the prizes, viz., the Spelling Prize, the Writing Prize, the History Prize, the Catechism Prize, the French Prize, the Arithmetic Prize, the Latin Prize, the Good Conduct Prize,— all his fellow-students said, "Hurray! Hurray for Giles! Giles is the boy — the student's joy! Hurray for Giles!" And he brought quite a quantity of medals, crowns, books, and tokens of distinction home to his lodgings.

One day after the Examinations, as he was diverting himself at a coffee-house with two friends — (Did I tell you that in his bag, every Saturday night, he found just enough to pay his bills, with a guinea over for pocket-money. Didn't I tell you? Well, he did, as sure as twice twenty makes forty-five) — he chanced to look in "The Bosforo Chronicle," and read off quite easily (for he could spell, read, and write the longest words now) the following —

"ROMANTIC CIRCUMSTANCE, — One of the most extraordinary adventures that we have ever heard has set

the neighboring country of Crim Tartary in a state of great excitement.

"It will be remembered that when the present revered sovereign of Crim Tartary, his Majesty King *Padella*, took possession of the throne, after having vanquished, in the terrific battle of Blunderbusco, the late King *Cavolfiore*, that Prince's only child, the Princess Rosalba, was not found in the royal palace, of which King Padella took possession, and, it was said, had strayed into the forest (being abandoned by all her attendants), where she had been eaten up by those ferocious lions, the last pair of which were captured some time since, and brought to the Tower, after killing several hundred persons.

"His Majesty King Padella, who has the kindest heart in the world, was grieved at the accident which had occurred to the harmless little Princess, for whom his Majesty's known benevolence would certainly have provided a fitting establishment. But her death seemed to be certain. The mangled remains of a cloak, and a little shoe, were found in the forest, during a hunting-party, in which the intrepid sovereign of Crim Tartary slew two of the lions' cubs with his own spear. And these interesting relics of an innocent little creature were carried home and kept by their finder, the Baron Spinachi, formerly an officer in Cavolfiore's household. The Baron was disgraced in consequence of his known legitimist opinions, and has lived for some time, in the humble capacity of a wood-cutter, in a forest on the outskirts of the Kingdom of Crim Tartary.

"Last Tuesday week Baron Spinachi and a number of gentlemen attached to the former dynasty appeared in arms, crying, 'God save Rosalba the First, Queen of Crim Tartary!' and surrounding a lady whom report describes as '*beautiful exceedingly*.' Her history *may* be authentic, *is* certainly most romantic.

"The personage calling herself Rosalba states that she was brought out of the forest, fifteen years since, by a lady in a car drawn by dragons (this account is certainly *improbable*), that she was left in the Palace Garden of Blombodinga, where her Royal Highness the Princess Angelica, now married to his Royal Highness Bulbo, Crown Prince of Crim Tartary, found the child, and, with *that elegant benevolence* which has always distinguished the heiress of the throne of Paflagonia, gave the little outcast a *shelter and a home!* Her parentage not being known, and her garb very humble, the foundling was educated in the Palace in a menial capacity, under the name of *Betsinda*.

"She did not give satisfaction, and was dismissed, carrying with her, certainly, part of a mantle and a shoe which she had on when first found. According to her statement she quitted Blombodinga about a year ago, since which time she has been with the Spinachi family. On the very same morning the Prince Giglio, nephew to the King of Paflagonia, a young Prince whose character for *talent* and *order* were, to say truth, *none of the highest*, also quitted Blombodinga, and has not been since heard of!"

"What an extraordinary story!" said Smith and Jones, two young students, Giglio's especial friends.

"Ha! what is this?" Giglio went on reading:

"SECOND EDITION, EXPRESS.—We hear that the troop under Baron Spinachi has been surrounded, and utterly routed, by General Count Hogginarmo, and the *soi-disant* Princess is sent a prisoner to the capitol.

"UNIVERSITY NEWS. — Yesterday, at the Schools, the distinguished young student, Mr Giles, read a Latin oration, and was complimented by the Chancellor of Bosforo, Dr. Prugnaro, with the highest University honor — the wooden spoon."

"Never mind that stuff," says *Giles*, greatly disturbed. "Come home with me, my friends. Gallant Smith! intrepid Jones! friends of

my studies — partakers of my academic toils — I have that to tell shall astonish your honest minds."

"Go it, old boy!" cried the impetuous Smith.

"Talk away, my buck!" says Jones, a lively fellow.

With an air of indescribable dignity, Giglio checked their natural, but no more seemly, familiarity. "Jones, Smith, my good friends," said the PRINCE, "disguise is henceforth useless; I am no more the humble student Giles, I am the descendant of a royal line."

"*Atavis edite regibus.* I know, old co" — cried Jones. He was going to say "old cock," but a flash from THE ROYAL EYE again awed him.

"Friends," continued the Prince, "I am that Giglio. I am, in fact, Paflagonia. Rise, Smith, and kneel not in the public street. Jones, thou true heart! My faithless uncle, when I was a baby, filched from me that brave crown my father left me, bred me, all young and careless of my rights, like unto hapless Hamlet, Prince of Denmark; and had I any thoughts about my wrongs, soothed me with promises of near redress. I should espouse his daughter, young Angelica; we two indeed should reign in Paflagonia. His words were false — false as Angelica's heart! — false as Angelica's hair, color, front teeth! She looked with her skew eyes upon young Bulbo, Crim Tartary's stupid heir, and she preferred him. 'Twas then I turned my eyes upon Betsinda — Rosalba, as she now is. And I saw in her the blushing sum of all perfection; the pink of maiden modesty; the nymph that my fond heart had ever woo'd in dreams," &c., &c.

(I don't give this speech, which was very fine, but very long; and though Smith and Jones knew nothing about the circumstances, my dear reader does: so I go on.)

The Prince and his young friends hastened home to his apartment, highly excited by the intelligence, as no doubt by the *royal narrator's* admirable manner of recounting it; and they ran up to his room, where he had worked so hard at his books.

On his writing-table was his bag, grown so long that the Prince could not help remarking it. He went to it, opened it, and what do you think he found in it?

A splendid long gold-handled, red-velvet-scabbarded cut-and-thrust sword, and on the sheath was embroidered "ROSALBA FOR EVER!"

He drew out the sword, which flashed and illuminated the whole room, and called out "Rosalba for ever!" Smith and Jones following him, but quite respectfully this time, and taking the time from his Royal Highness.

And now his trunk opened with a sudden pong, and out there came three ostrich feathers in a gold crown, surrounding a beautiful shining steel helmet, a cuirass, a pair of spurs, finally a complete suit of armor.

The books on Giglio's shelves were all gone. Where there had been some great dictionaries, Giglio's friends found two pairs of jack-boots labelled "Lieutenant Smith," "—— Jones, Esq.," which fitted them to a nicety. Besides, there were helmets, back and breast plates, swords, &c., just like in Mr. G. P. R. James's novels; and that evening three cavaliers might have been seen issuing from the gates of Bosforo, in whom the porters, proctors, &c., never thought of recognizing the young Prince and his friends.

They got horses at a livery-stable-keeper's, and never drew bridle until they reached the last town on the frontier before you come to Crim Tartary. Here, as their animals were tired, and the cavaliers hungry, they stopped and refreshed at an hostel. I could make a chapter of this if I were like some writers, but I like to cram my measure tight down, you see, and give you a great deal for your money. And, in a word, they had some bread-and-cheese and ale

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PRINCE GIGLIO'S SPEECH TO THE ARMY.

up stairs on the balcony of the inn. As they were drinking, drums and trumpets sounded nearer and nearer, the market-place was filled with soldiers, and his Royal Highness looking forth, recognized the Paflagonian banners, and the Paflagonian national air which the bands were playing.

The troops all made for the tavern at once, and as they came up, Giglio exclaimed, on beholding their leader, "Whom do I see? Yes! — no! It is, it is! — Phoo! — No, it can't be! Yes! it is my friend, my gallant, faithful veteran, Captain Hedzoff! Ho, Hedzoff! Knowest thou not thy Prince, thy Giglio? Good Corporal, methinks we once were friends. Ha, Sergeant, and my memory serves me right, we have had many a bout at singlestick."

"I 'faith, we have a many, good my lord," says the Sergeant.

"Tell me what means this mighty armament," continued his Royal Highness from the balcony, "and whither march my Paflagonians?"

Hedzoff's head fell. "My lord," he said, "we march as the allies of great Padella, Crim Tartary's monarch."

"Crim Tartary's usurper, gallant Hedzoff! Crim Tartary's grim tyrant, honest Hedzoff!" said the Prince, on the balcony, quite sarcastically.

"A soldier, Prince, must needs obey his orders: mine are to help his Majesty Padella. And also (though alack that I should say it!) to seize wherever I should light upon him ——"

"First catch your hare! ha, Hedzoff!" exclaimed his Royal Highness.

"— On the body of *Giglio*, whilome Prince of Paflagonia," Hedzoff went on, with indescribable emotion. "My Prince, give up your sword without ado. Look! we are thirty thousand men to one!"

"Give up my sword! Giglio give up his sword!" cried the Prince; and stepping well forward on to the balcony, the royal youth, *without preparation*, delivered a speech so magnificent, that no report can do justice to it. It was all in blank verse (in which, from this time, he invariably spoke, as more becoming his majestic station). It lasted for three days and three nights, during which not a single person who heard him was tired, or remarked the difference between daylight and dark. The soldiers only cheering tremendously when occasionally — once in nine hours — the Prince paused to suck an orange, which Jones took out of the bag. He explained, in terms which we say we shall not attempt to convey, the whole history of the previous transaction, and his determination not only not to give up his sword, but to assume his rightful crown; and at the end of this extraordinary, this truly *gigantic* effort, Captain Hedzoff flung up his helmet and cried, "Hurray! Hurray! Long live King Giglio!"

Such were the consequences of having employed his time well at college!

When the excitement had ceased, beer was ordered out for the army, and their Sovereign himself did not disdain a little! And now it was with some alarm that Captain Hedzoff told him his division was only the advanced guard of the Paflagonian contingent hastening to King Padella's aid — the main force being a day's march in the rear under his Royal Highness Prince Bulbo.

"We will wait here, good friend, to beat the Prince," his Majesty said, "and *then* will make his royal Father wince."

XV.

WE RETURN TO ROSALBA.

KING PADELLA made very similar proposals to Rosalba to those which she had received from the various Princes who, as we have seen, had fallen in love with her. His Majesty was a widower, and offered to marry

his fair captive that instant, but she declined his invitation in her usual polite, gentle manner, stating that Prince Giglio was her love, and that any other union was out of the question. Having tried tears and supplications in vain, this violent-tempered monarch menaced her with threats and tortures; but she declared she would rather suffer all these than accept the hand of her father's murderer, who left her finally, uttering the most awful imprecations, and bidding her prepare for death on the following morning.

All night long the King spent in advising how he should get rid of this obdurate young creature. Cutting off her head was much too easy a death for her; hanging was so common in his Majesty's dominions that it no longer afforded him any sport: finally, he bethought himself of a pair of fierce lions which had lately been sent to him as presents, and he determined, with these ferocious brutes, to hunt poor Rosalba down. Adjoining his castle was an amphitheatre where the Prince indulged in bull-baiting, rat-hunting, and other ferocious sports. The two lions were kept in a cage under this place; their roaring might be heard over the whole city, the inhabitants of which, I am sorry to say, thronged in numbers to see a poor young lady gobbled up by two wild beasts.

The King took his place in the royal box, having the officers of the Court around and the Count Hogginarmo by his side, upon whom his Majesty was observed to look very fiercely: the fact is, royal spies had told the monarch of Hogginarmo's behavior, his proposals to Rosalba, and his offer to fight for the crown. Black as thunder looked King Padella at this proud noble, as they sat in the front seats of the theatre waiting to see the tragedy whereof poor Rosalba was to be the heroine.

At length that Princess was brought out in her night-gown with all her beautiful hair falling down her back, and looking so pretty that even the beef-eaters and keepers of the wild animals wept plentifully at seeing her. And she walked with her poor little feet (only luckily the arena was covered with sawdust), and went and leaned up against a great stone in the centre of the amphitheatre, round which the Court and the people were seated in boxes, with bars before them, for fear of the great, fierce, red-maned, black-throated, long-tailed, roaring, bellowing, rushing lions.

And now the gates were opened, and with a "Wurrawar-rurawarar!" two great lean, hungry, roaring lions rushed out of their den, where they had been kept for three weeks on nothing but a little toast and water, and dashed straight up to the stone where poor Rosalba was waiting. Commend her to your patron saints, all you kind people, for she is in a dreadful state.

There was a hum and a buzz all through the circus, and the fierce King Padella even felt a little compassion. But Count Hogginarmo, seated by his Majesty, roared out, "Hurray! Now for it! Soo-soo-soo!" that nobleman being uncommonly angry still at Rosalba's refusal of him.

But, O strange event! O remarkable circumstance! O extraordinary coincidence, which I am sure none of you could *by any possibility* have divined! When the lions came to Rosalba, instead of devouring her with their great teeth, it was with kisses they gobbled her up! They licked her pretty feet, they nuzzled their noses in her lap, they moo'd, they seemed to say, "Dear, dear sister, don't you recollect your brothers in the forest?" And she put her pretty white arms round their tawny necks, and kissed them.

King Padella was immensely astonished. The Count Hogginarmo was extremely disgusted. "Pooh!" the Count cried. "Gammon!" exclaimed his lordship. "These lions are tame beasts come from Womb-

well's or Astley's. It is a shame to put people off in this way. I believe they are little boys dressed up in door-mats. They are no lions at all."

"Ha!" said the King, "you dare to say 'Gammon!' to your sovereign, do you? These lions are no lions at all, aren't they? Ho, my beef-eaters! Ho! my body-guard! Take this Count Hogginarmo and fling him into the circus! Give him a sword and buckler, let him keep his armor on and his weather-eye out, and fight these lions."

The haughty Hogginarmo laid down his opera-glass and looked scowling round at the King and his attendants. "Touch me not, dogs!" he said, "or by St. Nicholas the Elder, I will gore you! Your Majesty thinks Hogginarmo is afraid? No, not of a hundred thousand lions! Follow me down into the circus, King Padella, and match thyself against one of yon brutes. Thou darest not? Let them both come on, then!"

And opening a grating of the box, he jumped lightly down into the circus.

Wurra wurra wurra wur-aw-aw-aw!!!

In about two minutes
The Count Hogginarmo was
GOBBLED UP
by
those lions,
bones, boots, and all,
and
There was an
End of him.

At this the King said, "Serve him right, the rebellious ruffian! And now, as those lions won't eat that young woman"—

"Let her off!—let her off!" cried the crowd.

"NO!" roared the King. "Let the beef-eaters go down and chop her into small pieces. If the lions defend her, let the archers shoot them to death. That hussy shall die in tortures!"

"A-a-ah!" cried the crowd. "Shame! shame!"

"Who dares cry out 'Shame?'" cried the furious potentate (so little can tyrants command their passions). "Fling any scoundrel who says a word down among the lions!" I warrant you there was a dead silence then, which was broken by a "Pang arang pang pangkarang pang!" and a Knight and a Herald rode in at the farther end of the circus; the Knight in full armor, with his visor up, and bearing a letter on the point of his lance.

"Ha!" exclaimed the King, "by my fay, 'tis Elephant and Castle, pursuivant of my brother of Paflagonia; and the Knight, an my memory serves me, is the gallant Captain Hedzoff! What news from Paflagonia, gallant Hedzoff? Elephant and Castle, beshrew me, thy trumpeting must have made thee thirsty. What will my trusty Herald like to drink?"

"Bespeaking first safe-conduct from your lordship," said Captain Hedzoff, "before we take a drink of any thing, permit us to deliver our King's message."

"My lordship, ha!" said Crim Tartary, frowning terrifically. "That title soundeth strange in the anointed ears of a crowned King. Straightway speak out your message, Knight and Herald!"

Reining up his charger in a most elegant manner close under the King's balcony, Hedzoff turned to the Herald, and bade him begin.

Elephant and Castle, dropping his trumpet over his shoulder, took a large sheet of paper out of his hat, and began to read:—

"O Yes! O Yes! O Yes! Know all men by these presents, that we, Giglio, King of Paflagonia, Grand Duke of Cappadocia, Sovereign Prince of Turkey and the Sausage Islands, having assumed our rightful throne and title, long time falsely borne by our usurping uncle, styling himself King of Paflagonia"—

"Ha!" growled Padella.

"Hereby summon the false traitor Padella, calling himself King of Crim Tartary," —

The King's curses were dreadful. "Go on, Elephant and Castle!" said the intrepid Hedzoff.

" — To release from cowardly imprisonment his liege lady and rightful sovereign, ROSALBA, Queen of Crim Tartary, and restore her to her royal throne: in default of which, I, Giglio, proclaim the said Padella sneak, traitor, humbug, usurper, and coward. I challenge him to meet me, with fists or with pistols, with battle-axe or sword, with blunderbuss or single-stick, alone or at the head of his army, on foot or on horseback; and will prove my words upon his wicked ugly body!"

"God save the King!" said Captain Hedzoff, executing a demivolte, two semilunes, and three caracols.

"Is that all?" said Padella, with the terrific calm of concentrated fury.

"That, sir, is all my royal master's message. Here is his Majesty's letter in autograph, and here is his glove; and if any gentleman of Crim Tartary chooses to find fault with his Majesty's expressions, I, Kutasoff Hedzoff, Captain of the Guard, am very much at his service." And he waved his lance, and looked at the assembly all round.

"And what says my good brother of Paflagonia, my dear son's father-in-law, to this rubbish?" asked the King.

"The King's uncle hath been deprived of the crown he unjustly wore," said Hedzoff gravely. "He and his ex-Minister, Glumboso, are now in prison waiting the sentence of my royal master. After the battle of Bombardaro"—

"Of what?" asked the surprised Padella.

" — Of Bombardaro, where my liege, his present Majesty, would have performed prodigies of valor, but that the whole of his uncle's army came over to our side, with the exception of Prince Bulbo"—

"Ah! my boy, my boy, my Bulbo was no traitor!" cried Padella.

"Prince Bulbo, far from coming over to us, ran away, sir; but I caught him. The Prince is a prisoner in our army, and the most terrific tortures await him if a hair of the Princess Rosalba's head is injured."

"Do they?" exclaimed the furious Padella, who was now perfectly *livid* with rage. "Do they indeed? So much the worse for Bulbo. I've twenty sons as lovely each as Bulbo. Not one but is as fit to reign as Bulbo. Whip, whack, flog, starve, rack, punish, torture Bulbo — break all his bones — roast him or flay him alive — pull all his pretty teeth out one by one! But justly dear as Bulbo is to me,— Joy of my eyes, fond treasure of my soul! — Ha, ha, ha, ha! revenge is dearer still. Ho! torturers, rack-men, executioners — light up the fires and make the pincers hot! get lots of boiling lead! — Bring out ROSALBA!"

—o—

XVI

HOW HEDZOFF RODE BACK AGAIN TO KING GIGLIO.

CAPTAIN HEDZOFF rode away when King Padella uttered this cruel command, having done his duty in delivering the message with which his royal master had intrusted him. Of course he was very sorry for Rosalba, but what could he do?

So he returned to King Giglio's camp, and found the young monarch in a disturbed state of mind, smoking cigars in the royal tent. His Majesty's agitation was not appeased by the news that was brought by his ambassador. "The brutal, ruthless ruffian royal wretch!" Giglio exclaimed. "As England's poesy has well remarked, 'The man that lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a villain.' Ha, Hedzoff?"

"That he is, your Majesty," said the attendant.

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POOR BULBO IS ORDERED FOR EXECUTION.

"And didst thou see her flung into the oil? and didn't the soothing oil—the emollient oil, refuse to boil, good Hedzoff—and to spoil the fairest lady ever eyes did look on?"

"'Faith, good my liege, I had no heart to look and see a beauteous lady boiling down; I took your royal message to Padella, and bore his back to you. I told him you would hold Prince Bulbo answerable. He only said that he had twenty sons as good as Bulbo, and forthwith he bade the ruthless executioners proceed."

"O cruel father—O unhappy son," cried the King. "Go, some of you, and bring Prince Bulbo hither."

Bulbo was brought in chains, looking very uncomfortable. Though a prisoner, he had been tolerably happy, perhaps because his mind was at rest, and all the fighting was over, and he was playing at marbles with his guards, when the King sent for him.

"Oh, my poor Bulbo," said his Majesty, with looks of infinite compassion, "hast thou heard the news?" (for you see Giglio wanted to break the thing gently to the Prince). "Thy brutal father has condemned Rosalba—p-p-p-ut her to death, P-p-p-prince Bulbo!"

"What, killed Betsinda! Boo-hoo-hoo!" cried out Bulbo. "Betsinda! pretty Betsinda! dear Betsinda! She was the dearest little girl in the world. I love her better twenty thousand times even than Angelica." And he went on expressing his grief in so hearty and unaffected a manner, that the King was quite touched by it, and said, shaking Bulbo's hand, that he wished he had known Bulbo sooner.

Bulbo, quite unconsciously, and meaning for the best, offered to come and sit with his Majesty, and smoke a cigar with him, and console him. The *royal kindness* supplied Bulbo with a cigar; he had not had one, he said, since he was taken prisoner.

And now think what must have been the feelings of the most *merciful of monarchs*, when he informed his prisoner that, in consequence of King Padella's *cruel and dasturdly behavior* to Rosalba, Prince Bulbo must instantly be executed! The noble Giglio could not restrain his tears, nor could the Grenadiers, nor the officers, nor could Bulbo himself, when the matter was explained to him; and he was brought to understand that his Majesty's promise, of course, was *above every* thing, and Bulbo must submit. So poor Bulbo was led out,—Hedzoff trying to console him by pointing out that if he had won the battle of Bombardaro, he might have hanged Prince Giglio. "Yes! but that is no comfort to me now!" said poor Bulbo; nor indeed was it, poor fellow.

He was told the business would be done the next morning at eight, and was taken back to his dungeon, where every attention was paid to him. The jailer's wife sent him tea, and the turnkey's daughter begged him to write his name in her album, where a many gentlemen had wrote it on like occasions! "Bother your album!" says Bulbo. The Undertaker came and measured him for the handsomest coffin which money could buy: even this didn't console Bulbo. The Cook brought him dishes which once he used to like; but he wouldn't touch them: he sat down and began writing an adieu to Angelica, as the clock kept always ticking and the hands drawing nearer to next morning. The Barber came in at night, and offered to shave him for the next day. Prince Bulbo kicked him away, and went on writing a few words to Princess Angelica, as the clock kept always ticking and the hands hopping nearer and nearer to next morning. He got up on the top of a hatbox, on the top of a chair, on the top of his bed, on the top of his table, and looked out to see whether he might escape as the clock kept always ticking and the hands drawing nearer, and nearer, and nearer.

But looking out of the window was one thing, and jumping another: and

the town clock struck seven. So he got into bed for a little sleep, but the jailer came and woke him, and said, "Git up, your Royal Ighness, if you please, it's *ten minutes to eight.*"

So poor Bulbo got up: he had gone to bed in his clothes (the lazy boy), and he shook himself, and said he didn't mind about dressing, or having any breakfast, thank you; and he saw the soldiers who had come for him. "Lead on!" he said; and they led the way, deeply affected; and they came into the courtyard, and out into the square, and there was King Giglio come to take leave of him, and his Majesty most kindly shook hands with him, and the *gloomy procession* marched on: — when hark!

"Haw—wurraw wurraw—aworr!"

A roar of wild beasts was heard. And who should come riding into the town, frightening away the boys, and even the beadle and policeman, but ROSALBA!

The fact is, that when Captain Hedzoff entered into the court of Snapdragon Castle, and was discoursing with King Padella, the Lions made a dash at the open gate, gobbled up the six beef-eaters in a jiffy, and away they went with Rosalba on the back of one of them, and they carried her, turn and turn about, till they came to the city where Prince Giglio's army was encamped.

When the KING heard of the QUEEN'S arrival, you may think how he rushed out of his breakfast-room to hand her Majesty off her Lion! The Lions were grown as fat as pigs now, having had Hogginarmo and all those beef-eaters, and were so tame, anybody might pat them.

While Giglio knelt (most gracefully) and helped the Princess, Bulbo, for his part, rushed up and kissed the Lion. He flung his arms round the forest monarch; he hugged him, and laughed and cried for joy. "Oh, you darling old beast — oh! how glad I am to see you, and the dear, dear Bets — that is, Rosalba."

"What, is it you, poor Bulbo?" said the Queen. "Oh, how glad I am to see you!" And she gave him her hand to kiss. King Giglio slapped him most kindly on the back, and said, "Bulbo my boy, I am delighted, for your sake, that her Majesty has arrived."

"So am I," said Bulbo; "and *you know why.*" Captain Hedzoff here came up. "Sire, it is half-past eight: shall we proceed with the execution?"

"Execution? what for?" asked Bulbo.

"An officer only knows his orders," replied Captain Hedzoff, showing his warrant: on which his Majesty King Giglio smilingly said Prince Bulbo was reprieved this time, and most graciously invited him to breakfast.

XVII.

HOW A TREMENDOUS BATTLE TOOK PLACE, AND WHO WON IT.

As soon as King Padella heard — what we know already — that his victim, the lovely Rosalba, had escaped him, his Majesty's fury knew no bounds, and he pitched the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chamberlain, and every officer of the crown whom he could set eyes on, into the caldron of boiling oil prepared for the Princess. Then he ordered out his whole army, horse, foot, and artillery; and set forth at the head of an innumerable host, and I should think twenty thousand drummers, trumpeters, and fifers.

King Giglio's advanced guard, you may be sure, kept that monarch acquainted with the enemy's dealings, and he was in nowise disconcerted. He was much too polite to alarm the Princess, his lovely guest, with any unnecessary rumors of battles impending; on the contrary, he did every thing to amuse her; gave her a most elegant breakfast, dinner, lunch, and got up a ball for her that evening,

when he danced with her every single dance.

Poor Bulbo was taken into favor again, and allowed to go quite free now. He had new clothes given him, was called "My good cousin" by his Majesty, and was treated with the greatest distinction by everybody. But it was easy to see he was very melancholy. The fact is, the sight of Betsinda, who looked perfectly lovely in an elegant new dress, set poor Bulbo frantic in love with her again. And he never thought about Angelica, now Princess Bulbo, whom he had left at home, and who, as we know, did not care much about him.

The King, dancing the twenty-fifth polka with Rosalba, remarked with wonder the ring she wore; and then Rosalba told him how she had got it from Gruffanuff, who no doubt had picked it up when Angelica flung it away.

"Yes," says the Fairy Blackstick — who had come to see the young people, and who had very likely certain plans regarding them — "that ring I gave the Queen, Giglio's mother, who was not, saving your presence, a very wise woman: it is enchanted, and whoever wears it looks beautiful in the eyes of the world. I made poor Prince Bulbo, when he was christened, the present of a rose, which made him look handsome while he had it; but he gave it to Angelica, who instantly looked beautiful again, whilst Bulbo relapsed into his natural plainness."

"Rosalba needs no ring, I am sure," says Giglio, with a low bow. "She is beautiful enough, in my eyes, without any enchanted aid."

"O Sir!" said Rosalba.

"Take off the ring and try," said the King, and resolutely drew the ring off her finger. In *his* eyes she looked just as handsome as before!

The King was thinking of throwing the ring away, as it was so dangerous, and made all the people so mad about Rosalba; but being a Prince of great humor, and good-humor too, he cast his eyes upon a poor youth who happened to be looking on very disconsolately, and said —

"Bulbo my poor lad! come and try on this ring. The Princess Rosalba makes it a present to you." The magic properties of this ring, were uncommonly strong, for no sooner had Bulbo put it on, but lo and behold, he appeared a personable, agreeable young prince enough — with a fine complexion, fair hair, rather stout, and with bandy legs; but these were encased in such a beautiful pair of yellow morocco boots that nobody remarked them. And Bulbo's spirits rose up almost immediately after he had looked in the glass, and he talked to their Majesties in the most lively, agreeable manner, and danced opposite the Queen with one of the prettiest Maids of Honor, and after looking at her Majesty, could not help saying, "How very odd; she is very pretty, but not so *extraordinarily* handsome." "O no, by no means!" says the Maid of Honor.

"But what care I, dear sir," says the Queen, who overheard them, "if *you* think I am good-looking enough?"

His Majesty's glance in reply to this affectionate speech was such that no painter could draw it. And the Fairy Blackstick said, "Bless you, my darling children! Now you are united and happy; and now you see what I said from the first, that a little misfortune has done you both good. *You*, Giglio, had you been bred in prosperity, would scarcely have learned to read or write — you would have been idle and extravagant, and could not have been a good King as you now will be. You, Rosalba, would have been so flattered, that your little head might have been turned like Angelica's, who thought herself too good for Giglio."

"As if anybody could be good enough for *him*," cried Rosalba.

"Oh, you, you darling!" says Giglio. And so she was; and he was just holding out his arm in order to

give her a hug before the whole company, when a messenger came rushing in and said, "My lord, the enemy!"

"To arms!" cries Giglio.

"Oh, mercy!" says Rosalba, and fainted of course. He snatched one kiss from her lips, and rushed *forth to the field* of battle!

The fairy had provided King Giglio with a suit of armor, which was not only embroidered all over with jewels, and blinding to your eyes to look at, but was water-proof, gun-proof, and sword-proof: so that, in the midst of the very hottest battles, his Majesty rode about as calmly as if he had been a British Grenadier at Alma. Were I engaged in fighting for my country, *I* should like such a suit of armor as Prince Giglio wore; but, you know, he was a prince of a fairy tale, and they always have these wonderful things.

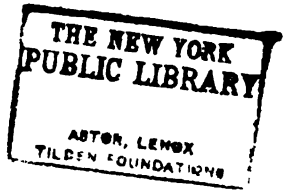
Besides the fairy armor, the Prince had a fairy horse, which would gallop at any pace you please; and a fairy sword, which would lengthen, and run through a whole regiment of enemies at once. With such a weapon at command, I wonder, for my part, he thought of ordering his army out; but forth they all came in magnificent new uniforms: Hedzoff and the Prince's two college friends each commanding a division, and his Majesty prancing in person at the head of them all.

Ah! if I had the pen of a Sir Archibald Alison, my dear friends, would I not now entertain you with the account of a most tremendous shindy? Should not fine blows be struck? dreadful wounds be delivered? arrows darken the air? cannon-balls crash through the battalions? cavalry charge infantry? infantry pitch into cavalry? bugles blow; drums beat; horses neigh; fifes sing; soldiers roar, swear, hurray; officers shout out, "Forward my men!" "This way, lads!" "Give it 'em, boys!" "Fight for King Giglio and the cause of right!" "King Padella forever!" Would I not describe all this, I say, and in the very finest language, too? But this humble pen does not possess the skill necessary for the description of combats. In a word, the overthrow of King Padella's army was so complete, that if they had been Russians you could not have wished them to be more utterly smashed and confounded.

As for that usurping monarch, having performed acts of valor much more considerable than could be expected of a royal ruffian and usurper, who had such a bad cause, and who was so cruel to women, — as for King Padella, I say, when his army ran away the King ran away too, kicking his first General, Prince Punchikoff, from his saddle, and galloping away on the Prince's horse, having, indeed, had twenty-five or twenty-six of his own shot under him. Hedzoff coming up, and finding Punchikoff down, as you may imagine, very speedily disposed of *him*. Meanwhile King Padella was scampering off as hard as his horse could lay legs to ground. Fast as he scampered, I promise you somebody else galloped faster; and that individual, as no doubt you are aware, was the royal Giglio, who kept bawling out, "Stay, traitor! Turn, miscreant, and defend thyself! Stand, tyrant, coward, ruffian, royal wretch, till I cut thy ugly head from thy usurping shoulders!" And, with his fairy sword, which elongated itself at will, his Majesty kept poking and prodding Padella in the back, until that wicked monarch roared with anguish.

When he was fairly brought to bay, Padella turned and dealt Prince Giglio a prodigious crack over the sconce with his battle-axe, a most enormous weapon, which had cut down I don't know how many regiments in the course of the afternoon. But law bless you! though the blow fell right down on his Majesty's helmet, it made no more impression than if Padella had struck him with a pad of butter: his battle-axe crumpled up in

THE TERRIFIC COMBAT BETWEEN KING GIGLIO AND KING PADELLA.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Padella's hand, and the royal Giglio laughed for very scorn at the impotent efforts of that atrocious usurper.

At the ill success of his blow the Crim Tartar monarch was justly irritated. "If," says he to Giglio, "you ride a fairy horse, and wear fairy armor, what on earth is the use of my hitting you? I may as well give myself up a prisoner at once. Your Majesty won't, I suppose, be so mean as to strike a poor fellow who can't strike again?"

The justice of Padella's remark struck the magnanimous Giglio. "Do you yield yourself a prisoner, Padella?" says he.

"Of course I do," says Padella.

"Do you acknowledge Rosalba as your rightful Queen, and give up the crown and all your treasures to your rightful mistress?"

"If I must I must," says Padella, who was naturally very sulky.

By this time King Giglio's aides-de-camp had come up, whom his Majesty ordered to bind the prisoner. And they tied his hands behind him, and bound his legs tight under his horse, having set him with his face to the tail; and in this fashion he was led back to King Giglio's quarters, and thrust into the very dungeon where young Bulbo had been confined.

Padella (who was a very different person, in the depths of his distress, to Padella the proud wearer of the Crim Tartar crown) now most affectionately and earnestly asked to see his son — his dear eldest boy — his darling Bulbo; and that good-natured young man never once reproached his haughty parent for his unkind conduct the day before, when he would have left Bulbo to be shot without any pity, but came to see his father, and spoke to him through the grating of the door, beyond which he was not allowed to go; and brought him some sandwiches from the grand supper which his Majesty was giving above stairs, in honor of the brilliant victory which had just been achieved.

"I cannot stay with you long, sir," says Bulbo, who was in his best ball dress, as he handed his father in the prog. "I am engaged to dance the next quadrille with her Majesty Queen Rosalba, and I hear the fiddles playing at this very moment."

So Bulbo went back to the ball-room, and the wretched Padella ate his solitary supper in silence and tears.

All was now joy in King Giglio's circle. Dancing, feasting, fun, illuminations, and jollifications of all sorts ensued. The people through whose villages they passed were ordered to illuminate their cottages at night, and scatter flowers on the roads during the day. They were requested — and I promise you they did not like to refuse — to serve the troops liberally with eatables and wine; besides, the army was enriched by the immense quantity of plunder which was found in King Padella's camp, and taken from his soldiers; who (after they had given up every thing) were allowed to fraternise with the conquerors; and the united forces marched back by easy stages towards King Giglio's capital, his royal banner and that of Queen Rosalba being carried in front of the troops. Hedzoff was made a Duke and a Field Marshal. Smith and Jones were promoted to be Earls; the Crim Tartar Order of the Pumpkin and the Paflagonian decoration of the Cucumber were freely distributed by their Majesties to the army. Queen Rosalba wore the Paflagonian Ribbon of the Cucumber across her riding-habit, whilst King Giglio never appeared without the grand Cordon of the Pumpkin. How the people cheered them as they rode along side by side! They were pronounced to be the handsomest couple ever seen: that was a matter of course; but they really *were* very handsome, and, had they been otherwise, they would have looked so, they were so happy! Their Majesties were never separated during the whole day, but breakfasted, dined, and supped together always, and rode side by side, interchanging elegant

compliments, and indulging in the most delightful conversation. At night, her Majesty's ladies of honor (who had all rallied around her the day after King Padella's defeat), came and conducted her to the apartments prepared for her; whilst King Giglio, surrounded by his gentlemen, withdrew to his own Royal quarters. It was agreed they should be married as soon as they reached the capital, and orders were despatched to the Archbishop of Blombodinga, to hold himself in readiness to perform the interesting ceremony. Duke Hedzoff carried the message, and gave instructions to have the Royal Castle splendidly refurnished and painted afresh. The Duke seized Glumboso, the ex-Prime Minister, and made him refund that considerable sum of money which the old scoundrel had secreted out of the late King's treasure. He also clapped Valoroso into prison (who, by the way, had been dethroned for some considerable period past), and when the ex-monarch weakly remonstrated, Hedzoff said, "A soldier, Sir, knows but his duty; my orders are to lock you up along with the ex-King Padella, whom I have brought hither a prisoner under guard." So these two ex-Royal personages were sent for a year to the House of Correction, and thereafter were obliged to become monks of the severest Order of Flagellants — in which state, by fasting, by vigils, by floggings (which they administered to one another, humbly but resolutely), no doubt they exhibited a repentance for their past misdeeds, usurpations, and private and public crimes.

As for Glumboso, that rogue was sent to the galleys, and never had an opportunity to steal any more.

XVIII.

HOW THEY ALL JOURNEYED BACK TO THE CAPITAL

The Fairy Blackstick, by whose means this young King and Queen had certainly won their respective crowns back, would come not unfrequently to pay them a little visit — as they were riding in their triumphal progress towards Giglio's capital — change her wand into a pony, and travel by their Majesties' side, giving them the very best advice. I am not sure that King Giglio did not think the Fairy and her advice rather a bore, fancying it was his own valor and merits which had put him on his throne, and conquered Padella: and, in fine, I fear he rather gave himself airs towards his best friend and patroness. She exhorted him to deal justly by his subjects, to draw mildly on the taxes, never to break his promise when he had once given it — and in all respects to be a good King.

"A good King, my dear Fairy!" cries Rosalba. "Of course he will. Break his promise! can you fancy my Giglio would ever do any thing so improper, so unlike him? No! never!" And she looked fondly towards Giglio, whom she thought a pattern of perfection.

"Why is Fairy Blackstick always advising me, and telling me how to manage my government, and warning me to keep my word? Does she suppose that I am not a man of sense, and a man of honor?" asks Giglio, testily. "Methinks she rather presumes upon her position."

"Hush! dear Giglio," says Rosalba. "You know Blackstick has been very kind to us, and we must not offend her." But the Fairy was not listening to Giglio's testy observations: she had fallen back, and was trotting on her pony now, by Master Bulbo's side — who rode a donkey, and made himself generally beloved in the army by his cheerfulness, kindness, and good-humor to everybody. He was eager to see his darling Angelica. He thought there never was such a charming being. Blackstick did not tell him it was the possession of the magic rose that made Angelica so lovely in his eyes. She brought him the very best accounts of his little

wife, whose misfortunes and humiliations had indeed very greatly improved her; and you see, she could whisk off on her wand a hundred miles in a minute, and be back in no time, and carry polite messages from Bulbo to Angelica, and from Angelica to Bulbo, and comfort that young man upon his journey.

When the Royal party arrived at the last stage before you reach Blombodinga, who should be in waiting, in her carriage there, with her lady of honor by her side, but the Princess Angelica? She rushed into her husband's arms scarcely stopping to make a passing courtesy to the King and Queen. She had no eyes but for Bulbo, who appeared perfectly lovely to her on account of the fairy ring which he wore: whilst she herself, wearing the magic rose in her bonnet, seemed entirely beautiful to the enraptured Bulbo.

A splendid luncheon was served to the Royal party, of which the Archbishop, the Chancellor, the Duke Hedzoff, Countess Gruffanuff, and all our friends partook — the Fairy Blackstick being seated on the left of King Giglio, with Bulbo and Angelica beside. You could hear the joybells ringing in the capital, and the guns which the citizens were firing off in honor of their Majesties.

"What can have induced that hideous old Gruffanuff to dress herself up in such an absurd way? Did you ask her to be your bridesmaid, my dear," says Giglio to Rosalba. "What a figure of fun Gruffy is!"

Gruffy was seated opposite their Majesties, between the Archbishop and the Lord Chancellor, and a figure of fun she certainly was, for she was dressed in a low white silk dress, with lace over, a wreath of white roses on her wig, a splendid lace veil, and her yellow old neck was covered with diamonds. She ogled the King in such a manner, that his Majesty burst out laughing.

"Eleven o'clock!" cries Giglio, as the great Cathedral bell of Blombodinga tolled that hour. "Gentlemen and ladies, we must be starting. Archbishop, you must be at church I think before twelve?"

"We must be at church before twelve," sighs out Gruffanuff in a languishing voice, hiding her old face behind her fan.

"And then I shall be the happiest man in my dominions," cries Giglio, with an elegant bow to the blushing Rosalba.

"O my Giglio! O my dear Majesty!" exclaims Gruffanuff; "and can it be that this happy moment at length has arrived" —

"Of course it has arrived," says the King.

"— And that I am about to become the enraptured bride of my adored Giglio!" continues Gruffanuff. "Lend me a smelling-bottle, somebody. I certainly shall faint with joy."

"*You* my bride?" roars out Giglio.

"*You* marry my Prince?" cries poor little Rosalba.

"Pooh! Nonsense! The woman's mad!" exclaims the King. And all the courtiers exhibited by their countenances and expressions, marks of surprise or ridicule, or incredulity or wonder.

"I should like to know who else is going to be married, if I am not?" shrieks out Gruffanuff. "I should like to know if King Giglio is a gentleman, and if there is such a thing as justice in Paflagonia? Lord Chancellor! my Lord Archbishop! will your lordships sit by and see a poor fond, confiding, tender creature put upon? Has not Prince Giglio promised to marry his Barbara? Is not this Giglio's signature? Does not this paper declare that he is mine, and only mine?" And she handed to his Grace the Archbishop the document which the Prince signed that evening when she wore the magic ring, and Giglio drank so much champagne. And the old Archbishop, taking out his eyeglasses,

read — "This is to give notice that I, Giglio, only son of Savio, King of Paflagonia, hereby promise to marry the charming Barbara Griselda Countess Gruffanuff, and widow of the late Jenkins Gruffanuff, Esq."

"H'm," says the Archbishop, "the document is certainly a — a document."

"Phoo!" says the Lord Chancellor: "the signature is not in his Majesty's handwriting." Indeed, since his studies at Bosforo, Giglio had made an immense improvement in caligraphy.

"Is it your handwriting, Giglio?" cries the Fairy Blackstick, with an awful severity of countenance.

"Y — y — y — es," poor Giglio gasps out. "I had quite forgotten the confounded paper: she can't mean to hold me by it. You old wretch, what will you take to let me off? Help the Queen, some one — her Majesty has fainted."

"Chop her head off!" "Smother the old witch!" "Pitch her into the river!" exclaims the impetuous Hedzoff, the ardent Smith, and the faithful Jones.

But Gruffanuff flung her arms round the Archbishop's neck and bellowed out, "Justice, justice, my Lord Chancellor!" so loudly, that her piercing shrieks caused everybody to pause. As for Rosalba, she was borne away lifeless by her ladies; and you may imagine the look of agony which Giglio cast towards that lovely being, as his hope, his joy, his darling, his all in all, was thus removed, and in her place the horrid old Gruffanuff rushed up to his side, and once more shrieked out, "Justice, justice!"

"Won't you take that sum of money which Glumboso hid?" says Giglio: "two hundred and eighteen thousand millions, or thereabouts. It's a handsome sum."

"I will have that and you too!" says Gruffanuff.

"Let us throw the crown jewels into the bargain," gasps out Giglio.

"I will wear them by my Giglio's side!" says Gruffanuff.

"Will half, three-quarters, five-sixths, nineteen-twentieths, of my kingdom do, Countess?" asks the trembling monarch.

"What were all Europe to me without *you*, my Giglio?" cries Gruff, kissing his hand.

"I won't, I can't, I shan't, — I'll resign the crown first," shouts Giglio, tearing away his hand; but Gruff clung to it.

"I have a competency, my love," she says, "and with thee and a cottage thy Barbara will be happy."

Giglio was half mad with rage by this time. "I will not marry her," says he. "O Fairy, Fairy, give me counsel!" And as he spoke, he looked wildly round at the severe face of the Fairy Blackstick.

"Why is Fairy Blackstick always advising me, and warning me to keep my word? Does she suppose that I am not a man of honor!'" said the Fairy, quoting Giglio's own haughty words. He quailed under the brightness of her eyes; he felt that there was no escape for him from that awful Inquisition.

"Well, Archbishop," said he, in a dreadful voice that made his Grace start, "since this Fairy has led me to the height of happiness but to dash me down into the depths of despair, since I am to lose Rosalba, let me at least keep my honor. Get up, Countess, and let us be married; I can keep my word, but I can die afterwards."

"O dear Giglio," cries Gruffanuff, skipping up, "I knew, I knew I could trust thee — I knew that my Prince was the soul of honor. Jump into your carriages, ladies and gentlemen, and let us go to church at once; and as for dying, dear Giglio, no, no: — thou wilt forget that insignificant little chambermaid of a queen — thou wilt live to be consoled by thy Barbara! She wishes to be a Queen, and not a Queen Dowager, my gracious lord!" And hanging upon

poor Giglio's arm, and leering and grinning in his face in the most disgusting manner, this old wretch tripped off in her white satin shoes, and jumped into the very carriage which had been got ready to convey Giglio and Rosalba to church. The cannons roared again, the bells pealed tripled-bob-majors, the people came out flinging flowers upon the path of the royal bride and bridegroom, and Gruff looked out of the gilt coach window and bowed and grinned to them. Phoo! the horrid old wretch!

XIX.

AND NOW WE COME TO THE LAST SCENE IN THE PANTOMIME.

THE many ups and downs of her life had given the Princess Rosalba prodigious strength of mind, and that highly principled young woman presently recovered from her fainting-fit, out of which Fairy Blackstick, by a precious essence which the Fairy always carried in her pocket, awakened her. Instead of tearing her hair, crying, and bemoaning herself, and fainting again, as many young women would have done, Rosalba remembered that she owed an example of firmness to her subjects; and though she loved Giglio more than her life, was determined, as she told the Fairy, not to interfere between him and justice, or to cause him to break his royal word.

"I cannot marry him, but I shall love him always," says she to Blackstick; "I will go and be present at his marriage with the Countess, and sign the book, and wish them happy with all my heart. I will see, when I get home, whether I cannot make the new Queen some handsome presents. The Crim Tartary crown diamonds are uncommonly fine, and I shall never have any use for them. I will live and die unmarried like Queen Elizabeth, and of course I shall leave my crown to Giglio when I quit this world. Let us go and see them married, my dear Fairy; let me say one last farewell to him; and then, if you please, I will return to my own dominions."

So the Fairy kissed Rosalba with peculiar tenderness, and at once changed her wand into a very comfortable coach-and-four, with a steady coachman, and two respectable footmen behind, and the Fairy and Rosalba got into the coach, which Angelica and Bulbo entered after them. As for honest Bulbo, he was blubbering in the most pathetic manner, quite overcome by Rosalba's misfortune. She was touched by the honest fellow's sympathy, promised to restore to him the confiscated estates of Duke Padella his father, and created him, as he sat there in the coach, Prince, Highness, and First Grandee of the Crim Tartar Empire. The coach moved on, and, being a fairy coach, soon came up with the bridal procession.

Before the ceremony at church it was the custom in Paflagonia, as it is in other countries, for the bride and bridegroom to sign the Contract of Marriage, which was to be witnessed by the Chancellor, Minister, Lord Mayor, and principal officers of state. Now, as the royal palace was being painted and furnished anew, it was not ready for the reception of the King and his bride, who proposed at first to take up their residence at the Prince's palace, that one which Valoroso occupied when Angelica was born, and before he usurped the throne.

So the marriage-party drove up to the palace; the dignitaries got out of their carriages and stood aside; poor Rosalba stepped out of her coach, supported by Bulbo, and stood almost fainting up against the railings, so as to have a last look of her dear Giglio. As for Blackstick, she, according to her custom, had flown out of the coach window in some inscrutable manner, and was now standing at the palace-door.

Giglio came up the steps with his horrible bride on his arm, looking as pale as if he was going to execution. He only frowned at the Fairy Blackstick — he was angry with her, and thought she came to insult his misery.

"Get out of the way, pray," says Gruffanuff, haughtily. "I wonder why you are always poking your nose into other people's affairs?"

"Are you determined to make this poor young man unhappy?" says Blackstick.

"To marry him, yes! What business is it of yours? Pray, madam, don't say 'you' to a queen," cries Gruffanuff.

"You won't take the money he offered you?"

"No."

"You won't let him off his bargain, though you know you cheated him when you made him sign the paper."

"Impudence! Policemen, remove this woman!" cries Gruffanuff. And the policemen were rushing forward, but with a wave of her wand the Fairy struck them all like so many statues in their places.

"You won't take any thing in exchange for your bond, Mrs. Gruffanuff," cries the Fairy, with awful severity. "I speak for the last time."

"No!" shrieks Gruffanuff, stamping with her foot. "I 'll have my husband, my husband, my husband!"

"YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR HUSBAND!" the Fairy Blackstick cried; and advancing a step, laid her hand upon the nose of the KNOCKER.

As she touched it, the brass nose seemed to elongate, the open mouth opened still wider, and uttered a roar which made everybody start. The eyes rolled wildly; the arms and legs uncurled themselves, writhed about, and seemed to lengthen with each twist; the knocker expanded into a figure in yellow livery, six feet high; the screws by which it was fixed to the door unloosed themselves, and JENKINS GRUFFANUFF once more trod the threshold off which he had been lifted twenty years ago!

"Master's not at home," says Jenkins, just in his old voice; and Mrs. Jenkins giving a dreadful *youp*, fell down in a fit, in which nobody minded her.

For everybody was shouting, "Huzzay! huzzay!" "Hip, hip, hurray!" "Long live the King and Queen!" "Were such things ever seen?" "No, never, never, never!" "The Fairy Blackstick for ever!"

The bells were ringing double peals, the guns roaring and banging most prodigiously. Bulbo was embracing everybody; the Lord Chancellor was flinging up his wig and shouting like a madman; Hedzoff had got the Archbishop round the waist, and they were dancing a jig for joy; and as for Giglio, I leave you to imagine what he was doing, and if he kissed Rosalba once, twice —twenty thousand times, I 'm sure I don't think he was wrong.

So Gruffanuff opened the hall-door with a low bow, just as he had been accustomed to do, and they all went in and signed the book, and then they went to church and were married, and the Fairy Blackstick sailed away on her cane, and was never more heard of in Paflagonia.

MADAM GRUFFANUFF FINDS A HUSBAND.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

THE ANONYMOUS IN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

MY rising young friend HITCHINGS, the author of "Randolph the Robber," "The Murderers of May Fair," and other romances, and one of the chief writers in "The Lictor" newspaper, — a highly liberal, nay, seven-leagued boots progressional journal — was discoursing with the writer of the present lines upon the queer decision to which the French Assembly has come, and which enforces a signature henceforth to all the leading articles in the French papers. As an act of government, Hitchings said he thought the measure most absurd and tyrannous, but he was not sorry for it, as it would infallibly increase the importance of the profession of letters, to which we both belonged. The man of letters will no longer be the anonymous slave of the newspaper-press proprietor, Hitchings said; the man of letters will no longer be used and flung aside in his old days; he will be rewarded according to his merits, and have the chance of making himself a name. And then Hitchings spoke with great fervor regarding the depressed condition of literary men, and said the time was coming when their merits would get them their own.

On this latter subject, which is a favorite one with many gentlemen of our profession, I, for one, am confessedly incredulous. I am resolved not to consider myself a martyr. I never knew a man who had written a good book (unless indeed it were a Barrister with Attorneys) hurt his position in society by having done so. On the contrary, a clever writer, with decent manners and conduct, makes more friends than any other man. And I do not believe (parenthetically) that it will make much difference to my friend Hitchings whether his name is affixed to one, twenty, or two thousand articles of his composition. But what would happen in England if such a regulation as that just passed France were to become law; and the House of Commons omnipotent, — which can shut up our parks for us, which can shut up our post-office for us, which can do any thing it will, — should take a fancy to have the signature of every writer of a newspaper article?

Have they got any secret ledger at "The Times," in which the names of the writers of all the articles in that journal are written down? That would be a curious book to see. Articles in that paper have been attributed to every great man of the day. At one time it was said Brougham wrote regularly; at another, Canning was a known contributor; at some other time, it was Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen. It would be curious to see the real names. The Chancellor's or the Foreign Secretary's articles would most likely turn out to be written by Jones or Smith. I mean no disrespect to the latter, but

the contrary, — to be a writer for a newspaper requires more knowledge, genius, readiness, scholarship, than you want in Saint Stephen's. Compare a good leading article and a speech in the House of Commons: compare a House of Commons orator with a writer, psha!

Would Jones or Smith, however, much profit by the publication of their names to their articles? That is doubtful. When "The Chronicle" or "The Times" speaks now, it is "we" who are speaking, — we the Liberal Conservatives, we the Conservative Sceptics; when Jones signs the article, it is we no more, but Jones. It goes to the public with no authority. The public does not care very much what Jones's opinions are. They don't purchase the Jones organ any more, — the paper droops; and in fact, I can conceive nothing more wearisome than to see the names of Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson, and so forth, written in capitals every day, day after day, under the various articles of the paper. The public would begin to cry out at the poverty of the literary *dramatis personæ*. We have had Brown twelve times this month it would say. That Robinson's name is always coming up. As soon as there is a finance question, or a foreign question, or what not, it is Smith who signs the article. Give us somebody else.

Thus Brown and Robinson would get a doubtful and precarious bread instead of the comfortable and regular engagement which they now have. The paper would not be what it is. It would be impossible to employ men on trial, and see what their talents were worth. Occasion is half a public writer's battle. To sit down in his study and compose an article that *might* be suitable, is a hard work for him, — twice as hard as the real work, and yet not the real work, which is to fight the battle at two hours' notice, at the given place and time. The debate is over at twelve o'clock at night, let us say. Mr. Editor looks round, and fixes on his man. "Now's your time, Captain Smith," says he, "charge the enemy, and rout them," — or "advance, Colonel Jones, with your column, and charge."

Now there may be men who are Jones's or Robinson's superiors in intellect, and who — give them a week or ten days to prepare — would turn out such an article as neither of the two men named could ever have produced, — that is very likely. I have often, for my part, said the most brilliant thing in the world, and one that would utterly upset that impudent Jenkins, whose confounded jokes and puns spare nobody; but then it has been three hours after Jenkins's pun, when I was walking home, very likely, — and so it is with writers; some of them possess the amazing gift of the impromptu, and can always be counted upon in a moment of necessity; whilst others, slower coaches or leaders, require to get all their heavy guns into position, and laboriously to fortify their camp before they begin to fire.

Now, saying that Robinson is the fellow chiefly to be intrusted with the quick work of the paper, it would be a most unkind and unfair piece of tyranny on the newspaper proprietor to force him to publish Robinson's name as the author of all the articles *d'occasion*. You have no more right to call for this publicity from the newspaper owner, who sells you three yards of his printed fabric, than to demand from the linen-draper from what wholesale house he got his calico, — who spun it, who owned the cotton, and who cropped it in America. It is the article, and not the name and pedigree of the artificer, which a newspaper or any other dealer has a right to sell to the public. If I get a letter (which Heaven forbid!) from Mr. Tapes, my attorney, I know it is not in Tapes's own handwriting; I know it is a clerk writes it. So a newspaper is a composite work, got up by many hireling hands, of whom it is

necessary to know no other name than the printer's or proprietor's.

It is not to be denied that men of signal ability will write for years in papers, and perish unknown, — and in so far their lot is a hard one, and the chances of life are against them. It is hard upon a man, with whose work the whole town is ringing, that not a soul should know or care who is the author who so delights the public.

But, on the other hand, if your article is excellent, would you have had any great renown from it, supposing the paper had not published it? Would you have had a chance at all but for that paper? Suppose you had brought out that article on a broad sheet, who would have bought it? Did you ever hear of an unknown man making a fortune by a pamphlet?

Again, it may so happen to a literary man that the stipend which he receives from one publication is not sufficient to boil his family pot, and that he must write in some other quarter. If Brown writes articles in the daily papers, and articles in the weekly and monthly periodicals, too, and signs the same, he surely weakens his force by extending his line. It would be better for him to write incognito than to placard his name in so many quarters, — as actors understand, who do not perform in too many pieces on the same night; and painters, who know that it is not worth their while to exhibit more than a certain number of pictures.

Besides, if to some men the want of publicity is an evil, to many others the privacy is most welcome. Many a young barrister is a public writer, for instance, to whose future prospects his fame as a literary man would give no possible aid, and whose intention it is to put away the pen, when the attorneys begin to find out his juridical merits. To such a man it would only be a misfortune to be known as a writer of leading articles. *His* battle for fame and fortune is to be made with other weapons than the pen. Then, again, a man without ambition, — and there are very many such sensible persons, or whose ambition does not go beyond his *pot au feu*, is happy to have the opportunity of quietly and honorably adding to his income, — of occupying himself, — of improving himself, — of paying for Tom at college, or for Mamma's carriage, and what not. Take away this modest mask, — force every man upon the public stage to appear with his name placarded, and we lose some of the best books, some of the best articles, some of the pleasantest wit that we have ever had.

On the whole, then, in this controversy I am against Hitchings; and although he insists upon it that he is a persecuted being, I do not believe it; and, although he declares that I ought to consider myself trampled on by the world, I decline to admit that I am persecuted, and protest that it treats me and my brethren kindly in the main.

GOETHE:

A LETTER TO G. H. LEWES.

LONDON, 28th April, 1855.

DEAR LEWES, — I wish I had more to tell you regarding Weimar and Goethe. Five and twenty years ago, at least a score of young English lads used to live at Weimar for study, or sport, or society; all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital. The Grand Duke and Duchess received us with the kindliest hospitality. The Court was splendid, but yet most pleasant and homely. We were invited in our turns to dinners, balls, and assemblies there. Such young men as had a right, appeared in uniforms, diplomatic and military. Some, I remember, invented gorgeous clothing, — the kind old Hof Marschall of those days, M. de Spiegel (who had two of the most lovely daughters eyes ever looked on), being in nowise difficult as to the admission of these young Englanders. Of the winter nights we used to charter sedan-chairs, in which we were carried through the snow to those pleasant Court entertainments. I, for my part, had the good luck to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of my Court costume, and still hangs in my study, and puts me in mind of days of youth the most kindly and delightful.

We knew the whole society of the little city, and but that the young ladies, one and all, spoke admirable English, we surely might have learned the very best German. The society met constantly. The ladies of the Court had their evenings. The theatre was open twice or thrice in the week, where we assembled, a large family party. Goethe had retired from the direction, but the great traditions remained still. The theatre was admirably conducted; and besides the excellent Weimar company, famous actors and singers from various parts of Germany performed "Gastrolle"* through the winter. In that winter, I remember we had Ludwig Devrient in Shylock, Hamlet, Falstaff, and the "Robbers;" and the beautiful Schröder in "Fidelio."

After three and twenty years' absence, I passed a couple of summer days in the well-remembered place, and was fortunate enough to find some of the friends of my youth. Madame de Goethe was there, and received me and my daughters with the kindness of old days. We drank tea in the open air at the famous cottage in the Park,† which still belongs to the family, and had been so often inhabited by her illustrious father.

In 1831, though he had retired from the world, Goethe would nevertheless very kindly receive strangers. His daughter-in-law's tea-table was always spread for us. We passed hours after hours there, and night after night, with the pleasantest talk and music. We read over endless novels and poems in French, English, and German. My delight in those days was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find that they were remembered, and some even kept until the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them.

He remained in his private apartments, where only a very few privileged persons were admitted; but he liked to know all that was happening, and interested himself about all strangers. Whenever a countenance struck his fancy, there was an artist

* What in England are called 'starring engagements."

† The *Gartenhaus*.

settled in Weimar who made a portrait of it. Goethe had quite a gallery of heads, in black and white, taken by this painter. His house was all over pictures, drawings, casts, statues, and medals.

Of course I remember very well the perturbation of spirit, with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long-expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such a morning. This notable audience took place in a little ante-chamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long gray or drab redingote, with a white neckcloth, and a red ribbon in his button-hole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark,* piercing, and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called "Melmoth the Wanderer," which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago, — eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendor. I fancied Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself which I answered as best as I could. I recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent.

Vidi tantum. I saw him but three times. Once, walking in the garden of his house in the "Frauenplan;" once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day, wearing a cap, and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the time a beautiful little golden-haired grand-daughter, over whose sweet, fair face the earth has long since closed too.

Any of us who had books or magazines from England sent them to him, and he examined them eagerly. "Fraser's Magazine" had lately come out, and I remember he was interested in those admirable outline portraits which appeared for a while in its pages. But there was one, a very ghastly character of Mr. R——, which, as Madame de Goethe told me, he shut up and put away from him angrily. "They would make me look like that," he said; though in truth I can fancy nothing more serene, majestic, and *healthy* looking than the grand old Goethe.

Though his sun was setting, the sky round about was calm and bright, and that little Weimar illumined by it. In every one of those kind salons the talk was still of art and letters. The theatre, though possessing no very extraordinary actors, was still conducted with a noble intelligence and order. The actors read books, and were men of letters and gentlemen, holding a not unkindly relationship with the *Adel*. At Court, the conversation was exceedingly friendly, simple, and polished. The Grand Duchess (the present Grand Duchess Dowager), a lady of very remarkable endowments, would kindly borrow our books from us, lend us her own, and graciously talk to us young men about our literary tastes and pursuits. In the respect paid by this Court to the Patriarch of letters, there was something ennobling, I think, alike to the subject and sovereign. With a five and twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, more charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike, than that of the dear little Saxon city, where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived, and lie buried.

Very sincerely yours,

W. M. THACKERAY

* This must have been the effect of the position in which he sat with regard to the light. Goethe's eyes were dark brown, but not very dark.

A LEAF OUT OF A SKETCH-BOOK.

If you will take a leaf out of my sketch-book, you are welcome. It is only a scrap; but I have nothing better to give. When the fishing-boats come in at a watering-place, haven't you remarked, that, though these may be choking with great fish, you can only get a few herrings or a whiting or two? The big fish are all bespoken in London. As it is with fish, so it is with authors, let us hope. Some Mr. Charles, of Paternoster Row, some Mr. Groves, of Cornhill (or elsewhere), has agreed for your turbots and your salmon, your soles and your lobsters. Take one of my little fish, — any leaf you like out of the little book, — a battered little book: through what a number of countries, to be sure, it has travelled in this pocket!

The sketches are but poor performances, say you. I don't say no; and value them no higher than you do, except as recollections of the past. The little scrawl helps to fetch back the scene which was present and alive once, and is gone away now, and dead. The past resurges out of its grave: comes up — a sad-eyed ghost sometimes — and gives a wan, ghost-like look of recognition, ere it pops down under cover again. Here's the Thames, an old graveyard, an old church, and some old chestnuts standing behind it. Ah! it was a very cheery place, that old graveyard; but what a dismal, cut-throat, crack-windowed, disreputable residence was that "charming villa on the banks of the Thames," which led me on the day's excursion! Why, the "capacious stabling" was a ruinous wooden old barn, the garden was a mangy potato-patch, overlooked by the territories of a neighboring washerwoman. The housekeeper owned that the water was constantly in the cellars and ground-floor rooms in winter. Had I gone to live in that place, I should have perished like a flower in spring, or a young gazelle, let us say, with dark blue eye. I had spent a day and hired a fly at ever so much charges, misled by an unveracious auctioneer, against whom I have no remedy for publishing that abominable work of fiction which led me to make a journey, lose a day, and waste a guinea.

What is the next picture in the little show-book? It is a scene at Calais. The sketch is entitled "The Little Merchant." He was a dear, pretty little rosy-cheeked merchant, four years old, maybe. He had a little scarlet *képi;* a little military frock-coat; a little pair of military red trousers and boots, which did not near touch the ground from the chair on which he sat sentinel. He was a little crockery merchant, and the wares over which he was keeping guard, sitting surrounded by walls and piles of them, as in a little castle, were . . . well, I never saw such a queer little crockery merchant.

Him and his little chair, boots, képi, crockery, you can see in the sketch; but I see, nay hear, a great deal more. At the end of the quiet, little old, old street, which has retired out of the world's business as it were, being quite too aged, feeble, and musty to take any part in life, — there is a great braying and bellowing of serpents and bassoons, a nasal chant of clerical voices, and a pattering of multitudinous feet. We run towards the market. It is a Church fête day. Banners painted and gilt with images of saints are flaming in the sun. Candles are held aloft, feebly twinkling in the noontide shine. A great

procession of children with white veils, white shoes, white roses, passes, and the whole town is standing with its hat off to see the religious show. When I look at my little merchant, then, I not only see him, but that procession passing over the place; and, as I see those people in their surplices, I can almost see Eustache de St. Pierre and his comrades walking in their shirts to present themselves to Edward and Philippa of blessed memory. And they stand before the wrathful monarch, — poor fellows, meekly shuddering in their chemises, with ropes round their necks; and good Philippa kneels before the royal conqueror, and says, "My King, my Edward, my *beau Sire!* Give these citizens their lives for our Lady's gramercy and the sake of thy Philippa!" And the Plantagenet growls and scowls and softens, and he lets those burgesses go. This novel and remarkable historical incident passes through my mind as I see the clergymen and clergyboys pass in their little short white surplices on a mid-August day. The balconies are full, the bells are all in a jangle, and the blue noonday sky quivers overhead.

I suppose other pen and pencil sketchers have the same feeling. The sketch brings back, not only the scene, but the circumstances under which the scene was viewed. In taking up an old book, for instance, written in former days by your humble servant, he comes upon passages which are outwardly lively and facetious, but inspire their writer with the most dismal melancholy. I lose all cognizance of the text sometimes, which is hustled and elbowed out of sight by the crowd of thoughts which throng forward, and which were alive and active at the time that text was born. Ah, my good Sir! a man's books mayn't be interesting (and I could mention other authors' works besides this one's which set me to sleep), but if you knew *all* a writer's thoughts, how interesting his book would be! Why, a grocer's day-book might be a wonderful history, if alongside of the entries of cheese, pickles, and figs, you could read the circumstances of the writer's life, and the griefs, hopes, joys, which caused the heart to beat, while the hand was writing and the ink flowing fresh. Ah, memory! ah the past, ah the sad, sad past! Look under this waistcoat, my dear Madame. There. Over the liver. Don't be frightened. You can't see it. But there, at this moment, I assure you, there is an enormous vulture gnawing, gnawing.

Turn over the page. You can't deny that this is a nice little sketch of a quaint old town, with city towers, and an embattled town gate, with a hundred peaked gables, and rickety balconies, and gardens sweeping down to the river wall, with its toppling, ancient summer-houses, under which the river rushes; the rushing river, the talking river, that murmurs all day, and brawls all night over the stones. At early morning and evening under this terrace which you see in the sketch — it is the terrace of the Steinbock or Capricorn Hotel — the cows come; and there, under the walnut-trees before the tannery, is a fountain and pump where the maids come in the afternoon and for some hours make a clatter as noisy as the river. Mountains gird it around, clad in dark green firs, with purple shadows gushing over their sides, and glorious changes and gradation of sunrise and setting. A more picturesque, quaint, kind, quiet little town than this of Coire in the Grisons, I have seldom seen; or a more comfortable little inn than this of the Steinbock or Capricorn, on the terrace of which we are standing. But quick, let us turn the page. To look at it makes one horribly melancholy. As we are on the inn-terrace one of our party lies ill in the hotel within. When will that doctor come? Can we trust to a Swiss doctor in a remote little town away at the confines of the railway world? He is a good, sensible, com-

placent doctor, *laus Deo*, — the people of the hotel as kind, as attentive, as gentle, as eager to oblige. But oh, the gloom of those sunshiny days; the sickening languor and doubt which fill the heart as the hand is making yonder sketch, and I think of the invalid suffering within!

Quick, turn the page. And what is here? This picture, ladies and gentlemen, represents a steamer on the Alabama River, plying (or *which plied*) between Montgomery and Mobile. See, there is a black nurse with a cotton handkerchief round her head, dandling and tossing a white baby. Look in at the open door of that cabin, or "state-room" as they call the crib yonder. A mother is leaning by a bed-place; and see, kicking up in the air, are a little pair of white, fat legs, over which that happy young mother is bending in such happy, tender contemplation. That gentleman with a forked beard and a slouched hat, whose legs are sprawling here and there, and who is stabbing his mouth and teeth with his penknife, is quite good-natured, though he looks so fierce. A little time ago, as I was reading in the cabin, having one book in my hand and another at my elbow, he affably took the book at my elbow, read in it a little, and put it down by my side again. He meant no harm. I say he is quite good-natured and kind. His manners are not those of May Fair, but is not Alabama a river as well as Thames? I wish that other little gentleman were in the cabin who asked me to liquor twice or thrice in the course of the morning, but whose hospitality I declined, preferring not to be made merry by wine or strong waters before dinner. After dinner, in return for his hospitality, I asked *him* if he would drink? "No, sir, I have dined," he answered, with very great dignity, and a tone of reproof. Very good. Manners differ. I have not a word to say.

Well, my little Mentor is not in my sketch, but he is in my mind as I look at it: and this sketch, ladies and gentlemen, is especially interesting and valuable, because *the steamer blew up on the very next journey:* blew up, I give you my honor, — burst her boilers close by my state-room, so that I might, had I but waited for a week, have witnessed a celebrated institution of the country, and had the full benefit of the boiling.

I turn a page, and who are these little men who appear on it? JIM and SADY are two young friends of mine at Savannah in Georgia. I made Sady's acquaintance on a first visit to America, — a pretty little brown boy with beautiful bright eyes, — and it appears that I presented him with a quarter of a dollar, which princely gift he remembered years afterwards, for never were eyes more bright and kind than the little man's when he saw me, and I dined with his kind masters on my second visit. Jim at my first visit had been a little toddling tadpole of a creature, but during the interval of the two journeys had developed into the full-blown beauty which you see. On the day after my arrival, these young persons paid me a visit, and here is a humble portraiture of them, and an accurate account of a conversation which took place between us, as taken down on the spot by the elder of the interlocutors.

Jim is five years old: Sady is seben: only Jim is a great deal fatter. Jim and Sady have had sausage and hominy for breakfast. One sausage, Jim's was the biggest. Jim can sing, but declines on being pressed, and looks at Sady and grins. They both work in de garden. Jim has been licked by Master, but Sady never. These are their best clothes. They go to church in these clothes. Heard a fine sermon yesterday, but don't know what it was about. Never heard of England, never heard of America. Like orangees best. Don't know any old woman who sells orangees. (*A pecuniary transaction takes place.*) Will give that quarter

dollar to Pa. That was Pa who waited at dinner. Are hungry, but dinner not cooked yet. Jim all the while is revolving on his axis, and, when begged to stand still, turns round in a fitful manner.

Exeunt Jim and Sady with a cake apiece which the housekeeper gives them. Jim tumbles down stairs.

In his little red jacket, his little — his little? — his immense red trousers.

On my word the fair proportions of Jim are not exaggerated, — such a queer little laughing blackamoorkin I have never seen. Seen? I see him now, and Sady, and a half-dozen more of the good people, creeping on silent bare feet to the drawing-room door when the music begins, and listening with all their ears, with all their eyes. Good night, kind little, warm-hearted little Sady and Jim! May peace soon be within your doors, and plenty within your walls! I have had so much kindness there, that I grieve to think of friends in arms, and brothers in anger.

SELECTIONS FROM PUNCH.

MEDITATIONS ON SOLITUDE.

BY OUR STOUT COMMISSIONER.

1845.

OUR drawing-room at the Regent is a desert. You can't get a rubber of whist in the evening, for the card-players are all gone. Puffins is the only man left in the smoking-room, and he is such a bore, that solitude is pleasant compared to his frightful conversation. All the house carpets are up, and the place infested with abominable scourers, gilders, and whitewashers. The house-steward is out of town: the French cook has got leave of absence, and I believe the hall porter is gone to the Moors. It is September, in a word, and I am alone and deserted.

All the familiar places where you get dinner during the season are shut up. They are painting Hobanob's house. Carver's shutters are closed in Portland Place, and the parlor blinds are pinned up with newspapers. I wonder whether the Bogles like frying at Naples as well as their cool, pleasant house in Hyde Park Terrace? What capital 34 Claret that was of Bogle's; that last batch from Carbonel's, I mean. Dear Emily Bogle! I thought there was a tear in her eye as I led her down to the carriage at Lady Kicksey's, and said farewell. I wish to Heaven Bogle would come back. Not so much about Emily; but his cook makes the best white-soup in England.

Why the deuce did not Sir John Kicksey ask me down to Kicksey Acres. I gave him hints enough. I told him I could not go abroad this autumn, — that I thought of going to shoot in his neighborhood at old Hawcock's. I told the old brute as much three times, and he always turned the conversation. Does he fancy there is any thing serious between me and Eliza? Psha! I can't marry twelve thousand pound. The girl *was* rather sweet on me, I confess. But her mother is bent upon marrying her to a title; and the way in which she is manœuvring poor little Tufto makes all London laugh.

Out of the six red-jacketed villains who used to hold your horse opposite the palace in St. James's Street (the claret at the guards' mess has been remarkably good this year, and I warrant you there 's no stint) only two are left. I asked where the head of the gang was—the squinting one? He is gone abroad, upon my conscience! To Baden-Baden, or the Pyrenees, no doubt.

The number of men growing mustachios during the last two weeks of August was quite facetious. Snuffy upper lips met you everywhere. I met Swinney, the artist, — snuffy upper lip; his hair is of a light hue, and the incipient whisker looked like a smear of Welsh High-dried. He was going up the Rhine, he told me, and blushed as I sneeringly pointed to the ornament beginning to decorate his jolly face. I met Quackle, the barrister, — snuffy upper lip.

He has made nine or ten thousand in the committees this year, and is off for three weeks' pleasuring. I warrant *he* did n't blush when I alluded to the black stubble sprouting under his beak of a nose. Quackle blush, indeed! I went into Bulter and Vogel's, my tailors', in Clifford Street, — snuffy upper lip again; not Bulter's, who is a family man, and has his villa at Roehampton; but Vogel's mustache bids fair to be as long as that of Timour the Tartar. He has a right to the whiskers, however, being a tailor, and a Count of the empire.

But the best of the mustachios that I have heard of is that of old Wapshot, our tutor at Oxford, who was detected in Belgium, whiskered, in a green-frogged coat, and calling himself Colonel Waldemar.

If our people are invading the Continent in great force, on the other hand, the influx of Frenchmen hitherwards is prodigious. I never saw so many of the little smug, self-satisfied, high-heeled, narrow-ribbed, be-stayed be-whiskered, be-curling-ironed, under-sized generation. They are jabbering about every corner of Leicester Square and Regent Street; and you see the little rickety creatures peering in at the empty club-house doors, or chaffering with cabmen for their fares.

I saw two of them standing on Richmond Hill the other day, and *patronizing* it. *C'est joli*, says one; *c'est pas mal*, says the other; as if, now they had given *their* opinion, the view might pass muster. And then one of the little dwarfs curled his waxed mustache, and leered at Mrs. Blobby's handsome nursery-maid, who was passing with about eleven of B.'s youngest children.

It can't be helped. Do what you will, you *can't* respect Frenchmen. It 's well of us to talk of equality and amity. But we can't keep up the farce of equality with them at all. And my opinion is that the reason why they hate us, and will hate us, and ought to hate us forever, is the consciousness of this truth on one side or the other. It is not only in history and in battles, but we are domineering over them in every *table d'hôte* in Europe at this moment. We go into their own houses, and bully them there. We can't be brought to believe that a Frenchman is equal to an Englishman. Is there any man in England who thinks so in his heart? If so, let him send his name to the publishers.

This huge desert of a London is abominable. Everybody is gone! Everybody. It 's heart-breaking to pass from house to house, and think glasses are covered, the carpets are up, the jolly Turkey-rug gone from under the hospitable mahogany, 'neath which your legs have reposed so often, and the only inhabitant of the mansion a snuffy char-woman. How to pass your evenings? In theatres, — to see clumsy translations from the French, — to see vulgarized multiplications of Mrs. Caudle. The passion for the Stage is like the love of gooseberry-fool, — strongest in youth. The only thing in the dramatic art which has survived early youth in my love, is Widdicombe, and he is *always* new. But you cannot do Widdicombe, more than six times in a season.

* * * * *

I could not leave town or its neighborhood, being (between ourselves) chairman of the Diddlesex Junction; and *exceedingly anxious* about the Great Pedlington line (with a branch to Muffborough and Stagg's End). And the above observations were written in the deepest despondency, as I sat at dessert, alone, in the enormous coffee-room of the Regent Club; when suddenly the bright idea rose to my mind, — if London is empty, why not go to the watering-places? Have you ever been at Bagnigge Wells, you who know Baden so well? Have you who have beheld the pyramids (*ille ego qui quondam*, &c.) ever glanced at Rosherville Gardens? Tivoli is a very nice place; but what do you say, my lad,

to Tunbridge? You who have seen the caverns of Posilipo, say, have you beheld the Swiss Cottage and Grotto, Shoreham, near Brighton? Go out, and be a Commissioner for *Punch* at the watering-places of this great kingdom.— And my soul was refreshed at the thought, and I knew the first moment of happiness I have enjoyed (for the Diddlesex Junctions are somehow low in the market) since the end of the term.

A ROUNDABOUT RIDE.

1848.

Young Hengist having kindly offered to lend me a pony, I went out for a ride with him this morning; and, being now mercifully restored to my arm-chair at home, I write down, with a rapid and faithful pen, the events of the day.

Hengist lives in the Tyburn district, that great rival, and some time, as 't was thought, conqueror of Belgravia, where squares, cathedrals, terraces, spring up in a night, as it were: where, as you wandered yesterday, you saw a green strip of meadow, with a washerwoman's cottage and a tea-garden; and to-day you look up, and lo! you see a portly row of whitey-brown bow-windowed houses, with plate-glass windows, through the clear panes of which you may see bald-headed, comfortable old fogies reading the *Morning Herald*. Butlers loll at the doors — (by the way, the Tyburnian footmen are by no means so large or so powdery as the Mayfair and Belgravian gentry) — the road is always freshly laid down with sharp large flintstones. Missis's neat little brougham with two bay horses, and the page by the coachman's side, is creaking over the flints. The apothecary is driving here and there in a gig; the broad flag-stones are dotted about with a good number of tartan jackets and hats, enclosing wholesome-looking little children. A bran-new fishmonger's shop is just open, with great large white-bellied turbots, looking very cool and helpless on the marble slabs. A genteel stucco-faced public-house is run up for the accommodation of the grooms, and the domestics, and the hodmen of the neighborhood; and a great bar is placed at the end of the street, beyond which is a chaos of bricks, wheelbarrows, mounds of chalk with milky-looking pools beside them, scaffoldings and brown skeletons of houses, through which the daylight shines, and you can see patches of green land beyond, which are to be swallowed up presently by the great devouring City.

This quarter, my dear friends, is what Baker Street was in the days of our youth. I make no doubt that some of the best and stupidest dinners in London are given hereabouts; dinners where you meet a Baronet, a Knight, and a snuffy little old General; and where the master of the house, the big bald man, leads Lady Barbara Macraw down stairs, the Earl of Strathbungo's daughter, and godmother to his seventh child. A little more furniture would make the rooms look more comfortable; but they are very handsome as it is. The silver dish-covers are splendaceous. I wish the butler would put a little more wine into the glasses, and come round rather oftener. You are the only poor man in the room. Those awful grave fellows give each other

dinners round. Their daughters come solemnly in the evening. The young fellow of the house has been at Oxford, and smokes cigars, but not in the house, and dines a good deal out at his club.

I don't wonder: I once dined with young Hengist at his father's, Major-General Sir Hercules Hengist, K. C. B., and of all the — But hospitality forbids me to reveal the secrets of the mahogany.

Having partaken there of a slight refreshment of a sponge-cake from a former dessert (and a more pretentious, stuck-up, tasteless, seedy cake than a sponge-cake, I don't know), and a glass of wine, we mounted our horses and rode out on a great exploring journey. We had heard of Bethnal Green and Spitalfields; we wished to see those regions; and we rode forth then like two cavaliers out of Mr. James's novels — the one was young, with curly chestnut ringlets, and a blonde mustache just shading his upper lip, &c. — We rode forth out of Tyburnia and down the long row of terraces to which two Universities have given their names.

At the end of Oxford Terrace, the Edgware Road cuts rapidly in, and the genteel district is over. It expires at that barrier of twopenny omnibuses: we are nearly cut in two by one of those disgusting vehicles, as we pass rapidly through the odious cordon.

We now behold a dreary district of mud, and houses on either side, that have a decayed and slatternly look, as if they had become insolvent, and subsequently taken to drinking and evil courses in their old age. There is a corner house not very far from the commencement of the New Road which is such a picture of broken-windowed bankruptcy as is only to be seen when a house is in Chancery or in Ireland. I think the very ghosts must be mildewed that haunt that most desolate spot.

As they rode on, the two cavaliers peeped over the board of the tea-garden at the Yorkshire Jingo. The pillars of the damp arbors and the legs of the tables were reflected in the mud.

In sooth 'tis a dismal quarter. What are those whitey-brown small houses with black gardens fronting, and cards of lodgings wafered into the rickety bow-windows? Would not the very idea that you have to pass over that damp and reeking strip of ground prevent any man from taking those hopeless apartments? Look at the shabby children paddling through the slush: and lo! the red-haired maid-of-all-work, coming out with yesterday's paper and her mistress's beer jug in her hand, through the creaking little garden door, on which the name of "Sulsh" is written on a dirty brass plate.

Who is Sulsh? Why do I want to know that he lives there? Ha! there is the Lying-in Hospital, which always looks so comfortable that we feel as if we should like to be in an interesting — fiddlestick! Here is Milksop Terrace. It looks like a dowager. It has seen better days, but it holds its head up still, and has nothing to do with Mary-le-bone workhouse, opposite, that looks as cheerful as a cheese-paring.

We rise in respectability: we come upon tall brown houses, and can look up long vistas of brick. Off with your hat. That is Baker Street; jolly little Upper Baker Street stretches away Regent's Parkward; we pass by Glum Street, Great Gaunt Street, Upper Hatchment Street, Tressel Place, and Pall Street, dark, tragic, and respectable abodes of worthy people. Their names should be printed in a black book instead of a red book, however. I think they must have been built by an architect and undertaker.

How the omnibuses cut through the mud City-wards, and the rapid cabs with canvas-backed trunks on the top, rush towards the Great Western Railway. Yonder it lies, beyond the odious line of twopenny 'busses.

See, we are at Park Crescent. Portland Place is like a Pyramid, and has resisted time. It still looks as if Aldermen lived there, and very beneficed clergymen came to them to dine. The footmen are generally fat in Portland Place, I have remarked; fat and in red plush breeches, — different from the Belgravian gents; from the Tyburnian. Every quarter has its own expression of plush, as flowers bloom differently in different climates.

Chariots with lozenges on the panels, and elderly ladies inside, are driving through the iron gates to take the cheerful round of Regent's Park. When all Nature smiles and the skies are intolerably bright and blue, the Regency Park seems to me to have this advantage, that a cooling and agreeable mist always lies over it, and keeps off the glare.

Do people still continue to go to the Diorama? It is an entertainment congenial to the respectability of the neighborhood. I know nothing more charming than to sit in a black room there, silent and frightened, and with a dim sense that you are turning round; and then to see the view of the Church of Saint Rawhead by moonlight, while a distant barrel-organ plays the dead march in Saul almost inaudibly.

Yoicks! We have passed the long defile of Albany Street; we cross the road of Tottenham — on either side of us the cheerful factories with ready-made tombstones and funereal urns; or great zinc slipper-baths and chimney-pots that look like the helmets of the Castle of Otranto. Extremely small cigar-shops, and dentists; one or two bug-destroyers, and coffee-shops that look by no means inviting, are remarked by self and Hengist as our rapid steeds gallop swiftly onwards — onwards through the Square of Euston — onwards where the towers of Pancridge rise before us — rapidly, rapidly.

Ha! he is down — is he hurt? — He is up again — it is a cab-horse on ahead, not one of ours. It is the wood-pavement. Let us turn aside and avoid the dangerous path.

SPEC.

THE PERSECUTION OF BRITISH FOOTMEN.

BY MR. JEAMES.

1848.

LIVIN remoke from the whirld: hockupied with the umble dooties of my perfeshun, which moasely consists of droring hale & beer for the gence who freguent my otel, polititicle efairs hinterest but suldum, and I confess that when Loy Philip habdigaded (the other day, as I read in my noble & favorite *Dispatch* newspaper, where Publicoaler is the boy for me), I cared no mor than I did when the chap hover the way went hoff without paying his rent. No maw does my little Mary Hann. I prommis you she has enough to do in minding the bar and the babbies, to eed the convulsions of hempires or the hagonies of prostrick kings.

I ham what one of those littery chaps who uses our back parlor calls a *pokercuranty* on plitticle subjix. I don't permit 'em to whex, worrit, or distubb me. My objick is to leaf a good beer bisnis to little Jeames, to sckewer somethink comftable for my two gals, Mary Hann and Haugelina

(wherehof the latter, who has jest my blew his and yaller air, is a perfick little Sherrybing to behold), and in case Grimb Deth, which may appen to the best on us, shoud come & scru me down, to leaf beHind a somethink for the best wife any gentleman hever ad — tied down of coarse if hever she should marry agin.

I shoodnt have wrote at all, then, at this present juncter, but for sugmstances which affect a noble and galliant body of menn, of which I once was a hornmint; I mean of the noble purfesshn of Henglish footmen & livry suvvants, which has been crooly pussicuted by the firoashus Paris mob. I love my hold companions in harms, and none is more welcome, when they ave money, than they at the Wheel of Fortune Otel. I have a clubb of twenty for gentlemen outalivery, which has a *riunion* in my front parlor; and Mr. Buck, my lord Dukes hown man, is to stand Godfather to the next little Plush as ever was.

I call the atenshn of Europ, in the most solomon and unpressive manner, to the hinjaries infligted upon my brutherin. Many of them have been obleeged to boalt without receiving their wagis; many of them is egsiles on our shaws: an infewriate Parishn mob has tawn off their shoaldernots, laft at their wenerable liveries and buttons as they laff at heverythink sacred; and I look upon those pore men as nayther mor nor less than marters, and pitty and admire em with hallmy art.

I hoffer to those sacrid rephuGs (to such in coarse as can pay their shott) an esylum under the awspitible roof of Jeames Plush of the Wheel of Fortune. Some has already come here; two of em occupize our front garrits; in the back Hattix there is room for 6 mor. Come, brave and dontless Hemmigrants! Come childring of Kilammaty for eight-and-six a week; an old member of the Cor hoffers you bed and bord!

The narratif of the ixcapes and dangers which they have gon through has kep me and Mrs. P. hup in the bar to many a midnike our, a listening to them stories. My pore wife cries her hi's out at their nerations.

One of our borders, and a near relatif by the Grandmother's side, of my wife's famly (though I despise buth, and don't bragg like some foax of my ginteal kinexions) is a man wenerated in the whole profeshn, and lookt up as one of the fust Vips in Europe. In this country, (and from his likeness when in his Vig to our rewered prelicks of the bentch of bishops) he was called Cantyberry — his reel name being Thomas. You never sor a finer sight than Cantyberry on a levy day, a seated on his gooldfringed Ammer-cloth; a nozegy in his busm; his little crisp vig curling quite noble over his jolly red phase; his At laced hallover like a Hadmiral; the white ribbings in his ands, the pransing bay osses befor him; and behind, his state carridge; with Marquiz and Marchyness of Jonquil inside, and the galliant footmen in yalla livery clinging on at the back! "Hooray!" the boys used to cry hout, only to see Cantyberry arrive. Every person of the extableshment called him "Sir," his Master & Missis inklewdid. He never went into the stayble, ixep to smoke a segar; and when the state-carridge was hordered (me and the Jonquils live close together, the W of F being sitiwated in a ginteal Court leading hout of the street), he sat in my front parlor, in full phig, reading the newspaper like a Lord, until such time as his bodysuvn't called him, and said Lord and Lady Jonquil was ready to sit behind him. Then he went. Not a minnit sooner; not a minnit latter; and being elped hup to the box by 3 men, he took the ribbings, and drove his employers, to the ressadencies of the nobillaty, or the pallis of the Sovring.

Times is now, R how much changed with Cantyberry! Last yer, being bribed by Sir Thomas and Lady Kicklebury, but chiefly, I fear, because this old gent, being intimat with Bu-

lers, had equired a tayste for Bergamy, and Clarick, and other French winds, he quitted Lord and Lady Jonquil's box for that of the Kicklebury famly, residing *Rue Rivuly*, at Parris. He was rispected there — that Cantyberry is wherehever he goes; the King, the Hex-Kings coachmen, were mear moughs compared to him; and when he eard the Kings osses were sold the other day at 50 frongs apease, he says they was deer at the money.

Well, on the 24th of Febbywerrry, being so ableegin as to drive Sir T. and Lady Kicklebury to dinner with the Markee d'Epinard, in the *Fobug Sang Jermang*, Cantyberry, who had been sittn all day reading *Gallynanny*, and playing at cribbidge at a *Marshong de Vang*, and kawnsquinly was quite hignorant of the ewents in progrice, found hisself all of a sudding scrowndid by a set of rewd fellers with pikes and guns, hollerun and bellerin "*Veevly liberty*," "*Amore* Lewy-Philip," &c. — "Git out of the way there," says Cantyberry, from his box, a vipping his osses.

The puple, as the French people call theirselves, came round the carridge, rawring out "*Ah Bah l'Aristograt!*"

Lady Kicklebury looked hout. Her Par was in the Cheese Mongering (olesale) way: and she never was called an aristograt afor. "Your mistaken, my good people," says she; "*Je swee Onglase. Wee, boco*, Lady Kicklebury, *je vay diner avec* Munseer d'Eppynar"; and so she went a jabbring on; but I'm blest if the Puple would let her pass that way. They said there was a barrygade in the street, and turning round the Eds of Cantyberry's osses, told him to drive down the next street. He did n't understand, but was reddy to drop hoff his perch at the Hindignaty hoffered the British Vip.

Now they had scarce drove down the next street at a tarin gallop (for when aggrywated, Cantyberry drives like madd, to be sure), when lowinby-old, they come on some more puple, more pikes, more guns, the pavement hup, and a Buss spilt on the ground, so that it was impawsable to pass.

"Git out of the carridge," rors the puple, and a feller in a cock at (of the Pollypicnic School, Cantyberry says, though what that is he doant No), comes up to the door, while hothers old the osses, and says, "*Miladi, il faut des cendres*"; which means, you must git out.

"*Mway ne vu pas, Moi* Lady Kicklebury," cries out my Lady, waggling her phethers and diminds, and screamin like a Macaw.

"*Il le fo pourtong*," says the Pollypicnic scholard: very polite, though he was ready to bust with laffin hisself. "We must make a barrygade of the carridge. The cavilry is at one hend of the street, the hartillary at the other; there 'll be a fight presently, and out you must git."

Lady Kicklebury set up a screaming louder than hever, and I warrant she hopped out pretty quick this time, and the hoffiser, giving her his harm, led her into a kimmis shop, and giv her a glas of sallyvalattaly.

Meanwild Cantyberry sat puffin like a grampus on his box, his face as red as Cielingwhacks. His osses had been led out before his hi's, his footmen — French minials, unwuthy of a livry — had fratynized with the Mobb, and Thomas Cantyberry sat aloan.

"*Descends mong gros!*" cries the mob; (which intupprited is "Come down, old fat un";) "come off your box, we 're goin to upset the carridge."

"Never," says Thomas, for which he knew the French; and dubbling his phist, he igsclaimed, "*Jammy, Dammy!*" He cut the fust man who sprang hon the box, hover the fase and i's; he delivered on the nex fellers nob. But what was Thomas Cantyberry against a people in harms? They pulled that brave old man off his perch. They upset his carridge—*his* carridge beside a buss. When he comes to this pint of his narratif, Thomas always busts into tears and calls for a fresh glas.

He is to be herd of at my bar: and being disingaged hoffers hisself to the Nobillaty for the enshuing seasn. His tums is ninety lbs per hannum, the purchesing of the hannimals and the corn, an elper for each two osses: ony to drive the lord and lady of the famly, no drivin at night excep to Ofishl parties, and two vigs drest a day during the seasn. He objex to the country, and won't go abrod no more. In a country (seeze) where I was ableeged to whonder abowt disguised out of livery, amongst a puple who pulled my vig off before my face, Thomas will never mount box agin.

And I eplaud him. And as long as he has enough to pay his skaw, my house is a home for this galliant Hegsile.

THE GREAT SQUATTLEBOROUGH SOIRÉE.

1848.

"Good Mr. Punch,—I am an author by trade, and in confidence send you my card, which will satisfy you of my name and my place of business. If the designer of the series of cuts called 'Authors' Miseries' will take my case in hand, I will not ask to plead it myself; otherwise, as it is one which concerns most literary persons, and as the annoyance of which I complain may be a source of serious loss and evil to them, I take leave to cry out on behalf of our craft.

"The system of oppression against which I desire to protest, is one which has of late been exercised by various bodies, in various parts of the kingdom,—by the harmless, nay, most laudable Literary Societies there established. These, under the name of Athenæums, Institutes, Parthenons, and what not, meet together for the purposes of literary exercitation; have reading-rooms, supplied with magazines, books, newspapers, and your own invaluable miscellany; and lecture-rooms, where orators, and philosophers, and men of science appear to instruct or to amuse. The Sea Serpent, the character of *Hamlet*, the royal orrery, and dissolving views, the female characters in Mrs. Jones's novels, &c.—whatever may be the subject of the lecturer. I am sure no friend to his kind would wish either to prevent that honest man from getting his bread, or his audience from listening to his harangues. Lecturers are not always consummately wise, but that is no reason why audiences should not listen to them. Myself, sir, as I walked down Holborn the other day, I saw placarded (amongst other names far more illustrious) my own name, in pretty much the following terms:—

'L. A. HUGGLESTONE.

'Are the Writings of Hugglestone moral or immoral?

'Professor Groutage will deliver an Essay on this subject, on the 25th Instant, at the Philosophical Arena and Psychogymnasium, Cow Lane, Smithfield. After the Lecture, the Arena will be opened for free discussion. Admission 2*d*., Children 1*d*.'

"I, of course, did not attend, but female curiosity induced Mrs. Hugglestone to pay her money. She returned home, sir, dissatisfied. I am informed the Professor did not do me justice. My writings are not appreciated by Mr. Groutage (nor indeed by many other critics), and my poor Louisa, who had taken our little James, who is at home for the Christmas Holidays, by way of treat, came home with mortification in her heart, that our Jemmy should have heard his father so slightingly spoken of by

Groutage, and said, with tears in her own eyes, that she should like to scratch out those of the philosopher in question.

"Because the Professor has but a mean opinion of me, is that any reason why free discussion should not be permitted? Far otherwise. As Indians make fire with bits of wood, blockheads may strike out sparks of truth in the trituration of debate, and I have little doubt that had my poor dear girl but waited for the discussion in the arena, my works would have had their due, and Groutage got his answer. The people may be lectured to by very stupid quacks (perhaps, sir, it may have been your fortune to have heard one or two of them); but, as sure as they are quacks, so sure they will be discovered one day or other, and I, for my part, do not care a fig for the opinion of the Professor of Cow Lane. I am putting merely my own case in illustration of the proposition, which is, that public debates and fair play of thought among men are good, and to be encouraged. Those who like to read better out of a book, than to listen to a long-haired lecturer, with his collars turned down (so that his jaws may wag more freely), those who prefer a pipe at the neighboring tavern to a debate, however stirring, at the Cow Lane Gymnasium, are welcome and right, but so are the others on the other side.

"I will mention a case which seems to me in point. In my early days, my friend Huffy, the dentist, with myself and several others, belonged to the Plato Club, meeting of Saturday nights in Covent Garden, to discuss the writings of that philosopher, and to have a plain supper and a smoke. I and some others used to attend pretty regularly, but only at the smoking and supping part, which caused Huffy to say, with a look of considerable scorn, 'that there were some minds not capable of sustaining or relishing a philosophical investigation.' The fact was, we were not anxious to hear Huffy's opinions about Plato at all; and preferred scalloped oysters to that controversy.

"I submit that, in this case, both parties were right, — Huffy in indulging himself in Platonic theories, and we for refraining from them. We doubted our lecturer, — of our scalloped oysters we were sure. We were only sceptics in this instance, not in all; and so in the multifarious Institutes throughout the country, where speechifying is performed, I own I sometimes have doubts as to the wholesomeness of the practice. But it is certain, that if there may be stupid lectures, there may be clever lectures; there may be quacks or men of genius; there may be knowledge good and sound acquired; there may be but a superficial smattering and parrot-like imitation of a teacher who himself is but a pretender; and also it is clear that people should talk, should think, should read, should have tea in a social manner, and, calling the fiddlers and their wives and daughters, have a dance together at the Parthenon, Athenæum, or Institute, until they are tired, and go home happy. And if in a manufacturing town, of course it is good that the master of the mill should join in the sport in which his hands are engaged; or in the country districts, that the great man or Squire should aid. For example, I read last year in the *Squattleborough Sentinel*, how the heir of the noble house of Yawny, the Honorable Mr. Drawleigh, came over ten miles to Squattleborough in the most slushy weather, and delivered four lectures there on his travels in Nineveh, and his measurements of the tombs of Baalbec. Some people fell asleep at these lectures, no doubt, but many liked them, and Mr. Drawleigh was right to give them.

"He represents the borough. His family are time out of mind lords of the neighborhood. Nothing is more certain than that the heir of Dozeley Castle should do his utmost to give pleasure to his faithful constituents and the children of the quondam re-

tainers of his race. It was he who set up the Squattleborough Parthenon, his father, Lord Yawny, laying the first brick of the edifice; the neighboring clergy and gentry attending and delivering appropriate orations, and the library beginning with two copies of Drawleigh's own Travels, in morocco gilt. This is all right. But the Squattleborough Parthenon is not, for this, 'the Beacon of Truth, the Centre of Civilization, the Pharos in the storm, which the troubled voyager sees from the dark waters, radiating serenely with the Truthful and the Beautiful,' as Professor Jowls said at the Inauguration Meeting, — the Squattleborough Institution, I say, is not in the least like this, but an excellent good place enough, where every man can read the paper if it is not in hand; or get a book from the library, if nobody else has engaged it. Let things be called by their names, *Mr. Punch*; this place at Squattleborough is a good literary club, and that is a good thing, and it promotes the good fellowship, and aids the reading and education of numbers of people there; and Heaven send every such scheme prosperity!

"But now the Squattleborough folks are bent on following the fashion, and having a grand tea-party at their Institute. Amongst others, I have been favored with a card to this party. The secretary writes in the kindest manner; he says the directors of the Institute are going to give a grand *soirée*, which many noblemen and gentlemen of the neighborhood have promised to attend, and where they are most anxious 'to secure the leading literary talent.'

"Noblemen and Gentlemen of the neighborhood, *à la bonne heure*, — and it is very complimentary, doubtless, to be mentioned amongst the leading literary talent; a noble Lord, a couple of most reverend prelates, a great poet, and so forth, we are informed, are asked. But why the deuce does Squattleborough want 'to secure literary talent'? Gentlemen, do you think men of letters have nothing to do? Do you go three hundred miles to a tea-party, spend five or six pounds on railroads and inns, give up two days' work and a night's sleep at the request of people hundreds of miles away, of whom you have no earthly knowledge? There are one or two men of letters who, upon a great occasion, and by a great city, are rightly called to help and to speak; these men are great orators, — whom it is a privilege for any community to hear, — but for those whose gift does not lie that way, why drag them out from their homes, or their own friends, or their desks, where their right places are?

"I, for instance, who write this, have had a dozen invitations within the last few months. I should have had to travel many thousands of miles — to spend ever so many scores of pounds — to lose weeks upon weeks of time — and for what? In order to stand on a platform, at this town or that, to be pointed out as the author of so and so, and to hear Lord This or the Archbishop of That, say that Knowledge was Power, that Education was a benefit, that the free and enlightened people of What-d'ye-call-'em were daily advancing in Civilization, and that the learning of the ingenious arts, as the Latin bard had observed, refined our manners, and mitigated their ferocity.

"Advance, civilize, cease to be ferocious, read, meet, be friendly, be happy, ye men of Squattleborough, and other places. I say amen to all this; but if you can read for yourselves it is the best. If you can be wise without bragging and talking so much about it, you will lose none of your wisdom; and as you and your wives and daughters will do the dancing at your own ball, if you must have a talk likewise, why not get your native lions to roar?

"Yours, dear *Mr. Punch*, most respectfully,

"LEONTIUS ANDROCLES HUGGLESTONE."

ON SOME DINNERS AT PARIS.

1849.

"Some few words about dinners, my dear friend, I know your benevolent mind will expect. A man who comes to Paris without directing his mind to dinners, is like a fellow who travels to Athens without caring to inspect ruins, or an individual who goes to the Opera, and misses Jenny Lind's singing. No, I should be ungrateful to that appetite with which Nature has bountifully endowed me, — to those recollections which render a consideration of the past so exquisite an enjoyment to me, — were I to think of coming to Paris without enjoying a few quiet evenings at the Trois Frères, alone, with a few dishes, a faithful waiter who knows you of old, and my own thoughts; undisturbed by conversation, or having to help the soup, or carve the turkey for the lady of the house; by the exertion of telling jokes for the entertainment of the company; by the *ennui* of a stupid neighbor at your side, to whom you are forced to impart them; by the disgust of hearing an opposition wag talk better than yourself, take the stories with which you have come primed and loaded, out of your very mouth, and fire them off himself, or audaciously bring forward old Joe Millers, and get a laugh from all the company, when your own novelties and neatest *impromptus* and *mots* pass round the table utterly disregarded.

"I rejoiced, sir, in my mind, to think that I should be able to dine alone; without rivals to talk me out, hosts or ladies to coax and wheedle, or neighbors who, before my eyes (as they often have done), will take the best cutlet or favorite snipe out of the dish, as it is handed round, or to whom you have to give all the breast of the pheasant or capon, when you carve it.

"All the way in the railroad, and through the tedious hours of night, I whiled away such time as I did not employ in sleeping, or in thinking about Miss Br—wn (who felt, I think, by the way, some little pang in parting with me, else why was she so silent all night, and why did she apply her pocket-handkerchief so constantly to her lovely amethyst eyes?) — all the way in the railroad, I say, when not occupied by other thoughts, I amused the tedium of the journey by inventing little bills of fare for one, — solitary Barmecide banquets, — which I enjoyed in spirit, and proposed to discuss bodily on my arrival in the Capital of the Kitchen.

"'Monsieur will dine at the *table d'hôte?*' the *laquais de place* said at the Hotel, whilst I was arranging my elegant toilet before stepping forth to renew an acquaintance with our beloved old city. An expression of scornful incredulity shot across the fine features of the person addressed by the *laquais de place*. My fine fellow, thought I, do you think I am come to Paris in order to dine at a *table d'hôte?* — to meet twenty-four doubtful English and Americans at an ordinary? 'Lucullus dines with Lucullus to-day, sir'; which, as the *laquais de place* did not understand, I added, 'I never dine at a *table d'hôte*, except at an extremity.'

"I had arranged in my mind a little quiet week of dinners. Twice or thrice, thinks I, I will dine at the Frères, once at Very's, once at the Café de Paris. If my old friend Voisin opposite the Assomption has some of the same sort of Bordeaux which we recollect in 1844, I will dine there at least twice. Philippe's, in the Rue Montorgueil, must be tried, which, they say, is as good as the Rocher de Cancale used to be in our time: and the seven days were chalked out already, and I saw there was nothing for it but to breakfast *à*

la fourchette at some of the other places which I had in my mind, if I wished to revisit all my old haunts.

"To a man living much in the world, or surrounded by his family, there is nothing so good as this solitude from time to time,—there is nothing like communing with your own heart, and giving a calm and deliberate judgment upon the great question—the truly vital question, I may say—before you. What is the use of having your children, who live on roast mutton in the nursery, and think treacle-pudding the summit of cookery, to sit down and take the best three fourths of a *perdreau truffé* with you? What is the use of helping your wife, who does n't know the difference between Sherry and Madeira, to a glass of priceless Romanée, or sweetly odoriferous Chateau Laffitte of '42? Poor dear soul! she would be as happy with a slice of the children's joint, and a cup of tea in the evening. She takes them when you are away. To give fine wine to that dear creature, is like giving pearls to—to animals who don't know their value.

"What I like, is, to sit at a Restaurant alone, after having taken a glass of absinthe in water, about half an hour previous, to muse well over the *carte*, and pick out some little dinner for myself; to converse with the *sommelier* confidentially about the wine,—a pint of Champagne, say, and a bottle of Bordeaux, or a bottle of Burgundy, not more, for your private drinking. He goes out to satisfy your wishes, and returns with the favorite flask in a cradle, very likely. Whilst he is gone, comes old Antoine, who is charmed to see *Monsieur de retour;* and vows that you *rajeunnissez tous les ans*, with a plate of oysters,—dear little juicy green oysters in their upper shells, swimming in their sweet native brine, not like your great white flaccid natives in England, that look as if they had been fed on pork: and ah! how kindly and pretty that attention is of the two little plates of radishes and butter, which they bring you in, and with which you can dally between the arrival of the various dishes of your dinner; they are like the delicate symphonies which are played at the theatre between the acts of a charming Comedy. A little bread-and-butter, a little raddish,—you crunch and relish,—a little raddish, a little piece of bread-and-butter—you relish and crunch,—when lo! up goes the curtain, and Antoine comes in with the *entrée* or the roast.

"I pictured all this in my mind and went out. I will not tell any of my friends that I am here, thought I. Sir, in five minutes, and before I had crossed the Place Vendôme, I had met five old acquaintances and friends, and in an hour afterwards the arrival of your humble servant was known to all our old set.

"My first visit was for Tom Dash, with whom I had business. That friend of my youth received me with the utmost cordiality: and our business transacted and our acquaintances talked over (four of them I had seen, so that it was absolutely necessary I should call on them and on the rest), it was agreed that I should go forth and pay visits, and that on my return Tom and I should dine somewhere together. I called upon Brown, upon Jones, upon Smith, upon Robinson, upon our old Paris set, in a word, and in due time returned to Tom Dash.

"'Where are we to dine, Tom?' says I. 'What is the crack Restaurant now? I am entirely in your hands; and let us be off early and go to the play afterwards.'

"'O, hang restaurants,' says Tom; 'I 'm tired of 'em; we are sick of them here. Thompson came in just after you were gone, and I told him you were coming, and he will be here directly to have a chop with me.'

"There was nothing for it. I had to sit down and dine with Thompson and Tom Dash, at the latter's charges,—and am bound to say that the dinner was not a bad one. As I have said somewhere before, and am proud

of being able to say, I scarcely recollect ever to have had a bad dinner.

"But of what do you think the present repast was composed? Sir, I give you my honor, we had a slice of salmon and a leg of mutton, and boiled potatoes, just as they do in my favorite Baker Street.

"'Dev'lish good dinner,' says Thompson, covering the salmon with lots of Harvey sauce, — and Cayenne pepper from Fortnum & Mason's.

"'*Donnez du Sherry à* Monsieur Canterbury,' says Tom Dash to Francois his man. 'There 's porter or pale ale if any man likes it.'

"They poured me out Sherry; I might have had porter or pale ale if I liked: I had leg of mutton and potatoes, and finished dinner with Stilton cheese; and it was for this that I had revisited my dear Paris.

"'Thank you,' says I, to Dash, cutting into the mutton with the most bitter irony. 'This is a dish that I don't remember ever having seen in England; but I have tasted pale ale there, and won't take any this evening, thank you. Are we going to have Port wine after dinner? or could you oblige me with a little London gin and water?'

"Tom Dash laughed his mighty laugh; and I will say, we had not Port wine, but Claret, fit for the repast of a pontiff, after dinner, and sat over it so late that the theatre was impossible, and the first day was gone, and might as well have been passed in Pump Court or Pall Mall, for all the good I had out of it.

"But, sir, do you know what had happened in the morning of that day during which I was paying the visits before mentioned?

"Robinson, my very old friend, pressed me so to come and dine with him, and fix my day, that I could not refuse, and fixed Friday.

"Brown, who is very rich, and with whom I had had a difference, insisted so upon our meeting as in old times, that I could not refuse; and so, being called on to appoint my own day, — I selected Sunday.

"Smith is miserably poor, and it would offend him and Mrs. Smith mortally that I should dine with a rich man, and turn up my nose at his kind and humble table. I was free to name any day I liked, and so I chose Monday.

"Meanwhile, our old friend Jones had heard that I had agreed to dine with Brown, with whom he too was at variance, and he offered downright to quarrel with me unless I gave him a day: so I fixed Thursday.

"'I have but Saturday,' says I, with almost tears in my eyes.

"'O, I have asked a party of the old fellows to meet you,' cries out Tom Dash; 'and made a dinner expressly for the occasion.'

"And this, sir, was the fact. This was the way, sir, that I got my dinners at Paris. Sir, at one house I had boiled leg of mutton and turnips, at another beaf-steak; and I give you my word of honor, at two I had mock-turtle soup! In this manner I saw Paris. This was what my friends called welcoming me, — we drank Sherry; we talked about Mr. Cobden and the new financial reform; I was not allowed to see a single Frenchman, save one, a huge athletic monster, whom I saw at a Club in London last year, who speaks English as well as you, and who drank two bottles of Port wine on that very night for his own share. I offended mortally several old friends with whom I did n't dine, and I might as well have been sitting under your mahogany tree in Fleet Street, for all of Paris that I saw.

"I have the honor to report my return to this country, and to my lodgings in Piccadilly, and to remain

"Your very obedient Servant and Contributor,

"Folkstone Canterbury.

"P.S.—I stop the post to give the following notice from the *Constitutionnel*. 'Lady Jane Grey (femme du Chancelier de l'Echiquier) vient de donner le jour à deux jumeaux. Sa santé est aussi satisfaisante que possible.'"

THE BACHELORS' LEAGUE.

1850.

By many highly respectable unmarried men, it has long been felt as a great grievance, that they should be liable to certain very heavy duties, and in order to release themselves from these duties, a league has been formed by a batch of bachelors. A friend, whose singleness of purpose consists of a purpose to remain single as long as he can, has favored us with a glance at a few of the rules laid down for the guidance of the League of Bachelors.

1st. Every bachelor joining the League is to cancel all previous engagements.

2d. Every bachelor having subscribed for five years to the League, and who, by misfortune, shall have incurred a matrimonial engagement, shall be defended against any action for breach of promise, and thus saved from the shame and misery of going through the Court of Hymen, which is too frequently another name for the Insolvent Court.

3d. Connected with the League it is intended to establish a Bachelors' Insurance Office, to insure single men against marriage and flirtation, on the same principles as are usually applied to death and fire. Any member having visited wilfully a house with more than two marriageable daughters will, in the event of the calamity of marriage befalling him, be regarded in the same light as *felo de se*, and his policy will be vitiated on account of the very bad policy that will have guided him. Any bachelor falling — into matrimony — by his own hand, as in the case of a written promise to wed, will be deprived of all the benefits of his insurance, and every applicant proposing to be insured must answer the following questions, among others that will be proposed to him: —

What is your age next birthday?

At what age had your father the misfortune to marry your mother?

Have you been afflicted with the Polka or other mania? are you subject to sentimental fits? have you been addicted to the writing of sonnets? or have you ever suffered from the *cacoethes scribendi* in any shape, or at any time whatever?

Have you at any time in your life been a victim to the flute, or any other deadly-lively instrument?

Have any of your near relations fallen in love at any time, and if so, have they recovered, or have their cases ended fatally?

If these questions are all answered in a satisfactory manner, any member of the Bachelors' League may insure any amount under £ 5000, to be paid within three months of the melancholy termination of his single career, on proof of wedlock having actually overtaken him.

The Insurance against flirtation or fire cannot be effected where the applicant is more than ordinarily inflammable, and watering-places in the season, balls, and picnic parties must be considered as doubly or trebly hazardous, and charged accordingly.

A great moral engine will be kept on the premises, so that, in case of an alarm of fire, any member may have cold water thrown upon him without extra premium.

PALMER'S LEGS.

1851.

An American gentleman, named Palmer, having lost one of his own lower limbs, has invented a leg, with which he walks as well, dances as well, rides as well, kicks as well, as with the original member. We hear that bushels of legs are ordered for Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals; and that the services are very much annoyed, because persons losing a limb will not be pensioned in future, but will be refitted and sent back to active duty in their ships and regiments.

Admiral Lopp and Colonel Hopper, C. B., at the United Service Club, have expressed their determination to have each his leg taken off (the Admiral suffering much from gout, and the Colonel, who is still the dandy of 1815, from a tight boot and corns), and to wear nothing but American legs for the future.

A council of footmen has been held at the Wheel of Fortune, Mr. Jeames in the chair. Several gentlemen who are out of place, and thin about the calves, have expressed their determination to amputate against the season, and are going into the St. George's Hospital forthwith. It is thought that families requiring tall footmen will be better pleased to have uniform legs behind a carriage, than the unequal calves, the thick ankles, and the unartificial stuffing, which so often disgrace the footboards of the aristocracy.

The Corps de Ballet is much excited. Miss Bandinelli talks about chloroform and the knife, which a young Surgeon of Guy's offers to employ gratis; Mesdemoiselles Knox, Crookshanks, Spindle, and Lanky propose to remedy the defects of nature by having recourse to this admirable American artist.

Indeed, Mr. Palmer thinks that he can perfect his invention, and construct not only legs, but whole bodies, which will perform perfectly; execute *pirouettes*, *entrechats*, and so forth; sigh, grin, pant, leer, and ogle, as well as the very best *coryphées*. And we hear that Mr. Lumley is in treaty for six dozen of these *danseuses*, which will perform in the ballets perfectly: which, after the first expense, will cost the enterprising Impresario nothing: which will never quarrel, tattle, or use bad language behind the scenes: which, if they sprain their ankles, can be mended easily, in ten minutes, by the Carpenter of the Theatre: which will not lead young noblemen and men of fashion astray: and which, if wanted, can be hired out for parties to Greenwich, Richmond, &c. perfectly dressed, and capable even of taking champagne, lobster-salad, &c. as well as the present ornaments of the Terpsichorean stage.

And they will not grow old, thin, fat, ugly, as the best of the living machines must do: and when gentlemen are tired of them, can be put away without any inconvenience.

BALLADS.

This Edition of Mr. Thackeray's "Ballads" will be found to include all the verses that are scattered throughout the Author's various writings.

BALLADS.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.

PART I.

AT Paris, hard by the Maine barriers,
Whoever will choose to repair,
Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors
May haply fall in with old Pierre.
On the sunshiny bench of a tavern
He sits and he prates of old wars,
And moistens his pipe of tobacco
With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,
And as long as his tap never fails,
Thus over his favorite liquor
Old Peter will tell his old tales.
Says he, "In my life's ninety summers
Strange changes and chances I 've seen, —
So here 's to all gentlemen drummers
That ever have thump'd on a skin.

"Brought up in the art military
For four generations we are ;
My ancestors drumm'd for King Harry,
The Huguenot lad of Navarre.
And as each man in life has his station
According as Fortune may fix,
While Condé was waving the bâton,
My grandsire was trolling the sticks.

"Ah! those were the days for commanders!
What glories my grandfather won,
Ere bigots, and lackeys, and panders
The fortunes of France had undone!
In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,
What foeman resisted us then?
No; my grandsire was ever victorious,
My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne.

"He died: and our noble battalions
The jade fickle Fortune forsook;
And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,
The victory lay with Malbrook.
The news it was brought to King Louis;
Corbleu! how his Majesty swore
When he heard they had taken my grandsire:
And twelve thousand gentlemen more.

"At Namur, Ramillies, and Malplaquet
Were we posted, on plain or in trench:
Malbrook only need to attack it
And away from him scamper'd we French.
Cheer up! 't is no use to be glum, boys, —
'T is written, since fighting begun,
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,
And sometimes we fight and we run.

"To fight and to run was our fate:
Our fortune and fame had departed.
And so perish'd Louis the Great, —
Old, lonely, and half broken-hearted.
His coffin they pelted with mud,
His body they tried to lay hands on;
And so having buried King Louis
They loyally served his great-grandson.

"God save the beloved King Louis!
(For so he was nicknamed by some,)
And now came my father to do his
King's orders and beat on the drum.
My grandsire was dead, but his bones
Must have shaken I 'm certain for joy,
To hear daddy drumming the English
From the meadows of famed Fontenoy.

"So well did he drum in that battle
That the enemy show'd us their backs;
Corbleu! it was pleasant to rattle
The sticks and to follow old Saxe!
We next had Soubise as a leader,
And as luck hath its changes and fits,
At Rossbach, in spite of dad's drumming,
'T is said we were beaten by Fritz.

"And now daddy cross'd the Atlantic,
To drum for Montcalm and his men;
Morbleu! but it makes a man frantic
To think we were beaten again!
My daddy he cross'd the wide ocean,
My mother brought me on her neck,
And we came in the year fifty-seven
To guard the good town of Quebec.

"In the year fifty-nine came the Britons, —
Full well I remember the day, —
They knocked at our gates for admittance,
Their vessels were moor'd in our bay.
Says our general, 'Drive me yon redcoats
Away to the sea whence they come!'
So we march'd against Wolfe and his bulldogs,
We marched at the sound of the drum.

"I think I can see my poor mammy
With me in her hand as she waits,
And our regiment, slowly retreating,
Pours back through the citadel gates.
Dear mammy she looks in their faces,
And asks if her husband is come?
— He is lying all cold on the glacis,
And will never more beat on the drum.

"Come, drink, 't is no use to be glum, boys,
He died like a soldier in glory;
Here 's a glass to the health of all drum-boys,
And now I 'll commence my own story.
Once more did we cross the salt ocean,
We came in the year eighty-one;
And the wrongs of my father the drummer
Were avenged by the drummer his son.

"In Chesapeake Bay we were landed.
In vain strove the British to pass:
Rochambeau our armies commanded,
Our ships they were led by De Grasse.
Morbleu! how I rattled the drumsticks
The day we march'd into Yorktown;
Ten thousand of beef-eating British
Their weapons we caused to lay down.

Then homewards returning victorious,
In peace to our country we came,
And were thanked for our glorious actions
By Louis Sixteenth of the name.
What drummer on earth could be prouder
Than I, while I drumm'd at Versailles
To the lovely court ladies in powder,
And lappets, and long satin tails?

"The Princes that day pass'd before us,
Our countrymen's glory and hope;
Monsieur, who was learned in Horace,
D'Artois, who could dance the tight-rope.
One night we kept guard for the Queen
At her Majesty's opera-box,
While the King, that majestical monarch,
Sat filing at home at his locks.

"Yes, I drumm'd for the fair Antoinette,
And so smiling she look'd and so tender,
That our officers, privates, and drummers,
All vow'd they would die to defend her.
But she cared not for us honest fellows,
Who fought and who bled in her wars,
She sneer'd at our gallant Rochambeau,
And turned Lafayette out of doors.

"Ventrebleu! then I swore a great oath,
No more to such tyrants to kneel.
And so just to keep up my drumming,
One day I drumm'd down the Bastille.
Ho, landlord! a stoup of fresh wine.
Come, comrades, a bumper we 'll try,
And drink to the year eighty-nine
And the glorious fourth of July!

"Then bravely our cannon it thunder'd
As onwards our patriots bore.
Our enemies were but a hundred,
And we twenty thousand or more.
They carried the news to King Louis.
He heard it as calm as you please,
And, like a majestical monarch,
Kept filing his locks and his keys.

"We show'd our republican courage,
We storm'd and we broke the great gate in,
And we murder'd the insolent governor
For daring to keep us a-waiting.
Lambesc and his squadrons stood by:
They never stirr'd finger or thumb.
The saucy aristocrats trembled
As they heard the republican drum.

"Hurrah! what a storm was a-brewing:
The day of our vengeance was come!
Through scenes of what carnage and ruin
Did I beat on the patriot drum!
Let 's drink to the famed tenth of August;
At midnight I beat the tattoo,
And woke up the Pikemen of Paris
To follow the bold Barbaroux.

"With pikes, and with shouts, and with torches
March'd onwards our dusty battalions,
And we girt the tall castle of Louis,
A million of tatterdemalions!
We storm'd the fair gardens where tower'd
The walls of his heritage splendid.
Ah, shame on him, craven and coward,
That had not the heart to defend it!

"With the crown of his sires on his head,
His nobles and knights by his side,
At the foot of his ancestors' palace
'T were easy, methinks, to have died.
But no: when we burst through his barriers,
Mid heaps of the dying and dead,
In vain through the chambers we sought him —
He had turn'd like a craven and fled.

* * * * *

"You all know the Place de la Concorde?
'T is hard by the Tuilerie wall.
Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,
There rises an obelisk tall.
There rises an obelisk tall,
All garnish'd and gilded the base is:
'T is surely the gayest of all
Our beautiful city's gay places.

"Around it are gardens and flowers,
And the Cities of France on their thrones,
Each crown'd with his circlet of flowers
Sits watching this biggest of stones!
I love to go sit in the sun there,
The flowers and fountains to see,

And to think of the deeds that were done there
In the glorious year ninety-three.

"'T was here stood the Altar of Freedom;
And though neither marble nor gilding
Was used in those days to adorn
Our simple republican building,
Corbleu! but the MERE GUILLOTINE
Cared little for splendor or show,
So you gave her an axe and a beam,
And a plank and a basket or so.

"Awful, and proud, and erect,
Here sat our republican goddess.
Each morning her table we deck'd
With dainty aristocrats' bodies.
The people each day flocked around
As she sat at her meat and her wine:
'T was always the use of our nation
To witness the sovereign dine.

"Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
Old silver-hair'd prelates and priests,
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,
Were splendidly served at her feasts.
Ventrebleu! but we pamper'd our ogress
With the best that our nation could bring,
And dainty she grew in her progress,
And called for the head of a King!

"She called for the blood of our King,
And straight from his prison we drew him;
And to her with shouting we led him,
And took him, and bound him, and slew him.
'The monarchs of Europe against me
Have plotted a godless alliance:
I'll fling them the head of King Louis,'
She said, 'as my gage of defiance.'

"I see him as now, for a moment,
Away from his jailers he broke:
And stood at the foot of the scaffold,
And linger'd, and fain would have spoke.

'Ho, drummer! quick! silence yon Capet,'
Says Santerre, 'with a beat of your drum.'
Lustily then did I tap it,
And the son of Saint Louis was dumb.

* * * * *

PART II.

"The glorious days of September
Saw many aristocrats fall;
'T was then that our pikes drunk the blood
In the beautiful breast of Lamballe.
Pardi, 't was a beautiful lady!
I seldom have look'd on her like;
And I drumm'd for a gallant procession,
That marched with her head on a pike.

"Let 's show the pale head to the Queen,
We said — she 'll remember it well.
She looked from the bars of her prison,
And shriek'd as she saw it, and fell.
We set up a shout at her screaming,
We laugh'd at the fright she had shown
At the sight of the head of her minion;
How she 'd tremble to part with her own.

"We had taken the head of King Capet,
We called for the blood of his wife;
Undaunted she came to the scaffold,
And bared her fair neck to the knife.
As she felt the foul fingers that touch'd her,
She shrunk, but she deigned not to speak:
She look'd with a royal disdain,
And died with a blush on her cheek!

"'T was thus that our country was saved;
So told us the safety committee!
But psha! I 've the heart of a soldier,
All gentleness, mercy, and pity.

I loathed to assist at such deeds,
And my drum beat its loudest of tunes
As we offered to justice offended
The blood of the bloody tribunes.

"Away with such foul recollections!
No more of the axe and the block;
I saw the last fight of the sections,
As they fell 'neath our guns at Saint Rock.
Young BONAPARTE led us that day;
When he sought the Italian frontier,
I follow'd my gallant young captain,
I follow'd him many a long year.

"We came to an army in rags,
Our general was but a boy
When we first saw the Austrian flags
Flaunt proud in the fields of Savoy.
In the glorious year ninety-six,
We march'd to the banks of the Po;
I carried my drum and my sticks,
And we laid the proud Austrian low.

"In triumph we enter'd Milan,
We seized on the Mantuan keys;
The troops of the Emperor ran,
And the Pope he fell down on his knees." —
Pierre's comrades here call'd a fresh bottle,
And clubbing together their wealth,
They drank to the Army of Italy,
And General Bonaparte's health.

The drummer now bared his old breast,
And show'd us a plenty of scars,
Rude presents that Fortune had made him,
In fifty victorious wars.
"This came when I follow'd bold Kleber —
'T was shot by a Mameluke gun;
And this from an Austrian sabre,
When the field of Marengo was won.

"My forehead has many deep furrows,
But this is the deepest of all:
A Brunswicker made it at Jena,
Beside the fair river of Saal.
This cross, 'twas the Emperor gave it;
(God bless him!) it covers a blow;
I had it at Austerlitz fight,
As I beat on my drum in the snow.

"'T was thus that we conquer'd and fought;
But wherefore continue the story?
There 's never a baby in France
But has heard of our chief and our glory, —
But has heard of our chief and our fame,
His sorrows and triumphs can tell,
How bravely Napoleon conquer'd,
How bravely and sadly he fell.

"It makes my old heart to beat higher,
To think of the deeds that I saw;
I follow'd bold Ney through the fire,
And charged at the side of Murat."
And so did old Peter continue
His story of twenty brave years;
His audience follow'd with comments —
Rude comments of curses and tears.

He told how the Prussians in vain
Had died in defence of their land;
His audience laugh'd at the story,
And vow'd that their captain was grand!
He had fought the red English, he said,
In many a battle of Spain;
They cursed the red English, and prayed
To meet them and fight them again.

He told them how Russia was lost,
Had winter not driven them back;
And his company cursed the quick frost,
And doubly they cursed the Cossack.
He told how the stranger arrived;
They wept at the tale of disgrace;
And they long'd but for one battle more,
The stain of their shame to efface!

"Our country their hordes overrun,
We fled to the fields of Champagne,
And fought them, though twenty to one,
And beat them again and again!

Our warrior was conquer'd at last;
They bade him his crown to resign;
To fate and his country he yielded
The rights of himself and his line.

"He came, and among us he stood,
Around him we press'd in a throng:
We could not regard him for weeping,
Who had led us and loved us so long.
'I have led you for twenty long years,'
Napoleon said, ere he went;
'Wherever was honor I found you,
And with you, my sons, am content!

"'Though Europe against me was arm'd,
Your chiefs and my people are true;
I still might have struggled with fortune,
And baffled all Europe with you.

"'But France would have suffer'd the while,
'T is best that I suffer alone;
I go to my place of exile,
To write of the deeds we have done.

"'Be true to the king that they give you,
We may not embrace ere we part;
But, General, reach me your hand,
And press me, I pray, to your heart.'

"He call'd for our battle standard;
One kiss to the eagle he gave.
'Dear eagle!' he said, 'may this kiss
Long sound in the hearts of the brave!'
'T was thus that Napoleon left us;
Our people were weeping and mute,
As he pass'd through the lines of his guard,
And our drums beat the notes of salute.

* * * * *

"I look'd when the drumming was o'er,
I look'd, but our hero was gone;
We were destined to see him once more,
When we fought on the Mount of St. John.

The Emperor rode through our files;
'T was June, and a fair Sunday morn;
The lines of our warriors for miles
Stretch'd wide through the Waterloo corn.

"In thousands we stood on the plain,
The red-coats were crowning the height;
'Go scatter yon English,' he said;
'We 'll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night.'
We answer'd his voice with a shout;
Our eagles were bright in the sun;
Our drums and our cannon spoke out,
And the thundering battle begun.

"One charge to another succeeds,
Like waves that a hurricane bears;
All day do our galloping steeds
Dash fierce on the enemy's squares.
At noon we began the fell onset:
We charged up the Englishman's hill;
And madly we charged it at sunset —
His banners were floating there still.

"— Go to! I will tell you no more;
You know how the battle was lost.
Ho! fetch me a beaker of wine,
And, comrades, I 'll give you a toast.
I 'll give you a curse on all traitors,
Who plotted our Emperor's ruin;
And a curse on those red-coated English,
Whose bayonets help'd our undoing.

"A curse on those British assassins,
Who order'd the slaughter of Ney;
A curse on Sir Hudson, who tortured
The life of our hero away.
A curse on all Russians — I hate them —
On all Prussian and Austrian fry;
And oh! but I pray we may meet them,
And fight them again ere I die."

'T was thus old Peter did conclude
His chronicle with curses fit.
He spoke the tale in accents rude,
In ruder verse I copied it.

Perhaps the tale a moral bears,
(All tales in time to this must come,)
The story of two hundred years
Writ on the parchment of a drum.

What Peter told with drum and stick,
Is endless theme for poet's pen:
Is found in endless quartos thick,
Enormous books by learned men.

And ever since historian writ,
And ever since a bard could sing,
Doth each exalt with all his wit
The noble art of murdering.

We love to read the glorious page,
How bold Achilles kill'd his foe:
And Turnus, fell'd by Trojans' rage,
Went howling to the shades below.

How Godfrey led his red-cross knights,
How mad Orlando slash'd and slew;
There 's not a single bard that writes
But doth the glorious theme renew.

And while, in fashion picturesque,
The poet rhymes of blood and blows,
The grave historian at his desk
Describes the same in classic prose.

Go read the works of Reverend Cox,
You 'll duly see recorded there
The history of the self-same knocks
Here roughly sung by Drummer Pierre.

Of battles fierce and warriors big,
He writes in phrases dull and slow,
And waves his cauliflower wig,
And shouts "Saint George for Marlborow!"

Take Doctor Southey from the shelf,
An LL. D., — a peaceful man;
Good Lord, how doth he plume himself
Because we beat the Corsican!

From first to last his page is filled
With stirring tales how blows were struck.

He shows how we the Frenchmen kill'd,
And praises God for our good luck.

Some hints, 't is true, of politics
The doctors give and statesman's art:
Pierre only bangs his drum and sticks,
And understands the bloody part.

He cares not what the cause may be,
He is not nice for wrong and right;
But show him where 's the enemy,
He only asks to drum and fight.

They bid him fight, — perhaps he wins.
And when he tells the story o'er,
The honest savage brags and grins,
And only longs to fight once more.

But luck may change, and valor fail,
Our drummer, Peter, meet reverse,
And with a moral points his tale —
The end of all such tales — a curse.

Last year, my love, it was my hap
Behind a grenadier to be,
And, but he wore a hairy cap,
No taller man, methinks, than me.

Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot,
(Be blessings on the glorious pair!)
Before us passed, I saw them not,
I only saw a cap of hair.

Your orthodox historian puts
In foremost rank the soldier thus,
The red-coat bully in his boots,
That hides the march of men from us.

He puts him there in foremost rank,
You wonder at his cap of hair:
You hear his sabre's cursed clank,
His spurs are jingling everywhere.

Go to! I hate him and his trade:
Who bade us so to cringe and bend,
And all God's peaceful people made
To such as him subservient?

Tell me what find we to admire
In epaulets and scarlet coats,

In men, because they load and fire,
And know the art of cutting throats?

* * * * *

Ah, gentle, tender lady mine!
The winter wind blows cold and shrill,
Come, fill me one more glass of wine,
And give the silly fools their will.

And what care we for war and wrack,
How kings and heroes rise and fall;
Look yonder,* in his coffin black,
There lies the greatest of them all!

To pluck him down, and keep him up,
Died many million human souls;
'T is twelve o'clock, and time to sup,
Bid Mary heap the fire with coals.

He captured many thousand guns;
He wrote "The Great" before his name;
And dying, only left his sons
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own;
And borrow'd from his enemies
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his,
And somewhere now, in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

1841.

ABD-EL-KADER AT TOULON.

OR, THE CAGED HAWK.

No more, thou lithe and long-winged hawk, of desert-life for thee;
No more across the sultry sands shalt thou go swooping free:
Blunt idle talons, idle beak, with spurning of thy chain,
Shatter against thy cage the wing thou ne'er may'st spread again.

Long, sitting by their watchfires, shall the Kabyles tell the tale
Of thy dash from Ben Halifa on the fat Metidja vale;
How thou swept'st the desert over, bearing down the wild El Riff,
From eastern Beni Salah to western Ouad Shelif;

How thy white burnous went streaming, like the storm-rack o'er the sea,
When thou rodest in the vanward of the Moorish chivalry;
How thy razzia was a whirlwind, thy onset a simoom,
How thy sword-sweep was the lightning, dealing death from out the gloom!

Nor less quick to slay in battle than in peace to spare and save,
Of brave men wisest councillor, of wise councillors most brave;
How the eye that flashed destruction could beam gentleness and love,
How lion in thee mated lamb, how eagle mated dove!

Availéd not or steel or shot 'gainst that charmed life secure,
Till cunning France, in last resource, tossed up the golden lure;
And the carrion buzzards round him stooped, faithless, to the cast,
And the wild hawk of the desert is caught and caged at last.

Weep, maidens of Zer'fah, above the laden loom!
Scar, chieftains of Al Elmah, your cheeks in grief and gloom!
Sons of the Beni Snazam, throw down the useless lance,
And stoop your necks and bare your backs to yoke and scourge of France!

'T was not in fight they bore him down; he never cried *amàn*;
He never sank his sword before the PRINCE OF FRANGHISTAN;

* This ballad was written at Paris, at the time of the Second Funeral of Napoleon.

But with traitors all around him, his star upon the wane,
He heard the voice of ALLAH, and he would not strive in vain.

They gave him what he asked them; from king to king he spake,
As one that plighted word and seal not knoweth how to break;
"Let me pass from out my deserts, be 't mine own choice where to go,
I brook no fettered life to live, a captive and a show."

And they promised, and he trusted them, and proud and calm he came,
Upon his black mare riding, girt with his sword of fame.
Good steed, good sword, he rendered both unto the Frankish throng;
He knew them false and fickle — but a Prince's word is strong.

How have they kept their promise? Turned they the vessel's prow
Unto Acre, Alexandria, as they have sworn e'en now?
Not so: from Oran northwards the white sails gleam and glance,
And the wild hawk of the desert is borne away to France!

Where Toulon's white-walled lazaret looks southward o'er the wave,
Sits he that trusted in the word a son of LOUIS gave.
O noble faith of noble heart! And was the warning vain,
The text writ by the BOURBON in the blurred black book of Spain?

They have need of thee to gaze on, they have need of thee to grace
The triumph of the Prince, to gild the pinchbeck of their race.
Words are but wind, conditions must be construed by GUIZOT;
Dash out thy heart, thou desert hawk, ere thou art made a show!

THE KING OF BRENTFORD'S TESTAMENT.

THE noble King of Brentford
Was old and very sick,
He summon'd his physicians
To wait upon him quick;
They stepp'd into their coaches
And brought their best physic.

They cramm'd their gracious master
With potion and with pill;
They drench'd him and they bled him:
They could not cure his ill.
"Go fetch," says he, "my lawyer,
I'd better make my will."

The monarch's royal mandate
The lawyer did obey;
The thought of six-and-eightpence
Did make his heart full gay.
"What is 't," says he, "your Majesty
Would wish of me to-day?"

"The doctors have belabor'd me
With potion and with pill:
My hours of life are counted,
O man of tape and quill!
Sit down and mend a pen or two,
I want to make my will.

"O'er all the land of Brentford
I 'm lord, and eke of Kew:
I 've three-per-cents and five-per-cents;
My debts are but a few;
And to inherit after me
I have but children two.

"Prince Thomas is my eldest son,
A sober prince is he,
And from the day we breech'd him
Till now, he 's twenty-three,
He never caused disquiet
To his poor mamma or me.

"At school they never flogg'd him:
At college, though not fast,
Yet his little-go and great-go
He creditably pass'd,
And made his year's allowance
For eighteen months to last.

"He never owed a shilling,
Went never drunk to bed,

He has not two ideas
Within his honest head—
In all respects he differs
From my second son, Prince Ned.

"When Tom has half his income
Laid by at the year's end,
Poor Ned has ne'er a stiver
That rightly he may spend,
But sponges on a tradesman,
Or borrows from a friend.

"While Tom his legal studies
Most soberly pursues,
Poor Ned must pass his mornings
A-dawdling with the Muse:
While Tom frequents his banker,
Young Ned frequents the Jews.

"Ned drives about in buggies,
Tom sometimes takes a 'bus;
Ah, cruel fate, why made you
My children differ thus?
Why make of Tom a *dullard*,
And Ned a *genius?*"

"You 'll cut him with a shilling,"
Exclaimed the man of wits:
"I 'll leave my wealth," said Brentford,
"Sir Lawyer, as befits;
And portion both their fortunes
Unto their several wits."

"Your Grace knows best," the lawyer said;
"On your commands I wait."
"Be silent, sir," says Brentford,
"A plague upon your prate!
Come take your pen and paper,
And write as I dictate."

The will as Brentford spoke it
Was writ and signed and closed;
He bade the lawyer leave him,
And turn'd him round and dozed;
And next week in the churchyard
The good old King reposed.

Tom, dressed in crape and hatband,
Of mourners was the chief;
In bitter self-upbraidings
Poor Edward showed his grief:
Tom hid his fat white countenance
In his pocket-handkerchief.

Ned's eyes were full of weeping,
He falter'd in his walk;
Tom never shed a tear,
But onwards he did stalk,
As pompous, black, and solemn,
As any catafalque.

And when the bones of Brentford—
That gentle king and just—
With bell and book and candle
Were duly laid in dust,
"Now, gentlemen," says Thomas,
"Let business be discussed.

"When late our sire beloved
Was taken deadly ill,
Sir Lawyer, you attended him
(I mean to tax your bill);
And, as you signed and wrote it,
I prithee read the will."

The lawyer wiped his spectacles,
And drew the parchment out;
And all the Brentford family
Sat eager round about:
Poor Ned was somewhat anxious,
But Tom had ne'er a doubt.

"My son, as I make ready
To seek my last long home,
Some cares I had for Neddy,
But none for thee, my Tom:
Sobriety and order
You ne'er departed from.

"Ned hath a brilliant genius,
And thou a plodding brain;
On thee I think with pleasure,
On him with doubt and pain."
("You see, good Ned," says Thomas,
"What he thought about us twain.")

"Though small was your allowance,
You saved a little store;
And those who save a little
Shall get a plenty more."
As the lawyer read this compliment,
Tom's eyes were running o'er.

"The tortoise and the hare, Tom,
Set out, at each his pace;
The hare it was the fleeter,
The tortoise won the race;

And since the world's beginning
This ever was the case.

"Ned's genius, blithe and singing,
Steps gayly o'er the ground;
As steadily you trudge it
He clears it with a bound;
But dulness has stout legs, Tom,
And wind that 's wondrous sound.

"O'er fruits and flowers alike, Tom,
You pass with plodding feet;
You heed not one nor t' other
But onwards go your beat,
While genius stops to loiter
With all that he may meet;

"And ever as he wanders,
Will have a pretext fine
For sleeping in the morning,
Or loitering to dine,
Or dozing in the shade,
Or basking in the shine.

"Your little steady eyes, Tom,
Though not so bright as those
That restless round about him
His flashing genius throws,
Are excellently suited
To look before your nose.

"Thank Heaven, then, for the blinkers
It placed before your eyes;
The stupidest are weakest,
The witty are not wise;
O, bless your good stupidity,
It is your dearest prize!

"And though my lands are wide,
And plenty is my gold,
Still better gifts from Nature,
My Thomas, do you hold —
A brain that 's thick and heavy,
A heart that 's dull and cold.

"Too dull to feel depression,
Too hard to heed distress,
Too cold to yield to passion
Or silly tenderness.
March on — your road is open
To wealth, Tom, and success.

"Ned sinneth in extravagance,
And you in greedy lust."

("I' faith," says Ned, "our father
Is less polite than just.")
"In you, son Tom, I 've confidence,
But Ned I cannot trust.

"Wherefore my lease and copyholds,
My lands and tenements,
My parks, my farms, and orchards,
My houses and my rents,
My Dutch stock and my Spanish stock,
My five and three per cents,

"I leave to you, my Thomas" —
("What, all?" poor Edward said.
"Well, well, I should have spent them,
And Tom 's a prudent head") —
"I leave to you, my Thomas, —
To you IN TRUST for Ned."

The wrath and consternation
What poet e'er could trace
That at this fatal passage
Came o'er Prince Tom his face;
The wonder of the company,
And honest Ned's amaze!

"'T is surely some mistake,"
Good-naturedly cries Ned;
The lawyer answered gravely,
"'T is even as I said;
'T was thus his gracious Majesty
Ordain'd on his death-bed.

"See, here the will is witness'd,
And here 's his autograph."
"In truth, our father's writing,"
Says Edward, with a laugh;
"But thou shalt not be a loser, Tom,
We 'll share it half and half."

"Alas! my kind young gentleman,
This sharing cannot be;
'T is written in the testament
That Brentford spoke to me,
'I do forbid Prince Ned to give
Prince Tom a halfpenny.

"'He hath a store of money,
But ne'er was known to lend it;
He never help'd his brother;
The poor he ne'er befriended;
He hath no need of property
Who knows not how to spend it.

"'Poor Edward knows but how to spend,
And thrifty Tom to hoard;
Let Thomas be the steward then,
And Edward be the lord;
And as the honest laborer
Is worthy his reward,

"'I pray Prince Ned, my second son,
And my successor dear,
To pay to his intendant
Five hundred pounds a year;
And to think of his old father,
And live and make good cheer.'"

Such was old Brentford's honest testament,
He did devise his moneys for the best,
And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest.
Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent;
But his good sire was wrong, it is confess'd,
To say his son, young Thomas, never lent.
He did. Young Thomas lent at interest,
And nobly took his twenty-five per cent.

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured
O'er Chiswick, Fulham, Brentford, Putney, Kew,
But of extravagance he ne'er was cured.
And when both died, as mortal men will do,
'T was commonly reported that the steward
Was very much the richer of the two.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting —
I envied their disporting —
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze!

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight
That shot across the deck;
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
And never a star had risen
The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harbored;
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered —
Jews black, and brown, and gray;
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
Who did naught but scratch and pray:
Their dirty children puking —
Their dirty saucepans cooking —
Their dirty fingers hooking
Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were —
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were —
Enormous wide their breeks were,
Their pipes did puff alway;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave "Iberia" bowling
Before the break of day —

When A SQUALL, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle-dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them;
And they call in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.

And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorror'd;
And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children;
The men sung "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them
And splashed them and soused them,
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins);
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches
In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian Captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, "Potztausend,
Wie ist der Stürm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle,
And oft we 've thought thereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gayly he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "GEORGE! SOME BRANDY-AND-WATER!"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea;
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

1844.

PEG OF LIMAVADDY.

Riding from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty),
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derry city;
Weary was his soul,
Shivering and sad, he
Bumped along the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretch'd around,
Gloomy was their tinting,
And the horse's hoofs
Made a dismal clinting;
Wind upon the heath
Howling was and piping,
On the heath and bog,
Black with many a snipe in.
Mid the bogs of black,
Silver pools were flashing,
Crows upon their sides
Picking were and splashing.
Cockney on the car
Closer folds his plaidy,
Grumbling at the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Through the crashing woods
Autumn brawl'd and bluster'd,
Tossing round about
Leaves the hue of mustard;
Yonder lay Lough Foyle,
Which a storm was whipping,
Covering with mist
Lake, and shores and shipping.
Up and down the hill
(Nothing could be bolder),
Horse went with a raw
Bleeding on his shoulder.
"Where are horses changed?"
Said I to the laddy
Driving on the box:
"Sir, at Limavaddy."

Limavaddy inn 's
But a humble bait-house,
Where you may procure
Whiskey and potatoes;
Landlord at the door
Gives a smiling welcome —
To the shivering wights
Who to his hotel come.
Landlady within
Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
Baby's cradle rocking.
To the chimney nook
Having found admittance,
There I watch a pup
Playing with two kittens;
(Playing round the fire,
Which of blazing turf is,
Roaring to the pot
Which bubbles with the murphies.)
And the cradled babe
Fond the mother nursed it,
Singing it a song
As she twists the worsted!

Up and down the stair
Two more young ones patter
(Twins were never seen
Dirtier nor fatter).
Both have mottled legs,
Both have snubby noses,
Both have — Here the host
Kindly interposes:
"Sure you must be froze
With the sleet and hail, sir:
So will you have some punch,
Or will you have some ale, sir?"

Presently a maid
Enters with the liquor
(Half a pint of ale
Frothing in a beaker).
Gads! I did n't know
What my beating heart meant:
Hebe's self I thought
Entered the apartment.
As she came she smiled,
And the smile bewitching,
On my word and honor,
Lighted all the kitchen!

With a courtesy neat
Greeting the new-comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
Offers me the rummer;
But my trembling hand
Up the beaker tilted,
And the glass of ale
Every drop I spilt it:
Spilt it every drop
(Dames, who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word)
On my what-d'ye-call-'ems!

Witnessing the sight
Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
Missis, maid, and master;
Such a merry peal
'Specially Miss Peg's was,
(As the glass of ale
Trickling down my legs was,)
That the joyful sound
Of that mingling laughter
Echoed in my ears
Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal!
In the meadows listening,
You who 've heard the bells
Ringing to a christening;
You who ever heard
Caradori pretty,
Smiling like an angel,
Singing "Giovinetti";
Fancy Peggy's laugh,
Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,
At my pantaloons
With half a pint of beer full!

When the laugh was done,
Peg, the pretty hussy,
Moved about the room
Wonderfully busy;
Now she looks to see
If the kettle keep hot;
Now she rubs the spoons,
Now she cleans the teapot;
Now she sets the cups
Trimly and secure:
Now she scours a pot,
And so it was I drew her.

Thus it was I drew her
Scouring of a kettle,
(Faith! her blushing cheeks
Redden'd on the metal!)
Ah! but 't is in vain
That I try to sketch it;
The pot perhaps is like,
But Peggy's face is wretched.
No! the best of lead
And of Indian-rubber
Never could depict
That sweet kettle-scrubber!

See her as she moves!
Scarce the ground she touches,
Airy as a fay,
Graceful as a duchess;
Bare her rounded arm,
Bare her little leg is,
Vestris never show'd
Ankles like to Peggy's.
Braided is her hair,
Soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist
Comfortably bodiced.

This I do declare,
Happy is the laddy
Who the heart can share
Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Married if she were
Blest would be the daddy
Of the children fair
Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Beauty is not rare
In the land of Paddy,
Fair beyond compare
Is Peg of Limavaddy.

Citizen or Squire,
Tory, Whig, or Radical would all desire
Peg of Limavaddy.
Had I Homer's fire,
Or that of Sergeant Taddy,
Meetly I 'd admire
Peg of Limavaddy.
And till I expire,
Or till I grow mad, I
Will sing unto my lyre
Peg of Limavaddy!

MAY-DAY ODE.

But yesterday a naked sod
The dandies sneered from Rotten Row,
And cantered o'er it to and fro:
And see 't is done!
As though 't were by a wizard's rod
A blazing arch of lucid glass
Leaps like a fountain from the grass
To meet the sun!

A quiet green but few days since,
With cattle browsing in the shade:
And here are lines of bright arcade
In order raised!

A palace as for fairy Prince,
A rare pavilion, such as man
Saw never since mankind began,
And built and glazed!

A peaceful place it was but now,
And lo! within its shining streets
A multitude of nations meets;
A countless throng
I see beneath the crystal bow,
And Gaul and German, Russ and Turk,
Each with his native handiwork
And busy tongue.

I felt a thrill of love and awe
To mark the different garb of each,
The changing tongue, the various speech
Together blent:
A thrill, methinks, like His who saw
"All people dwelling upon earth
Praising our God with solemn mirth
And one consent."

High Sovereign, in your Royal state
Captains, and chiefs, and councillors,
Before the lofty palace doors
Are open set, —
Hush! ere you pass the shining gate;
Hush! ere the heaving curtain draws,
And let the Royal pageant pause
A moment yet.

People and prince a silence keep!
Bow coronet and kingly crown,
Helmet and plume, bow lowly down,
The while the priest,
Before the splendid portal step,
(While still the wondrous banquet stays,)
From Heaven supreme a blessing prays
Upon the feast.

Then onwards let the triumph march;
Then let the loud artillery roll,
And trumpets ring, and joy-bells toll,
And pass the gate.
Pass underneath the shining arch,
'Neath which the leafy elms are green;
Ascend unto your throne, O Queen!
And take your state.

Behold her in her Royal place;
A gentle lady; and the hand
That sways the sceptre of this land,
How frail and weak!
Soft is the voice, and fair the face:
She breathes amen to prayer and hymn;
No wonder that her eyes are dim,
And pale her cheek.

This moment round her empire's shores
The winds of Austral winter sweep,
And thousands lie in midnight sleep
At rest to-day.
Oh! awful is that crown of yours,
Queen of innumerable realms
Sitting beneath the budding elms
Of English May!

A wondrous sceptre 't is to bear:
Strange mystery of God which set
Upon her brow yon coronet, —
The foremost crown
Of all the world, on one so fair!
That chose her to it from her birth,
And bade the sons of all the earth
To her bow down.

The representatives of man
Here from the far Antipodes,
And from the subject Indian seas,
In Congress meet;
From Afric and from Hindustan,
From Western continent and isle,
The envoys of her empire pile
Gifts at her feet;

Our brethren cross the Atlantic tides,
Loading the gallant decks which once
Roared a defiance to our guns,
With peaceful store;
Symbol of peace, their vessel rides! *
O'er English waves float Star and Stripe,
And firm their friendly anchors gripe
The father shore!

From Rhine and Danube, Rhone and Seine,
As rivers from their sources gush,
The swelling floods of nations rush,
And seaward pour:

* The U. S. frigate "St. Lawrence."

From coast to coast in friendly chain,
With countless ships we bridge the straits,
And angry ocean separates
Europe no more.

From Mississippi and from Nile—
From Baltic, Ganges, Bosphorus,
In England's ark assembled thus
Are friend and guest.
Look down the mighty sunlit aisle,
And see the sumptuous banquet set,
The brotherhood of nations met
Around the feast!

Along the dazzling colonnade,
Far as the straining eye can gaze,
Gleam cross and fountain, bell and vase,
In vistas bright;
And statues fair of nymph and maid,
And steeds and pards and Amazons,
Writhing and grappling in the bronze,
In endless fight.

To deck the glorious roof and dome,
To make the Queen a canopy,
The peaceful hosts of industry
Their standards bear.
Yon are the works of Brahmin loom;
On such a web of Persian thread
The desert Arab bows his head
And cries his prayer.

Look yonder where the engines toil:
These England's arms of conquest are,
The trophies of her bloodless war:
Brave weapons these.
Victorious over wave and soil,
With these she sails, she weaves, she tills,
Pierces the everlasting hills
And spans the seas.

The engine roars upon its race,
The shuttle whirs along the woof,
The people hum from floor to roof,
With Babel tongue.
The fountain in the basin plays,
The chanting organ echoes clear,
An awful chorus 't is to hear,
A wondrous song!

Swell, organ, swell your trumpet blast,
March, Queen and Royal pageant, march
By splendid aisle and springing arch
Of this fair Hall:
And see! above the fabric vast,
God's boundless Heaven is bending blue,
God's peaceful sunlight 's beaming through,
And shines o'er all.

May, 1851.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here 's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at TERRÉ'S tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 't is;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;

The smiling red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is TERRÉ still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace:
He 'd come and smile before your table,
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter — nothing 's changed or older.
"How 's Monsieur TERRÉ, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder —
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner,
So honest TERRÉ 's run his race."
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"O, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
"Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one." — "That I can, sir:
The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So TERRÉ 's gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustom'd corner-place;
"He 's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustom'd corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanish'd many a busy year is
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,
I 'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty —
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There 's JACK has made a wondrous marriage;
There 's laughing TOM is laughing yet;
There 's brave AUGUSTUS drives his carriage;
There 's poor old FRED in the Gazette;
On JAMES 's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the Claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that 's gone,
When here I 'd sit, as now I 'm sitting,
In this same place — but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
— There 's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
— Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

THE MAHOGANY-TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany-Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we:
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short —
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we 'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup. —
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

THE YANKEE VOLUNTEERS.

"A surgeon of the United States army says that on inquiring of the Captain of his company, he found that *nine tenths* of the men had enlisted on account of some female difficulty." — *Morning Paper.*

Ye Yankee volunteers!
It makes my bosom bleed
When I your story read,
Though oft 't is told one.
So — in both hemispheres
The women are untrue,
And cruel in the New,
As in the Old one!

What — in this company
Of sixty sons of Mars,
Who march 'neath Stripes and Stars,
With fife and horn,
Nine tenths of all we see
Along the warlike line
Had but one cause to join
This Hope Forlorn?

Deserters from the realm
Where tyrant Venus reigns,
You slipp'd her wicked chains,
Fled and outran her.
And now, with sword and helm,
Together banded are
Beneath the Stripe and Star-
Embroider'd banner!

And is it so with all
The warriors ranged in line,
With lace bedizen'd fine
And swords gold-hilted —
Yon lusty corporal,
Yon color-man who gripes
The flag of Stars and Stripes —
Has each been jilted?

Come, each man of this line,
The privates strong and tall,
"The pioneers and all,"
The fifer nimble, —
Lieutenant and Ensign,
Captain with epaulets,
And Blacky there, who beats
The clanging cymbal —

O cymbal-beating black,
Tell us, as thou canst feel,
Was it some Lucy Neal
Who caused thy ruin?

O nimble fifing Jack,
And drummer making din
So deftly on the skin,
With thy rat-tattooing —

Confess, ye volunteers,
Lieutenant and Ensign,
And Captain of the line,
As bold as Roman —
Confess, ye grenadiers,
However strong and tall,
The Conqueror of you all
Is Woman, Woman!

No corselet is so proof
But through it from her bow
The shafts that she can throw
Will pierce and rankle.
No champion e'er so tough,
But 's in the struggle thrown,
And tripp'd and trodden down
By her slim ankle.

Thus always it was ruled:
And when a woman smiled,
The strong man was a child,
The sage a noodle.
Alcides was befool'd,
And silly Samson shorn,
Long, long ere you were born,
Poor Yankee Doodle!

THE PEN AND THE ALBUM.

"I am Miss Catherine's book," the Album speaks;
"I've lain among your tomes these many weeks;
I'm tired of their old coats and yellow cheeks.

"Quick, Pen! and write a line with a good grace:
Come! draw me off a funny little face;
And, prithee, send me back to Chesham Place."

PEN.

"I am my master's faithful old Gold Pen;
I've served him three long years, and drawn since then
Thousands of funny women and droll men.

"O Album! could I tell you all his ways
And thoughts, since I 'am his, these thousand days,
Lord, how your pretty pages I 'd amaze!"

ALBUM.

"His ways? his thoughts? Just whisper me a few;
Tell me a curious anecdote or two,
And write 'em quickly off, good Mordan, do!"

PEN.

"Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

"Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner-cards, and picture pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times.

"I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
The idle word that he 'd wish back again.

* * * * *

"I've help'd him to pen many a line for bread;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

"I've spoke with men of all degree and sort —
Peers of the land, and ladies of the Court;
O, but I've chronicled a deal of sport!

"Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,
Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow,
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low;

"Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
Tradesman's polite reminders of his small
Account due Christmas last — I've answer'd all.

"Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-
Guinea; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph;
So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh,

"Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
Day after day still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

"Day after day the labor 's to be done,
And sure as comes the postman and the sun,
The indefatigable ink must run.

* * * * *

"Go back, my pretty little gilded tome,
To a fair mistress and a pleasant home,
Where soft hearts greet us whenso-e'er we come!

"Dear, friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,
However rude my verse, or poor my wit,
Or sad or gay my mood, you welcome it.

"Kind lady! till my last of lines is penn'd,
My master's love, grief, laughter, at an end,
Whene'er I write your name, may I write friend!

"Not all are so that were so in past years;
Voices, familiar once, no more he hears;
Names, often writ, are blotted out in tears.

"So be it: — joys will end and tears will dry —
Album! my master bids me wish good by,
He 'll send you to your mistress presently.

"And thus with thankful heart he closes you;
Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew
So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

"Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
Nor sign'd the page that register'd a lie."

MRS. KATHERINE'S LANTERN.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

"Coming from a gloomy court,
Place of Israelite resort,
This old lamp I 've brought with me.
Madam, on its panes you 'll see
The initials K and E."

"An old lantern brought to me?
Ugly, dingy, battered, black!"
(Here a lady I suppose
Turning up a pretty nose) —
"Pray, sir, take the old thing back.
I 've no taste for bricabrac."

"Please to mark the letters twain" —
(I 'm supposed to speak again) —
"Graven on the lantern pane.
Can you tell me who was she,
Mistress of the flowery wreath,
And the anagram beneath —
The mysterious K E?

"Full a hundred years are gone
Since the little beacon shone
From a Venice balcony:
There, on summer nights, it hung,
And her lovers came and sung
To their beautiful K E.

"Hush! in the canal below
Don't you hear the plash of oars

Underneath the lantern's glow,
And a thrilling voice begins
To the sound of mandolins? —
Begins singing of amore
And delire and dolore —
O the ravishing tenore!

"Lady, do you know the tune?
Ah, we all of us have hummed it!
I 've an old guitar has thrummed it,
Under many a changing moon.
Shall I try it? *Do* RE MI * * * *
What is this? *Ma foi*, the fact is
That my hand is out of practice,
And my poor old fiddle cracked is,
And a man — I let the truth out —
Who 's had almost every tooth out,
Cannot sing as once he sung,
When he was young as you are young,
When he was young and lutes were strung,
And love-lamps in the casement hung."

LUCY'S BIRTHDAY.

SEVENTEEN rose-buds in a ring,
Thick with sister flowers beset,
In a fragrant coronet,
Lucy's servants this day bring.
Be it the birthday wreath she wears
Fresh and fair, and symbolling
The young number of her years,
The sweet blushes of her spring.

Types of youth and love and hope!
Friendly hearts your mistress greet,
Be you ever fair and sweet,
And grow lovelier as you ope!
Gentle nursling, fenced about
With fond care, and guarded so,
Scarce you 've heard of storms without,
Frosts that bite, or winds that blow!

Kindly has your life begun,
And we pray that Heaven may send
To our floweret a warm sun,
A calm summer, a sweet end.
And where'er shall be her home,
May she decorate the place;
Still expanding into bloom,
And developing in grace.

THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR.

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I 've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks
With worthless old knick-knacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china, (all crack'd,)
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 't is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 't is wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:
'T is a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long, through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There 's one that I love and I cherish the best:
For the finest of couches that 's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'T is a bandy-legg'd, high-shoulder'd, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottom'd chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have pass'd through your wither'd old arms;
I look'd, and I long'd, and I wish'd in despair;
I wish'd myself turn'd to a cane-bottom'd chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She 'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there, and bloom'd in my cane-bottom'd chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company 's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom'd chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair.

PISCATOR AND PISCATRIX.

LINES WRITTEN TO AN ALBUM PRINT.

As on this pictured page I look,
This pretty tale of line and hook
As though it were a novel-book
Amuses and engages:
I know them both, the boy and girl;
She is the daughter of the Earl,
The lad (that has his hair in curl)
My lord the County's page is.

A pleasant place for such a pair!
The fields lie basking in the glare;
No breath of wind the heavy air
Of lazy summer quickens.
Hard by you see the castle tall;
The village nestles round the wall,
As round about the hen its small
Young progeny of chickens.

It is too hot to pace the keep;
To climb the turret is too steep;
My lord the earl is dozing deep,
His noonday dinner over:
The postern-warder is asleep
(Perhaps they 've bribed him not to peep):
And so from out the gate they creep,
And cross the fields of clover.

Their lines into the brook they launch;
He lays his cloak upon a branch,

To guarantee his Lady Blanche
's delicate complexion :
He takes his rapier from his haunch,
That beardless doughty champion
stanch ;
He 'd drill it through the rival's
paunch
That question'd his affection !

O heedless pair of sportsmen slack !
You never mark, though trout or jack,
Or little foolish stickleback,
Your baited snares may capture.
What care has *she* for line and hook ?
She turns her back upon the brook,
Upon her lover's eyes to look
In sentimental rapture.

O loving pair ! as thus I gaze
Upon the girl who smiles always,
The little hand that ever plays
Upon the lover's shoulder ;
In looking at your pretty shapes,
A sort of envious wish escapes
(Such as the Fox had for the Grapes)
The Poet your beholder.

To be brave, handsome, twenty-two ;
With nothing else on earth to do,
But all day long to bill and coo :
It were a pleasant calling.
And had I such a partner sweet ;
A tender heart for mine to beat,
A gentle hand my clasp to meet ; —
I 'd let the world flow at my feet,
And never heed its brawling.

THE ROSE UPON MY BALCONY.

The rose upon my balcony the morning air perfuming,
Was leafless all the winter time and pining for the spring ;
You ask me why her breath is sweet, and why her cheek is blooming,
It is because the sun is out and birds begin to sing.

The nightingale, whose melody is through the greenwood ringing,
Was silent when the boughs were bare and winds were blowing keen :
And if, mamma, you ask of me the reason of his singing,
It is because the sun is out and all the leaves are green.

Thus each performs his part, mamma ; the birds have found their voices,
The blowing rose a flush, mamma, her bonny cheek to dye ;
And there 's sunshine in my heart, mamma, which wakens and rejoices,
And so I sing and blush, mamma, and that 's the reason why.

RONSARD TO HIS MISTRESS.

"Quand vous serez bien vieille, le soir à la chandelle
Assise auprès du feu devisant et filant,
Dires, chantant mes vers en vous esmerveillant,
Ronsard m'a célébré du temps que j'étois belle."

Some winter night, shut snugly in
Beside the fagot in the hall,
I think I see you sit and spin,
Surrounded by your maidens all.
Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
Old days come back to memory ;
You say, "When I was fair and young,
A poet sang of me !"

There 's not a maiden in your hall,
Though tired and sleepy ever so,
But wakes, as you my name recall,
And longs the history to know.
And, as the piteous tale is said,
Of lady cold and lover true,
Each, musing, carries it to bed,
And sighs and envies you !

"Our lady 's old and feeble now,"
They 'll say ; "she once was fresh and fair,
And yet she spurn'd her lover's vow,
And heartless left him to despair :
The lover lies in silent earth,
No kindly mate the lady cheers :
She sits beside a lonely hearth,
With threescore and ten years !"

Ah ! dreary thoughts and dreams are those,
But wherefore yield me to despair

While yet the poet's bosom glows,
While yet the dame is peerless fair!
Sweet lady mine! while yet 't is time
Requite my passion and my truth,
And gather in their blushing prime
The roses of your youth!

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover:
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming:
They 've hush'd the Minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell:
She 's coming, she 's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast:
She comes — she 's here — she 's past —
May Heaven go with her!

Kneel, undisturb'd, fair Saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the Barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin, —
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window-panes, —
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear —
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was pass'd away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian 's dead, God rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian 's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread-and-butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread-and-butter.

A DOE IN THE CITY.

Little Kitty Lorimer,
Fair, and young, and witty,
What has brought your ladyship
Rambling to the City?

All the Stags in Capel Court
Saw her lightly trip it;
All the lads of Stock Exchange
Twigg'd her muff and tippet.

With a sweet perplexity,
And a mystery pretty,
Threading through Threadneedle Street,
Trots the little Kitty.

What was my astonishment—
What was my compunction,
When she reached the Offices
Of the Didland Junction!

Up the Didland stairs she went,
To the Didland door, sir;
Porters lost in wonderment,
Let her pass before, sir.

"Madam," says the old chief Clerk,
"Sure we can't admit ye."
"Where 's the Didland Junction deed?"
Dauntlessly says Kitty.

"If you doubt my honesty,
Look at my receipt, sir."
Up then jumps the old chief Clerk,
Smiling as he meets her.

Kitty at the table sits
(Whither the old Clerk leads her),
"*I deliver this*," she says,
"*As my act and deed, sir.*"

When I heard these funny words
Come from lips so pretty;
This, I thought, should surely be
Subject for a ditty.

What! are ladies stagging it?
Sure, the more 's the pity;
But I 've lost my heart to her,—
Naughty little Kitty.

THE LAST OF MAY.

(In reply to an invitation dated on the 1st.)

By fate's benevolent award,
Should I survive the day,
I 'll drink a bumper with my lord
Upon the last of May.

That I may reach that happy time
The kindly gods I pray,
For are not ducks and pease in prime
Upon the last of May?

At thirty boards, 'twixt now and then,
My knife and fork shall play;
But better wine and better men
I shall not meet in May.

And though, good friend, with whom I dine,
Your honest head is gray,
And, like this grizzled head of mine,
Has seen its last of May;

Yet, with a heart that 's ever kind,
A gentle spirit gay,
You 've spring perennial in your mind,
And round you make a May!

"AH, BLEAK AND BARREN WAS THE MOOR."

Ah! bleak and barren was the moor,
Ah! loud and piercing was the storm,
The cottage roof was shelter'd sure,
The cottage hearth was bright and warm—

An orphan-boy the lattice pass'd,
And, as he mark'd its cheerful glow,
Felt doubly keen the midnight blast,
And doubly cold the fallen snow.

They marked him as he onward press'd,
With fainting heart and weary limb;
Kind voices bade him turn and rest,
And gentle faces welcomed him.
The dawn is up, — the guest is gone,
The cottage hearth is blazing still:
Heaven pity all poor wanderers lone!
Hark to the wind upon the hill!

SONG OF THE VIOLET.

A HUMBLE flower long time I pined
Upon the solitary plain,
And trembled at the angry wind,
And shrunk before the bitter rain.
And oh! 't was in a blessed hour
A passing wanderer chanced to see,
And, pitying the lonely flower,
To stoop and gather me.

I fear no more the tempest rude,
On dreary heath no more I pine,
But left my cheerless solitude,
To deck the breast of Caroline.
Alas our days are brief at best,
Nor long I fear will mine endure,
Though shelter'd here upon a breast
So gentle and so pure.

It draws the fragrance from my leaves,
It robs me of my sweetest breath,
And every time it falls and heaves,
It warns me of my coming death.
But one I know would glad forego
All joys of life to be as I;
An hour to rest on that sweet breast,
And then, contented, die.

FAIRY DAYS.

BESIDE the old hall-fire — upon my nurse's knee,
Of happy fairy days — what tales were told to me!

I thought the world was once — all peopled with princesses,
And my heart would beat to hear — their loves and their distresses;
And many a quiet night — in slumber sweet and deep,
The pretty fairy people — would visit me in sleep.

I saw them in my dreams — come flying east and west,
With wondrous fairy gifts — the new-born babe they bless'd;
One has brought a jewel — and one a crown of gold,
And one has brought a curse — but she is wrinkled and old.
The gentle queen turns pale — to hear those words of sin,
But the king he only laughs — and bids the dance begin.

The babe has grown to be — the fairest of the land,
And rides the forest green — a hawk upon her hand,
An ambling palfrey white — a golden robe and crown:
I 've seen her in my dreams — riding up and down:
And heard the ogre laugh — as she fell into his snare,
At the little tender creature — who wept and tore her hair!

But ever when it seemed — her need was at the sorest,
A prince in shining mail — comes prancing through the forest,
A waving ostrich-plume — a buckler burnished bright;
I 've seen him in my dreams — good sooth! a gallant knight.
His lips are coral red — beneath a dark mustache;
See how he waves his hand — and how his blue eyes flash!

"Come forth, thou Paynim knight!" — he shouts in accents clear.
The giant and the maid — both tremble his voice to hear.
Saint Mary guard him well! — he draws his falchion keen,

The giant and the knight — are fighting on the green.
I see them in my dreams — his blade gives stroke on stroke,
The giant pants and reels — and tumbles like an oak!

With what a blushing grace — he falls upon his knee
And takes the lady's hand — and whispers, "You are free!"
Ah! happy childish tales — of knight and faërie!
I waken from my dreams — but there 's ne'er a knight for me!
I waken from my dreams — and wish that I could be
A child by the old hall-fire — upon my nurse's knee!

POCAHONTAS.

Wearied arm and broken sword
Wage in vain the desperate fight:
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
And the torch of death they light:
Ah! 't is hard to die of fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
Cold the victim's mien, and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng, with sudden start,
See there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight,
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring,
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted axe and thirsty knife;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhattan,
Still, 't is told by Indian fires,
How a daughter of their sires
Saved the captive Englishman.

FROM POCAHONTAS.

Returning from the cruel fight
How pale and faint appears my knight!
He sees me anxious at his side;
"Why seek, my love, your wounds to hide?
Or deem your English girl afraid
To emulate the Indian maid?"

Be mine my husband's grief to cheer,
In peril to be ever near;
Whate'er of ill or woe betide,
To bear it clinging at his side;
The poisoned stroke of fate to ward,
His bosom with my own to guard:
Ah! could it spare a pang to his,
It could not know a purer bliss!
'T would gladden as it felt the smart,
And thank the hand that flung the dart!

LOVE-SONGS MADE EASY.

WHAT MAKES MY HEART TO THRILL AND GLOW?

THE MAYFAIR LOVE-SONG.

WINTER and summer, night and morn,
I languish at this table dark;
My office window has a corner looks into St. James's Park.
I hear the foot-guards' bugle-horn,
Their tramp upon parade I mark;
I am a gentleman forlorn,
I am a Foreign-Office Clerk.

My toils, my pleasures, every one,
I find are stale, and dull, and slow;
And yesterday, when work was done,
I felt myself so sad and low,
I could have seized a sentry's gun
My wearied brains out out to blow.
What is it makes my blood to run?
What makes my heart to beat and glow?

My notes of hand are burnt, perhaps?
Some one has paid my tailor's bill?
No: every morn the tailor raps;
My I O U's are extant still.
I still am prey of debt and dun;
My elder brother 's stout and well.
What is it makes my blood to run?
What makes my heart to glow and swell?

I know my chief's distrust and hate;
He says I 'm lazy, and I shirk.
Ah! had I genius like the late
Right Honorable Edmund Burke!
My chance of all promotion 's gone,
I know it is, — he hates me so.
What is it makes my blood to run,
And all my heart to swell and glow?

Why, why is all so bright and gay?
There is no change, there is no cause;
My office-time I found to-day
Disgusting as it ever was.
At three, I went and tried the Clubs
And yawned and saunter'd to and fro;
And now my heart jumps up and throbs,
And all my soul is in a glow.

At half past four I had the cab;
I drove as hard as I could go.
The London sky was dirty drab,
And dirty brown the London snow.
And as I rattled in a canter down by dear old Bolton Row,
A something made my heart to pant,
And caused my cheek to flush and glow.

What could it be that made me find
Old Jawkins pleasant at the Club?
Why was it that I laughed and grinned
At whist, although I lost the rub?
What was it made me drink like mad
Thirteen small glasses of Curaçoa?
That made my inmost heart so glad,
And every fibre thrill and glow?

She 's home again! she 's home, she 's home!
Away all cares and griefs and pain;
I knew she would — she 's back from Rome;
She 's home again! she 's home again!
"The family 's gone abroad," they said,
September last — they told me so;
Since then my lonely heart is dead,
My blood I think 's forgot to flow.

She 's home again! away all care!
O fairest form the world can show!
O beaming eyes! O golden hair!
O tender voice, that breathes so low!

O gentlest, softest, purest heart!
O joy, O hope! — "My tiger, ho!"
Fitz-Clarence said; we saw him start —
He galloped down to Bolton Row.

THE GHAZUL, OR ORIENTAL LOVE-SONG.

THE ROCKS.

I WAS a timid little antelope;
My home was in the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I saw the hunters scouring on the plain;
I lived among the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I was a-thirsty in the summer-heat;
I ventured to the tents beneath the rocks.

Zuleikah brought me water from the well;
Since then I have been faithless to the rocks.

I saw her face reflected in the well;
Her camels since have marched into the rocks.

I look to see her image in the well;
I only see my eyes, my own sad eyes.
My mother is alone among the rocks.

THE MERRY BARD.

ZULEIKAH! The young Agas in the bazaar are slim-waisted and wear yellow slippers. I am old and hideous. One of my eyes is out, and the hairs of my beard are mostly gray. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard.

There is a bird upon the terrace of the Emir's chief wife. Praise be to Allah! He has emeralds on his neck, and a ruby tail. I am a merry bard. He deafens me with his diabolical screaming.

There is a little brown bird in the basket-maker's cage. Praise be to Allah! He ravishes my soul in the moonlight. I am a merry bard.

The peacock is an Aga, but the little bird is a Bulbul.

I am a little brown Bulbul. Come and listen in the moonlight. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard.

THE CAÏQUE

YONDER to the kiosk, beside the creek,
Paddle the swift caïque.
Thou brawny oarsman with the sunburnt cheek,
Quick! for it soothes my heart to hear the Bulbul speak.

Ferry me quickly to the Asian shores,
Swift bending to your oars.
Beneath the melancholy sycamores,
Hark! what a ravishing note the lovelorn Bulbul pours.

Behold, the boughs seem quivering with delight,
The stars themselves more bright,
As mid the waving branches out of sight
The Lover of the Rose sits singing through the night.

Under the boughs I sat and listened still,
I could not have my fill.
"How comes," I said, "such music to his bill?
Tell me for whom he sings so beautiful a trill."

"Once I was dumb," then did the Bird disclose,
"But looked upon the Rose;
And in the garden where the loved one grows,
I straightway did begin sweet music to compose."

"O bird of song, there 's one in this caïque
The Rose would also seek,

So he might learn like you to love and speak."
Then answered me the bird of dusky beak,
"The Rose, the Rose of Love blushes on Lcilah's cheek."

MY NORA.

Beneath the gold acacia-buds
My gentle Nora sits and broods,
Far, far away in Boston woods,
My gentle Nora!

I see the tear-drop in her e'e,
Her bosom 's heaving tenderly;
I know — I know she thinks of me,
My darling Nora!

And where am I? My love, whilst thou
Sitt'st sad beneath the acacia-bough,
Where pearl 's on neck, and wreath on brow,
I stand, my Nora!

Mid carcanet and coronet,
Where joy-lamps shine and flowers are set —
Where England's chivalry are met,
Behold me, Nora!

In this strange scene of revelry,
Amidst this gorgeous chivalry,
A form I saw was like to thee,
My love — my Nora!

She paused amidst her converse glad;
The lady saw that I was sad,
She pitied the poor lonely lad, —
Dost love her, Nora?

In sooth, she is a lovely dame,
A lip of red, and eye of flame,
And clustering golden locks, the same
As thine, dear Nora!

Her glance is softer than the dawn's,
Her foot is lighter than the fawn's,
Her breast is whiter than the swan's,
Or thine, my Nora!

O gentle breast to pity me!
O lovely Ladye Emily!
Till death — till death I 'll think of thee —
Of thee and Nora!

TO MARY.

I seem, in the midst of the crowd,
The lightest of all;
My laughter rings cheery and loud,
In banquet and ball.
My lip hath its smiles and its sneers,
For all men to see;
But my soul, and my truth, and my tears,
Are for thee, are for thee!

Around me they flatter and fawn —
The young and the old,
The fairest are ready to pawn
Their hearts for my gold.
They sue me — I laugh as I spurn
The slaves at my knee;
But in faith and in fondness I turn
Unto thee, unto thee!

SERENADE.

Now the toils of day are over,
And the sun hath sunk to rest,
Seeking, like a fiery lover,
The bosom of the blushing west —

The faithful night keeps watch and ward,
Raising the moon her silver shield,
And summoning the stars to guard
The slumbers of my fair Mathilde!

The faithful night! Now all things lie
Hid by her mantle dark and dim,
In pious hope I hither hie,
And humbly chant mine ev'ning hymn.

Thou art my prayer, my saint, my shrine!
(For never holy pilgrim kneel'd,

Or wept at feet more pure than thine),
My virgin love, my sweet Mathilde!

THE MINARET BELLS.

Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink,
By the light of the star,
On the blue river's brink,
I heard a guitar.

I heard a guitar,
On the blue waters clear,
And knew by its music,
That Selim was near!

Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink,
How the soft music swells,
And I hear the soft clink
Of the minaret bells!

COME TO THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Come to the greenwood tree,
Come where the dark woods be,
Dearest, O come with me!
Let us rove — O my love — O my love!

Come — 't is the moonlight hour,
Dew is on leaf and flower,
Come to the linden bower, —
Let us rove — O my love — O my love!

Dark is the wood, and wide:
Dangers, they say, betide;
But, at my Albert's side,
Naught I fear, O my love — O my love!

Welcome the greenwood tree,
Welcome the forest free,
Dearest, with thee, with thee,
Naught I fear, O my love — O my love!

FIVE GERMAN DITTIES.

A TRAGIC STORY.

BY ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

"——'s war Einer, dem's zu Herzen gieng."

There lived a sage in days of yore
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he 'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,—
I 'll turn me round," — he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain — it mattered not a pin, —
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in, and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him.

THE CHAPLET.

FROM UHLAND.

"Es pflückte Blümlein mannigfalt."

A little girl through field and wood
Went plucking flowerets here and there,
When suddenly beside her stood
A lady wondrous fair!

The lovely lady smiled and laid
A wreath upon the maiden's brow;
"Wear it, 't will blossom soon," she said,
"Although 't is leafless now."

The little maiden older grew
And wandered forth of moonlight eves,
And sighed and loved as maids will do;
When lo! her wreath bore leaves.

Then was our maid a wife, and hung
Upon a joyful bridegroom's bosom;
When from the garland's leaves there sprung
Fair store of blossom.

And presently a baby fair
Upon her gentle breast she reared;
When midst the wreath that bound her hair
Rich golden fruit appeared.

But when her love lay cold in death,
Sunk in the black and silent tomb,
All sere and withered was the wreath
That wont so bright to bloom.

Yet still the withered wreath she wore;
She wore it at her dying hour;
When, lo! the wondrous garland bore
Both leaf, and fruit, and flower!

THE KING ON THE TOWER.

FROM UHLAND.

"Da liegen sie alle, die grauen Höhen."

The cold gray hills they bind me around,
The darksome valleys lie sleeping below,
But the winds as they pass o'er all this ground,
Bring me never a sound of woe!

Oh! for all I have suffered and striven,
Care has imbittered my cup and my feast;
But here is the night and the dark blue heaven,
And my soul shall be at rest.

O golden legends writ in the skies!
I turn towards you with longing soul,
And list to the awful harmonies
Of the Spheres as on they roll.

My hair is gray and my sight nigh gone;
My sword it rusteth upon the wall;
Right have I spoken, and right have I done:
When shall I rest me once for all?

O blessed rest! O royal night!
Wherefore seemeth the time so long
Till I see yon stars in their fullest light,
And list to their loudest song?

ON A VERY OLD WOMAN.

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

"Und Du gingst einst, die Myrt' im Haare."

And thou wert once a maiden fair,
A blushing virgin warm and young:
With myrtles wreathed in golden hair,
And glossy brow that knew no care —
Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung.

The golden locks are silvered now,
The blushing cheek is pale and wan;
The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,
All 's one — in chimney-corner thou
Sitt'st shivering on. —

A moment — and thou sink'st to rest!
To wake perhaps an angel blest,
In the bright presence of thy Lord
O, weary is life's path to all!
Hard is the strife, and light the fall,
But wondrous the reward!

A CREDO.

I.

For the sole edification
Of this decent congregation,

Goodly people, by your grant,
I will sing a holy chant —
I will sing a holy chant.
If the ditty sound but oddly,
'T was a father, wise and godly,
Sang it so long ago —
Then sing as Martin Luther sang,
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:
"Who loves not wine, woman and song,
He is a fool his whole life long!"

II.

He, by custom patriarchal,
Loved to see the beaker sparkle;
And he thought the wine improved,
Tasted by the lips he loved —
By the kindly lips he loved.
Friends, I wish this custom pious
Duly were observed by us,
To combine love, song, wine,
And sing as Martin Luther sang,
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:
"Who loves not wine, woman and song,
He is a fool his whole life long!"

III.

Who refuses this our Credo,
And who will not sing as we do,
Were he holy as John Knox,
I 'd pronounce him heterodox!
I 'd pronounce him heterodox,
And from out this congregation,
With a solemn commination,
Banish quick the heretic,
Who will not sing as Luther sang,
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:
"Who loves not wine, woman and song,
He is a fool his whole life long!"

FOUR IMITATIONS OF BERANGER.

LE ROI D'YVETOT.

Il était un roi d'Yvetot,
Peu connu dans l'histoire;
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
Et couronné par Jeanneton
D'un simple bonnet de coton,
Dit-on.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
La, la.

Il fesait ses quatre repas
Dans son palais de chaume,
Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
Parcourait son royaume.
Joyeux, simple et croyant le bien,
Pour toute garde il n'avait rien
Qu'un chien.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!
ah! &c.

Il n'avait de goût onéreux
Qu'une soif un peu vive;
Mais, en rendant son peuple heureux,
Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.
Lui-même à table, et sans suppôt,
Sur chaque muid levait un pot
D'impôt.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!
ah! &c.

Aux filles de bonnes maisons
Comme il avait su plaire,
Ses sujets avaient cent raisons
De le nommer leur père:
D'ailleurs il ne levait de ban
Que pour tirer quatre fois l'an
Au blanc.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!
ah! &c.

Il n'agrandit point ses états,
Fut un voisin commode,
Et, modèle des potentats,
Prit le plaisir pour code.
Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira,
Que le peuple qui l'enterra
Pleura.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!
ah! &c.

On conserve encor le portrait
De ce digne et bon prince;

C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret
Fameux dans la province.
Les jours de fête, bien souvent,
La foule s'écrie en buvant
Devant:
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!
ah! &c.

THE KING OF YVETOT.

THERE was a king of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days abed;
And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny, with a nightcap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That 's the kind of king for me,

And every day it came to pass,
That four lusty meals made he;
And, step by step, upon an ass,
Rode abroad, his realms to see;
And wherever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
Why, an old cur.
Sing ho, ho, ho! &c.

If e'er he went into excess,
'T was from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subjects bless,
Odd's fish! — must wet his whistle first;
And so from every cask they got,
Our king did to himself allot,
At least a pot.
Sing ho, ho! &c.

To all the ladies of the land,
A courteous king, and kind, was he;
The reason why you 'll understand,
They named him pater patriæ.
Each year he called his fighting men,
And marched a league from home, and then
Marched back again.
Sing ho, ho! &c.

Neither by force nor false pretence,
He sought to make his kingdom great,
And made (O princes, learn from hence) —
"Live and let live," his rule of state.
'T was only when he came to die,
That his people who stood by,
Were known to cry.
Sing ho, ho! &c.

The portrait of this best of kings
Is extant still, upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
Famed in the country for good wine.
The people in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the brim,
Look up to him,
Singing ha, ha, ha! and he, he, he!
That 's the sort of king for me.

THE KING OF BRENTFORD.

ANOTHER VERSION.

THERE was a king in Brentford, — of whom no legends tell,
But who, without his glory, — could eat and sleep right well.
His Polly's cotton nightcap, — it was his crown of state,
He slept of evenings early, — and rose of mornings late.

All in a fine mud palace, — each day he took four meals,
And for a guard of honor, — a dog ran at his heels,
Sometimes, to view his kingdoms, — rode forth this monarch good,
And then a prancing jackass — he royally bestrode.

There were no costly habits — with which this king was curst,
Except (and where 's the harm on 't?) — a somewhat lively thirst;
But people must pay taxes, — and kings must have their sport,
So out of every gallon — his Grace he took a quart.

He pleased the ladies round him, — with manners soft and bland;
With reason good, they named him, — the father of his land.
Each year his mighty armies — marched forth in gallant show;
Their enemies were targets, — their bullets they were tow.

He vexed no quiet neighbor, — no useless conquest made,
But by the laws of pleasure, — his peaceful realm he swayed.
And in the years he reigned, — through all this country wide,
There was no cause for weeping, — save when the good man died.

The faithful men of Brentford — do still their king deplore,
His portrait yet is swinging — beside an alehouse door.
And topers, tender-hearted, — regard his honest phiz,
And envy times departed, — that knew a reign like his.

LE GRENIER.

Je viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse
De la misère a subi les leçons.
J'avais vingt ans, une folle maîtresse,
De francs amis et l'amour des chansons.
Bravant le monde et les sots et les sages,
Sans avenir, riche de mon printemps,
Leste et joyeux je montais six étages,
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

C'est un grenier, point ne veux qu'on l'ignore.
Là fut mon lit, bien chétif et bien dur;
Là fut ma table; et je retrouve encore
Trois pieds d'un vers charbonnés sur le mur.
Apparaissez, plaisirs de mon bel âge,
Que d'un coup d'aile a fustigés le temps,
Vingt fois pour vous j'ai mis ma montre en gage.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître,
Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau;
Déjà sa main à l'étroite fenêtre
Suspend son schal, en guise de rideau.
Sa robe aussi va parer ma couchette;
Respecte, Amour, ses plis longs et flottans.
J'ai su depuis qui payait sa toilette
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

A table un jour, jour de grande richesse,
De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,
Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'allégresse:
A Marengo Bonaparte est vainqueur.
Le canon gronde; un autre chant commence;
Nous célébrons tant de faits éclatans.
Les rois jamais n'envahiront la France.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

Quittons ce toit où ma raison s'enivre.
Oh! qu'ils sont loin ces jours si regrettés!
J'échangerais ce qu'il me reste à vivre
Contre un des mois qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés,
Pour rêver gloire, amour, plaisir, folie,
Pour dépenser sa vie en peu d'instans,
D'un long espoir pour la voir embellie,
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

THE GARRET.

With pensive eyes the little room I view,
Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long;
With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song:
Making a mock of life, and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes; 't is a garret — let him know 't who will —
There was my bed — full hard it was and small;
My table there — and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun;
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

And see my little Jessy, first of all;
She comes with pouting lips and sparkling eyes:
Behold, how roguishly she pins her shawl
Across the narrow casement, curtain-wise;
Now by the bed her petticoat glides down,
And when did woman look the worse in none?
I have heard since who paid for many a gown,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
And distant cannon opened on our ears:
We rise, — we join in the triumphant strain, —
Napoleon conquers — Austerlitz is won —
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone — the place is sad and strange —
How far, far off, these happy times appear;
All that I have to live I 'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here —
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one!

ROGER-BONTEMPS.

Aux gens atrabilaires
Pour exemple donné,
En un temps de misères
Roger-Bontemps est né.
Vivre obscur à sa guise,
Narguer les mécontens;
Eh gai! c'est la devise
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Du chapeau de son père
Coiffé dans les grands jours,
De roses ou de lierre
Le rajeunir toujours;
Mettre un manteau de bure,
Vieil ami de vingt ans;
Eh gai! c'est la parure
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Posséder dans sa hutte
Une table, un vieux lit,
Des cartes, une flûte,
Un broc que Dieu remplit;
Un portrait de maîtresse,
Un coffre et rien dedans;
Eh gai! c'est la richesse
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Aux enfans de la ville
Montrer de petits jeux;
Etre fesseur habile
De contes graveleux;
Ne parler que de danse
Et d'almanachs chantans:
Eh gai! c'est la science
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Faute de vins d'élite,
Sabler ceux du canton:
Préférer Marguerite

Aux dames du grand ton:
De joie et de tendresse
Remplir tous ses instans:
Eh gai! c'est la sagesse
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Dire au ciel: Je me fie,
Mon père, à ta bonté;
De ma philosophie
Pardonne le gaîté:
Que ma saison dernière
Soit encore un printemps;
Eh gai! c'est la prière
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Vous pauvres pleins d'envie,
Vous riches désireux,
Vous, dont le char dévie
Après un cours heureux;
Vous, qui perdrez peut-être
Des titres éclatans,
Eh gai! prenez pour maître
Le gros Roger-Bontemps.

JOLLY JACK.

When fierce political debate
Throughout the isle was storming,
And Rads attacked the throne and state,
And Tories the reforming,
To calm the furious rage of each,
And right the land demented,
Heaven sent us Jolly Jack, to teach
The way to be contented.

Jack's bed was straw, 't was warm and soft,
His chair, a three-legged stool;
His broken jug was emptied oft,
Yet, somehow, always full.
His mistress' portrait decked the wall,
His mirror had a crack;
Yet, gay and glad, though this was all
His wealth, lived Jolly Jack.

To give advice to avarice,
Teach pride its mean condition,
And preach good sense to dull pretence,
Was honest Jack's high mission.
Our simple statesman found his rule
Of moral in the flagon,
And held his philosophic school
Beneath the "George and Dragon."

When village Solons cursed the Lords,
And called the malt-tax sinful,
Jack heeded not their angry words,
But smiled and drank his skinful.
And when men wasted health and life,
In search of rank and riches,
Jack marked aloof the paltry strife,
And wore his threadbare breeches.

"I enter not the church," he said,
"But I 'll not seek to rob it";
So worthy Jack Joe Miller read,
While others studied Cobbett.
His talk it was of feast and fun;
His guide the Almanack;
From youth to age thus gayly run
The life of Jolly Jack.

And when Jack prayed, as oft he would,
He humbly thanked his Maker;
"I am," said he, "O Father good!
Nor Catholic nor Quaker:
Give each his creed, let each proclaim
His catalogue of curses;
I trust in Thee, and not in them,
In Thee, and in Thy mercies!

"Forgive me if, midst all Thy works,
No hint I see of damning;
And think there 's faith among the Turks,
And hope for e'en the Brahmin.
Harmless my mind is, and my mirth,
And kindly is my laughter;
I cannot see the smiling earth,
And think there 's hell hereafter."

Jack died; he left no legacy,
Save that his story teaches:—
Content to peevish poverty;
Humility to riches.
Ye scornful great, ye envious small,
Come follow in his track;
We all were happier, if we all
Would copy Jolly Jack.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

TO HIS SERVING BOY.

Persicos odi,
Puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexæ
Philyrâ coronæ:
Mitte sectari,
Rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto
Nihil allabores
Sedulus, curo:
Neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus,
Neque me sub arctâ
Vite bibentem.

AD MINISTRAM.

Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is, —
I hate all your Frenchified fuss:
Your silly entrées and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dangle behind my arm-chair;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prithee get ready at three:
Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
'T will amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
And tipple my ale in the shade.

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

THE KNIGHTLY GUERDON.*

Untrue to my Ulric I never could be,
I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie,
Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,
And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er:

My faith then I plighted, my love I confess'd,
As I gave you the Battle-Axe marked with your crest!

When the bold barons met in my father's old hall,
Was not Edith the flower of the banquet and ball?
In the festival hour, on the lips of your bride,

* "WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

"Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;
When I said that I would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco-box marked with my name.
When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?
To be useful and kind to my Thomas I stay'd,
For his trousers I washed, and his grog too I made.

"Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall
With Susan from Deptford and likewise with Sall,
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
Why should Sall, or should Susan, than me be more prized?
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despised;
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trousers I 'll wash and your grog too I 'll make."

Was there ever a smile save with THEE at my side?
Alone in my turret I loved to sit best,
To blazon your BANNER and broider your crest.

The knights were assembled, the tourney was gay!
Sir Ulric rode first in the warrior-mêlée.
In the dire battle-hour, when the tourney was done,
And you gave to another the wreath you had won!
Though I never reproached thee, cold, cold was my breast,
As I thought of that BATTLE-AXE, ah! and that crest!

But away with remembrance, no more will I pine
That others usurped for a time what was mine!
There 's a FESTIVAL HOUR for my Ulric and me:
Once more, as of old, shall he bend at my knee;
Once more by the side of the knight I love best
Shall I blazon his BANNER and broider his crest.

THE ALMACK'S ADIEU.

YOUR Fanny was never false-hearted,
And this she protests and she vows,
From the *triste moment* when we parted
On the staircase of Devonshire House!
I blushed when you asked me to marry,
I vowed I would never forget;
And at parting I gave my dear Harry
A beautiful vinegarette!

We spent *en province* all December,
And I ne'er condescended to look
At Sir Charles, or the rich county member,
Or even at that darling old Duke.
You were busy with dogs and with horses.
Alone in my chamber I sat,
And made you the nicest of purses,
And the smartest black satin cravat!

At night with that vile Lady Frances
(*Je faisois moi tapisserie*)
You danced every one of the dances,
And never once thought of poor me!
Mon pauvre petit cœur! what a shiver
I felt as she danced the last set;
And you gave, O mon Dieu! to revive her
My beautiful *vinegarette!*

Return, love! away with coquetting;
This flirting disgraces a man!
And ah! all the while you 're forgetting
The heart of your poor little Fan!
Reviens! break away from those Circes,
Reviens, for a nice little chat;
And I 've made you the sweetest of purses,
And a lovely black satin cravat!

WHEN THE GLOOM IS ON THE GLEN.

WHEN the moonlight 's on the mountain
And the gloom is on the glen,
At the cross beside the fountain
There is one will meet thee then.
At the cross beside the fountain;
Yes, the cross beside the fountain,
There is one will meet thee then!

I have braved, since first we met, love,
Many a danger in my course;
But I never can forget, love,
That dear fountain, that old cross,
Where, her mantle shrouded o'er her—
For the winds were chilly then—
First I met my Leonora,
When the gloom was on the glen.

Many a clime I 've ranged since then, love,
Many a land I 've wandered o'er;
But a valley like that glen, love,
Half so dear I never sor!

Ne'er saw maiden fairer, coyer,
  Than wert thou, my true love, when
In the gloaming first I saw yer,
  In the gloaming of the glen!

THE RED FLAG.

Where the quivering lightning flings
  His arrows from out the clouds,
And the howling tempest sings
  And whistles among the shrouds,
'T is pleasant, 't is pleasant to ride
  Along the foaming brine —
Wilt be the Rover's bride?
  Wilt follow him, lady mine?
    Hurrah!
For the bonny, bonny brine.

Amidst the storm and rack,
  You shall see our galley pass,
As a serpent lithe and black,
  Glides through the waving grass.
As the vulture swift and dark,
  Down on the ring-dove flies,
You shall see the Rover's bark
  Swoop down upon his prize.
    Hurrah!
For the bonny, bonny prize.

Over her sides we dash,
  We gallop across her deck —
Ha! there 's a ghastly gash
  On the merchant captain's neck —
Well shot, well shot, old Ned!
  Well struck, well struck, black James!
Our arms are red, and our foes are dead,
  And we leave a ship in flames!
    Hurrah!
For the bonny, bonny flames!

DEAR JACK.

Dear Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill,
And drink to the health of sweet Nan of the Hill,
Was once Tommy Tosspot's, as jovial a sot
As e'er drew a spigot, or drain'd a full pot —
In drinking all round 't was his joy to surpass,
And with all merry tipplers he swigg'd off his glass.

One morning in summer, while seated so snug,
In the porch of his garden, discussing his jug,
Stern Death, on a sudden, to Tom did appear,
And said, "Honest Thomas, come take your last bier."
We kneaded his clay in the shape of this can,
From which let us drink to the health of my Nan.

COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL.

The Pope he is a happy man,
His Palace is the Vatican,
And there he sits and drains his can.
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I 'm at home,
I 'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And then there 's Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Soldan full of sin;
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased:
I 've often wished, I hope no sin,
That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no, the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes;
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I 'd rather not be him:
My wife, my wine, I love, I hope,
And would be neither Turk nor Pope.

WHEN MOONLIKE ORE THE HAZURE SEAS.

When moonlike ore the hazure seas
  In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
  Bend down the Lily's bells;

When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
  Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline! R lady mine!
  Dost thou remember Jeames?

I mark thee in the Marble All,
  Where England's loveliest shine —
I say the fairest of them hall
  Is Lady Hangeline.
My soul, in desolate eclipse,
  With recollection teems —
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
  Dost thou remember Jeames?

Away! I may not tell thee hall
  This soughring heart endures —
There is a lonely sperrit-call
  That Sorrow never cures;
There is a little, little Star,
  That still above me beams;
It is the Star of Hope — but ar!
  Dost thou remember Jeames?

THE LEGEND OF ST. SOPHIA OF KIOFF.

AN EPIC POEM, IN TWENTY BOOKS.

I.

The Poet describes the city and spelling of Kiow, Kioff, or Kiova.

A THOUSAND years ago, or more,
  A city filled with burghers stout,
  And girt with ramparts round about,
Stood on the rocky Dnieper shore.
In armor bright, by day and night,
  The sentries they paced to and fro.
Well guarded and walled was this town, and called
  By different names, I'd have you to know;
For if you looks in the g'ography books,
In those dictionaries the name it varies,
And they write it off Kieff or Kioff,
                Kiova or Kiow.

II.

Its buildings, public works, and ordinances, religious and civil.

Thus guarded without by wall and redoubt,
  Kiova within was a place of renown,
With more advantages than in those dark ages
  Were commonly known to belong to a town.
There were places and squares, and each year four fairs,
And regular aldermen and regular lord mayors;
And streets, and alleys, and a bishop's palace;
And a church with clocks for the orthodox —
With clocks and with spires, as religion desires;
And beadles to whip the bad little boys
Over their poor little corduroys,
In service-time, when they *did n't* make a noise;
And a chapter and dean, and a cathedral-green
With ancient trees, underneath whose shades
Wandered nice young nursery-maids.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-ding-a-ring-ding,
The bells they made a merry merry ring,
From the tall tall steeple; and all the people

(Except the Jews; came and filled the pews —
Poles, Russians, and Germans,
To hear the sermons
Which HYACINTH preached to those Germans and Poles,
For the safety of their souls.

The poet shows how a certain priest dwelt at Kioff, a godly clergyman, and one that preached rare good sermons.

III.

A worthy priest he was and a stout —
You 've seldom looked on such a one;
For, though he fasted thrice in a week,
Yet nevertheless his skin was sleek;
His waist it spanned two yards about
And he weighed a score of stone.

How this priest was short and fat of body;

IV.

A worthy priest for fasting and prayer
And mortification most deserving;
And as for preaching beyond compare,
He 'd exert his powers for three or four hours,
With greater pith than Sydney Smith
Or the Reverend Edward Irving.

And like unto the author of "Plymley's Letters."

V.

He was the prior of Saint Sophia
(A cockney rhyme, but no better I know) —
Of St. Sophia, that Church in Kiow,
Built by missionaries I can't tell when;
Who by their discussions converted the Russians,
And made them Christian men.

Of what convent he was prior, and when the convent was built.

VI.

Sainted Sophia (so the legend vows)
With special favor did regard this house;
And to uphold her converts' new devotion
Her statue (needing but her legs for *her* ship)
Walks of itself across the German Ocean;
And of a sudden perches
In this the best of churches,
Whither all Kiovites come and pay it grateful worship.

Of Saint Sophia of Kioff; and how her statue miraculously travelled thither.

VII.

Thus with her patron-saints and pious preachers
Recorded here in catalogue precise,
A goodly city, worthy magistrates,
You would have thought in all the Russian states
The citizens the happiest of all creatures, —
The town itself a perfect Paradise.

And how Kioff should have been a happy city; but that

VIII.

No, alas! this well-built city
Was in a perpetual fidget;
For the Tartars, without pity,
Did remorselessly besiege it.

Certain wicked Cossacks did besiege it,

Tartars fierce, with sword and sabres,
Huns and Turks, and such as these,
Envied much their peaceful neighbors
By the blue Borysthenes.

Murdering the citizens,

Down they came, these ruthless Russians,
From their steppes, and woods, and fens,
For to levy contributions
On the peaceful citizens.

Winter, Summer, Spring, and Autumn,
Down they came to peaceful Kioff,
Killed the burghers when they caught 'em,
If their lives they would not buy off.

Until they agreed to pay a tribute yearly.

Till the city, quite confounded
By the ravages they made,
Humbly with their chief compounded,
And a yearly tribute paid.

How they paid the tribute, and then suddenly refused it,

Which (because their courage lax was)
They discharged while they were able:
Tolerated thus the tax was,
Till it grew intolerable.

To the wonder of the Cossack envoy.

And the Calmuc envoy sent,
As before to take their dues all,
Got, to his astonishment,
A unanimous refusal!

Or a mighty gallant speech

"Men of Kioff!" thus courageous
Did the stout lord-mayor harangue them,
"Wherefore pay these sneaking wages
To the hectoring Russians? hang them!

That the lord-mayor made,

"Hark! I hear the awful cry of
Our forefathers in their graves;
'Fight, ye citizens of Kioff!
Kioff was not made for slaves.'

Exhorting the burghers to pay no longer.

"All too long have ye betrayed her;
Rouse, ye men and aldermen,
Send the insolent invader—
Send him starving back again."

IX.

Of their thanks and heroic resolves.

He spoke and he sat down; the people of the town,
Who were fired with a brave emulation,
Now rose with one accord, and voted thanks unto the lord-
Mayor for his oration:

They dismiss the envoy, and set about drilling.

The envoy they dismissed, never placing in his fist
So much as a single shilling;

And all with courage fired, as his lordship he desired,
At once set about their drilling.

Of the City guard: viz. militia, dragoons, and bombardiers, and their commanders.

Then every city ward established a guard,
Diurnal and nocturnal:
Militia volunteers, light-dragoons, and bombardiers,
With an alderman for colonel.

Of the majors and captains,

There was muster and roll-calls, and repairing city walls,
And filling up of fosses:
And the captains and the majors, so gallant and courageous,
A-riding about on their hosses.

The fortifications and artillery.

To be guarded at all hours they built themselves watch-towers,
With every tower a man on;
And surely and secure, each from out his embrasure,
Looked down the iron cannon!

Of the conduct of the actors and the clergy.

A battle-song was writ for the theatre, where it
Was sung with vast energy
And rapturous applause; and besides the public cause
Was supported by the clergy.

Of the ladies;

The pretty ladies'-maids were pinning of cockades,
And tying on of sashes;
And dropping gentle tears, while their lovers bluster'd fierce,
About gunshot and gashes;

The ladies took the hint, and all day were scraping lint,
As became their softer genders;
And got bandages and beds for the limbs and for the heads
Of the city's brave defenders.

And, finally, of the taylors.

The men, both young and old, felt resolute and bold,
And panted hot for glory;
Even the tailors 'gan to brag, and embroidered on their flag
"AUT VINCERE AUT MORI."

X.

Of the Cossack chief, — his stratagem;

Seeing the city's resolute condition,
The Cossack chief, too cunning to despise it,
Said to himself, "Not having ammunition
Wherewith to batter the place in proper form,
Some of these nights I 'll carry it by storm,
And sudden escalade it or surprise it.

And the burghers' idle victorie.

"Let 's see, however, if the cits stand firmish."
He rode up to the city gates; for answers,
Out rushed an eager troop of the town *élite*,
And straightway did begin a gallant skirmish:
The Cossack hereupon did sound retreat,
Leaving the victory with the city lancers.

What prisoners they took,

They took two prisoners and as many horses,
And the whole town grew quickly so elate
With this small victory of their virgin forces,
That they did deem their privates and commanders
So many Cæsars, Pompeys, Alexanders,
Napoleons, or Fredericks the Great.

And how conceited they were.

And puffing with inordinate conceit
They utterly despised these Cossack thieves;
And thought the ruffians easier to beat
Than porters carpets think, or ushers boys.
Meanwhile, a sly spectator of their joys,
The Cossack captain giggled in his sleeves.

Of the Cossack chief, — his orders;

"Whene'er you meet yon stupid city hogs"
(He bade his troops precise this order keep),
"Don't stand a moment — run away, you dogs!"
'T was done; and when they met the town battalions,
The Cossacks, as if frightened at their valiance,
Turned tail, and bolted like so many sheep.

And how he feigned a retreat.

They fled, obedient to their captain's order:
And now this bloodless siege a month had lasted,
When, viewing the country round, the city warder
(Who, like a faithful weathercock, did perch
Upon the steeple of St. Sophy's church),
Sudden his trumpet took, and a mighty blast he blasted,

The warder proclayms the Cossacks' retreat, and the citie greatly rejoyces.

His voice it might be heard through all the streets
(He was a warder wondrous strong in lung),
"Victory, victory! the foe retreats!"
"The foe retreats!" each cries to each he meets;
"The foe retreats!" each in his turn repeats.
Gods! how the guns did roar, and how the joy-bells rung!

Arming in haste his gallant city lancers,
The mayor, to learn if true the news might be,
A league or two out issued with his prancers.
The Cossacks (something had given their courage a damper)
Hastened their flight, and 'gan like mad to scamper:
Blessed be all the saints, Kiova town was free!

XI.

Now, puffed with pride, the mayor grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
'T is true he might amuse himself thus,
And not be very murderous;
For as of those who to death were done
The number was exactly *none*,
His lordship, in his soul's elation,
Did take a bloodless recreation —

Going home again, he did ordain
A very splendid cold collation
For the magistrates and the corporation;
Likewise a grand illumination,
For the amusement of the nation.
That night the theatres were free,
The conduits they ran Malvoisie;
Each house that night did beam with light
And sound with mirth and jollity:
But shame, O shame! not a soul in the town,
Now the city was safe and the Cossacks flown,
Ever thought of the bountiful saint by whose care
The town had been rid of these terrible Turks
Said even a prayer to that patroness fair,
For these her wondrous works!
Lord Hyacinth waited, the meekest of priors —
He waited at church with the rest of his friars;
He went there at noon and he waited till ten,
Expecting in vain the lord-mayor and his men.
He waited and waited from midday to dark;
But in vain — you might search through the whole of the church,
Not a layman, alas! to the city's disgrace,
From midday to dark showed his nose in the place.
The pew-woman, organist, beadle, and clerk,
Kept away from their work, and were dancing like mad
Away in the streets with the other mad people,
Not thinking to pray, but to guzzle and tipple
Wherever the drink might be had.

The manner of the citie's rejoycings,

And its impiety.

How the priest, Hyacinth, waited at church and nobody came thither.

XII.

Amidst this din and revelry throughout the city roaring,
The silver moon rose silently, and high in heaven soaring;
Prior Hyacinth was fervently upon his knees adoring:
"Towards my precious patroness this conduct sure unfair is;
I cannot think, I must confess, what keeps the dignitaries
And our good mayor away, unless some business them contraries."

How he went forth to bid them to prayer.

He puts his long white mantle on and forth the prior sallies —
(His pious thoughts were bent upon good deeds and not on malice):
Heavens! how the banquet lights they shone about the mayor's palace!
About the hall the scullions ran with meats both fresh and potted;
The pages came with cup and can, all for the guests allotted;
Ah, how they jeered that good fat man as up the stairs he trotted!

How the grooms and lackeys jeered him.

He entered in the ante-rooms where sat the mayor's court in;
He found a pack of drunken grooms a-dicing and a-sporting;

The horrid wine and 'bacco fumes, they set the prior a-snorting!
The prior thought he 'd speak about their sins before he went hence,
And lustily began to shout of sin and of repentance;
The rogues, they kicked the prior out before he 'd done a sentence!

And having got no portion small of buffeting and tussling,
At last he reached the banquet-hall, where sat the mayor a-guzzling,
And by his side his lady tall dressed out in white sprig muslin.

And the mayor, mayoress, and aldermen being tipsie, refused to go to church.

Around the table in a ring the guests were drinking heavy;
They 'd drunk the church, and drunk the king, and the army and the navy;
In fact they 'd toasted everything. The prior said, "God save ye!"

The mayor cried, "Bring a silver cup — there 's one upon the beaufét;
And, Prior, have the venison up — it 's capital *rechauffé*.
And so, Sir Priest, you 've come to sup? And pray you how 's Saint Sophy?"
The prior's face quite red was grown, with horror and with anger;
He flung the proffered goblet down — it made a hideous clangor;
And 'gan a-preaching with a frown — he was a fierce haranguer.

He tried the mayor and aldermen — they all set up a-jeering:
He tried the common-councilmen — they too began a-sneering:
He turned towards the may'ress then, and hoped to get a hearing.
He knelt and seized her dinner-dress, made of the muslin snowy,
"To church, to church, my sweet mistress!" he cried; "the way I 'll show ye."
Alas, the lady-mayoress fell back as drunk as Chloe!

XIII.

How the prior went back alone.

Out from this dissolute and drunken court
Went the good prior, his eyes with weeping dim:
He tried the people of a meaner sort —
They too, alas, were bent upon their sport,
And not a single soul would follow him!
But all were swigging schnaps and guzzling beer.

He found the cits, their daughters, sons, and spouses,
Spending the livelong night in fierce carouses:
Alas, unthinking of the danger near!

One or two sentinels the ramparts guarded,
The rest were sharing in the general feast:
"God wot, our tipsy town is poorly warded;
Sweet Saint Sophia help us!" cried the priest.

Alone he entered the cathedral gate,
Careful he locked the mighty oaken door;
Within his company of monks did wait,
A dozen poor old pious men — no more.
Oh, but it grieved the gentle prior sore,
To think of those lost souls, given up to drink and fate!

And shut himself into Saint Sophia's chapel with his brethren.

The mighty outer gate well barred and fast,
The poor old friars stirred their poor old bones,
And pattering swiftly on the damp cold stones,
They through the solitary chancel passed.
The chancel walls looked black and dim and vast,
And rendered, ghost-like, melancholy tones.

Onward the fathers sped, till coming nigh a
Small iron gate, the which they entered quick at,
They locked and double-locked the inner wicket
And stood within the chapel of Sophia.

Vain were it to describe this sainted place,
Vain to describe that celebrated trophy,
The venerable statue of Saint Sophy,
Which formed its chiefest ornament and grace.

Here the good prior, his personal griefs and sorrows
In his extreme devotion quickly merging,
At once began to pray with voice sonorous;
The other friars joined in pious chorus,
And passed the night in singing, praying, scourging,
In honor of Sophia, that sweet virgin.

XIV.

The episode of Sneezoff and Katinka.

Leaving thus the pious priest in
Humble penitence and prayer,
And the greedy cits a-feasting,
Let us to the walls repair.

Walking by the sentry-boxes,
Underneath the silver moon,
Lo! the sentry boldly cocks his —
Boldly cocks his musketoon.

Sneezoff was his designation,
Fair-haired boy, forever pitied;
For to take his cruel station,
He but now Katinka quitted.

Poor in purse were both, but rich in
Tender love's delicious plenties;

She a damsel of the kitchen,
He a haberdasher's 'prentice.

'Tinka, maiden tender-hearted,
Was dissolved in tearful fits,
On that fatal night she parted
From her darling, fair-haired Frits.

Warm her soldier lad she wrapt in
Comforter and muffettee;
Called him "general" and "captain,"
Though a simple private he.

"On your bosom wear this plaster,
'T will defend you from the cold;
In your pipe smoke this canaster,
Smuggled 't is, my love, and old.

"All the night, my love, I 'll miss you."
Thus she spoke; and from the door
Fair-haired Sneezoff made his issue,
To return, alas, no more.

He it is who calmly walks his
Walk beneath the silver moon;
He it is who boldly cocks his
Detonating musketoon.

He the bland canaster puffing,
As upon his round he paces,
Sudden sees a ragamuffin
Clambering swiftly up the glacis.

"Who goes there?" exclaims the sentry;
"When the sun has once gone down
No one ever makes an entry
Into this here fortified town!"

How the sentrie Sneezoff was surprised and slayn.

Shouted thus the watchful Sneezoff;
But, ere any one replied,
Wretched youth! he fired his piece off,
Started, staggered, groaned, and died!

XV.

How the Cossacks rushed in suddenly and took the citie.

Ah, full well might the sentinel cry, "Who goes there?"
But echo was frightened too much to declare.
Who goes there? who goes there? Can any one swear
To the number of sands *sur les bords de la mer*,
Or the whiskers of D'Orsay Count down to a hair?
As well might you tell of the sands the amount,
Or number each hair in each curl of the Count,
As ever proclaim the number and name
Of the hundreds and thousands that up the wall came!
Down, down the knaves poured with fire and with sword:

Of the Cossack troops,

There were thieves from the Danube and rogues from the Don;
There were Turks and Wallacks, and shouting Cossacks;
Of all nations and regions, and tongues and religions —
Jew, Christian, Idolater, Frank, Mussulman:
Ah, a horrible sight was Kioff that night!

And of their manner of burning, murdering, and ravishing.

The gates were all taken — no chance e'en of flight;
And with torch and with axe the bloody Cossacks
Went hither and thither a-hunting in packs:
They slashed and they slew both Christian and Jew —
Women and children, they slaughtered them too.
Some, saving their throats, plunged into the moats,
Or the river — but oh, they had burned all the boats!

* * * * *

How they burned the whole city down, save the church,

But here let us pause — for I can't pursue further
This scene of rack, ravishment, ruin, and murther.
Too well did the cunning old Cossack succeed!
His plan of attack was successful indeed!

The night was his own — the town it was gone;
'T was a heap still a-burning of timber and stone.
One building alone had escaped from the fires,
Saint Sophy's fair church, with its steeples and spires.

Whereof the bells began to ring.

Calm, stately, and white,
It stood in the light;
And as if 't would defy all the conqueror's power, —
As if naught had occurred,
Might clearly be heard
The chimes ringing soberly every half-hour!

XVI.

The city was defunct — silence succeeded
Unto its last fierce agonizing yells;
And then it was the conqueror first heeded
The sound of these calm bells.

How the Cossack chief bade them burn the church too.

Furious towards his aides-de-camp he turns,
And (speaking as if Byron's works he knew,
"Villains!" he fiercely cries, "the city burns,
Why not the temple too?
Burn me yon church and murder all within!"

How they stormed it; and of Hyacinth, his anger thereat.

The Cossacks thundered at the outer door;
And Father Hyacinth, who heard the din,
(And thought himself and brethren in distress,
Deserted by their lady patroness,)
Did to her statue turn, and thus his woes outpour.

XVII.

His prayer to the Saint Sophia.

"And is it thus, O falsest of the saints,
Thou hearest our complaints?
Tell me, did ever my attachment falter
To serve thy altar?
Was not thy name, ere ever I did sleep,
The last upon my lip?

Was not thy name the very first that broke
From me when I awoke?
Have I not tried with fasting, flogging, penance,
And mortified countenance
For to find favor, Sophy, in thy sight?
And lo! this night,
Forgetful of my prayers, and thine own promise,
Thou turnest from us;
Lettest the heathen enter in our city,
And, without pity,
Murder our burghers, seize upon their spouses,
Burn down their houses!
Is such a breach of faith to be endured?
See what a lurid
Light from the insolent invader's torches
Shines on your porches!
E'en now, with thundering battering-ram and hammer
And hideous clamor;
With axemen, swordsmen, pikemen, billmen, bowmen,
The conquering foemen,
O Sophy! beat your gate about your ears,
Alas! and here 's
A humble company of pious men,
Like muttons in a pen,
Whose souls shall quickly from their bodies be thrusted,
Because in you they trusted.
Do you not know the Calmuc chief's desires —
KILL ALL THE FRIARS!
And you, of all the saints most false and fickle,
Leave us in this abominable pickle."

The statue suddenly speaks:

"RASH HYACINTHUS!"
(Here, to the astonishment of all her backers,
Saint Sophy, opening wide her wooden jaws,
Like to a pair of German walnut-crackers,
Began), "I did not think you had been thus, —
O monk of little faith! Is it because
A rascal scum of filthy Cossack heathen
Besiege our town, that you distrust in *me*, then?
Think'st thou that I, who in a former day
Did walk across the Sea of Marmora
(Not mentioning, for shortness, other seas), —
That I, who skimmed the broad Borysthenes,
Without so much as wetting of my toes,
Am frightened at a set of men like *those*?
I have a mind to leave you to your fate:
Such cowardice as this my scorn inspires."

But is interrupted by the breaking in of the Cossacks.

Saint Sophy was here
Cut short in her words, —
For at this very moment in tumbled the gate,
And with a wild cheer,
And a clashing of swords,
Swift through the church porches,

With a waving of torches,
And a shriek and a yell
Like the devils of hell,
With pike and with axe
In rushed the Cossacks,—
In rushed the Cossacks, crying, "MURDER THE FRIARS!"

Of Hyacinth, his outrageous address;

Ah! what a thrill felt Hyacinth,
When he heard that villanous shout Calmuc!
Now, thought he, my trial beginneth;
Saints, O give me courage and pluck!
"Courage, boys, 't is useless to funk!"
Thus unto the friars he began:
"Never let it be said that a monk
Is not likewise a gentleman.
Though the patron saint of the church,
Spite of all that we 've done and we 've pray'd,
Leaves us wickedly here in the lurch,
Hang it, gentlemen, who 's afraid?"

And preparation for dying.

As thus the gallant Hyacinthus spoke,
He, with an air as easy and as free as
If the quick-coming murder were a joke,
Folded his robes around his sides, and took
Place under sainted Sophy's legs of oak,
Like Cæsar at the statue of Pompeius.
The monks no leisure had about to look
(Each being absorbed in his particular case),
Else had they seen with what celestial grace
A wooden smile stole o'er the saint's mahogany face.

Saint Sophia, her speech.

"Well done, well done, Hyacinthus, my son!"
Thus spoke the sainted statue.
"Though you doubted me in the hour of need,
And spoke of me very rude indeed,
You deserve good luck for showing such pluck,
And I won't be angry at you."

She gets on the prior's shoulder straddleback,

The monks by-standing, one and all,
Of this wondrous scene beholders,
To this kind promise listened content,
And could n't contain their astonishment,
When Saint Sophia moved and went
Down from her wooden pedestal,
And twisted her legs, sure as eggs is eggs,
Round Hyacinthus's shoulders!

And bids him run.

"Ho! forwards," cries Sophy, "there 's no time for waiting,
The Cossacks are breaking the very last gate in:
See the glare of their torches shines red through the grating;
We 've still the back door, and two minutes or more.
Now boys, now or never, we must make for the river,
For we only are safe on the opposite shore.
Run swiftly to-day, lads, if ever you ran,—

Put out your best leg, Hyacinthus, my man;
And I 'll lay five to two that you carry us through,
Only scamper as fast as you can."

XVIII.

He runneth.

Away went the priest through the little back door,
And light on his shoulders the image he bore:
The honest old priest was not punished the least,
Though the image was eight feet, and he measured four.
Away went the prior, and the monks at his tail
Went snorting, and puffing, and panting full sail;
And just as the last at the back door had passed,
In furious hunt behold at the front
The Tartars so fierce, with their terrible cheers;
With axes, and halberts, and muskets, and spears,
With torches a-flaming the chapel now came in.
They tore up the mass-book, they stamped on the psalter,
They pulled the gold crucifix down from the altar;
The vestments they burned with their blasphemous fires,
And many cried, "Curse on them! where are the friars?"
When loaded with plunder, yet seeking for more,
One chanced to fling open the little back door,
Spied out the friars' white robes and long shadows
In the moon, scampering over the meadows,
And stopped the Cossacks in the midst of their arsons,

And the Tartars after him.

By crying out lustily, "THERE GO THE PARSONS!"
With a whoop and a yell, and a scream and a shout,
At once the whole murderous body turned out;
And swift as the hawk pounces down on the pigeon,
Pursued the poor short-winded men of religion.

How the friars sweated.

When the sound of that cheering came to the monks' hearing,
O Heaven! how the poor fellows panted and blew!
At fighting not cunning, unaccustomed to running,
When the Tartars came up what the deuce should they do?
"They 'll make us all martyrs, those blood-thirsty Tartars!
Quoth fat Father Peter to fat Father Hugh.
The shouts they came clearer, the foe they drew nearer;
Oh, how the bolts whistled, and how the lights shone!
"I cannot get farther, this running is murther;
Come carry me, some one!" cried big Father John.
And even the statue grew frightened, "Od rat you!"
It cried, "Mr. Prior, I wish you 'd get on!"
On tugged the good friar, but nigher and nigher
Appeared the fierce Russians, with sword and with fire.
On tugged the good prior at Saint Sophy's desire, —
A scramble through bramble, through mud, and through mire,
The swift arrows' whizziness causing a dizziness,
Nigh done his business, fit to expire.
Father Hyacinth tugged, and the monks they tugged after:
The foemen pursued with a horrible laughter,

And the pursuers fixed arrows into their tayls.

And hurl'd their long spears round the poor brethren's ears
So true, that next day in the coats of each priest,
Though never a wound was given, there were found
A dozen arrows at least.

How, at the last gasp,

Now the chase seemed at its worst,
Prior and monks were fit to burst;
Scarce you knew the which was first,
Or pursuers or pursued;
When the statue, by heaven's grace,
Suddenly did change the face
Of this interesting race,
As a saint, sure, only could.

For as the jockey who at Epsom rides,
When that his steed is spent and punished sore,
Diggeth his heels into the courser's sides,
And thereby makes him run one or two furlongs more;
Even thus, betwixt the eighth rib and the ninth,
The saint rebuked the prior, that weary creeper;
Fresh strength into his limbs her kicks imparted,
One bound he made, as gay as when he started.
Yes, with his brethren clinging at his cloak,
The statue on his shoulders — fit to choke —
One most tremendous bound made Hyacinth,
And soused friars, statue, and all, slapdash into the Dnieper!

The friars won, and jumped into Borysthenes fluvius.

XIX.

And how the Russians saw

And when the Russians, in a fiery rank,
Panting and fierce, drew up along the shore;
(For here the vain pursuing they forebore,
Nor cared they to surpass the river's bank,)
Then, looking from the rocks and rushes dank,
A sight they witnessed never seen before,
And which, with its accompaniments glorious,
Is writ i' the golden book, or *liber aureus*.
Plump in the Dnieper flounced the friar and friends, —
They dangling round his neck, he fit to choke,
When suddenly his most miraculous cloak
Over the billowy waves itself extends,
Down from his shoulders quietly descends
The venerable Sophy's statue of oak;
Which, sitting down upon the cloak so ample,
Bids all the brethren follow its example!

The statue get off Hyacinth his back, and sit down with the friars on Hyacinth his cloak.

How in this manner of boat they sayled away.

Each at her bidding sat, and sat at ease;
The statue 'gan a gracious conversation,
And (waving to the foe a salutation)
Sail'd with her wondering happy protégés
Gayly adown the wide Borysthenes,
Until they came unto some friendly nation.
And when the heathen had at length grown shy of
Their conquest, she one day came back again to Kioff.

XX.

Finis, or the end.

THINK NOT, O READER, THAT WE 'RE LAUGHING AT YOU;
YOU MAY GO TO KIOFF NOW, AND SEE THE STATUE!

KING CANUTE.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silversticks and goldsticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages, — all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause,
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws;
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and young:
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favorite gleemen sung,
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper of the Seal.
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served to dinner, or the veal?"
"Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch. "Keeper, 't is not that I feel.

"'T is the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair:
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh, I 'm sick, and tired, and weary." — Some one cried, "The King's arm-chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the Keeper nodded,
Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied;
Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine?"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed: "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old;
Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mould!

"Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming: vainly for their slaughtered sires." —
"Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one admires.

"But for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my gracious lord, to search.
They 're forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother Church;
Never, never, does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

"Look! the land is crowned with minsters, which your Grace's bounty raised:
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised:
You, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience I 'm amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the bishop roared, with actions made to suit.
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute!
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do 't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahaleel, Methusela,
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and may n't the King as well as they?"
"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, — "fervently I trust he may."

"*He* to die?" resumed the Bishop. "He a mortal like to *us*?
Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus:*
Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."
Canute turned towards the ocean — "Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat:
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey:
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist alway.

FRIAR'S SONG.

Some love the matin-chimes, which tell
The hour of prayer to sinner:
But better far 's the midday bell,
Which speaks the hour of dinner;
For when I see a smoking fish,
Or capon drown'd in gravy,
Or noble haunch on silver dish,
Full glad I sing my ave.

My pulpit is an alehouse bench,
Whereon I sit so jolly;
A smiling rosy country wench
My saint and patron holy.
I kiss her cheek so red and sleek,
I press her ringlets wavy,
And in her willing ear I speak
A most religous ave.

And if I 'm blind, yet heaven is kind,
And holy saints forgiving;
For sure he leads a right good life
Who thus admires good living.
Above, they say, our flesh is air,
Our blood celestial ichor:
Oh, grant! mid all the changes there,
They may not change our liquor.

ATRA CURA.

Before I lost my five poor wits,
I mind me of a Romish clerk,
Who sang how Care, the phantom dark,
Beside the belted horseman sits.
Methought I saw the grisly sprite
Jump up but now behind my Knight.

And though he gallop as he may,
I mark that cursed monster black
Still sits behind his honor's back,
Tight squeezing of his heart alway.
Like two black Templars sit they there,
Beside one crupper, Knight and Care.

No knight am I with pennoned spear,
To prance upon a bold destrere:
I will not have black Care prevail
Upon my long-eared charger's tail,
For lo, I am a witless fool,
And laugh at Grief and ride a mule.

REQUIESCAT.

Under the stone you behold,
Buried, and coffined, and cold,
Lieth Sir Wilfrid the Bold.

Always he marched in advance,
Warring in Flanders and France,
Doughty with sword and with lance.

Famous in Saracen fight,
Rode in his youth the good knight,
Scattering Paynims in flight.

Brian the Templar untrue,
Fairly in tourney he slew,
Saw Hierusalem too.

Now he is buried and gone,
Lying beneath the gray stone:
Where shall you find such a one?

Long time his widow deplored,
Weeping the fate of her lord,
Sadly cut off by the sword.

When she was eased of her pain,
Came the good Lord Athelstane,
When her ladyship married again.

LINES UPON MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT.

BY THE LORD SOUTHDOWN.

The castle towers of Bareacres are fair
upon the lea,
Where the cliffs of bonny Diddlesex
rise up from out the sea:
I stood upon the donjon keep and view'd
the country o'er,
I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty
miles or more.
I stood upon the donjon keep — it is a
sacred place, —
Where floated for eight hundred years
the banner of my race;

Argent, a dexter sinople, and gules an azure field:
There ne'er was nobler cognizance on knightly warrior's shield.

The first time England saw the shield
'T was round a Norman neck,
On board a ship from Valery, King William was on deck.
A Norman lance the colors wore, in Hastings' fatal fray —
St. Willibald for Bareacres! 't was double gules that day!
O Heaven and sweet St. Willibald! in many a battle since
A loyal-hearted Bareacres has ridden by his Prince!
At Acre with Plantagenet, with Edward at Poictiers,
The pennon of the Bareacres was foremost on the spears!

'T was pleasant in the battle-shock to hear our war-cry ringing:
O grant me, sweet St. Willibald, to listen to such singing!
Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe before us,
And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the chorus!
O knights, my noble ancestors! and shall I never hear
St. Willibald for Bareacres through battle ringing clear?
I 'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,
And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side!
Dash down, dash down, yon Mandolin, beloved sister mine!

Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line:
Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,
The spinning-jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls.
Sing not, sing not, my Angeline! in days so base and vile,
'T were sinful to be happy, 't were sacrilege to smile.
I 'll hie me to my lonely hall, and by its cheerless hob
I 'll muse on other days, and wish — and wish I were — A SNOB.

TITMARSH'S CARMEN LILLIENSE.

LILLE, *Sept.* 2, 1843.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

I.

WITH twenty pounds but three weeks since
From Paris forth did Titmarsh wheel,
I thought myself as rich a prince
As beggar poor I 'm now at Lille.

Confiding in my ample means —
In troth, I was a happy chiel!
I passed the gates of Valenciennes,
I never thought to come by Lille.

I never thought my twenty pounds
Some rascal knave would dare to steal;
I gayly passed the Belgic bounds
At Quiévrain, twenty miles from Lille.

To Antwerp town I hasten'd post,
And as I took my evening meal
I felt my pouch, — my purse was lost,
O Heaven! Why came I not by Lille?

I straightway called for ink and pen,
To grandmamma I made appeal;
Meanwhile a loan of guineas ten
I borrowed from a friend so leal.

I got the cash from grandmamma
(Her gentle heart my woes could feel,)
But where I went, and what I saw,
What matters? Here I am at Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no cash, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

II.

To stealing I can never come,
To pawn my watch I 'm too genteel.

Besides, I left my watch at home,
How could I pawn it then at Lille?

"*La note*," at times the guests will say.
I turn as white as cold boil'd veal;
I turn and look another way,
I dare not ask the bill at Lille.

I dare not to the landlord say,
"Good sir, I cannot pay your bill";
He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
And is quite proud I stay at Lille.

He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
Like Rothschild or Sir Robert Peel,
And so he serves me every day
The best of meat and drink in Lille.

Yet when he looks me in the face
I blush as red as cochineal;
And think did he but know my case,
How changed he 'd be, my host of Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

III.

The sun bursts out in furious blaze,
I perspirate from head to heel;
I 'd like to hire a one-horse chaise,
How can I, without cash at Lille?

I pass in sunshine burning hot
By cafés where in beer they deal;
I think how pleasant were a pot,
A frothing pot of beer of Lille!

What is yon house with walls so thick,
All girt around with guard and grille?
O gracious gods! it makes me sick,
It is the *prison-house* of Lille!

O cursed prison strong and barred,
It does my very blood congeal!
I tremble as I pass the guard,
And quit that ugly part of Lille.

The church-door beggar whines and prays,
I turn away at his appeal:
Ah, church-door beggar! go thy ways!
You 're not the poorest man in Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

IV.

Say, shall I to yon Flemish church,
And at a Popish altar kneel?
O, do not leave me in the lurch, —
I 'll cry, ye patron-saints of Lille!

Ye virgins dressed in satin hoops,
Ye martyrs slain for mortal weal,
Look kindly down! before you stoops
The miserablest man in Lille.

And lo! as I beheld with awe
A pictured saint (I swear 't is real),
It smiled, and turned to grandmamma! —
It did! and I had hope in Lille!

'T was five o'clock, and I could eat,
Although I could not pay my meal:
I hastened back into the street
Where lies my inn, the best in Lille.

What see I on my table stand, —
A letter with a well-known seal?
'T is grandmamma's! I know her hand, —
"To Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Lille."

I feel a choking in my throat,
I pant and stagger, faint and reel!
It is — it is — a ten-pound note,
And I 'm no more in pawn at Lille

[He goes off by the diligence that evening, and is restored to the bosom of his happy family.]

THE IDLER.

With the London hubbub
Overtired and pestered,
I sought out a subbub
Where I lay sequestered, —

Where I lay for three days,
From Saturday till Monday,
And (per face aut neface)
Made the most of Sunday;

Burning of a *cheeroot*
When I 'd had a skinful,
Squatting on a tree-root,
Doubting if 't was sinful;
As the bells at Kingston
Made a pretty clangor,
I (forgiving heathen)
Heard them not in anger; —

Heard and rather fancied
Their reverberations,
As I sat entranced
With my meditations.
From my Maker's praises
Easily I wandered
To pull up His daisies,
As I sat and pondered.

As I pull'd His daisies
Into little pieces,
Much I thought of life
And how small its ease is;
Much I blamed the world
For its worldly vanity,
As my smoke upcurl'd,
Type of its inanity.

By world I meant the town,
Mayfair, and its high doings,
Or rather my own set,
Its chatterings and cooings;
So I viewed the strife
And the sport of London,
Doubting if its life
Were overdone or undone.

Be it slow or rapid,
If it wakes or slumbers,
Anyhow it 's vapid; —
Moonshine from cucumbers.
Man is useless too,
Be he saint or satyr;
Nothing 's new or true,
And — it does n't matter.

May not I and Jeames
Be compared together,
I in inking reams,
He in blacking leather?
Snob and Swell are peers;
Snuffer, chewer, whiffer, —
In a hundred years
Wherein shall we differ?

Counting on to-morrow's
"Oirish." Whither tendeth
He who simply borrows,
He who simpler lendeth?
If we give or take,
Where remains the profit?
Sold or wide awake
All will go to Tophet.

To Tophet — shady club
Where no one need propose ye,
Where Hamlet hints "the rub"
Is not select or cosey.
In that mixed vulgar place,
It does n't matter who pays,
There 's no more "Bouillabaisse,"
And no more *petits soupers*.

Why then seek to vie
With Solomons or Sidneys?
Why care for Strasbourg pie,
For punch or devilled kidneys?
Why write "Yellow Plush"?
Why should we *not* wear it?
Wherefore should we blush?
Rather grin and bear it.

These uprooted daisies
Speak of useless trouble;
Cheroots that burn like blazes
Show that life 's a bubble.
Thus musing on our lot,
A fogeyfied old sinner,
I 'm glad to say I got —
An appetite for dinner.

THE WILLOW-TREE.

KNOW ye the willow-tree
Whose gray leaves quiver,
Whispering gloomily
To yon pale river;
Lady, at even-tide
Wander not near it,
They say its branches hide
A sad, lost spirit!

Once to the willow-tree
A maid came fearful,
Pale seemed her cheek to be,
Her blue eye tearful;
Soon as she saw the tree,
Her step moved fleeter,
No one was there — ah me!
No one to meet her!

Quick beat her heart to hear
The far bell's chime
Toll from the chapel-tower
The trysting time:
But the red sun went down
In golden flame,
And though she looked round,
Yet no one came!

Presently came the night,
Sadly to greet her, —
Moon in her silver light,
Stars in their glitter;
Then sank the moon away
Under the billow,
Still wept the maid alone —
There by the willow!

Through the long darkness,
By the stream rolling,
Hour after hour went on
Tolling and tolling.
Long was the darkness,
Lonely and stilly;
Shrill came the night-wind,
Piercing and chilly.

Shrill blew the morning breeze,
Biting and cold,
Bleak peers the gray dawn
Over the wold.
Bleak over moor and stream
Looks the gray dawn,
Gray, with dishevelled hair,
Still stands the willow there —
THE MAID IS GONE!

Domine, Domine!
Sing we a litany, —
Sing for poor maiden-hearts broken and weary;
Domine, Domine!
Sing we a litany,
Wail we and weep we a wild Miserere!

THE WILLOW-TREE.

(ANOTHER VERSION.)

I.

Long by the willow-trees
Vainly they sought her,
Wild rang the mother's screams
O'er the gray water:
"Where is my lovely one?
Where is my daughter?

II.

"Rouse thee, sir constable —
Rouse thee and look;
Fisherman, bring your net,
Boatman your hook.
Beat in the lily-beds,
Dive in the brook!"

III.

Vainly the constable
Shouted and called her;
Vainly the fisherman
Beat the green alder,
Vainly he flung the net,
Never it hauled her!

IV.

Mother beside the fire
Sat, her nightcap in;
Father, in easy-chair,
Gloomily napping,
When at the window-sill
Came a light tapping!

V.

And a pale countenance
Looked through the casement.
Loud beat the mother's heart,
Sick with amazement,
And at the vision which
Came to surprise her,
Shrieked in an agony —
"Lor! it 's Elizar!"

VI.

Yes, 't was Elizabeth —
Yes, 't was their girl;
Pale was her cheek, and her
Hair out of curl.
"Mother!" the loving one,
Blushing, exclaimed,

"Let not your innocent
Lizzy be blamed.

VII.

"Yesterday, going to Aunt
Jones's to tea,
Mother, dear mother, I
Forgot the door-key!
And as the night was cold,
And the way steep,
Mrs. Jones kept me to
Breakfast and sleep."

VIII.

Whether her Pa and Ma
Fully believed her,
That we shall never know,
Stern they received her;
And for the work of that
Cruel, though short, night,
Sent her to bed without
Tea for a fortnight.

IX.

MORAL.

Hey diddle diddlety,
Cat and the Fiddlety,
Maidens of England take caution by she!
Let love and suicide
Never tempt you aside,
And always remember to take the door-key.

LYRA HIBERNICA.

THE POEMS OF THE MOLONY OF KILBALLYMOLONY.

THE PIMLICO PAVILION.

Ye pathrons of janius, Minerva and Vanius,
Who sit on Parnassus, that mountain of snow,
Descind from your station and make observation
Of the Prince's pavilion in sweet Pimlico.

This garden, by jakurs, is forty poor acres,
(The garner he tould me, and sure ought to know;)
And yet greatly bigger, in size and in figure,
Than the Phanix itself, seems the Park Pimlico.

O 't is there that the spoort is, when the Queen and the Court is
Walking magnanimous all of a row,
Forgetful what state is among the pataties
And the pineapple gardens of sweet Pimlico.

There in blossoms odorous the birds sing a chorus,
Of "God save the Queen" as they hop to and fro;
And you sit on the binches and hark to the finches,
Singing melodious in sweet Pimlico.

There shuiting their phanthasies, they pluck polyanthuses
That round in the gardens resplindently grow,
Wid roses and jessimins, and other sweet specimins,
Would charm bould Linnayus in sweet Pimlico.

You see when you inther, and stand in the cinther,
Where the roses, and necturns, and collyflowers blow,
A hill so tremindous, it tops the top-windows
Of the elegant houses of famed Pimlico.

And when you 've ascinded that precipice splindid
You see on its summit a wondtherful show—
A lovely Swish building, all painting and gilding,
The famous pavilion of sweet Pimlico.

Prince Albert, of Flandthers, that
Prince of Commandthers,
(On whom my best blessings here-
by I bestow,)
With goold and vermilion has decked
that Pavilion,
Where the Queen may take tay in
her sweet Pimlico.
There 's lines from John Milton the
chamber all gilt on,
And pictures beneath them that 's
shaped like a bow;
I was greatly astounded to think
that that Roundhead
Should find an admission to famed
Pimlico.

O lovely 's each fresco, and most pic-
turesque O;
And while round the chamber as-
tonished I go,
I think Dan Maclise's it baits all the
pieces
Surrounding the cottage of famed
Pimlico.

Eastlake has the chimney, (a good
one to limn he,)
And a vargin he paints with a sar-
pent below;
While bulls, pigs, and panthers, and
other enchanthers,
Are painted by Landseer in sweet
Pimlico.

And nature smiles opposite, Stanfield
he copies it;
O'er Claude or Poussang sure 't is
he that may crow:
But Sir Ross's best faiture is small
mini-áture —
He should n't paint frescos in
famed Pimlico.

There 's Leslie and Uwins has rather
small doings;
There 's Dyce, as brave masther as
England can show;
And the flowers and the sthrawberries,
sure he no dauber is,
That painted the panels of famed
Pimlico.

In the pictures from Walther Scott,
never a fault there 's got,
Sure the marble 's as natural as
thrue Scaglio;
And the Chamber Pompayen is sweet
to take tay in,
And ait butther'd muffins in sweet
Pimlico.

There 's landscapes by Gruner, both
solar and lunar,
Them two little Doyles too, deserve
a bravo;
Wid de piece by young Townsend,
(for janius abounds in 't;)
And that 's why he 's shuited to
paint Pimlico.

That picture of Severn's is worthy of
rever'nce,
But some I won't mintion is rather
so so;
For sweet philoso'phy, or crumpets
and coffee,
O where 's a Pavilion like sweet
Pimlico?

O to praise this Pavilion would puzzle
Quintilian,
Daymosthenes, Brougham, or young
Cicero;
So heavenly Goddess, d' ye pardon
my modesty,
And silence, my lyre! about sweet
Pimlico.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

With ganial foire
Thransfuse me loyre,
Ye sacred nympths of Pindus,
The whoile I sing
That wondthrous thing,
The Palace made o' windows!

Say, Paxton, truth,
Thou wondthrous youth,
What sthroke of art celistial,
What power was lint
You to invint
This combineetion cristial.

O would before
That Thomas Moore,
Likewoise the late Lord Boyron,

Thim aigles sthrong
Of godlike song,
Cast oi on that cast oiron.

And saw thim walls,
And glittering halls,
Thim rising slendther columns,
Which I poor pote,
Could not denote,
No, not in twinty vollums.

My Muse's words
Is like the bird's
That roosts beneath the panes there;
Her wings she spoils
'Gainst them bright toiles,
And cracks her silly brains there.

This Palace tall,
This Cristial Hall,
Which Imperors might covet,
Stands in High Park
Like Noah's Ark,
A rainbow bint above it.

The towers and fanes,
In other scaynes,
The fame of this will undo,
Saint Paul's big doom,
Saint Paythers Room,
And Dublin's proud Rotundo.

'T is here that roams,
As well becomes
Her dignitee and stations,
Victoria Great,
And houlds in state
The Congress of the Nations.

Her subjects pours
From distant shores,
Her Injians and Canajians;
And also we,
Her kingdoms three,
Attind with our allagiance.

Here come likewise
Her bould allies,
Both Asian and Europian;
From East and West
They send their best
To fill her Coornucopean.

I seen (thank Grace!)
This wondthrous place
(His Noble Honour Misther
H. Cole it was
That gave the pass,
And let me see what is there).

With conscious proide
I stud insoide
And look'd the World's Great Fair in,
Until me sight
Was dazzled quite,
And could n't see for staring.

There 's holy saints
And window paints,
By Maydiayval Pugin;
Alhamborough Jones
Did paint the tones
Of yellow and gambouge in.

There 's fountains there
And crosses fair;
There 's water-gods with urrns
There 's organs three,
To play, d'ye see?
"God save the Queen," by turrns.

There 's Statues bright,
Of marble white,
Of silver, and of copper;
And some in zinc,
And some, I think,
That is n't over proper.

There 's staym Ingynes,
That stands in lines,
Enormous and amazing,
That squeal and snort
Like whales in sport,
Or elephants a-grazing.

There 's carts and gigs,
And pins for pigs,
There 's dibblers and there 's harrows,
And ploughs like toys
For little boys,
And ilegant wheel-barrows.

For thim gentecls
Who ride on wheels,
There 's plenty to indulge 'em:
There 's Droskys snug
From Paytersbug,
And vayhycles from Bulgium.

There 's Cabs on Stands
And Shandthry danns;
There 's Waggons from New York here;
There 's Lapland Sleighs
Have crossed the seas,
And Jaunting Cyars from Cork here.

Amazed I pass
From glass to glass,
Deloighted I survey 'em;
Fresh wondthers grows
Before me nose
In this sublime Musayum!

Look, here 's a fan
From far Japan,
A sabre from Damasco:
There 's shawls ye get
From far Thibet,
And cotton-prints from Glasgow.

There 's German flutes,
Marocky boots,
And Naples Macaronies;
Bohaymia
Has sent Bohay;
Polonia her polonies.

There 's granite flints
That 's quite imminse,
There 's sacks of coals and fuels,
There 's swords and guns,
And soap in tuns,
And Gingerbread and Jewels.

There 's taypots there,
And cannons rare;
There 's coffins fill'd with roses;
There 's canvas tints,
Teeth insthrumints,
And shuits of clothes by Moses.

There 's lashins more
Of things in store,
But thim I don't remimber;
Nor could disclose
Did I compose
From May-time to Novimber!

Ah, Judy thru!
With eyes so blue,
That you were here to view it!
And could I screw
But tu pound tu,
'T is I would thrait you to it!

So let us raise
Victoria's praise,
And Albert's proud condition,
That takes his ayse
As he surveys
This Cristial Exhibition.
1851.

MOLONY'S LAMENT.

O Tim, did you hear of thim Saxons,
And read what the peepers report?
They 're goan to recall the Liftinant,
And shut up the Castle and Coort!
Our desolate counthry of Oireland,
They 're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy,
And now having murdthered our counthry,
They 're goin' to kill the Viceroy,
Dear boy;
'T was he was our proide and our joy!

And will we no longer behould him,
Surrounding his carriage in throngs,
As he weaves his cocked-hat from the windies,
And smiles to his bould aid-decongs?
I liked for to see the young haroes,
All shoining with sthripes and with stars,
A horsing about in the Phaynix,
And winking the girls in the cyars,
Like Mars,
A smokin' their poipes and cigyars.

Dear Mitchell exoiled to Bermudies,
Your beautiful oilids you 'll ope,
And there 'll be an abondance of crokin'
From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope,
When they read of this news in the peepers,
Acrass the Atlantical wave,
That the last of the Oirish Liftinints
Of the oisland of Seents has tuck lave.
God save
The Queen — she should betther behave.

And what 's to become of poor Dame Sthreet,
And who 'll ait the puffs and the tarts,
Whin the Coort of imparial splindor
From Doblin's sad city departs?
And who 'll have the fiddlers and pipers,
When the deuce of a Coort there remains?
And where 'll be the bucks and the ladies,
To hire the Coort-shuits and the thrains?
In sthrains,
It 's thus that ould Erin complains!

There 's Councillor Flanagan's leedy,
'T was she in the Coort did n't fail,
And she wanted a plinty of popplin,
For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail;
She bought it of Misthress O'Grady,
Eight shillings a yard tabinet,
But now that the Coort is concluded,
The divvle a yard will she get;
I bet,
Bedad, that she wears the old set.

There 's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary,
They 'd daylings at Madam O'Riggs';
Each year at the dthrawing-room sayson,
They mounted the neatest of wigs.
When Spring, with its buds and its dasies,
Comes out in her beauty and bloom,
Thim tu 'll never think of new jasies,
Becase there is no dthrawing-room,
For whom
They 'd choose the expense to ashume.

There 's Alderman Toad and his lady,
'T was they gave the Clart and the Poort,
And the poincapples, turbots, and lobsters,
To feast the Lord Liftinint's Coort.

But now that the quality 's goin,
I warnt that the aiting will stop,
And you 'll get at the Alderman's teeble
The devil a bite or a dthrop,
Or chop;
And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin',
And his Lordship, the dear honest man,
And the Duchess, his eemiable leedy,
And Corry, the bould Connellan,
And little Lord Hyde and the childthren,
And the Chewter and Governess tu;
And the servants are packing their boxes, —
Oh, murther, but what shall I due
Without you?
O Meery, with ois of the blue!

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

O WILL ye choose to hear the news,
Bedad I cannot pass it o'er:
I 'll tell you all about the Ball
To the Naypaulase Ambassador.
Begor! this fête all balls does bate
At which I 've worn a pump, and I
Must here relate the splendthor great
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,
To fête these black Achilleses.
"We 'll show the blacks," says they,
"Almack's,
"And take the rooms at Willis's."
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
They hung the rooms of Willis up,
And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls,
With roses and with lilies up

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand,
So sweetly in the middle there,

And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
And violins did fiddle there.
And when the Coort was tired of spoort,
I 'd lave you, boys, to think there was
A nate buffet before them set,
Where lashins of good dhrink there was.

At ten before the ballroom door,
His moighty Excellency was,
He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd,
So gorgeous and immense he was.
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
Into the doorway followed him;
And O the noise of the blackguard boys,
As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble Chair * stud at the stair,
And bade the dthrums to thump; and he
Did thus evince, to that Black Prince,
The welcome of his Company.
O fair the girls, and rich the curls,
And bright the oys you saw there, was;
And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,
On Gineral Jung Bahawther, was!

This Gineral great then tuck his sate,
With all the other ginerals,
(Bedad his troat, his belt, his coat,
All bleezed with precious minerals;)
And as he there, with princely air,
Recloinin' on his cushion was,
All round about his royal chair
The squeezin' and the pushin' was.

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes, and Earls,
Such fashion and nobilitee!
Just think of Tim, and fancy him
Amidst the hoigh gentilitee!

There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygeese
Ministher and his lady there,
And I reckonised, with much surprise,
Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there;

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,
And Baroness Rehausen there,
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar
Well, in her robes of gauze in there.
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first,
When only Mr. Pips he was),
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall, and his ladies all,
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife;
I wondther how he could stuff her in.
There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,
And seemed to ask how should *I* go there?
And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,
And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes, and Earls, and diamonds, and pearls,
And pretty girls, was spoorting there;
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied,
Behind the windies, coorting there.
O, there 's one I know, bedad would show
As beautiful as any there,
And I 'd like to hear the pipers blow,
And shake a fut with Fanny there!

* James Matheson, Esq., to whom, and the Board of Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, I, Timotheus Molony, late stoker on board the "Iberia," the "Lady Mary Wood," the "Tagus," and the Oriental steamships, humbly dedicate this production of my grateful muse.

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

Ye Genii of the nation,
Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onsaysingly deplore;

Ye sons of General Jackson,
Who thrample on the Saxon,
Attend to the thransaction upon
Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on
our city bore,
Our fortitude and valiance
Insthructed his battalions
To rispict the galliant Irish upon
Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
No city in this nation
So grand a reputation could boast
before,
As Limerick prodigious,
That stands with quays and
bridges,
And the ships up to the windies of
the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
'T is William Smith O'Brine
Reprisints this darling Limerick, this
ten years or more:
O the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,
And thrimble at the Cicero from
Shannon shore!

This valiant son of Mars
Had been to visit Par's,
That land of Revolution, that grows
the tricolor;
And to welcome his returrn
From pilgrimages furren,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the sword:
'T is he will sheathe that battle-axe
in Saxon gore;
And Mitchil of Belfast
We bade to our repast,
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the
Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould
These patriots so bould,
We tuck the opportunity of Tim
Doolan's store;
And with ornamints and banners
(As becomes gintale good manners)
We made the loveliest tay-room upon
Shannon shore.

'T would binifit your sowls,
To see the butthered rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and
craim galyore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harps and thrumpets,
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Imperor of Bohay
Would be proud to dthrink the tay
That Misthress Biddy Rooney for
O'Brine did pour;
And, since the days of Strongbow,
There never was such Congo —
Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it — by
Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry
Connellan beheld this sworry
With rage and imulation in their
black hearts' core;
And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins,
And the fragrance of the Congo on
the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,
O'Brine began to spake;
But juice a one could hear him, for a
sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,
They batthered and they banged
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down
they tore;
They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon
Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage-stalks, and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

O the girls began to scrame
And upset the milk and crame;
And the honorable gintlemin, they cursed and swore:
And Mitchil of Belfast,
'T was he that looked aghast,
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

O the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt;
Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys, where 's the back door?
'T is a national disgrace:
Let me go and veil me face";
And he boulted with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"
Says Meagher of the sword,
"This conduct would disgrace any blackamore";
But the best use Tommy made
Of his famous battle blade
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a line;
'T would have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;
In his glory he arose,
And he rush'd upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and the Dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore;
And they bate the rattatoo,
But the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

LARRY O'TOOLE.

You 've all heard of Larry O'Toole,
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole;
He had but one eye,
To ogle ye by —
Oh, murther, but that was a jew'l!
A fool
He made of de girls, dis O'Toole.

'T was he was the boy did n't fail,
That tuck down pataties and mail;
He never would shrink
From any sthrong dthrink,
Was it whiskey or Drogheda ale;
I 'm bail
This Larry would swallow a pail.

Oh, many a night at the bowl,
With Larry I 've sot cheek by jowl;
He 's gone to his rest,
Where there 's dthrink of the best,
And so let us give his old sowl
A howl,
For 't was he made the noggin to rowl.

THE ROSE OF FLORA.

Sent by a Young Gentleman of Quality to Miss Br—dy, of Castle Brady.

On Brady's tower there grows a flower,
It is the loveliest flower that blows;
At Castle Brady there lives a lady,
(And how I love her no one knows);
Her name is Nora, and the goddess Flora
Presents her with this blooming rose.

"O Lady Nora," says the goddess Flora,
"I 've many a rich and bright parterre;
In Brady's towers there 's seven more flowers,
But you 're the fairest lady there:
Not all the county, nor Ireland's bounty,
Can projuice a treasure that 's half so fair!"

What cheek is redder? sure roses fed her!
Her hair is marejolds, and her eye of blew.
Beneath her eyelid, is like the vi'let,
That darkly glistens with gentle jew!
The lily's nature is not surely whiter
Than Nora's neck is, — and her arrums too.

"Come, gentle Nora," says the goddess Flora,
"My dearest creature, take my advice,
There is a poet, full well you know it,
Who spends his lifetime in heavy sighs, —
Young Redmond Barry, 't is him you 'll marry,
If rhyme and raisin you 'd choose likewise."

THE LAST IRISH GRIEVANCE.

On reading of the general indignation occasioned in Ireland by the appointment of a Scotch Professor to one of Her Majesty's Godless Colleges, Master Molloy Molony, brother of Thaddeus Molony, Esq., of the Temple, a youth only fifteen years of age, dashed off the following spirited lines: —

As I think of the insult that 's done to this nation,
Red tears of rivinge from me faytures I wash,
And uphold in this pome, to the world's daytistation,
The sleeves that appointed Professor M'Cosh.

I look round me counthree, renowned by exparience,
And see midst her childthren, the witty, the wise, —
Whole hayps of logicians, potes, schollars, grammarians,
All ayger for pleeces, all panting to rise;
I gaze round the world in its utmost diminsion;
Lard Jahn and his minions in Council I ask,
Was there ever a government-pleece (with a pinsion)
But children of Erin were fit for that task?

What, Erin beloved, is thy fetal condition?
What shame in aych boosom must rankle and burrun,
To think that our countree has ne'er a logician
In the hour of her deenger will surrev her turrun!

On the logic of Saxons there 's little reliance,
And, rather from Saxons than gather its rules,
I 'd stamp under feet the base book of his science,
And spit on his chair as he taught in the schools!

O false Sir John Kane! is it thus that you praych me?
I think all your Queen's Universitees Bosh;
And if you 've no neetive Professor to taych me,
I scawurn to be learned by the Saxon M'Cosh.

There 's Wiseman and Chume, and His Grace the Lord Primate,
That sinds round the box, and the world will subscribe;
'T is they 'll build a College that 's fit for our climate,
And taych me the saycrets I burn to imboibe!

'T is there as a Student of Science I 'll enther,
Fair Fountain of Knowledge, of Joy and Contint!
Saint Pathrick's sweet Statue shall stand in the centher,
And wink his dear oi every day during Lint.

And good Doctor Newman, that praycher unwary,
'T is he shall preside the Academee School,
And quit the gay robe of St. Philip of Neri,
To wield the soft rod of St. Lawrence O'Toole!

THE BALLADS OF POLICEMAN X.

THE WOFLE NEW BALLAD OF JANE RONEY AND MARY BROWN.

An igstrawnary tail I vill tell you this veek —
I stood in the Court of A'Beckett the Beak,
Vere Mrs. Jane Roney, a vidow, I see,
Who charged Mary Brown with a robbin of she.

This Mary was pore and in misery once,
And she came to Mrs. Roney it 's more than twelve monce.
She ad n't got no bed, nor no dinner nor no tea,
And kind Mrs. Roney gave Mary all three.

Mrs. Roney kep Mary for ever so many veeks,
(Her conduct disgusted the best of all Beax,)
She kep her for nothink, as kind as could be,
Never thinkin that this Mary was a traitor to she.

"Mrs. Roney, O Mrs. Roney, I feel very ill;
Will you just step to the Doctor's for to fetch me a pill?"
"That I will, my pore Mary," Mrs. Roney says she;
And she goes off to the Doctor's as quickly as may be.

No sooner on this message Mrs. Roney was sped,
Than hup gits vicked Mary, and jumps out a bed;
She hopens all the trunks without never a key —
She bustes all the boxes, and vith them makes free.

Mrs. Roney's best linning, gownds, petticoats, and close,
Her children's little coats and things, her boots, and her hose,
She packed them, and she stole 'em, and avay vith them did flee.
Mrs. Roney's situation — you may think vat it vould be!

Of Mary, ungrateful, who had served her this vay,
Mrs. Roney heard nothink for a long year and a day.
Till last Thursday, in Lambeth, ven whom should she see
But this Mary, as had acted so ungrateful to she?

She was leaning on the helbo of a worthy young man,
They were going to be married, and were walkin hand in hand;
And the Church bells was a ringing for Mary and he,
And the parson was ready, and a waitin for his fee.

When up comes Mrs. Roney, and faces Mary Brown,
Who trembles, and castes her eyes upon the ground.
She calls a jolly pleaseman, it happens to be me;
I charge this young woman, Mr. Pleaseman, says she.

"Mrs. Roney, o, Mrs. Roney, o, do let me go,
I acted most ungrateful I own, and I know,

But the marriage bell is a ringin, and
the ring you may see,
And this young man is a waitin,"
says Mary says she.

"I don't care three fardens for the
parson and clark,
And the bell may keep ringin from
noonday to dark.
Mary Brown, Mary Brown, you must
come along with me;
And I think this young man is lucky
to be free."

So, in spite of the tears which be-
jew'd Mary's cheek,
I took that young gurl to A'Beckett
the Beak;
That exlent Justice demanded her
plea —
But never a sullable said Mary said she.

On account of her conduck so base
and so vile,
That wicked young gurl is committed
for trile,
And if she 's transpawted beyond the
salt sea,
It 's a proper reward for such willians
as she.

Now you young gurls of Southwark
for Mary who veep,
From pickin and stealin your ands
you must keep,
Or it may be my dooty, as it was
Thursday veek,
To pull you all hup to A'Beckett the
Beak.

THE THREE CHRISTMAS WAITS.

My name is Pleaceman X;
Last night I was in bed,
A dream did me perplex,
Which came into my Edd.
I dreamed I sor three Waits
A playing of their tune,
At Pimlico Palace gates,
All underneath the moon.
One puffed a hold French horn,
And one a hold Banjo,
And one chap seedy and torn
A Hirish pipe did blow.
They sadly piped and played,
Dexcribing of their fates;
And this was what they said,
Those three pore Christmas Waits:

"When this black ycar began,
This Eighteen-forty-eight,
I was a great great man,
And king both vise and great,
And Munseer Guizot by me did show
As Minister of State.

"But Febuwerry came,
And brought a rabble rout,
And me and my good dame
And children did turn out,
And us, in spite of all our right,
Sent to the right about.

"I left my native ground,
I left my kin and kith,
I left my royal crownd,
Vich I could n't travel vith,
And without a pound came to Eng-
lish ground,
In the name of Mr. Smith.

"Like any anchorite
I 've lived since I came here,
I 've kep myself quite quite,
I 've drank the small small beer,
And the vater, you see, disagrees vith
me
And all my famly dear.

"O Tweelcries so dear,
O darling Pally Royl,
Vas it to finish here
That I did trouble and toyl?
That all my plans should break in
my ands,
And should on me recoil?

"My state I fenced about
Vith baynicks and vith guns;
My gals I portioned hout,
Rich vives I got my sons;
O varn't it crule to lose my rule,
My money and lands at once?

"And so, vith arp and woice,
Both troubled and shagreened,

I bid you to rejoice,
O glorious England's Queend!
And never have to veep, like pore
Louis-Phileep,
Because you out are cleaned.

"O Prins, so brave and stout,
I stand before your gate;
Pray send a trifle hout
To me, your pore old Vait;
For nothink could be vuss than it's
been along vith us
In this year Forty-eight."

"Ven this bad year began,"
The nex man said, saysee,
"I vas a Journeyman,
A taylor black and free,
And my wife went out and chaired
about,
And my name's the bold Cuffee.

"The Queen and Halbert both
I swore I would confound,
I took a hawfle hoath
To drag them to the ground;
And sevral more with me they swore
Aginst the British Crownd.

"Aginst her Pleacemen all
We said we'd try our strenth;
Iler scarlick soldiers tall
We vow'd we'd lay full lenth:
And out we came, in Freedom's name,
Last Aypril was the tenth.

"Three 'undred thousand snobs
Came out to stop the vay,
Vith sticks vith iron knobs,
Or else we'd gained the day.
The harmy quite kept out of sight,
And so ve vent avay.

"Next day the Pleacemen came —
Rewenge it was their plann —
And from my good old dame
They took her tailor-mann:
And the hard hard beak did me bespeak
To Newgit in the Wann.

"In that etrocious Cort
The Jewry did agree;
The Judge did me transport,
To go beyond the sea:
And so for life, from his dear wife
They took poor old Cuffee.

"O Halbert, Appy Prince!
With children round your knees,
Ingraving ansum Prints,
And taking hoff your hease;
O think of me, the old Cuffee,
Beyond the solt solt seas!

"Although I 'm hold and black,
My hanguish is most great;
Great Prince, O call me back,
And I vill be your Vait!
And never no more vill break the Lor,
As I did in 'Forty-eight."

The tailer thus did close
(A pore old blackymore rogue),
When a dismal gent uprose,
And spoke with Hirish brogue:
"I 'm Smith O'Brine, of Royal Line,
Descended from Rory Ogue.

"When great O'Connle died,
That man whom all did trust,
That man whom Henglish pride
Beheld with such disgust,
Then Erin free fixed eyes on me,
And swoar I should be fust.

"'The glorious Hirish Crown,'
Says she, 'it shall be thine:
Long time, it 's wery well known,
You kep it in your line;
That diadem of hemerald gem
Is yours, my Smith O'Brine.

"'Too long the Saxon churl
Our land encumbered hath;
Arise my Prince, my Earl,
And brush them from thy path:
Rise, mighty Smith, and sveep 'em vith
The besom of your wrath.'

"Then in my might I rose,
My country I surveyed,
I saw it filled with foes,
I viewed them undismayed;
'Ha, ha!' says I, 'the harvest 's higl,
I'll reap it with my blade.'

"My warriors I enrolled,
They rallied round their lord;

And cheafs in council old
I summoned to the board —
Wise Doheny and Duffy bold,
And Meagher of the Sword.

"I stood on Slievenamaun,
They came with pikes and bills;
They gathered in the dawn,
Like mist upon the hills,
And rushed adown the mountain side
Like twenty thousand rills.

"Their fortress we assail;
Hurroo! my boys, hurroo!
The bloody Saxons quail
To hear the wild shaloo:
Strike, and prevail, proud Innesfail,
O'Brine aboo, aboo!

"Our people they defied;
They shot at 'em like savages,
Their bloody guns they plied
With sanguinary ravages:
Hide, blushing Glory, hide
That day among the cabbages!

"And so no more I 'll say,
But ask your Mussy great,
And humbly sing and pray,
Your Majesty's poor Wait:
Your Smith O'Brine in 'Forty-nine
Will blush for 'Forty-eight."

LINES ON A LATE HOSPICIOUS EWENT.*

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE FOOT-GUARDS (BLUE).

I PACED upon my beat
With steady step and slow,
All huppandownd of Ranclagh Street;
Ran'lagh St. Pimlico.

While marching huppandownd
Upon that fair May morn,
Beold the booming cannings sound,
A royal child is born!

The Ministers of State
Then presnly I sor,
They gallops to the Pallis gate,
In carridges and for.

With anxious looks intent,
Before the gate they stop,
There comes the good Lord President,
And there the Archbishopp.

Lord John he next elights;
And who comes here in haste?
'T is the ero of one underd fights,
The caudle for to taste.

Then Mrs. Lily, the nuss,
Towards them steps with joy;
Says the brave old Duke, "Come tell to us,
Is it a gal or a boy?"

Says Mrs. L. to the Duke,
"Your Grace, it is *a Prince*."
And at that nuss's bold rebuke,
He did both laugh and wince.

He vews with pleasant look
This pooty flower of May,
Then, says the wenerable Duke,
"Egad, it 's my buthday."

By memory backards borne,
Peraps his thoughts did stray
To that old place where he was born,
Upon the first of May.

Perhaps he did recall
The ancient towers of Trim;
And County Meath and Dangan Hall
They did rewisit him.

I phansy of him so
His good old thoughts employin';
Fourscore years and one ago
Beside the flowin' Boyne.

His father praps he sees,
Most musicle of Lords,
A playing maddrigles and glees
Upon the Arpsicords.

Jest phansy this old Ero
Upon his mother's knee!
Did ever lady in this land
Ave greater sons than she?

* The birth of Prince Arthur.

And I shoudn be surprize
While this was in his mind,
If a drop there twinkled in his eyes
Of unfamiliar brind.

* * * *

To Hapsly Ouse next day
Drives up a Broosh and for,
A gracious prince sits in that Shay
(I mention him with Hor!)

They ring upon the bell,
The Porter shows his Ed,
(He fought at Vaterloo as vell,
And vears a Veskit red.)

To see that carriage come,
The people round it press:
"And is the galliant Duke at ome?"
"Your Royal Ighness, yes."

He stepps from out the Broosh
And in the gate is gone;
And X, although the people push,
Says wery kind, "Move hon."

The Royal Prince unto
The galliant Duke did say,
"Dear Duke, my little son and you
Was born the self-same day.

"The Lady of the Land,
My wife and Sovring dear,
It is by her horgust command
I wait upon you here.

"That lady is as well
As can expected be;
And to your Grace she bid me tell
This gracious message free.

"That offspring of our race,
Whom yesterday you see,
To show our honor for your Grace,
Prince Arthur he shall be.

"That name it rhymes to fame;
All Europe knows the sound:
And I could n't find a better name
If you 'd give me twenty pound.

"King Arthur had his knights
That girt his table round,
But you have won a hundred fights,
Will match 'em I 'll be bound.

"You fought with Bonypart,
And likewise Tippoo Saib;
I name you then with all my heart
The Godsire of this babe."

That Prince his leave was took,
His hinterview was done.
So let us give the good old Duke
Good luck of his god-son.

And wish him years of joy
In this our time of Schism,
And hope he 'll hear the royal boy
His little catechism.

And my pooty little Prince
That 's come our arts to cheer,
Let me my loyal powers ewince
A welcomin of you ere.

And the Poit-Laureat's crownd,
I think, in some respex,
Egstremely shootable might be found
For honest Pleaseman X.

THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS.

GALLIANT gents and lovely ladies,
List a tail vich late befell,
Vich I heard it, bein on duty,
At the Pleace Hoffice, Clerkenwell.

Praps you know the Fondling Chapel,
Vere the little children sings:
(Lor! I likes to hear on Sundies
Them there pooty little things!)

In this street there lived a housemaid,
If you particklarly ask me where—
Vy, it vas at four-and-tventy
Guilford Street, by Brunswick Square.

Vich her name was Eliza Davis,
And she went to fetch the beer:
In the street she met a party
As was quite surprised to see her.

Vich he vas a British Sailor,
For to judge him by his look:

Tarry jacket, canvass trowsies,
Ha-la Mr. T. P. Cooke.

Presently this Mann accostes
Of this hinnocent young gal —
"Pray," saysee, "excuse my freedom,
You 're so like my Sister Sal!

"You 're so like my Sister Sally,
Both in valk and face and size,
Miss, that — dang my old lee scuppers,
It brings tears into my heyes!

"I 'm a mate on board a wessel,
I 'm a sailor bold and true;
Shiver up my poor old timbers,
Let me be a mate for you!

"What 's your name, my beauty, tell me";
And she faintly hansers, "Lore,
Sir, my name 's Eliza Davis,
And I live at tventy-four."

Hofttimes came this British seaman,
This deluded gal to meet;
And at tventy-four was welcome,
Tventy-four in Guilford Street.

And Eliza told her Master
(Kinder they than Missuses are),
How in marridge he had ast her,
Like a galliant Brittish Tar.

And he brought his landlady vith him,
(Vich vas all his hartful plan,)
And she told how Charley Thompson
Reely vas a good young man.

And how she herself had lived in
Many years of union sweet,
Vith a gent she met promiskous,
Valkin in the public street.

And Eliza listened to them,
And she thought that soon their bands
Vould be published at the Fondlin,
Hand the clergyman jine their ands

And he ast about the lodgers,
(Vich her master let some rooms,)
Likevise vere they kep their things, and
Vere her master kep his spoons.

Hand this vicked Charley Thompson
Came on Sundy veek to see her;
And he sent Eliza Davis
Hout to fetch a pint of beer.

Hand while pore Eliza vent to
Fetch the beer, dewoid of sin,
This etrocious Charley Thompson
Let his wile accomplish hin.

To the lodgers, their apartments,
This abandingd female goes,
Prigs their shirts and umberellas
Prigs their boots, and hats, and clothes.

Vile the scoundrle Charley Thompson,
Lest his wictim should escape,
Hocust her vith rum and vater,
Like a fiend in huming shape.

But a hi was fixt upon 'em
Vich these raskles little sore;
Namely, Mr. Hide, the landlord
Of the house at tventy-four.

He vas valkin in his garden,
Just afore he vent to sup;
And on looking up he sor the
Lodgers' vinders lighted hup.

Hup the stairs the landlord tumbled;
Something 's going wrong, he said;
And he caught the vicked voman
Underneath the lodgers' bed.

And he called a brother Pleaseman,
Vich vas passing on his beat;
Like a true and galliant feller,
Hup and down in Guilford Street.

And that Pleaseman able-bodied
Took this voman to the cell;
To the cell vere she was quodded,
In the Close of Clerkenwell.

And though vicked Charley Thompson
Boulted like a miscrant base,

Presently another Pleaseman
Took him to the self-same place.

And this precious pair of raskles
Tuesday last came up for doom;
By the beak they was committed,
Vich his name was Mr. Combe.

Has for poor Eliza Davis,
Simple gurl of tventy-four,
She, I ope, vill never listen
In the streets to sailors moar.

But if she must ave a sweet-art,
(Vich most every gurl expex,)
Let her take a jolly pleaseman;
Vich his name peraps is — X.

DAMAGES, TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

Special Jurymen of England! who admire your country's laws,
And proclaim a British Jury worthy of the realm's applause;
Gayly compliment each other at the issue of a cause
Which was tried at Guildford 'sizes, this day week as ever was.

Unto that august tribunal comes a gentleman in grief,
(Special was the British Jury, and the Judge, the Baron Chief,)
Comes a British man and husband — asking of the law relief,
For his wife was stolen from him — he 'd have vengeance on the thief.

Yes, his wife, the blessed treasure with the which his life was crowned,
Wickedly was ravished from him by a hypocrite profound.
And he comes before twelve Britons, men for sense and truth renowned,
To award him for his damage, twenty hundred sterling pound.

He by counsel and attorney there at Guildford does appear,
Asking damage of the villain who seduced his lady dear:
But I can't help asking, though the lady's guilt was all too clear,
And though guilty the defendant, was n't the plaintiff rather queer?

First the lady's mother spoke, and said she 'd seen her daughter cry
But a fortnight after marriage: early times for piping eye.
Six months after, things were worse, and the piping eye was black,
And this gallant British husband caned his wife upon the back.

Three months after they were married, husband pushed her to the door,
Told her to be off and leave him, for he wanted her no more.
As she would not go, why *he* went: thrice he left his lady dear;
Left her, too, without a penny, for more than a quarter of a year.

Mrs. Frances Duncan knew the parties very well indeed,
She had seen him pull his lady's nose and make her lip to bleed;
If he chanced to sit at home not a single word he said:
Once she saw him throw the cover of a dish at his lady's head.

Sarah Green, another witness, clear did to the jury note
How she saw this honest fellow seize his lady by the throat,
How he cursed her and abused her, beating her into a fit,
Till the pitying next-door neighbors crossed the wall and witnessed it.

Next door to this injured Briton Mr. Owers a butcher dwelt;
Mrs. Owers's foolish heart towards this erring dame did melt;
(Not that she had erred as yet, crime was not developed in her,)
But being left without a penny, Mrs. Owers supplied her dinner —
God be merciful to Mrs. Owers, who was merciful to this sinner!

Caroline Naylor was their servant, said they led a wretched life,
Saw this most distinguished Briton fling a teacup at his wife;
He went out to balls and pleasures, and never once, in ten months' space,
Sat with his wife or spoke her kindly. This was the defendant's case.

Pollock, C. B., charged the Jury; said the woman's guilt was clear:
That was not the point, however, which the Jury came to hear;
But the damage to determine which, as it should true appear,
This most tender-hearted husband, who so used his lady dear —

Beat her, kicked her, caned her, cursed her, left her starving, year by year,
Flung her from him, parted from her, wrung her neck, and boxed her ear —
What the reasonable damage this afflicted man could claim,
By the loss of the affections of this guilty graceless dame?

Then the honest British Twelve, to each other turning round,
Laid their clever heads together with a wisdom most profound:
And towards his Lordship looking, spoke the foreman wise and sound; —
"My Lord, we find for this here plaintiff, damages two hundred pound."

So, God bless the Special Jury! pride and joy of English ground,
And the happy land of England, where true justice does abound!
British jurymen and husbands, let us hail this verdict proper:
If a British wife offends you, Britons, you 've a right to whop her.

Though you promised to protect her, though you promised to defend her,
You are welcome to neglect her: to the devil you may send her:
You may strike her, curse, abuse her; so declares our law renowned;
And if after this you lose her, — why, you 're paid two hundred pound.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

THERE 's in the Vest a city pleasant
To vich King Bladud gev his name,
And in that city there 's a Crescent
Vere dwelt a noble knight of fame.

Although that galliant knight is oldish,
Although Sir John as grey, grey air,
Hage has not made his busum coldish,
His Art still beats tewodds the Fair!

'T was two years sins, this knight so splendid,
Peraps fateagued with Bath's routines,
To Paris towne his phootsteps bended
In sutch of gayer folks and seans.

His and was free, his means was easy,
A nobler, finer gent than he
Ne'er drove about the Shons-Eleesy,
Or paced the Roo de Rivolee.

A brougham and pair Sir John prowided,
In which abroad he loved to ride;
But ar! he most of all enjyed it,
When some one helse was sittin' inside!

That "some one helse" a lovely dame was,
Dear ladies, you will heasy tell —
Countess Grabrowski her sweet name was,
A noble title, ard to spell.

This faymus Countess ad a daughter
Of lovely form and tender art;
A nobleman in marridge sought her,
By name the Baron of Saint Bart.

Their pashn touched the noble Sir John,
It was so pewer and profound;
Lady Grabrowski he did urge on
With Hyming's wreeth their loves to crownd.

"O, come to Bath, to Lansdowne Crescent,"
Says kind Sir John, "and live with me;
The living there 's uncommon pleasant—
I 'm sure you 'll find the hair agree.

"O, come to Bath, my fair Grabrowski,
And bring your charming girl," sezee;
"The Barring here shall have the ousekey,
Vith breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea.

"And when they 've passed an appy winter,
Their opes and loves no more we 'll bar;
The marridge-vow they 'll enter inter,
And I at church will be their Par."

To Bath they went to Lansdowne Crescent,
Where good Sir John he did provide
No end of teas and balls incessant,
And hosses both to drive and ride.

He was so Ospitably busy,
When Miss was late, he 'd make so bold
Upstairs to call out, "Missy, Missy,
Come down, the coffy 's getting cold!"

But O! 't is sadd to think such bounties
Should meet with such return as this;
O Barring of Saint Bart, O Countess Grabrowski, and O cruel Miss!

He married you at Bath's fair Habby,
Saint Bart he treated like a son—
And was n't it uncommon shabby
To do what you have went and done!

My trembling And amost refewses
To write the charge which Sir John swore,
Of which the Countess he ecuses,
Her daughter and her son-in-lore.

My Mews quite blushes as she sings of
The fatle charge which now I quote:
He says Miss took his two best rings off,
And pawned 'em for a tenpun note.

"Is this the child of honest parince,
To make away with folks' best things?
Is this, pray, like the wives of Barrins,
To go and prig a gentleman's rings?"

Thus thought Sir John, by anger wrought on,
And to rewenge his injured cause,
He brought them hup to Mr. Broughton,
Last Vensday week as ever waws.

If guiltless, how she have been slandered!
If guilty, wengeance will not fall
Meanwhile the lady is remanded
And gev three hundred pouns in bail.

JACOB HOMNIUM'S HOSS.

A NEW PALLICE COURT CHAUNT.

One sees in Viteall Yard,
Vere pleacemen do resort,
A wenerable hinstitute,
'T is call'd the Pallis Court.
A gent as got his i on it,
I think 't will make some sport

The natur of this Court
My hindignation riles:

A few fat legal spiders
Here set & spin their viles;
To rob the town theyr privlege is,
In a hayrea of twelve miles.

The Judge of this year Court
Is a mellitary beak,
He knows no more of Lor
Than praps he does of Greek,
And prowides hisself a deputy
Because he cannot speak.

Four counsel in this Court —
Misnamed of Justice — sits;
These lawyers owes their places to
Their money, not their wits;
And there 's six attornies under them,
As here their living gits.

These lawyers, six and four,
Was a livin at their ease,
A sendin of their writs abowt,
And droring in the fees,
When their erose a cirkimstance
As is like to make a breeze.

It now is some monce since,
A gent both good and trew
Possest an ansum oss vith vich
He didn know what to do:
Peraps he did not like the oss,
Peraps he was a scru.

This gentleman his oss
At Tattersall's did lodge;
There came a wulgar oss-dealer,
This gentleman's name did fodge,
And took the oss from Tattersall's:
Wasn that a artful dodge?

One day this gentleman's groom
This willain did spy out,
A mounted on this oss
A ridin him about;
"Get out of that there oss, you rogue,"
Speaks up the groom so stout.

The thief was cruel whex'd
To find himself so pinn'd;
The oss began to whinny,
The honest groom he grinn'd;
And the raskle thief got off the oss
And cut avay like vind.

And phansy with what joy
The master did regard
His dearly bluvd lost oss again
Trot in the stable yard!

Who was this master good
Of whomb I makes these rhymes?
His name is Jacob Homnium, Exquire;
And if *I* 'd committed crimes,
Good Lord! I would n't ave that mann
Attack me in the *Times!*

Now shortly after the groomb,
His master's oss did take up,
There came a livery-man
This gentleman to wake up;
And he handed in a little bill,
Which hangered Mr. Jacob.

For two pound seventeen
This livery-man eplied,
For the keep of Mr. Jacob's oss,
Which the thief had took to ride.
"Do you see anythink green in me?"
Mr. Jacob Homnium cried.

"Because a raskle chews
My oss away to robb,
And goes tick at your Mews
For seven-and-fifty bobb,
Shall *I* be call'd to pay? — It is
A iniquitious Jobb."

Thus Mr. Jacob cut
The conwasation short;
The livery-man went ome,
Detummingd to ave sport,
And summingsd Jacob Homnium,
Exquire,
Into the Pallis Court.

Pore Jacob went to Court,
A Counsel for to fix,
And choose a barrister out of the four,
An attorney of the six:
And there he sor these men of Lor,
And watch'd 'em at their tricks.

The dreadful day of trile
In the Pallis Court did come;
The lawyers said their say,
The Judge look'd wery glum,
And then the British Jury cast
Pore Jacob Hom-ni-um.

O a weary day was that
For Jacob to go through;
The debt was two seventeen
(Which he no mor owed than you),
And then there was the plaintives costs,
Eleven pound six and two.

And then there was his own,
Which the lawyers they did fix
At the wery moderit figgar
Of ten pound one and six.
Now Evins bless the Pallis Court,
And all its bold ver-dicks!

I cannot settingly tell
If Jacob swaw and cust,
At aving for to pay this sumb;
But I should think he must,
And av drawn a check for £ 24 4*s.* 8*d.*
With most igstreme disgust

O Pallis Court, you move
My pitty most profound.
A most emusing sport
You thought it, I 'll be bound,
To saddle hup a three-pound debt,
With two-and-twenty pound.

Good sport it is to you
To grind the honest pore,
To pay their just or unjust debts
With eight hundred per cent for Lor;
Make haste and get your costes in,
They will not last much mor!

Come down from that tribewn,
Thou shameless and Unjust;
Thou Swindle, picking pockets in
The name of Truth august:
Come down, thou hoary Blasphemy,
For die thou shalt and must.

And go it, Jacob Homnium,
And ply your iron pen,
And rise up, Sir John Jervis,
And shut me up that den;
That sty for fattening lawyers in,
On the bones of honest men.

PLEACEMAN X.

THE SPECULATORS.

THE night was stormy and dark, The town was shut up in sleep: Only those were abroad who were out on a lark, Or those who 'd no beds to keep.

I pass'd through the lonely street, The wind did sing and blow; I could hear the policeman's feet Clapping to and fro.

There stood a potato-man In the midst of all the wet; He stood with his 'tato-can In the lonely Haymarket.

Two gents of dismal mien, And dank and greasy rags, Came out of a shop for gin, Swaggering over the flags:

Swaggering over the stones, These shabby bucks did walk; And I went and followed those seedy ones, And listened to their talk.

Was I sober or awake? Could I believe my ears? Those dismal beggars spake Of nothing but railroad shares.

I wondered more and more: Says one — "Good friend of mine, How many shares have you wrote for, In the Diddlesex Junction line?"

"I wrote for twenty," says Jim, "But they would n't give me one"; His comrade straight rebuked him For the folly he had done:

"O Jim, you are unawares Of the ways of this bad town; *I* always write for five hundred shares, And *then* they put me down."

"And yet you got no shares," Says Jim, "for all your boast." "I *would* have wrote," says Jack, "but where Was the penny to pay the post?"

"I lost, for I could n't pay That first instalment up; But here 's 'taters smoking hot — I say, Let 's stop, my boy, and sup."

And at this simple feast The while they did regale, I drew each ragged capitalist Down on my left thumb-nail.

Their talk did me perplex, All night I tumbled and tost, And thought of railroad specs, And how money was won and lost.

"Bless railroads everywhere," I said, "and the world's advance; Bless every railroad share, In Italy, Ireland, France; For never a beggar need now despair, And every rogue has a chance."

A WOFUL NEW BALLAD

OF THE

PROTESTANT CONSPIRACY TO TAKE THE POPE'S LIFE.

(BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN ON THE SPOT.)

COME all ye Christian people, unto my tale give ear,
'T is about a base consperracy, as quickly shall appear;
'T will make your hair to bristle up, and your eyes to start and glow,
When of this dread consperracy you honest folks shall know.

The news of this consperracy and villianous attempt,
I read it in a newspaper, from Italy it was sent:
It was sent from lovely Italy, where the olives they do grow,
And our Holy Father lives, yes, yes, while his name it is NO NO.

And 't is there our English noblemen goes that is Puseyites no longer,
Because they finds the ancient faith both better is and stronger.
And 't is there I knelt beside my lord when he kiss'd the POPE his toe,
And hung his neck with chains at Saint Peter's Vinculo.

And 't is there the splendid churches is, and the fountains playing grand,
And the palace of PRINCE TORLONIA, likewise the Vatican;
And there 's the stairs where the bagpipe-men and the piffararys blow.
And it 's there I drove my lady and lord in the Park of Pincio.

And 't is there our splendid churches is in all their pride and glory.
Saint Peter's famous Basilisk and Saint Mary's Maggiory;
And them benighted Prodestants, on Sunday they must go
Outside the town to the preaching-shop by the gate of Popolo.

Now in this town of famous Room, as I dessay you have heard,
There is scarcely any gentleman as has n't got a beard.
And ever since the world began it was ordained so,
That there should always barbers be wheresumever beards do grow.

And as it always has been so since the world it did begin,
The POPE, our Holy Potentate, has a beard upon his chin;
And every morning regular when cocks begin to crow,
There comes a certing party to wait on POPE PIO.

There comes a certing gintleman with razier, soap, and lather,
A shaving most respectfully the POPE, our Holy Father.
And now the dread consperracy I 'll quickly to you show,
Which them sanguinary Prodestants did form against NONO.

Them sanguinary Prodestants, which I abore and hate,
Assembled in the preaching-shop by the Flaminian gate;
And they took counsel with their selves to deal a deadly blow
Against our gentle Father, the Holy POPE PIO.

Exhibiting a wickedness which I never heerd or read of;
What do you think them Prodestants wished? to cut the good Pope's head off!
And to the kind POPE's Air-dresser the Prodestant Clark did go,
And proposed him to decapitate the innocent PIO.

"What hever can be easier," said this Clerk — this Man of Sin,
"When you are called to hoperate on His Holiness's chin,
Than just to give the razier a little slip — just so? —
And there 's an end, dear barber, of innocent PIO!"

This wicked conversation it chanced was overerd
By an Italian lady; she heard it every word:
Which by birth she was a Marchioness, in service forced to go
With the parson of the preaching-shop at the gate of Popolo.

When the lady heard the news, as duty did obleege,
As fast as her legs could carry her she ran to the Poleege.
"O Polegia," says she (for they pronounts it so),
"They 're going for to massyker our Holy POPE PIO.

"The ebomminable Englishmen, the Parsing and his Clark,
His Holiness's Air-dresser devised it in the dark!
And I would recommend you in prison for to throw
These villians would esassinate the Holy POPE PIO!

"And for saving of His Holiness and his trebble crownd
I humbly hope your Worships will give me a few pound;
Because I was a Marchioness many years ago,
Before I came to service at the gate of Popolo."

That sackreligious Air-dresser, the Parson and his man,
Would n't, though ask'd continyally, own their wicked plan —
And so the kind Authorities let those villians go
That was plotting of the murder of the good PIO NONO.

Now is n't this safishnt proof, ye gentlemen at home,
How wicked is them Prodestants, and how good our Pope at Rome;
So let us drink confusion to LORD JOHN and LORD MINTO,
And a health unto His Eminence, and good PIO NONO.

THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE FOUNDLING OF SHOREDITCH.

COME all ye Christian people, and listen to my tail,
It is all about a doctor was travelling by the rail,
By the Heastern Counties' Railway (vich the shares I don't desire),
From Ixworth town in Suffolk, vich his name did not transpire.

A travelling from Bury this Doctor was employed
With a gentleman, a friend of his, vich his name was Captain Loyd,
And on reaching Marks Tey Station, that is next beyond Colchester,
a lady entered in to them most elegantly dressed.

She entered into the Carriage all with a tottering step,
And a pooty little Bayby upon her bussum slep;
The gentlemen received her with kindness and siwillaty,
Pitying this lady for her illness and debillaty.

She had a fust-class ticket, this lovely lady said,
Because it was so lonesome she took a secknd instead.
Better to travel by secknd class, than sit alone in the fust,
And the pooty little Baby upon her breast she must.

A seein of her cryin, and shiverin and pail,
To her spoke this surging, the Ero of my tail;
Saysee you look unwell, ma'am, I 'll elp you if I can,
And you may tell your case to me, for I 'm a meddicle man.

"Thank you, sir," the lady said, "I only look so pale,
Because I ain't accustom'd to travelling on the Rale;
I shall be better presnly, when I 've ad some rest":
And that pooty little Baby she squeeged it to her breast.

So in conwersation the journey they beguiled,
Capting Loyd and the meddicle man, and the lady and the child,
Till the warious stations along the line was passed,
For even the Heastern Counties' trains must come in at last.

When at Shoreditch tumminus at lenth stopped the train,
This kind meddicle gentleman proposed his aid again.
"Thank you, sir," the lady said, "for your kyindness dear;
My carridge and my osses is probibbly come here.

"Will you old this baby, please, vilst I step and see?"
The Doctor was a famly man: "That I will," says he.
Then the little child she kist, kist it very gently,
Vich was sucking his little fist, sleeping innocently.

With a sigh from her art, as though she would have bust it,
Then she gave the Doctor the child — wery kind he must it:
Hup then the lady jumped hoff the bench she sat from,
Tumbled down the carridge steps and ran along the platform.

Vile hall the other passengers vent upon their vays,
The Capting and the Doctor sat there in a maze;
Some vent in a Homminibus, some vent in a Cabby,
The Capting and the Doctor vaited vith the babby.

There they sat looking queer, for an hour or more,
But their feller passinger neather on 'em sore:
Never, never back again did that lady come
To that pooty sleeping Hinfnt a suckin of his Thum!

What could this pore Doctor do, bein treated thus,
When the darling Baby woke, cryin for its nuss?
Off he drove to a female friend, vich she was both kind and mild,
And igsplained to her the circumstance of this year little child.

That kind lady took the child instantly in her lap,
And made it very comfortable by giving it some pap;
And when she took its close off, what d'you think she found?
A couple of ten pun notes sewn up, in its little gownd.

Also in its little close, was a note which did conwey,
That this little baby's parents lived in a handsome way
And for its Headucation they reglarly would pay,
And sirtingly like gentlefolks would claim the child one day,
If the Christian people who 'd charge of it would say,
Per adwertisement in The Times where the baby lay.

Pity of this bayby many people took,
It had such pooty ways and such a pooty look;
And there came a lady forrard (I wish that I could see
Any kind lady as would do as much for me;

And I wish with all my art, some night in *my* night gownd,
I could find a note stitched for ten or twenty pound) —
There came a lady forrard, that most honorable did say,
She 'd adopt this little baby, which her parents cast away.

While the Doctor pondered on this hoffer fair,
Comes a letter from Devonshire, from a party there,
Hordering the Doctor, at its Mar's desire,
To send the little Infant back to Devonshire.

Lost in apoplexity, this pore meddicle man,
Like a sensable gentleman, to the Justice ran;
Which his name was Mr. Hammill, a honorable beak,
That takes his seat in Worship Street four times a week.

"O Justice!" says the Doctor, "instrugt me what to do,
I've come up from the country to throw myself on you;

My patients have no doctor to tend them in their ills,
(There they are in Suffolk without their draffts and pills!)

"I 've come up from the country, to know how I 'll dispose
Of this pore little baby, and the twenty pun note, and the close,
And I want to go back to Suffolk, dear Justice, if you please,
And my patients wants their Doctor, and their Doctor wants his feez."

Up spoke Mr. Hammill, sittin at his desk,
"This year application does me much perplesk;
What I do advise you, is to leave this babby
In the Parish where it was left, by its mother shabby."

The Doctor from his Worship sadly did depart —
He might have left the baby, but he had n't got the heart
To go for to leave that Hinnocent, has the laws allows,
To the tender mussies of the Union House.

Mother, who left this little one on a stranger's knee,
Think how cruel you have been, and how good was he!
Think, if you 've been guilty, innocent was she;
And do not take unkindly this little word of me:
Heaven be merciful to us all, sinners as we be!

THE ORGAN-BOY'S APPEAL.

"WESTMINSTER POLICE COURT. — POLICEMAN X brought a paper of doggerel verses to the MAGISTRATE, which had been thrust into his hands, X said, by an Italian boy, who ran away immediately afterwards.

"The MAGISTRATE, after perusing the lines, looked hard at X, and said he did not think they were written by an Italian.

"X, blushing, said he thought the paper read in Court last week, and which frightened so the old gentleman to whom it was addressed, was also not of Italian origin."

O SIGNOR BRODERIP, you are a wickid ole man,
You wexis us little horgin-boys whenever you can:
How dare you talk of Justice, and go for to seek
To pussicute us horgin-boys, you senguinary Beek?

Though you set in Vestminster surrounded by your crushers,
Harrogint and habsolute like the Hortacrat of hall the Rushers,
Yet there is a better vurld I 'd have you for to know,
Likewise a place vere the henimies of horgin-boys will go.

O you vickid HEROD without any pity!
London vithout horgin-boys vood be a dismal city.
Sweet SAINT CICILY who first taught horgin-pipes to blow,
Soften the heart of this Magistrit that haggerywates us so!

Good Italian gentlemen, fatherly and kind,
Brings us over to London here our horgins for to grind;
Sends us out vith little vite mice and guinea-pigs also
A popping of the Veasel and a Jumpin of JIM CROW.

And as us young horgin-boys is grateful in our turn
We gives to these kind gentlemen hall the morey we earn,

Because that they vood vop us as wery wel we know
Unless we brought our hurnings back to them as loves us so.

O Mr. Broderip! wery much I'm surprise,
Ven you take your valks abroad where can be your eyes?
If a Beak had a heart then you 'd compryend
Us pore little horgin-boys was the poor man's friend.

Don't you see the shildren in the droring-rooms
Clapping of their little ands when they year our toons?
On their mothers' bussums don't you see the babbies crow
And down to us dear horgin-boys lots of apence throw?

Don't you see the ousemaids (pooty Pollies and Maries),
Ven ve bring our urdigurdis, smiling from the hairies?
Then they come out vith a slice o' cole puddn or a bit o' bacon or so
And give it us young horgin-boys for lunch afore we go.

Have you ever seen the Hirish children sport
When our velcome music-box brings sunshine in the Court?
To these little paupers who can never pay
Surely all good horgin-boys, for God's love, will play.

Has for those proud gentlemen, like a serting B—k
(Vich I von't be pussonal and therefore vil not speak),
That flings their parler-vinders hup ven ve begin to play
And cusses us and swears at us in such a wiolent way,

Instedd of their abewsing and calling hout Poleece
Let em send out John to us vith sixpence or a shillin apiece.

Then like good young horgin-boys avay from there we 'll go,
Blessing sweet Saint Cicily that taught our pipes to blow.

LITTLE BILLEE.*

Air — "*Il y avait un petit navire.*"

There were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We 've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we should n't agree!
There 's little Bill, he 's young and tender,
We 're old and tough, so let 's eat he.

"Oh! Billy, we 're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mamy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

* As different versions of this popular song have been set to music and sung, no apology is needed for the insertion in these pages of what is considered to be the correct version.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There 's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There 's the British flag a riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he 's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that 's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
Let 's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas time.*
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate erelong shall bid you play;
Good night! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

Good night! — I 'd say, the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.

I 'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I 'd say, we suffer and we strive,
Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I 'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?*
We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That 's free to give, or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we 'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;

* These verses were printed at the end of a Christmas Book (1848 - 49), "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends."

* C. B. ob. 29th November, 1848, æt. 42.

Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
  And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,
  Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
  And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
  Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
  And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize.
  Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
  Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
  (Bear kindly with my humble lays);
The sacred chorus first was sung
  Upon the first of Christmas days:
The shepherds heard it overhead —
  The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
  And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
  I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
  As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the Holy Christmas birth,
  Be this, good friends, our carol still —
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
  To men of gentle will.

VANITAS VANITATUM.

How spake of old the Royal Seer?
  (His text is one I love to treat on.)
This life of ours he said is sheer
  Mataiotes Mataioteton.

O Student of this gilded Book,
  Declare, while musing on its pages,
If truer words were ever spoke
  By ancient, or by modern sages?

The various authors' names but note,*
  French, Spanish, English, Russians, Germans:
And in the volume polyglot,
  Sure you may read a hundred sermons!

What histories of life are here,
  More wild than all romancers' stories;
What wondrous transformations queer,
  What homilies on human glories!

What theme for sorrow or for scorn!
  What chronicle of Fate's surprises —
Of adverse fortune nobly borne,
  Of chances, changes, ruins, rises!

Of thrones upset, and sceptres broke,
  How strange a record here is written!
Of honors, dealt as if in joke;
  Of brave desert unkindly smitten.

How low men were, and how they rise!
  How high they were, and how they tumble!
O vanity of vanities!
  O laughable, pathetic jumble!

Here between honest Janin's joke
  And his Turk Excellency's firman,
I write my name upon the book:
  I write my name —and end my sermon.

O Vanity of vanities!
  How wayward the decrees of Fate are!
How very weak the very wise,
  How very small the very great are!

What mean these stale moralities,
  Sir Preacher, from your desk you mumble?
Why rail against the great and wise,
  And tire us with your ceaseless grumble?

* Between a page by Jules Janin, and a poem by the Turkish Ambassador, in Madame de R——'s album, containing the autographs of kings, princes, poets, marshals, musicians, diplomatists, statesmen, artists, and men of letters of all nations.

Pray choose us out another text,
O man morose and narrow-minded!
Come turn the page — I read the next,
And then the next, and still I find it.

Read here how Wealth aside was thrust,
And Folly set in place exalted;
How Princes footed in the dust,
While lackeys in the saddle vaulted.

Though thrice a thousand years are past,
Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
The weary King Ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablets penned it, —

Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is everyday renewing
Fresh comments on the old old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

Hark to the Preacher, preaching still!
He lifts his voice and cries his sermon,
Here at St. Peter's of Cornhill,
As yonder on the Mount of Hermon:

For you and me to heart to take
(O dear beloved brother readers)
To-day as when the good King spake
Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars.

THE END.

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